**Girls Gone Wilder** by [Sarahhh](/profile326461/Sarahhh)

Author's infos: Female, 26, Steelers country

**Introduction:**Going commando gets girls in sticky situations

"What, no panties?"  
  
I shrugged at my girlfriend Kara's question. "Too hot," I muttered. Kara had come over to pick me up for our shopping expedition. My mother had sent her up to my bedroom to wake me up. I had struggled out of bed, and she watched as I dressed. I put on a sleeveless blouse, not bothering with a bra, and then a denim miniskirt. She wore a pink tank top and a white cotton miniskirt. Her nipples told me she had also decided against a bra. That girl has the perkiest nipples ever, and she has long tan legs that just don't quit.   
  
"Well hell, then I'm not wearing panties either," Kara stated matter-of-factly, as she slipped hers off and stuck them in her purse.   
  
"I'm ready; let's go," I announced.  
  
"Aren't you going to fix your hair? You got bed head, girl."  
  
I grabbed a Steelers cap from my closet and put it on. "My hair is hopeless. Unless you want to wait an hour while I rectify the situation. There's . . . uh . . . cum in it, too. I'll take a shower when we get back." I glanced jealously at her long blonde straight hair, which looked freshly washed and brushed.  
  
"There is cum in your hair?" Kara questioned rather incredulously.  
  
"I told you I had a date with that frat rat Danny from Alpha Xi Delta last night. Our first date--and last. He took me to a baseball game. On the way home, he pulled off into this secluded wooded area. Guess what he did next?"  
  
"What, Sarah? He tried to rape you?"  
  
"Well, not exactly. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick, and then he said he wanted a blowjob. Of course I protested, but he kept saying he wasn't going to take me home until I sucked him off. After I bitched for fifteen minutes, he still insisted either I play his skin flute or I could walk home. I didn't even know where the hell we were."  
  
"So you gave the dirty frat rat a blowjob?"  
  
"Wouldn't you, Kara?"  
  
"Well yeah, I guess so."  
  
"I would have swallowed it all. But no, when he busted a nut, he just had to pull it out of my mouth and shoot his spunk all over my face and hair."  
  
"That is so rude!"  
  
"Yeah, it is. Hey, let's change the subject, Kara. I'm getting pissed off all over again."  
  
"Okay. What are we going to do to celebrate Nude Day this year, Sarah? Today is the day, you know."  
  
"Well, I dunno. What did we do last year? I can't remember."  
  
"You don't remember? We got arrested, for Crissakes!"  
  
"Oh yeah, now I remember, Kara. Whatever we do for Nude Day this year, we should do it sober."  
  
"I told you those Godmothers would fuck us up. Amaretto and vodka--yowsa! I can't believe you--"  
  
"Hey bitch, you did it too!"  
  
"But Sarah, who knew skinny dipping in a city water reservoir was illegal?"  
  
"The fucking cops got lucky. If they wouldn't have been flying that helicopter looking for some escaped convict, they never would have noticed us."  
  
"Yeah, but we got off lucky--$100 fine and a blowjob."  
  
"It seems to me the cops were the ones who got off lucky, and they had the nerve to tell us that sucking them off was community service. Actually Kara, my fine was only $50 because I agreed to play 'Cops and Rubbers' with that sergeant. But it hurt when he packed my fudge!"  
  
"Well, let's hit the road. Shop till we drop."  
  
"My father said I could use his Jeep today."  
  
"Oh yeah, we can take the top down."  
  
Kara and I struggled with the plastic windows and zippers on the Jeep wrangler, but we finally got the top down. She joked that she didn't usually have much trouble with zippers. I began to think she was feeling a little frisky, especially when we stopped at a red light next to two dudes in a Mustang convertible. Kara turned toward them, lifted her tank top from the bottom, flashed her tits, and yelled, "It's Nude Day, dudes!" As I sped off when the light turned green she purred with a smirk, "Just getting in the mood, ya know?"   
  
