**Her Panties and a Wet Spot**

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Jennifer heard the office door open along with a male voice, "I can't imagine what was going through her mind...I mean, seriously, who exercises in a public gym wearing a thong leotard?"  
  
Jennifer's hands froze over her keyboard. She recognized Joe's voice. Another male voice responded, "Was she wearing tights or something underneath?" That voice belonged to Mark, one of her co-workers. Joe was her boss.  
  
"No. That's just it, I could understand more, not completely, but more if she had tights on." Joe replied.  
  
The two men couldn't see Jennifer. She was sitting in the half dark office full of cubicles. Normally she wasn't in the office this early but she had an appointment in the middle of the day and wanted to work the extra time early instead of late. She realized the men assumed they were alone in the office and her heart raced. "What should I do?" She wondered.  
  
Mark spoke, "So she's walking around the gym basically with her ass hanging out for everybody to see?" Jennifer's eyes snapped wide to hear Mark use such a direct word about a woman's backside. He was such a soft spoken, sweet guy. She felt as if she'd walked into the mythical male locker room and was listening to how men really talked when women weren't around.  
  
"Well, it was 4:30 in the morning. Not many people there besides myself and a couple others. But yeah, she was." Joe replied.  
  
"Well?" Mark paused.  
  
Finally Joe laughed, "Well what?" Jennifer leaned closer to the wall of her cubicle.  
  
"Did she have a nice ass?"  
  
Joe chuckled again, "Let's just say I decided to face the other direction while I worked out, you know, to avoid the distraction."  
  
Mark laughed, "Understood." Jennifer's eyebrows went up. What did Joe mean? That he was attracted to the woman's bare backside? A tiny surge of jealously sparked in her chest but she pushed it down. There was no understanding between her and Joe. She'd had a crush on him since she started this job a few months back. She'd never been married although she'd been engaged for three years before she finally lost patience with the man. Joe had apparently been married for two years right after college but was now divorced. He was 35. She was 34.  
  
Jennifer kept trying to set the jealousy aside. Of course Joe would be attracted to a woman's rear. Why wouldn't he? Immediately Jennifer wondered if Joe would be attracted to her bottom. She'd been told a couple of times that she had a very feminine and shapely rear.  
  
Jennifer's thoughts jolted back to her situation as she heard a bag being set down. Joe's voice was clear. They were probably standing at Mark's cubicle, just three down from hers. "I'm not sure I ever understood the thong thing. I mean, sure, it looks sexy and all, but isn't it uncomfortable?"  
  
Jennifer smiled at Joe's question, nodding her head. She'd never been one to wear thong style underwear. The one time she'd tried it had felt uncomfortable. Thus, she was surprised when Mark replied, "April says it depends on the size and quality of the underwear. She wears thong panties all the time and says they feel comfortable after you get used to them." April was Mark's wife. Jennifer was surprised both to hear another woman claim that thongs were comfortable but also to hear one man so casually mention his wife's panties to another man. She wondered if her old fiance had ever mentioned her panties to his friends? She understood that Mark and Joe were pretty close friends.  
  
"Well, I can't imagine a thong being comfortable." Joe laughed.  
  
"Of course not, man, you've got balls dangling down there. Women don't have that....er, protrusion." Mark replied in a snide voice. Again, Jennifer felt as if she were in the men's locker room. "Men really did talk like this," she thought in amazement. Mark's voice continued, "Some of the women in our group wear thong panties."  
  
Jennifer felt her breath catch. She wondered, "How could he know..." Her thought was mimicked by Joe's voice, "How could you possibly know that?"  
  
"Yeah!" Jennifer thought as she felt her face going red. Mark replied, "I've got eyes, don't I?"  
  
"X-ray eyes?" Joe laughed.  
  
"No, I mean, you can kind of tell, just looking, over time....I mean." Jennifer leaned even closer to the wall.  
  
"You mean panty lines or something?" Joe asked, "I don't think you can always see them, even when they're wearing regular panties."  
  
"No, not always." Mark said, "But sometimes you can tell and I've noticed over the years."  
  
Joe laughed, "Years! You've been staring at your co-worker's butts for years?"  
  
"Jeesh, man! You make it sound like I'm a pervert." Jennifer felt herself smile and almost had to stifle a laugh. Mark went on, "No, I don't stare but I have noticed here and there."  
  
"Noticed what?" Joe asked. Jennifer thought, "Yeah, noticed what?"  
  
"Well, for example, I think Camille wears thongs. She's been here for what...two years?" Mark asked. Jennifer thought about Camille...young, right out of college. "Mark's just guessing," She thought to herself.  
  
"Yeah." Joe said.  
  
"Well, I've never seen a panty line on her and I've seen her in some pretty tight pants."  
  
"She's just young. It's probably more of an age thing." Joe replied.  
  
"Probably." Mark paused, and then continued, "But Amy, on the other hand, I know she wears regular panties, I've seen the lines."  
  
"Amy is in her 50's." Joe said.  
  
"So that fits the age theory." Mark said.  
  
They were silent for a moment. Jennifer's thoughts raced and she felt her heart pounding. She knew what was coming next. She was the only other woman in their group. Time slowed to a crawl until finally, almost painfully, Mark spoke again, "Then there's Jennifer..."  
  
Jennifer felt as though she couldn't breath. Joe replied, "Yeah..."  
  
"I'm not sure," Mark said, "She hasn't been here as long but I noticed panty lines one time in particular, last week, in fact." Jennifer felt her face was flaming hot. She wasn't sure whether to feel indignant, embarrassed, or glad she was noticed and included.  
  
Jennifer was surprised at Joe's next words, "Well, we probably shouldn't be talking like this." On one hand, Joe was right, they shouldn't be talking about female co-worker's underwear, but on the other hand, she kind of wanted to know what Joe thought about her underwear. She sighed and immediately covered her mouth, realizing that she was inadvertently eavesdropping and hoping for a way out of this scenario that didn't reveal herself.  
  
"Hey man, do you like Jennifer?" Mark asked, out of the blue.  
  
Jennifer's heart stopped again. "Of course I do." Joe replied.  
  
Jennifer felt a little disappointed with the casual reply. Mark spoke, "No, I mean, you know, like her more than just a co-worker."  
  
Jennifer waited, wondering what Joe would say. He spoke, "Well, I can't really. I'm her boss."  
  
"This is just friend to friend." Mark said.  
  
"Well, friend to friend, sure, I'm attracted to her. She's smart. She's nice....pretty. She's fun to be around...but that doesn't change that I can't do anything about it." Jennifer felt a smile spread involuntarily across her face.  
  
"That sucks for you, man." Mark said.  
  
Jennifer heard the office door open again. The two men went silent. The rest of the office lights flipped on. Then she heard Joe's voice call out, "Hey, Damon, how are you doing this morning?"  
  
Jennifer sat quietly. It sounded as though Joe and Mark walked toward the entrance to talk with Damon for a while. Her mind wandered over the conversation. Eventually she heard Mark return to his cube and heard him typing. Damon's cube was further away.   
  
The office was quiet for about fifteen minutes and Jennifer was just getting focused back on work when she heard Joe's voice behind her. It startled her and she let out a little squeak. "Oh, I'm sorry for scaring you, Jennifer." He smiled softly as she turned to look at him.  
  
"That's OK" She managed to say in a soft voice. Slowly she felt her face growing warm as she stared up at him.  
  
He looked at her for a moment and apparently seemed surprised to see her. He glanced toward Mark's cube and then she noticed his face started to redden a little. "You're here early."  
  
"Yeah. I've got an appointment and will need to take a long lunch."  
  
"Oh, that's fine." He paused, seemingly unsure of what to say. Finally he spoke a little awkwardly, "So, when did you get in?"  
  
Jennifer realized he was trying to decide if she'd heard thong discussion. "Um, just a few minutes ago."  
  
He looked relieved, "Oh, OK. Well, how are you doing?"  
  
Jennifer felt a little stab of annoyance that he was getting off so easy. Now she wanted him to know that she'd heard their indiscreet conversation. Before she could stop and think about it, she spoke, "I might leave a little earlier too, if you don't mind. There's a store I'd like to stop at right near my appointment and, well, you know how hard we've been working lately... do you mind?"  
  
"No, of course not. What are you shopping for?" He asked.  
  