Victoria's Secret was having a big sale. The first male salesperson we had ever noticed in a Victoria's Secret store asked us if we needed assistance. He looked like a stud muffin.  
  
"What's a dude like you doing in a place like this?" I inquired with curiosity.  
  
He replied in a high-pitched feminine voice, "I get a big discount on the lingerie." He pulled down his Dockers to reveal his underwear. "How do you like this pink pearl Rio thong?"  
  
"I want one!" Kara exclaimed. She raised the front of her skirt. "We need panties."  
  
He ignored the exposed part of her body. "Right this way, girls."  
  
Kara bought an identical pink pearl Rio thong, a glowy stripe knit boxie, and a beige micro smooth lace v-string. I bought a fushia extreme low rider hipster, an island blue/yellow lace-trim low-rise bikini, and a sweet pink lace v-string.  
  
On the way home from the mall, the left front tire on the Jeep blew out. I lost control momentarily but finally got the vehicle off to the side. Kara and I got out.  
  
"Did you ever change a flat?" she inquired.   
  
"No, have you?"  
  
"Nope."  
  
"Well, I guess there has to be a first time for everything." Kara giggled for some strange reason. " My father has Triple-A. I guess we could call them."  
  
"Let's try to do it ourselves. What are we a couple helpless women who can't even change a tire?"  
  
I got the owner's manual from the glove box. We found the tire iron and jack under the passenger front seat. I took the tire iron and attempted to remove the bolts from the tire on the back of the vehicle. I couldn't even budge the bolts. "Here, you try," I suggested to Kara. She couldn't do any better than I did.  
  
Just then who happened to drive by? Right, the two dudes in the Mustang convertible. They stopped. "Need help, girls?" the driver asked. We nodded. They got out and the driver fetched a tire iron from his trunk. It was one of those four-way things, with which you can get some leverage. He and his friend had the tire off the back and on the left front in about ten minutes.  
  
"How are we ever going to thank you two?" Kara cooed.  
  
The two dudes looked at each other, their eyes lighting up considerably. "Uh . . .well . . . uh . . ." the driver stuttered.  
  
"Spit it out, dude!" I snapped.  
  
"Today is Nude Day!" he announced.  
  
"Yeah, we know what day it is," Kara said sarcastically. "I told you it was Nude Day when I flashed my boobs at you when we were stopped at the red light next to you."  
  
"And what exquisite boobs they are that deserve to be worshipped," the driver complimented, "if I was interested in that sort of thing. Our fraternity has entered a Nude Day Contest. It is a competition against the other fraternities at our university."  
  
"Oh great, more frat rats," I complained.  
  
He looked at me quizzically and then went on to explain the contest. It was just your basic panty raid it seemed to Kara and I.   
  
"So can we have your panties, girls?" he begged. "We'll turn around while you take them off."  
  
Kara lifted the front of her white miniskirt. "Sorry, dude. I went commando today." She then quickly lifted the front of my denim miniskirt. "And so did Sarah."  
  
The driver gasped in shock.  
  
"What's the matter, honey?" Kara asked, "didn't you ever see a pussy before?"  
  
"How come you don't have any hair on your pussy?" he asked.  
  
"For the same reason you don't have any hair on your face, I do believe--it's called shaving. Would you like to touch my bald little pussy?" Kara inquired lewdly.  
  
"Oh no, heaven forbid!" he exclaimed, his voice shaking. "You see, we . . . uh . . . we . . . uh . . ."  
  
"Spit it out, dude!" I snapped again.  
  
The other guy put his arm around the driver. "Oh no, he doesn't spit. He can swallow a really big load of my spunk, all of it in fact .Why, he just did about a half hour ago. He let me drive and sucked me off while I swerved all over the road. Damn, that was exciting!"   
  
The driver looked like he was going to start to cry. "We don't want anybody to know that we're gay. And if we don't get any panties, they will know for sure."  
  
"Well listen guys," I said sympathetically, "this is your lucky day. We just bought some panties at Victoria's Secret. Should we give them the panties?" I asked Kara.  
  