Again, the word slipped out before she could think, "Panties." Her face started warming up and she couldn't believe she'd just said that.  
  
His face went red too. He paused, mouth open, and glanced aside toward Mark's cube. His voice went low and he took a step forward, "Look, Jennifer, I'm really sorry about what you apparently heard. I shouldn't have talked that way with Mark. I hope you'll forgive me."  
  
Jennifer immediately regretted bringing it up. She smiled at him, "I guess I'm just teasing."  
  
Joe nodded, "I hope, well, I hope you don't feel, harassed or anything. That's the last thing on my mind. I just feel so stupid, like I'm some teenaged kid caught talking trash in the locker room. It won't happen again."  
  
Jennifer laughed quietly, "I'll count on that."  
  
Joe smiled weakly and said, "Talk to you later." He turned and walked away.  
  
Jennifer turned back to her computer and moved her hands over the keyboard. She couldn't concentrate. She was feeling a bit of shock at how forward she had been. He behaved exactly as she would have expected when confronted with the indiscreet conversation. He was embarrassed and sorry. The part of the conversation that stuck in her mind now, though, was that he was interested in her but that he couldn't act on it as her supervisor. She briefly wondered how much she liked this job. Maybe it was time to change.  
  
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Jennifer had been telling the truth about the proximity of the lingerie store to her appointment but she never intended to go there. Now, as she exited the office building from her appointment, she stopped and glanced down the street toward the lingerie shop. Curiosity got the better of her and she walked toward it.  
  
As she went through the front door a wave of pleasant fragrance washed over her and she was attracted to the soft, warm colors throughout the store. Almost immediately a woman approached her and asked if she needed help. Jennifer decided the direct approach was best and explained that she was interested in buying some thong panties but that her previous experience with them hadn't been comfortable. The woman nodded knowingly and started leading her across the store while explaining how getting the right fit and material made all the difference.  
  
About half an hour later Jennifer walked out of the store holding a n little ornate pink shopping bag. As she headed back to the office, a plan was formulating in her mind spurred on by the events of the morning. She was wearing a nice business suit and the pants were reasonably tight. Standing upright, she was confident that the lines of her brief-style panties were not visible but bending over was a different story.  
  
Eventually she walked through the lobby of the office building, down the hall, and opened the door to her group's area. Joe's private office was immediately to the right and she stopped in his open door. He looked up from his computer and smiled at her.  
  
"I'm back." She smiled back at him.  
  
"Appointment went OK?" He asked. She saw his eyes glance down at the delicate pink shopping bag in her hands.  
  
"Perfect, thanks." She said.  
  
"Good." He smiled and again his eyes glanced at the shopping bag.  
  
"Well, back to work." She turned and walked away, keeping in view of his open office door. She slowed her walk and tried not to be too obvious but she put a little more side-to-side movement in her hips as she moved, knowing the motion might catch his attention and draw his eyes to her rear.  
  
She'd worked this plan out on the way back to the office. She wanted him to notice her panties. The group had a set of distribution boxes in the open area of their office and those boxes were also within line of sight of Joe's door. Her box was at the bottom of the stack and as she approached the boxes, she slowed even more. Then, slowly, deliberately, she bent at the waist keeping her ass pointed directly at his office and checked her distribution box. She took an envelope from it, straightened, and walked toward her cubicle. Just before she was out of sight from Joe's office, she glanced back. She caught Joe looking quickly away and couldn't suppress a smile on her own face as she hurried back to her cubicle. "It worked!" She thought. She felt an incredible rush of sexual power, something she'd never really experimented with before.  
  
Jennifer was ready for the next part of her plan. She prepared the paperwork, stuffed it into an envelope, and then picked up the little pink shopping bag and headed out the side exit from their office area toward the bathrooms. Their group had two small unisex bathrooms, each one with doors that locked, meant to be used by one person at a time. Jennifer stepped into one of them and closed the door behind her. She set the shopping bag down and turned to look at herself in the mirror. The pants of her business suit were smooth across her thighs and looked very nice. She turned around and craned her neck to look at her rear view. As she thought, the pants were loose enough across her bottom to not show her panty lines. She slowly bent at the waist, watching to see what Joe would have seen. Almost immediately as the smooth material stretched over her rounded bum, the lines of her panties became clearly visible.  
  
She smiled, straightened, and undid her pants. She stepped out of her heels and slid the pants down her legs. She carefully hung the pants on a wall peg and turned to look at herself in her regular panties. They were nice looking, simple and sleek. They were made of a smooth micro-fiber and were pale green with a little yellow bow in the middle of the lace waist band.  
  
She turned around to look at how the panties encased her bottom. The cut completely covered the wide, rounded globes of her cheeks. She slowly bent and as the material stretched tighter, it became somewhat transparent and she smiled as the cleavage between her cheeks became visible. She felt a sexual stirring in her pussy.  
  
She straightened, slid her thumbs behind the waist of the panties and slid them down her thighs until they dropped to the floor. She looked back at her reflection in the mirror, naked from the waist down. She really did feel as though her ass were her best sexual feature. She stared at it's rounded, wide fullness, each cheek tapering smoothly down to a nearly perfectly round half globe. She reached around and patted her bare bottom, watching her cheeks jiggle tightly with each pat.  
  
Again, she slowly bent at the waist, watching the view of her rear as more and more of her privates came into view. She saw the brown hair of her pussy start to show. She spread her legs and bent further, now clearly feeling the sexual arousal between her legs. Fully bent she could see her little, pink and puckered anus and for the first time in her life, felt that it was attractive and desirable. Her eyes traced down from her anus to the tight lips of her outer labia, puffy and full, mostly hair free toward the back with hair starting to grow more toward the front. Her lips were full and stuck together. She slowly slid two fingers down over her abdomen, through her soft, full pubic hair until she felt her pussy lips. A moan escaped her throat as pleasure filled her groin. Her fingers went down the sides of her lips, between the lip and the inner thigh, down between her legs toward her anus and then back between her lips, pulling them apart to expose the now very moist and pink interior. She was amazed at how wet she was.  
  
Without thinking, she slowly pushed a finger into her vagina. Immediately, she envisioned Joe looking at her ass, looking at her pussy, and then she imagined Joe's penis sliding into her pussy the way her finger was. She let out a small squeal of arousal and pushed her finger in deeper, pulling it out, pushing it in, over and over imagining Joe's penis plunging into her wet pussy. She felt amazing, tingly all over, and had never come this close to orgasm this quickly before while masturbating. She pulled her slick, wet finger out and immediately started fiddling with her clitoris. The orgasm washed over her powerfully and she felt her knees almost buckling with pleasure. She cried out and then clamped her mouth shut, not wanting to be heard. Her mouth spread wide again and she closed her eyes as the waves of pleasure from the orgasm washed through her body. Finally it subsided and she stood up straight again, looking back one more time at the reflection of her wide, smooth and bare bottom. She was sexy and she knew it.   
  
A smile spread across her face as she thought about her plan again. She hadn't planned on masturbating but wow, it felt amazing. She'd never masturbated at work before.  
  
She washed the lubrication off her fingers, dried her hands and then looked into the little pink bag. There were three thong panties in the bag. She took her favorite out. They were a very smooth and light-weight stretchy material, black with little white polka dots and a pink waist band with a little pink bow on each side above the leg.  
  
Jennifer smiled as she looked at the panties. She imagined wearing them in public, in a gym, exercising in front of Joe. She imagined him watching her nearly naked ass as she moved rhythmically. She imagined his penis getting big and hard because of what he saw. She shook her head to clear it image. Her pussy was still wet and feeling tingly.  
  
Carefully she stepped into the thong and pulled it up her long legs. The triangular front barely covered her luxuriously thick patch of soft brown pubic hair. She turned to look at her ass in the thong. The material between her cheeks was soft and comfortable and she was surprised at how nice the panties felt both over her genitals and up between her cheeks against her anus. There was none of the wedgie, irritating feel from the thong panties she'd tried in the past.  
  
She hooked her thumbs under the waist band and pulled the thong up, wondering at what point it would start to feel like a wedgie. Eventually it did so but in the process, her already tingling pussy started to feel highly aroused again. She loved how the stretchy thong looked pulled up tight between her bare bottom cheeks and it felt wonderfully applying pressure to her pussy lips. She turned around and pulled from the front, watching to see how her pubic hair became visible on each side of the panty front. Then as she was adjusting the thong, the left side of her labia slipped out from the thong's tight embrace and she let out a soft moan of pleasure.  
  