"I'd rather we put the panties on, and they take them off us with their teeth," Kara whispered to me. "These dudes are cute. Why do they have to be gay?"  
  
I scowled at her and whispered back, "You are such a slut! We are giving them the panties. They changed the flat for us. Wait until I tell my father we changed the tire all by ourselves. He will be so proud!"  
  
We gave them the panties. "I hope this pink pearl Rio fits me," the driver said, looking uncertain.  
  
"That fabric really stretches," Kara advised.  
  
The two guys smiled gloriously and left.  
  
"Damn, that little episode made me horny for some reason," Kara remarked.  
  
"Yeah, me too," I agreed.  
  
We got in the Jeep and took off.  
  
"Let's take a ride through the country," Kara suggested. "Do a little exploring. It's such a beautiful day and so much fun riding with the top down."  
  
I took some back roads and drove for about twenty miles. We passed a bar, the first one we had seen since we had the flat fixed. The large sign over the door said SINNER'S SALOON.   
  
"Do you want to stop and have a drink?" I asked Kara.  
  
"Oh yeah, I sure do," she replied.  
  
When we pulled into the parking lot, we noticed another sign on the window--TOPLESS DANCING. There were about a dozen cars and several trucks and motorcycles in the lot.  
  
"This must be a strip club or something," I observed. "I'm not sure I want to go in."  
  
"Oh c'mon, Sarah. It's the middle of the afternoon. They probably don't have the topless dancing until nighttime. Besides, there is nowhere else to get a drink way out here in the sticks."  
  
So we went in, although I was still somewhat reluctant. There were no women in the place, just guys, around twenty-five or so. Some were playing pool or darts, and the others sat at tables except for three on stools at the bar. Heads turned, and every eye was on us as we strolled up to the bar.  
  
"Hello ladies," the bartender greeted, staring at our breasts. "What would you lick . . . 'er I mean like?"  
  
"I looked at Kara. "You know, I don't think I have any cash. Just credit cards. You got any money?"  
  
"I dunno," she responded, "I'll check."  
  
We both looked in our purses, and shrugged.  
  
"Do you take credit cards?" I asked hopefully.  
  
The bartender laughed. "Oh hell no."  
  
"Well, I guess we'll have to go find a MAC machine somewhere," Kara said. "How come there aren't any women in this place, anyway?"  
  
"There were a bunch of girls here a little while ago. They just left. Said they needed a nap. Too much Sexual Trance I guess."  
  
"Sexual Trance?" Kara blurted.  
  
"A Sexual Trace is 1 oz Absolut Citron, ½ oz Midori melon liqueur, ½ oz Chambord raspberry liqueur, ½ oz orange juice, ½ pineapple juice, and a splash of sweet and sour."  
  
Kara looked at me and joked, "Wow, I'll bet a Sexual Trance messes you up more than a Motherfucker."  
  
"Those were Godmothers we got trashed on last Nude Day, Kara," I corrected.  
  
"Yeah, those girls got trashed all right," the bartender remarked amusedly, "doing the Slut Slide."  
  
"The Slut Slide?" Kara inquired.  
  
"That's how you get all the Sexual Trances you want for free. You strip down to your panties and slide down the bar. Every time you pass a barstool, you get a Sexual Trance. If you are wearing silk panties, you can slide faster."  
  
Kara and I looked at each other and giggled.  
  
"What's so funny girls?" the bartender questioned.  
  
"We went commando today," I responded, smirking.  
  
"Oh, well that's okay," he replied, "but your asses might get a little raw sliding on the bar."  
  
By this time we had garnered a great deal of attention from the patrons of this establishment.   
  
The bartender hurriedly made ten Sexual Trances. He strategically placed them on the bar and adjusted the position of the barstools. "Now, Red, you start at that end of the bar, and Blondie starts at the other end. And when you two meet in the middle, you will both be in a sexual trance." He guffawed.  
  
Quickly the guys in the bar fought over the barstools.  
  