Jennifer turned around and bent at the waist to see what her pussy looked like part way out of the thong. The lip was full and puffy. She touched it with a finger and found it incredibly sensitive, sucking in her breath in pleasure. Looking closer she noticed that the panties were starting to show the dampness of her pussy's lubrication.  
  
Carefully she adjusted the crotch of the panties so it slipped between both her pussy lips and then she pulled it up even more. Her big labia bulged out obscenely to either side of the material now barely visible and buried in her pussy. She grinned wickedly, wondering what Joe would think to see her exercising in a gym in a thong with her puffy labia sticking out.

She pulled the thong up tighter and immediately felt the pressure against her clitoris. Warmth started spreading through her groin again and she couldn't help it. She turned to watch herself from the front masturbate again in the mirror. With one hand she kept the thong pulled up tight between her pussy lips and with the other hand, she gently but persistently rubbed her clitoris.  
  
She felt the orgasm coming on and opened her mouth wide but tried to remain silent. She kept her eyes open, watching her fingers work over her pussy as several pulses of pure pleasure emanated through her groin and out through her body.  
  
She relaxed, letting go of the thong and feeling sexually spent. Carefully she pushed the panties down. Her legs felt weak and she still felt tingly. She smiled at the crotch of the panties as she stepped out of them and lifted them up. They were completely soaked with her arousal.  
  
Her mind went into a miniature fantasy. What would Joe do if she walked into his office, angry at the conversation she'd overheard, and said something like, "See, I do wear thong panties. I'm young, hot and sexy and this is the closest you'll ever get to my pussy." And then she put the wet, masturbated-in panties on his desk, followed with an "I quit and am going to sue." He'd beg her to stay and not tell anybody. She'd demand that the only way she'd let it go is if he first, smelled her wet panties and then second, stripped completely nude and put her panties on while she watched. Of course, that would be exactly what he'd want. He'd have a red face and be embarrassed as he got up, closed his office door and locked it. Then he'd take the little wet panties in his fingers and lift them to his face, gently taking in the sweet musk of her arousal. Finally, he'd strip completely nude. As he pulled his pants off, his huge stiff erection would spring free giving away his sexual attraction to her and he'd ridiculously try to put the little feminine thong on his big masculine body. The triangle front would barely contain his flowing balls and wouldn't even begin to cover his long cock. And then she would tell him to sit in his office chair, she would take her pants off and parade around in front of him wearing another pair of thong panties before stripping those off and climbing onto his desk, completely naked from the waist down, thrusting her groin forward to show off her sexy pussy. He would stare with a dazed look on his face as she climbed onto his lap and slid her pussy down the length of his cock, all the way down until she felt his balls press up to her, and he wouldn't even last one more stroke. His head would snap back, his hips would buck, and she'd feel his penis pulsing inside her tight vagina while he ejaculated into her.  
  
Jennifer shook her head free of the ridiculous fantasy and laughed quietly. She put the wet panties back into the bag and took out a simple, white thong made of the same material at the black one. She slowly pulled it up her legs and her mind went back to the fantasy again. She imagined Joe's big penis filling her little pussy and the feel of his expansive, soft and warm balls squished up against her bum as she sat down on him. She imagined the feel of his penis pumping semen into her. As she tugged the thong over her pussy her fingers went down between her crotch, involuntarily, again, and she sighed as yet another orgasm came on. This time she couldn't quite keep herself from squealing out load as she imagined Joe's cock pumping into her pussy.  
  
Exhausted, she sighed and pulled the white thong off seeing how wet it had become with yet another orgasm. She giggled, never having thought early this morning as she headed into work that she'd be having three amazing orgasms before the day was over.   
  
She put the wet white panties in the shopping bag and took some bath tissue to her pussy in an effort to blot up all the moisture. Her pussy was still incredibly sensitive and rubbing it with the tissue paper was just feeling more and more arousing. She gave up and took the final thong from the bag. It was a cute, lacey red thong with the stretchy back and crotch. She figured this one would be the least comfortable but it turned out to feel just as good as the rest. As she snugged it between her cheeks and over her pussy she tried to focus elsewhere. Her pussy still felt tingly and she knew she could have another orgasm if she played with herself. Multiple orgasms weren't hard to achieve once she'd masturbated long enough but they'd come on so fast and uncontrollably today that she was unsure if she could even walk back to her desk and carry out the rest of her plan without having another.  
  
Quickly, so as not to be distracted by her slowly throbbing genitals, she pulled her pants on and stepped into her heels. She washed her hands and looked at her face in the mirror. She was flushed. She tried to calm down and took some deep breaths. She wanted to finish her plan.  
  
She unlocked the bathroom door and walked slowly back to her desk, still feeling the tingling sensation in her pussy with each step she took. She opened a drawer on her desk and put the shopping bag full of worn and wet panties away. She she picked up the envelop she'd prepared.  
  
She took a deep breath and walked across the office space toward Joe's office. She knocked on the frame and he looked up from his computer. He still looked a little distracted but he managed to smile at her. "Hey." He said.  
  
She tried to keep a straight face, "Hi. I have this report for Susan." She waved the envelop. "Do you want to see it before I pass it on up?" She figured he didn't. He never did.  
  
"No, it'll be fine. Thanks!" He was staring at her, hands poised awkwardly over his keyboard.  
  
"Sure." Jennifer turned and walked toward the distribution boxes exactly as she had done before. She had to take deep breaths while she was doing it to keep herself calm and steady. She slid the envelop into Susan's distribution box and then slowly bent at the waist again to check her box. She knew Joe's eyes would be on her ass again but this time, unlike just a few minutes ago, there would be no panty lines and she would leave it to Joe's imagination to figure out what that meant.  
  
She stood and walked out of his view, not even bothering to look back, she felt so confident that he was looking.  
  
Her pussy was still feeling very warm and tingly and as she sat down in her chair, the pressure against her pussy and the feeling of the thong sent her dangerously close to yet another orgasm. She closed her eyes and laid her hands flat on her desk, sitting straight, trying to hold as still as possible. "Not another orgasm, not another, not now. I don't have any more panties." She thought to herself.  
  
She was breathing deeply, slowly, for a couple of minutes when she was startled by her phone ringing. She jerked up and the pressure and movement sent even more tingles through her genitals. The phone rang again and she grabbed it quickly, "Jennifer, can I help you?" She said into the receiver.  
  
"Hey, Jennifer," It was Joe's voice, "Can you come into my office for just a minute? Susan's here and she'd like to go over the report."  
  
"You're kidding." She replied, her mind spinning.  
  
"Ironic, huh. No, she just walked in and pulled it out of her distribution box. She just has a couple of questions." Joe said.  
  
"Um...sure, I'll be right over." Jennifer replied.  
  
"Thanks." Joe hung up.  
  
Jennifer stood immediately, still taking big breaths. She could feel how wet her panties were and was afraid it would start soaking through. She looked at the seat of her office chair. Nothing. She sighed and walked stiffly toward Joe's office.  
  
She rounded the door frame and Susan was standing next the the white board, Jennifer's report in her hand, while drawing something on the board. Joe looked over at her and smiled, pointing at a chair near his desk.  
  
Jennifer walked to the chair and sat down carefully.  
  
Susan turned and smiled at Jennifer, "Oh, there you are. I can't tell you how helpful these reports are, Jennifer."  
  
"Thanks!" Jennifer smiled warmly back.  
  
"Serious, they've brought some very important issues to light. Take for example these figures..." Susan pointed at the white board.  
  
Jennifer tried to focus but she swore she could feel the thong slowly, every so slowly sliding across her outer labia and in between her lips. She stared at the white board as Susan's voice turned into a sort of background drone. Her thong couldn't possibly be moving, sliding up into her pussy...impossible. And yet she could feel it. She must be imagining.  
  
Jennifer was jerked out of her thoughts when Susan said, "Joe, come show us how these facts correlate." And in a daze, Jennifer watched Joe awkwardly stand up from behind his desk and walk toward the white board taking the marker from Susan's outstretched hand.  
  
Jennifer's eyes went wide with a brief glance at Joe's crotch. Had she seen what she thought she saw? A rather long bulge off to one side? Joe turned and faced the board, keeping his back to the two women. His voice went on like Susan's and yet at a lower pitch.  
  
Jennifer was sure of it. Her thong was sliding up between the lips of her pussy, a pussy that was feeling distinctly more and more wet by the second. Her mind went back to her fantasy, to Joe smelling her wet panties, to Joe's long, throbbing penis sliding into her wet pussy and the feel of his soft, warm balls pressed up against her bottom.  
  
"Right, Jennifer?" Susan and Joe looked at her.   
  
Jennifer blinked. She had no idea what they'd just asked. "Sure." She said.  
  
"That's what I thought." Susan said and turned back to the figures. Susan took the white board marker from Joe and started working on the board. Joe stepped back slightly, focused on the numbers.  
  
Jennifer looked at Joe's now visible crotch. She could clearly see the length and shape outline of his penis stiffly held off to his right side by his pants. His penis looked amazing and her fantasy came back into her mind. She stared and even imagined that there was a small wet spot on the front of his pants toward the tip of his fat, rounded penis head. "Wow!" Jennifer thought. "Would that even fit in my little pussy?"  
  
"Yes." Jennifer said out loud. Her face went immediately red as Joe and Susan turned to her, surprised expressions on their faces.  
  
"Exactly. Yes. That's what I thought." Susan replied and went back to the numbers.  
  
Without looking up at Joe's face, Jennifer's eyes went back to the visible bulge of his penis. Joe turned aside, obscuring the view, and Jennifer looked up at his face. He was looking at her and his face was now bright red.  
  
"What in the hell is happening?" Jennifer wondered. My pussy is on the verge of another orgasm, I've already had three of them, I'm sure that by now I'm making a wet spot at the very minimum on my pants and most likely on Joe's office chair, I changed into thong panties and showed my ass off to my boss and now he has a big erection in front of his boss.  
  
Jennifer watched in almost slow motion as Joe self consciously adjusted the front of his pants. It didn't help much. Now his heavy, thick cock was hanging downward but the ridge of his penis head was still clearly visible along one side of his pants.  
  
Jennifer wondered what his penis looked like, bare. And then before she could stop it, she felt the orgasm coming on with the thong sliding up between her soaked pussy lips. She closed her eyes and tried to hold her breath as the orgasm surged through her body. She gripped the arms of the office chair. Susan's droning voice was distant. The pleasure was almost unbearable and then finally, it began to subside and a small "Oh..." escaped from her lips.  
  
"Are you OK?" Joe's voice was filled with concern? Jennifer's eyes snapped open. He had taken a step closer. Susan was turned, looking down at her in concern.  
  
Jennifer felt her face flame up in embarrassment. Her mind raced and she spoke, "Um...sorry, cramps."  
  
Susan's face softened, "Oh, I hate that. I'm sorry. Do you need to go home?"  
  
"What's wrong? Are you OK?" Joe asked again.  
  
Susan looked at Joe with an expression that spoke to his obtuse question, "Joe, do you mind? This is woman stuff."  
  
"What?" Joe looked confused.  
  
Jennifer spoke quickly, "No, uh, you know how it is. It's gone now. It happens almost every time."  
  
"You're sure?" Susan asked.  
  
"Yeah. Sorry." Jennifer felt embarrassed but glad that her excuse for having an orgasm in front of her bosses in the middle of the day seemed to ring true.  
  
"No problem at all. Do you need to go get some ibuprofen or something?" Susan asked.  
  
"No. I'm fine. Go on." Jennifer said.  
  
Susan and Joe turned back to the white board. Jennifer glanced at Joe's crotch again. Finally his erection had died down to the point where only a soft bulge remained. Still, Jennifer was certain of the wet spot where the tip of his erect penis had been. She smiled to herself and listened to the rest of the meeting.  
  
Eventually, Susan left the office and Joe turned to Jennifer, "So you're really OK? You looked like you were in pain for a moment there."  
  
"I'm sorry. I feel so stupid. I'm just fine." Jennifer replied.  
  
"You're definitely not stupid. That's a better word for me today." He paused, looking into her eyes. He had deep brown eyes that were really quite beautiful, Jennifer thought warmly. "I am...you know, sorry for what happened earlier today."  
  
"Don't worry about it." Jennifer replied. As she started to stand up she felt just how wet her pussy was. She prayed silently that it wasn't showing.  
  
Joe was speaking, "I just want you to know that we, I mean I, well, all of us really appreciate the work you're doing here. You're terrific. At work I mean." Joe's face was growing red again, "I mean, in every way. Well, you know...." His voice trailed off as he looked down.  
  
Jennifer said, "Thanks..." and followed his eyes. She looked down at the office chair where she'd just been sitting. The chair had a clear wet spot right in the middle where she'd been sitting.  
  
There was an awkward pause. Jennifer tried to think of something to say and couldn't think of anything. Finally Joe looked back to the white board, "Well, hey, I've got to focus this afternoon so...."  
  
Jennifer said, "Right. I'll let you go."  
  
"Thanks...." Joe said.  
  
Jennifer rolled her eyes as she walked out, "Oh my gosh," She thought, "I just created a wet sex spot on my boss' office chair." She felt unbelievably embarrassed and wondered if he could possibly have any interest in her any more after what happened today. As she crossed the office space toward her cubicle she glanced back to see Joe closing his office door, something he rarely did. Jennifer sighed again.  
  
That night she headed home with a mixture of feelings about what had happened. On the bad side, she felt humiliated to have made that wet spot on his chair and felt mildly embarrassed by how sexual she'd been showing off her ass by bending over in front of him twice and changing panties in between to show that she was wearing a thong. On the good side, she'd had four amazing orgasms, had discovered that she loved the way thong panties felt, and even better, learned that her boss was interested in her. There wasn't much she could do about it now. That evening, before going to bed, she settled into her regular routine of a nice masturbation session but this time with fantasies of Joe's penis getting hard because of her thong panties.  
  
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After Joe closed his office door he locked it. He knew it was awkward but it had to be done. He immediately walked over to the blinds, closed them and then back to the chair where Jennifer had been sitting. He looked down at the wet spot. He now understood what she said about cramps and presumably, the way she and Susan talked, it was her period, but the wet spot wasn't blood.   
  
He carefully knelt down and put his hand on the chair next to the spot. It was surprisingly warm and Joe felt his penis start to swell as he thought about Jennifer's amazing, round ass sitting here, warming the chair.  
  
He lifted his hand and placed a finger on the wet spot. It was slick. He ran his finger across the spot and then looked at his finger, rubbing his thumb and finger together. Very slippery. "Oh my...." Joe sighed. He gently lifted his finger to his face and took in the sweet, musky fragrance of Jennifer's sexual arousal. With this discovery confirmed, his penis quickly surged into a full erection.  
  
He knew something was going on between he and Jennifer today. She not only heard his discussion with Mark about panties, she'd admitted that, but she also heard him confess his interest in her. And then that show, twice, at the distribution boxes. She had the most amazing rear he'd ever seen and she showed it off profoundly effectively...twice.  
  
The first time, he wasn't sure. She'd never bent that way before, and he had seen her panty lines, and it seemed too much of a coincidence following the panty discussion to be anything else, but still, he wasn't sure.  
  
Then the second time, "Oh my..." he whispered again, that had been crystal clear, the way she walked from his office to the distribution boxes, the way she moved her hips back and forth, her amazing ass moving with each step, and then bending, bending, bending forever it seemed until her legs, slightly spread, pants pulled tight over her ass on perfect display....  
  
The door was locked. He undid his pants and freed his raging erection. "Oh!" he moaned, picturing Jennifer's beautiful ass; full, round, feminine, perfect in every way. No panty lines. What did that mean? She had that little pink bag. Did she buy a thong and wear it for him? What did it mean?  
  
He imagined her bare bottom covered only by a little thong and his penis, hard and long, started twitching as he stroked it. What was she trying to say to him? It felt like she was saying, "Come fuck me!" But that couldn't possibly be what she meant. But then, there she had done it, shown off her ass, put on a thong, her legs slightly spread, and his eyes had been drawn to the soft, subtle bulge right at the top of her thighs, between her legs, between her round ass cheeks, the bulge of her pussy. The orgasm rocked over him and his cock started spurting semen. It shot up onto the desk and he tried to catch it but some of it ran from his hand onto the floor.  
  
He shook his head and tried to clean up, pulling his pants up. He had to get to know Jennifer better. Maybe it was time to quit his job.