"Hey, these guys aren't allowed to touch us when we are sliding down the bar, are they?" Kara asked, very concerned.  
  
"No, that is prohibited," the bartender assured us. "If anybody does touch you, he will get his ass tossed out of here--by Bubba." He pointed to a huge dude who sat at a table alone, playing solitaire and drinking a Pepsi. "Bubba is the bouncer, but we usually don't have any trouble in here."  
  
Kara and I stripped off our clothes, and got up on the bar and into position.  
  
I slid down the bar to the first Sexual Trance. The dude sitting at the first barstool started drooling, but he didn't say anything. I drank the Sexual Trance pretty fast and started sliding toward the next one. The guy sitting on the second barstool put his face as close to my body as he could without touching me and exclaimed, "Honey, I'd sure to pet them puppies!"  
  
I scowled at him and continued slithering down the bar to the third Sexual Trance. When I got there, the guy sitting at the barstool asked me, "Hey hot stuff, do you know what's worse than a hurricane?" Just as I was about to make some remark about a hurricane being an alcoholic drink with rum, he grabbed my right nipple and roared, "A tit twister!"  
  
Bubba rose from his chair, grabbed the guy by his long hair, and dragged him out of the bar. When they got to the door, Bubba kicked the offender in the ass and he fell face-first on the gravel. "Keep your hands to yourself boys!" Bubba ordered and went back and sat down.  
  
By this time I had gotten quite the buzz, and the dude at the fourth bar stool suggested as I approached his position, "Darlin', could you spread your legs a little more, so I could get a better shot of your cockpit?" I did, but only because the further my legs were apart, the better I could slide along the top of the bar. I drank the next Sexual Passion and moved on to the last one.   
  
When I got there, I stood up because my bum was a little sore. Just as I did, Kara also finished the Slut Slide and stood up. We clicked out glasses as I made a toast, "Here's to free Sexual Trances on Nude Day."  
  
The bartender placed a large pitcher of something on the bar.  
  
"What's that?" Kara asked.  
  
"A whole pitcher of a drink called Sex on the Bar. It's very similar to Sex on the Beach, but it is made with grapefruit juice instead of orange juice. 1 ½ oz vodka, ½ oz peach schnapps, 2 oz cranberry juice, and 2 oz grapefruit juice."   
  
"What do we have to do for that?" Kara inquired.  
  
"You get Sex on the Bar for some sex on the bar," the bartender replied. The patrons began to chant enthusiastically and egg us on.  
  
Kara and I looked at each other. And then we kissed.  
  
"I know you want me, Sarah," Kara said softly. "I want you too. But I've never been with another girl. Not like that. I don't know why. I've been with plenty of guys. It just never happened with another girl."  
  
We kissed, hungrily this time, and began to explore one another's bodies with our hands.  
  
"Can you get us some blankets or something we can put on the bar?" I asked the crowd.  
  
"Coming right up, girls!" One of the patrons called out. "I have some blankets in my car."   
  
He ran out and fetched them, and we placed them on the top of the bar.  
  
"Let's get this pie eating contest going!" one guy yelled.  
  
"Yeah, let's you see kiss each other's clam!" another chimed in feverishly.  
  
"Shut up, assholes!" I screamed. "We need a little foreplay here, ya know? Didn't you ever hear of fucking foreplay? Now no more from the peanut gallery, if you want us to get in the mood sometime before tomorrow."  
  
I worked Kara into a frenzy with my tongue and fingers and, she did the same to me--everywhere but that special place. We were still standing on the bar, although Kara's legs had begun to kind of wobble. I was afraid she might fall off the bar.  
  
"I want to eat you out, Kara," I whispered to her. "I want to rock your world."  
  
"Sarah, I've never performed cunnilingus," she replied softly. "I don't know if I'll be any good at doing it."  
  
"Oh, I think you'll do just fine, girlfriend. Let's lay down on the bar. We'll do it 69 and see if we can both get off at about the same time. You just do to me what I do to you, and before long we'll both be screaming so loud these dudes will be looking for ear plugs." Kara nodded shyly.  
  