**Her Thong Workout**

Jennifer wanted to show her ass to Joe, her boss. She had a crush on him and had recently learned that he was interested in her as well. Even more exciting was the apparent fact that he was sexually aroused by her ass. That knowledge gave Jennifer a thrilling sense of power and she wanted to explore just how far she could go with that.  
  
Just the day before, she'd inadvertently overheard Joe and another co-worker discussing the fact that some woman at Joe's gym had been exercising in a thong-back leotard. After masturbating the previous night and then falling asleep, Jennifer had awoken early and while she lay in bed, started to formulate the plans for further teasing Joe and exploring this sexual side of their relationship.  
  
She went to work earlier than usual, arriving shortly after the time when Joe usually showed up. As she walked into her group office area, she turned to look through his open office door. He looked up from his computer and smiled at her. "Hi Jennifer. You're here early again." His face reddened slightly and Jennifer smiled, remembering yesterday's experiences.  
  
"Yeah. I'm following your example and hitting the gym early in the morning." She replied.  
  
"Why's that?" He asked.  
  
"Partly just to try something new. Also, I figured it would be less crowded."  
  
"Was it?"  
  
"Mostly." Jennifer paused, hoping her plan would work. "But I don't like my gym very much."  
  
"Which one do you go to?"  
  
"The Athletic Club, not far from my place. It just seems kind of worn down or something."  
  
"That's not good." Joe replied. There was a small pause and Jennifer wondered if she should be more direct. Then he asked, "You should try my gym. It's pretty new, everything's shiny." He laughed.  
  
Jennifer smiled, feeling glad he'd brought it up. "Which one do you go to?"  
  
"City Gym....there's one just two blocks..." He started to point south.  
  
Jennifer took a step into his office, "Oh yeah, just down on 19th street. I've walked past that place. You like it?"  
  
"Especially at 4:30 in the morning. I'm often the only one there." He said.  
  
"Perfect." Jennifer thought to herself. She spoke, "Maybe I will. It would be nice to have a good place so close to the office."  
  
Joe paused again and Jennifer was thinking of what to ask next when he spoke, "Hey, I have a guest pass. Do you want to use that? I could show you around."  
  
"That would be great. Thanks!" Jennifer said feeling giddy inside.  
  
"When?"  
  
"Sooner is better for me. I'd like to switch if it's the right fit for me. Tomorrow?"  
  
"Sure. And you want to try that early? I could go later if that would be easier." Joe said.  
  
"No, change is good. I can be there at 4:30 if you're there too."  
  
They made arrangements to meet in the lobby at 4:30. Jennifer left his office and walked to her cube. She sat at her desk quietly, pondering her plans. Her pussy was feeling more and more tingly by the minute. Yesterday had been the first time she masturbated at work and she knew she wasn't going to get any work done until she did it again. Still, she held out for about an hour before finally giving in. She could feel the moisture of her arousal in her panties.  
  
Today she was better prepared. She stood up from her desk and walked toward the private bathrooms with her purse. She locked the bathroom door behind her, set her purse on the counter and immediately undid her pants. She stepped out of them and carefully hung them up. She turned back to the mirror and looked at her reflection. She was wearing one of her new thong panties purchased the day before. The front of the crotch was visibly damp as she spread her legs.  
  
She turned around and admired her full, round ass in the mirror. A fantasy was forming in her head and she whispered to herself, "So, Joe, you like how my ass looks in a thong?" She patted one side of her smooth bottom and watched it jiggle tightly.  
  
She whispered again, "Oh you do, I see you like it. I can see your big penis getting hard in your pants. I'm causing that reaction, aren't I?" She smiled and started caressing her wide, rounded cheeks.  
  
Still whispering, she said, "Oh, you wish you could touch my ass? Is your penis completely hard now? I bet you'd like to see my pussy too." She turned around and gently took the front of the thong panty and pulled it aside exposing the soft, thick dark pubic hair covering her genitals.  
  
"There you go, big boy," she whispered and spread her legs, thrusting her hips forward, "this is my pussy. I'm not sure I can fit your big cock in my pussy but I want to try. Is it fully hard yet?" She pouted her lips, "Oh, not yet? Let me help."  
  
She turned around again and slowly rolled the thong panties down over her ass, watching her reflection in the mirror and applying it to her fantasy. Her bottom looked absolutely beautiful, she thought. The thong slipped out of the crack between her cheeks leaving her bare bottomed. She spread her legs a little further and let the panties slide down her legs. She stepped out of them, now completely naked from the waist down. She slowly bent at the waist, legs spread wide, and watched her full pussy mound come into view. It was topped with cute dark curls of hair. The lips of her pussy were swollen with arousal. She spread them carefully with her fingers and saw how wet she was. Her eyes traced over her genitals and upward to her pink, puckered anus.  
  
She whispered, "Yes, someday, Joe, maybe I'll let you fuck my ass, but right now, I need your big cock in my pussy. See if you can squeeze it in there?"  
  
With that she turned and opened her purse. Inside the main compartment she opened a zipper and then carefully took one of her favorite dildos out. It was bright blue and very soft, shaped realistically like a man's penis. She often masturbated with a vibrator but didn't feel comfortable with the buzzing sound in the work bathroom even though she was alone with the door locked. She loved the feel of this one, especially when she slid it all the way in to the base which was shaped like a man's balls. She loved the feeling of those big, rounded balls pressed up against her pussy.  
  
She bent again to examine her pussy. She was very wet and felt that she wouldn't need lubrication. She positioned the rounded head of the dildo against her pussy lips and slowly slid it back and forth, across her outer lips back toward the base of her vagina and then forward again toward her clitoris. Her eyes closed and she moaned softly. She worked it back and forth a few times, feeling the slickness of her own lubrication. Then gently, she pressed inward and felt her lips slowly spread and start to engulf the head of the dildo. "Oh Joe!" She whispered urgently, "You're so big."  
  
Her legs quivered for a moment as her pussy lips slipped over the ridge of the dildo's head. She turned the dildo back and forth with just the head inserted into her vagina. Her genitals were giving her that warm, sensitive feeling that she was close to orgasm. "What?" She whispered, still in her fantasy, "You want to slide in? You're looking at my ass and think you might lose it? Ejaculate before you get in? Do it, lover...fuck me."  
  
Then she slowly pressed the dildo further into her vagina. She felt the walls of her pussy sliding wetly over the soft yet firm surface of the dildo. It was not particularly long, only about five inches, and so she was able to push it slowly all the way into herself until she felt the soft, rounded balls press up against her clitoris. "Oh my gosh!" She sighed. Her pussy was so wet. Flashes of pleasure were starting to course out through her body. She pulled the dildo slowly out, watching in the mirror as it came out. It was glistening wet.  
  
"Oh Joe! Push it back in!" She whispered, full into her mind's fantasy. She slid the dildo all the way back in and again, her knees almost buckled as the dildo's balls pressed against her clitoris and she felt the orgasm coming on. "Oh gosh! Oh gosh!" She moaned and then started to whimper as she closed her mouth, not wanting to be too loud. The orgasm washed over her body filling her with warmth and amazing pleasure.  
  
Finally the orgasm subsided and she was able to stand up straight. She turned around and slowly washed the dildo in warm water. She dried it with paper towels and slipped it back into the inner compartment of her purse. After yesterday's wet spot incident and with her pussy still sensitive and slick, she was better prepared today. She took a panty liner from her purse. She stepped into her panties and pulled them up to mid thigh, then carefully applied the liner to the wet crotch of the panties and snugged them up over her pussy which tingled in pleasure at the sensation of further touch. She closed her eyes and carefully cupped her pussy in one hand, sighing in pleasure and thinking about trying for another orgasm.  
  
She shook her head and let go of her pussy. "No, I have to get back to work. More later....lot's more tomorrow." She smiled at herself in the mirror and thought about her plan as she stepped into her pants, did them up, washed her hands and left the bathroom to head back to her desk.  
  
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It was hard waking up that early the next morning but once Jennifer got her mind focused, she was instantly wide awake; both excited and nervous about her plan for the morning. Her bag was already packed. She put her hair into a pony tail, brushed her teeth, changed into yoga pants and a T-shirt and headed for her car. About half an hour later she was walking into the lobby of the City Gym. Joe stood up from a chair and smiled warmly at her. "Hey! You made it."  
  