We got down on the blankets on our sides. I put my left arm under Kara's hip and lifted her legs over my shoulders. She did the same to me, after turning my Steelers cap backwards since the bill was poking her. I began to play with her bum with my right hand while I licked and nibbled the inside of her smooth and tanned thighs. She did the same to my creamy and sensitive skin. She giggled and gibed, "I guess you've never had a tan, huh Sarah?"   
  
"Nope, never. Now quit yapping girlfriend, and start lapping."  
  
I spread Kara's outer vaginal lips with the fingers of my right hand and forced my tongue between her inner vaginal lips. I wiggled my tongue in lapping motions while trying to reach as deep as I could. Then I pulled my tongue back and flicked the hood of Kara's clitoris. She groaned. I did it again and again, but she didn't do the same to me. No, she just moaned. Too turned on, I guess.  
  
"That's okay, girlfriend," I paused to say, "I'll take you to heaven, and then you can do likewise for me."  
  
"Yeah . . . sure," she struggled to say.  
  
I returned my attention to Kara's beautiful shaved pussy, and began to mash her slick lips with my chin, giving her a little a massage down yonder. She writhed in pleasure, but I could tell she wanted the tongue again. I pinched her nipples with my right hand as I began to lick her clit, but I didn't pinch them as hard as the dude who gave me a tit twister. Her clit peeked out of its little hood, and I began to suck it gently. Then I ate her pussy wildly. With enthusiastic energy, I rotated through tongue, fingers, chin, mouth work, and then clit flicking again in a faster and faster rhythm. My uninhibited attack on Kara's vulnerable body created such a surge of excitement deep down that she shivered uncontrollably in delight. And then she got loud--real loud.  
  
"Ohhhh . . . God . . . ahhhh . . . fuck . . . ohhhh!" she screamed over and over.  
  
Kara put her hands on my head and pushed me down on her hard, and at the same time she thrust her hips upwards. I squeezed her ass cheeks and alternated sucking her clit and rolling it with my tongue.  
  
"Oh yeah . . . ohhhh . . . I'm . . . ahhhh . . . oh yeah . . . oh fuck . . . oh yeah . . . fuck!"  
  
And then it happened. Her entire body shook with something that seemed way beyond mere pleasure, and I could feel her violent orgasm with my mouth as her clit throbbed much like an ejaculating penis.  
  
"Hey, you got cum in my hair," I complained after she had wound down, and I had removed my mouth from her very happy pussy.  
  
Kara giggled. "Yeah, but you already had cum in your hair." She kissed me sweetly. "But I don't have cum in my hair, and I want some."   
  
Fifteen minutes later Kara did have cum in her hair. We pulled ourselves from each other momentarily and took turns chugging from the pitcher containing the Sex on the Bar beverage. We drained it rather quickly. "Fill it up!" I ordered the bartender, handing him the empty pitcher. "We're not done yet, not hardly."  
  
He did, and Kara and I began to go at it again.  
  
Suddenly, a voice from behind the crowd yelled, "You are under arrest!"  
  
Everyone in the bar turned to look. There stood two uniformed and menacing-looking state troopers.  
  
The trooper who had spoken continued, "This bar is licensed for topless dancing only. And what do we have here? Two naked chicks having sex on the bar is what we have here. You two girls are going to be arrested, and the owner of the bar will lose his license and be fined substantially."  
  
"This sounds familiar," Kara said to me. "Didn't this happen to us last Nude Day?"  
  
"Yeah, pretty much--d? vu," I agreed.  
  
"Come here, you girls," the other officer commanded, "we have to handcuff you."  
  
We got off the bar and went up to the officers.   
  
"Hold out your hands in front of you," the officer who had spoken first instructed.  
  
"Don't you usually handcuff suspects behind their backs?" Kara inquired.  
  
"Just do what you’re told, young lady."  
  
We did, and they put the handcuffs on us.  
  
"Now, do you girls want to be arrested, spend some time in jail, and pay a fine . . . or . . ."  
  
Kara and I looked at each other knowingly.  
  
Just then the bartender brought a pitcher of yet another alcoholic beverage and placed it on the nearest table.  
  
"So what's that?" I asked.  
  
"A pitcher of Blowjobs. A Blowjob is ¼ oz Bailey's Irish Cr? mixed with ½ oz Amaretto almond liqueur."  
  
"Yeah, I know what a blowjob is," Kara said sarcastically. She glared at the cops. "So you dudes want to tickle our tonsils with your tinklers, 'eh? I don't think so!"  
  
"Off to jail you go, then," the other officer snarled as he pulled her by the handcuffs, his eyes riveted to her nipples, which for some strange reason had become very erect.  
  
"Oh what the hell," I muttered, "I do fancy men in uniform."  
  
I approached the taller officer who had spoken first. "So you want a blowjob, do you?" He nodded like a woodpecker. I ran my hands from his shoulders down to his pants, and then I unzipped him.  
  
"On your knees, sweet cheeks," he ordered, as he put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me down.  
  
"Well, let's see what the cops are up to today," I cooed as I reached in his pants and freed his penis from his pants. I rubbed the head of his long and thick engorged member on my lips. "I see you take after your father," I commented, as I admired his impressive manhood.  
  
He ripped the Steelers cap from my head. "I hate the fucking Steelers--I'm a Browns fan. No chick wearing a Steelers hat is going to sing into my purple microphone."  
  
"What the hell difference does it make if I wear a hat? I can still suck a golf ball through a hose."  
  
"Don't talk, you nappy-headed ho--just suck it."  
  
"The only reason I'm nappy-headed is because I have cum in my hair."  
  
"Well, semen is a wonderful natural conditioner for the hair. Now start breathing through your ears, bitch!"  
  
I traced the lines and texture of his big cock, my tongue running up and down his shaft. My tongue found the underside of his balls, and I licked all the way up to the tip of his cock--over and over. I paused momentarily to purr, "Do you like the way I lick your lollipop, Mr. State Trooper?"  
  
"Oh yeah . . . ohhhh yeah, honey."  
  
"So I'm honey now instead of bitch? That's the way it always is when I have somebody's dick in my mouth."  
  
"Let's see you get all my big dick down your throat, bitch 'er I mean honey. I bet you can't do that."  
  
"Yeah? What are you willing to bet?"  
  
"More Blowjobs."  
  
I smirked. And then I popped his big cock all the way down my throat and nuzzled his pubic hair with my nose. I shook my head back and forth like a rag doll and gave the base of his cock a little bite. He kind of jumped, but grabbed my head and tried to push me even further down on his cock, even though I had it all in my mouth.  
  
But then I slithered off his cock slowly, making a slurping sound. "How about the Blowjobs?"  
  
"Yeah, you're good, honey--you can buff the big fella with the best. Now make the one-eyed monkey spit."  
  
"I'm talking about the drinks--our bet?"  
  
He motioned to the bartender. "Clyde, bring the girls another pitcher of Blowjobs."  
  
Then I really got down to business. I slid the head of his cock into mouth and used my tongue to tickle the point just behind the corona as I encased the shaft with my right hand. I played with and squeezed his family jewels lightly with my left hand, which was a little difficult because of the handcuffs. Then I twisted my head from side-to-side, making sure my moist lips stayed in contact with his coronal ridge.  
  
"Oh my fucking . . . ohhhh . . . oh yeah . . . ahhhh . . . yeahhhh baby . . . suck it . . ."  
  
I paused momentarily. "Would you like to cum in my mouth, Mr. State Trooper? Would you like you shoot a big load down my throat and all over my face and tits?"  
  
"Yeah baby . . . do it. Go get yourself a pearl necklace."  
  
My mouth went back on his cock, covering the big mushroom head. I moved my right hand up and down the shaft, juggled his balls with my left hand, and sucked vigorously on the head. He began to thrust his hips upward to meet my eager mouth and pushed deeper and deeper down my throat until he got it all back down again. He pushed frantically in and out of my mouth over and over. I massaged his balls with my hands and just let him fuck my mouth.  
  