"Of course." She smiled back. Joe looked great. He was already in his exercise gear: a loose tank top that revealed nicely formed shoulders and arms along with loose athletic shorts that hung to his knees.  
  
Joe glanced briefly down at Jennifer's attire as they turned toward the front desk. She was glad that she decided to wear her tight yoga pants. They showed off her curves very nicely and she had no underwear on beneath the skin tight pants. Joe used his guest pass to get her into the gym and walked her down the hallway pointing at features of the gym as they went. He stopped outside the women's locker room and suggested that they try out the weight room first after she was ready. He pointed again to let her know where he would be waiting.  
  
Jennifer smiled at him and walked into the locker room. It was quiet and empty. She selected an empty locker and set her bag down. She took several deep breaths, not sure whether she had the courage to proceed with her plan. She sucked in another deep breath and stood straight, willing herself to continue.  
  
Quickly, she pulled off her T-shirt and her regular bra. Her breasts swung free in the open air. Then she pushed her thumbs behind the waistband of the yoga pants, kicked her athletic shoes off, and peeled the tight pants down her legs, stepping out of them one leg at a time. She put her shirt, bra and pants into the locker and stood still for a moment, reveling in the feeling of being completely naked in the same building as Joe.  
  
Normally, she was quite modest in the locker room and changed clothes quickly but since the whole purpose of this morning was sexual, she felt no rush, especially because she was alone. She walked down the aisle of lockers and toward the vanity mirrors and sinks. She looked down at her naked body as she walked. Her breasts weren't large but also weren't small. She thought they were quite perky although they had softened over the years. They wiggled with each step and were topped by large round, pale brown aureola and nipples that were stiff with arousal. She wished her tummy were sleeker, but for a woman in her 30s, she felt comfortable with her body and thought she looked good. She stepped in front of a mirror and looked at her naked body. The dark triangle of her pubic hair looked sexy and she ran her fingers through the hair, pulling it out a bit and enjoying the softness of it. She twisted to one side and then the other watching the extended curve of her bare bottom stick out as she moved. She looked toward the entrance of the locker room: no door, just two corners to block view from the outside. She imagined Joe not being able to resist and walking into the women's locker room and finding her standing in plain view, completely nude. She felt her pussy start to tingle again and suddenly felt nervous. She hurried back to her locker, her breasts bouncing vigorously as she jogged.  
  
Back at her locker, she took a sports bra from her bag. Normally she didn't exercise in just a sports bra although plenty of women did. This time, she planned on it. She pulled the tight black bra over her head and shoulders and slid her arms into place. Then she pulled the front of the bra down over each breast snugging it firmly down and massaging each soft mound of flesh to make sure it was completely contained.  
  
She went back into her bag and pulled out the shorts she intended to wear. They were extremely short boy-cut style shorts, a size too small and not cut quite right for her wide, feminine bottom. She bought them about a year ago thinking they might be useful for exercising on hot days but found that her bum didn't quite stay in place when she wore them. She stepped into them and pulled them up. Right now, they were barely decent. They covered her pussy tightly revealing only hints of the shapely curves of her labia. The lower edges in back on her bottom barely ran along the lower orb of her butt cheeks.  
  
She moved, stretching left and right, forward and back, and then jogged in place for a couple of seconds, all the while feeling the shorts wedge up between her bottom cheeks and into her pussy lips. She walked back in front of the mirrors again. From the front, the shapes of her pussy lips were much more visible now with a clear seam between the lips in the middle and two more seams forming a V shape on either side. She turned around and twisted to look at the rear view. The shorts had worked all the way up between her bottom cheeks and her face reddened as she saw how exposed her ass was. At least half of each cheek was completely on display with the leg band riding high and curving up over the orb of each buttock. It almost looked like a thong but not quite.  
  
Jennifer took a deep breath and walked back to her locker. She sat down and put her shoes on then put everything away. She closed and locked the locker. She carefully tugged the shorts down reducing the wedgie affect both in her pussy and especially pulling the leg bands across her bottom down so the shorts looked decent again. Then she carefully walked out of the locker room and toward the weight room.  
  
The weight room had glass walls and she saw Joe sitting on a bench working a dumbbell before he saw her. She kept walking, watching him, toward the entrance. Before she got to the door he noticed her and looked over, smiling. She opened the door and walked in. Again, she caught him glance down at her body very fast and then look away. Her heart raced as she crossed the weight room.  
  
He stood up, setting the dumbbell down. He said, "You look great. I'm sorry, but I just have to say that."  
  
She felt herself blushing and smiled coyly at him, "I'm not the only one who does."  
  
His face reddened and he started to say something, paused, then finally spoke, "Well, do you already have a routine?"  
  
"I do." She replied, running through her plan in her mind.  
  
"Cool. Need any help?" He asked.  
  
"No, I think I can find everything. I'll ask if I do need help, though."  
  
"Good."  
  
Jennifer turned and walked to the free weights. She lifted two ten pound dumbbells from the rack and walked over to wall covered with floor to ceiling mirrors. She would start with her calves. She stood in front of the mirrors with a dumbbell in each hand, legs spread about a foot apart, and slowly, steadily lifted to her toes and then back down. In the mirror she saw Joe go back to the exercises he'd been doing when she came in. She knew this exercise would give him views of her back side and would show off the length of her legs and firmness of her leg muscles for him. At first he wouldn't look at her but eventually she noticed him glancing on occasion. She tried to focus straight forward so it didn't look like she was watching him. More and more he glanced over at her. Once when she thought he was watching she came down to her heels a little faster knowing the bounce would cause her bottom to jiggle. Through her peripheral vision, she could tell he had noticed and wasn't turning his head quickly away like the times previous. She stretched up and then jerked down again, feeling her bottom bounce. He was still staring. She tried very hard not to smile and finished that set less smoothly than she normally did, maximizing the bounciness of her bottom for his viewing pleasure.  
  
She finished the set and saw him look away again. She walked to the weights rack and picked up two five pound dumbbells. She returned to her previous location. He was doing a different exercise but still on the same bench positioned so he could see her. She took a couple of deep breaths for courage. She could feel her shorts were starting to wedge a little higher but could see that they weren't too obscene yet. "Now or never," she thought to herself. Her next exercise would be squat lunges which would completely wedge her shorts up into her bum and pussy showing him just about as much skin as if she were wearing a thong.   
  
She glanced at him and he wasn't looking. She smiled and then started the first set. Standing straight with a dumbbell in each hand she stepped forward with her right foot while squatting down, leaving her left foot in place until her left knee almost touched the floor, then she stood up straight again. With the first stride she felt the shorts slide across her ass and pull up tightly between her legs. She felt much more open air on her bottom. She tried to keep a straight face and went through twelve reps of each leg. When she stopped she bent at the waist and set the dumbbells down on each side, standing up straight and breathing smoothly. She looked at her reflection in the mirror. The legs of her shorts were much higher now, the front was wedged between her pussy lips on the sides and up the middle giving a clear view of the shape of her labia. She could tell, even without seeing, that most of her bottom was uncovered just like a thong. She glanced at the reflection of Joe. He was staring at her butt and didn't see her looking at him. She watched him for a couple of seconds before he glanced up and noticed that he'd been caught looking. He turned away quickly and Jennifer couldn't suppress a smile then while she watched his face go bright red.  
  
She bent and picked up the dumbbells again starting into the next set. She watched from her peripheral vision and Joe couldn't seem to stop himself from looking. Finally after looking at her ass at least half a dozen times, he completely turned his body so he couldn't see her and rubbed his face vigorously. Jennifer squelched a little laugh and finished the lunge exercises.  
  
She went back to the ten pound dumbbells and the next exercise didn't make it any easier on Joe. She carefully bent at the waist, keeping her back straight, working the muscles in the back of her upper legs and completely showing off her barely covered ass in the process. With each bend down she felt as if she were in some sort of porn pose, bending at the waist, legs spread, showing off her ass and pussy. Her shorts were pulled so tightly up between her ass and against her pussy that she worried that one or both of her pussy lips might actually slip out. She kept doing the reps and sets, occasionally catching Joe glimpsing at her ass when she was bent even though he kept trying to turn away.