"Oh yeah baby . . . ohhhh . . . ahhhhh . . . oh fuck . . . ahhhhh . . . oh yeahhhh . . ."  
  
Bingo! He quivered spasmodically in my mouth as he ejaculated. I swallowed most of it, and then pulled him out and let him shoot some on my face and breasts. He got it in my hair! I put the head of his cock on the tip of my tongue and squeezed out every last drop and ate it up. Then I held his manhood in my mouth until the swelling subsided.   
  
The bartender gave us some bar rags and we wiped the semen off our faces. Kara and I sat at the table naked and drank our Blowjobs. The two state police officers removed the handcuffs and went up to the bar and ordered drinks. After we finished the Blowjobs, we put our clothes back and started out the door. For some reason, the patrons applauded--those who weren't jerking off, anyway. As we went to the Jeep, Kara noticed something unusual. "Why isn't there a police car in the parking lot?" she questioned.   
  
"Because those two dudes weren't cops, Kara."  
  
"What? How do you know that? You mean we got scammed into giving those guys blowjobs?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess we got scammed."  
  
"But how do you know for sure they weren't cops, Sarah? They sure looked like cops to me."  
  
I laughed. "So they wore uniforms. If we wore habits, would that make us nuns?"  
  
"No, probably not."  
  
"Kara, I know they were not real cops because the one I performed fellatio on is my uncle."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Yes, my father's younger brother. They don't talk to one another. Apparently they had a falling out five years ago when my grandfather died--something about the will. So I haven't seen or communicated with my Uncle Joe since my grandfather's funeral, and I really missed him. He used to do things with me."  
  
"Yeah, well I guess he is still doing things with you--like cumming all over your face and tits, not to mention your hair, although it did already have spoogie in it."  
  
"I mean he used to do things with me like take me fishing when I was a kid."  
  
"Whatever. I'll tell you one thing, I'm never going commando again. Not even for Nude Day--it's too easy to get in trouble."  
  
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The next Saturday morning Kara stopped over to see me. She had on a new miniskirt and a strange look on her face.  
  
"What's up, Kara? You look rather mischievous today," I observed.  
  
She lifted up the front of the miniskirt--commando. "Let's go for a ride to that bar, SINNER'S SALOON, and do some sinning!"  
  
"I can't, Kara, because I'm going fishing with Uncle Joe. He has a sweet boat."  
  
"Oh, really?"  
  
"Yeah, he said he was going to make my tuna melt."  
  
"Woo woo! Can I come too? I'd like to sit on your uncle's big one-eye trouser trout myself. I can't believe you got it all down your throat. Yeah, I was watching out of the corner of my eye while I was sucking off the other dude."  
  
"Sure you can cum, Kara." I stood up and lifted the front of my skirt--commando. "You can cum right now, girlfriend," I purred as my fingers slipped under her miniskirt, "as long as you give me a buddy suck, too."  
  
Half an hour later Kara whined, "Okay, that's it for now; my tongue is sore. Hey, we should take some booze out on the boat--Sexual Trances or Blowjobs?"  
  
"No need for that. Uncle Joe already made some Dirty Sex on the Boat drinks for us, so he told me."  
  
"Oh, are we getting our fudge packed?"  
  
"Kara, get your mind out of the gutter! A Dirty Sex on the Boat is 1 oz Bacardi 151 rum, 1 oz peach schnapps, 1 oz Midori liqueur, orange juice, pineapple juice, and cranberry juice."   
  
"That 151 rum will really fuck us up!" Kara exclaimed gleefully.  
  
I reached into the beach bag I had readied for the outing on the boat with Uncle Joe. Kara looked shocked momentarily when I showed her the strap-on harness with the big blue silicone dick attached.  
  
"We won't be the only ones getting it up the ass, Kara!" I squealed with a lewd smirk.