She finished with sets of single arm rows, kneeling on a bench, one leg extended, lowering the dumbbell with one arm and supporting her body with the other. These exercises, with her shorts pulled up between her ass cheeks, seemed to be the final straw for Joe. He stared openly at her as she started her first set. Her bottom was up high and pointed at him. The crotch of her shorts was wedged between her cheeks and tightly over her pussy mound. Her breasts were dangling down, looking much larger in this position, as she slowly rowed the dumbbell down and then back up. Finally he stood up and walked to the other side of the weight room working on a machine facing away.  
  
Jennifer wondered if she'd pushed him too far. She finished the sets and put the dumbbells back on the rack. It had been a good workout and she felt a sheen of sweat all over her body. She glanced over her shoulder at her reflection and her objective was confirmed, the back of the shorts were completely wedged up between her large, rounded cheeks looking just like a thong. She felt her face redden a little and felt some embarrassment. Maybe this had been a bad idea. She tugged the back of the shorts down to be semi-decent and walked over to the water fountain, taking a drink. Then she walked toward Joe. She worried about his reaction.  
  
Joe stopped his exercises and looked up at her. He smiled warmly and Jennifer's worries ebbed away. He said, "You work really hard. Good job!"  
  
"Thanks. You too." She smiled back at him.  
  
"Not today....you know, feeling kind of, well, unfocused." He stood and stretched his arms over his head to one side and then the other. Jennifer admired his biceps and felt her pussy start to tingle again. She hoped she wouldn't make a wet spot again.  
  
"Why? What's up?" She asked and tried not to sound too coy.  
  
He looked at her, putting his arms down, appearing a little deflated, "Well, you know..." One eyebrow went up, when she didn't speak, he went on, "Not sure."  
  
Jennifer glanced down and sucked in her breath, the front of his shorts tented out with his erection. She looked away quickly and felt her face starting to heat up.  
  
He looked down at himself and then sighed, "Um, sorry."  
  
Jennifer looked back at his face and tried to smile, "Hey, completely natural. I understand how boys function."  
  
"So you noticed?" He asked.  
  
"Um, kind of hard not to notice. You need to be careful with that thing..." Jennifer couldn't believe what she was saying, "in a weight room....sticking out so much, don't want it to get pinched or anything." She glanced back down at his crotch. The tent seemed to grow a little higher and she could clearly see the thick, rounded head straining against the loose shorts.  
  
"Good advice, I'll be careful."  
  
Jennifer thought about the next phase of her plan. "So, how much time do you want to spend?"  
  
"No rush." He said.  
  
"Should we try out the pool?" She asked and was embarrassed when her voice cracked.  
  
His face reddened a little more, "Um, yeah, that's cool. You remember where it was?"  
  
"I do. I'll meet you there." She replied quickly and didn't wait for his response, heading directly through the door and towards the locker room.  
  
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Jennifer stood in the still empty locker room in front of the mirrors wearing her new swimsuit. It was a tight one piece fashioned after a women's competition swimsuit with one exception, the back was a thong style cut. The front sleekly encased her body, her breasts held tightly. Her eyes wandered down across the gentle curve of her tummy toward the triangular sweep between her legs and the subtle bulge of her genital mound. She turned around and looked at her rear view. The back, contrasting to the front, was almost not existent. Straps crossed her back and merged into another piece that met straps around her waist just above her hips and then narrowed into a triangle of material positioned directly above and between her large, bare ass cheeks. The material disappeared between her cheeks leaving them looking nude.  
  
She took a deep breath and watched her breasts swell up, nipples becoming more visible through the tight material. Then she walked across the locker room towards the exit that led to the swimming pool. She stopped in the shower and turned it on hot. She stood beneath the streaming water, drenching her hair and all of her body. She pushed her wet hair back and turned the water off, looking down at the swimsuit's appearance when wet. It was shiny and even sleeker and to her surprise, her nipples and aureola were slightly visible through the wet material.  
  
Shocked, she walked back to the mirrors and looked. Her initial impression was confirmed as her aureola were slightly, but unmistakably visible. Worried, she looked down at her crotch. At least the liner there obscured the view and her triangle of pussy hair wasn't visible. She looked at her backside again. Beads of water stood out on her bare cheeks, droplets ran down her long muscular legs. "I look hot." She thought to herself and she walked toward the locker room exit to the pool area.  
  
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Joe waited in the deep end of the pool, treading water, his head still spinning from what he'd seen. Now he knew for sure that Jennifer had heard every ounce of his conversation the other day including his talk about the woman wearing a thong at the gym. Granted, Jennifer hadn't been wearing a thong in the weight room, but after she started working out and it pulled up, it may as well have been a thong.  
  
He had a split mind. On one hand, he was elated beyond description to realize that Jennifer was obviously showing herself off to him. On the other hand, he felt ashamed that he'd so obviously ogled her body. He shook his head, "What else was I to do?" He thought to himself, "Her body is amazing, the most amazing ass I've ever seen and the way her pussy mound looked...Oh my gosh...." His thoughts stopped as Jennifer walked into the pool area.  
  
They were alone. She was wet from the shower. Her one piece suit clung to her voluptuous body like wet tissue paper. As she drew closer he couldn't help but stare down at her body. Her breasts jiggled and his mouth dropped open when he realized he could actually see her aureola...large and round. He was stunned. You work with somebody for so long, you get to know them, but then you never see their body, and then, when you finally do, it's like you're meeting somebody entirely new. How could Jennifer, the woman he'd known all these months, have been with him so many hours at work and yet he didn't know what she looked like? Her breasts, her nipples, her ass. He'd give anything, he thought, to see what she looked like completely naked. What color was her pussy hair? What type of pussy did she have? She appeared to have full, puffy lips which made him even more aroused. And that ass! That amazing bottom. He realized he was staring at her pussy and he looked up at her face as she stood at the edge of the pool looking down at him with a bemused expression.  
  
"Hello. Are you in there?" She asked.  
  
He sighed and felt his face go bright red, "Yes, I'm here, and worse off than I was before." He felt his penis, which had subsided a little, now surging into a full erection again.  
  
"Worse off how?" Jennifer asked.  
  
"I think you know." Joe replied.  
  
Jennifer laughed...she actually laughed, "At least your, well, you know....that part of you is safer in a pool than a weight room."  
  
She bent over and he caught a glimpse of her heavy breast cleavage as she did so. She sat down at the edge of the pool and swung her legs into the water. He swam toward her and stopped at the edge of the pool, not willing to get out and display his full erection which would be completely on display in a wet, clinging swim suit. "Jennifer, I'm confused."  
  
"About what?" She asked.  
  
"The other day, that conversation...what happened, I'm sorry. I don't want to do the wrong thing and make you feel uncomfortable or anything."  
  
"I don't feel uncomfortable. Quite the contrary...with you, that is."  
  
"Really?" He asked.  
  
"I wouldn't be this way if I didn't feel ok with it." She smiled again.  
  
"So you are...you know, doing these things on purpose?"  
  
"What things?" She asked.  
  
"Can I be blunt?" He asked.  
  
"Yes. Please."  
  
"Your shorts....how they fit, conformed to your curves that is. Your swimsuit is not very modest...somewhat transparent. The way you were exercising...almost as if you were showing off...and then the other day in the office, the whole...well, the panty thing and what you did. Am I misreading this?"  
  
"How do you read it?" Jennifer asked.  
  
"You're going to make me say it?" Joe pressed.  
  
"You might as well, you were the one who suggested bluntness."  
  
"I feel like you're showing yourself off, sexually, to arouse me." Joe sighed. "There, I said it."  
  
Jennifer paused for a moment, looking thoughtfully at the water. She didn't reply. She looked down the length of the pool. At the other end, where it was shallow, there was a low basketball hoop at the edge of the pool. Her eyes seemed to brighten and she said, "Hey, let's play water basketball."  
  
Joe felt a little disappointment at the lack of a direct response. He was about to say so when she pulled her legs out of the water, stood up and started walking toward that end of the pool. Joe's mouth dropped open as he saw the back of her swimsuit for the first time. He was stunned, staring at her nearly naked bottom as she walked away. Her hips rocked back and forth accentuating her wide feminine curves. He watched her full bottom jiggle and flex and felt his penis start to twitch involuntarily.  
  
She looked back over her shoulder, "Come on, big boy, can you play ball?"  
  
Mark shrugged. There was nothing left to hide, he thought. He pulled himself out of the pool and followed her. He glanced down. His swim trunks clung to his thighs and crotch. His penis stood straight up. The full length of his shaft was visible behind the clinging wet material. The shape of his penis head was visible. He looked back up to watch her bare bottom as they walked. His penis twitched more.  
  
She grabbed a ball from the bin near the hoop and walked down the steps into the shallow end of the pool. He approached and she turned to look at him. Her eyes dropped to his crotch and immediately went wide. She said, "Oh!" and put her hand over her mouth.  
  
He sighed again as he walked down into the water. Her eyes were glued to his genitals. He said, "I'm sorry, I can't help it. You look amazing."  
  
She laughed and turned away, shooting the ball at the basket and getting close but not quite sinking the shot. She turned back, "You're the one that looks amazing. Look at your massive chest." She moved closer to him and actually ran her hand, gently, briefly over his chest. "I love this hair. So masculine. I'm not even going to comment on what's down there." She pointed daintily with a finger at his waist, "But that is impressive too."  
  
She stepped back, turned and went down into the water, swimming toward the ball. Mark caught glimpses of her bare bottom as she sliced through the water. She grabbed the ball and shot again, this time swishing it. "Good shot!" He said, wading toward the ball.  
  
"I am pretty good. I grew up with brothers that loved basketball." She replied.  
  
Mark was impressed and even more attracted to her. He shot and missed.  
  
She laughed, "You'll have to do better than that." And then they both lunged toward the ball.  
  
Then commenced the most surprising fifteen minutes of his life with another woman. She was a fierce competitor as they played the game, each trying to get the ball into the basket, over, around, even under the other person. They splashed and swam, lunged and jumped, and before long they were blocking each other out, bumping up against each other, pressing and pushing. Jennifer seemed to be every bit as aggressive as any other guy and Mark loved it. The fact that her body was curvy, smooth and amazingly soft only made the experience that much more powerful. At times she jumped on his back and he felt her soft, expansive breasts pressed against him with her legs wrapped around him. She was particularly good at pushing him aside with her lower center of gravity and her powerful hips.  
  
Throughout this play he stared plenty at her body and she didn't seem to care. Her breasts, even more visible through the soaked material of her suit, were amazing. They bounced and swung as she moved. Her bare ass was the most amazing sight of all. It was powerful and muscled and yet incredibly feminine. His erection didn't die down at all, in fact, it flared even more and he started to feel moments of extreme sexual arousal. Unfortunately, he didn't catch the warning signs in time and at one point, Jennifer grabbed the ball. With her back to the hoop and him between her and the hoop, she started backing up, pushing him toward the hoop with her hips and bottom. She backed straight on and with each shove, her beautiful bottom pressed up against his hips and crotch with his upright erection pressed between the cheeks of her ass.  
  
Mark stopped trying to resist and Jennifer noticed. Instead of being quite as aggressive with an objective of getting closer to the hoop, she kept pushing back with her hips and bottom but with a more intense, slower motion. She pushed her ass against his hips and he looked down at the thong back of her swimsuit disappearing between her beautiful cheeks. He felt his erection twitching. Warmth was spreading through his crotch. She pulled away and then pushed back again, gentler this time. Her cheeks wrapped around his upright shaft and he felt his balls tightening. Vaguely, distantly, he thought, "Oh no...." But he couldn't move. He could only stare down at her beautiful body. He looked up at her wet hair. Her face was turned to one side. Her eyes were large and shining and she had a half smile on her face. Then she pushed back one more time. Her bottom cheeks encased his erection warmly, softly, persistently and he felt the orgasm coming on. This time he said out loud, "Oh no! Unnngh...."  
  
His penis jerked and started to spasm. The orgasm surged through his body and he looked down at his cock. He felt the first spurt of semen shoot out into his wet trunks. Nothing visible. "Oh!" the pleasure was unbearable. The second spurt of semen jetted from his cock and he could see a little of the white liquid press through his trunks. The third spurt of semen came out and oozed heavily through his trunks, now clearly visible. The water was shallow enough here such that both of their hips were above the water level. The result of his orgasm was oozing through his trunks. "I'm sorry...I'm sorry, Jennifer."  
  
"What?" She stood up straight and turned around, a questioning look on her face as his erection continued to spasm, filling his shorts with more semen that seeped through the material and started running down the bulge of his cock on the outside of the wet trunks in a large, white rivulet. Mark's body was almost frozen. He couldn't move.  
  
He said again, in a low voice, "I'm sorry."  
  
Then Jennifer looked down at his crotch. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes went wide, "Oh my gosh....is that....what?"  
  
Finally Mark's penis stopped squirting semen but it was still visibly twitching and the damage was done. A huge amount of semen was running down the front of his trunks in an unmistakable way. His erection was still completely visible behind the wet clinging material. Mark didn't know what to say.  
  
"Mark, is that what I....I mean....did you ejaculate?" She looked up at him. He was still frozen. She looked down again and to his amazement, she dropped the ball into the water and slowly reached out with one finger. Time seemed to slow down as her finger approached his crotch and then electricity lanced through his system as her finger touched his erection through the wet, semen covered trunks.  
  
"Oh!" He said. The pleasure was amazing and his penis started jerking again.  
  
She slowly ran her finger up his shaft collecting a large amount of the semen and then she pulled her hand back and rubbed her finger and thumb together through the slick liquid. She stared at her fingers, looking strangely mesmerized. Finally she spoke, softly, "I've never done that to a man before."  
  
He tried to speak, "I, well...um...." He felt as if he were going to burst with humiliation.  
  
Then she smiled and looked up at him, "I made you come, just by showing off and pushing myself up against your cock. Wow!" She laughed.  
  
Her smile and laughter released all the tension in his body and he sighed, "My gosh, Jennifer...I didn't mean to, honest....I just go so aroused, so excited."  
  
Jennifer looked up at his eyes for a while and then surprised him again when she took a step closer, standing just before him, she stretched up and gently kissed his mouth. Her lips were amazingly soft. She smelled wonderful. Her breath was warm and gentle. Her eyes fluttered as she pulled away and her smile was soft, seductive and cute. "You are quite a man." She said.  
  
He felt stupefied. He tried to speak, "I, uh...."  
  
She laughed again and then turned abruptly and walked toward the edge of the pool. He watched her amazing, thonged ass as she strode up the steps of the pool. She looked over her shoulder, "See you back at work." And with that, she walked around the pool and into the women's locker room.  
  
Mark shook his head again, feeling dazed. He ran over the whole morning in his mind. Moments later he realized he was still standing alone in the pool, semen all over the front of his swim suit. He hurried out of the pool and into the men's locker room.  
  
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Jennifer stood under the stream of hot water in the shower. She'd gone back to her locker, seen that nobody was around still, and stripped the wet suit off, walking back to the shower completely naked and feeling powerfully sexual. Her pussy was raging with arousal and she felt tingly all over. "I made Mark ejaculate!" She thought, over and over, in her mind.  
  
The hot water felt amazing over her chest, on her sensitive nipples, down over her belly and between her legs, over her delicate parts. She adjusted the jet of the shower head and positioned herself for how she used to masturbate when she was younger. She rocked her hips forward and spread her legs, exposing her genitals as much as possible to the stream of water. She put her fingers down on either side of her hot pussy and spread her outer lips, exposing the sensitive inner lips and the little hood over her clitoris to the stream of water. She snapped her neck back and cried out in pleasure, "Oh!" The water pounded on her pussy, rushing over her clitoris and she felt the orgasm coming on, "Oh! Oh! Mark!" She cried as the orgasm rocked through her body. She stood in the open shower, alone in the locker room, completely naked, legs spread, bottom on display, her muscles flexed, coming and coming.   
  
She stayed in the shower for five minutes, teasing her pussy into three separate orgasms and thinking about a fourth when she heard a locker door open. Quickly she released her pussy and stood up straight, trying to act normal. She listened, knowing that she was standing fully nude in the shower for everybody to see without even a towel nearby. She washed her hair, washed her body, glancing into the locker room. She saw nobody. Eventually she turned the shower off and walked embarrassed, wet, and jiggling back towards her locker. Just as she was approaching the aisle where her locker was, a locker door closed and another woman, older, came around the corner. Jennifer covered her breasts with folded arms, feeling exposed but trying to look like she was cold and not embarrassed. The woman smiled, not glancing down at Jennifer's body, and Jennifer nodded back. Jennifer turned the corner and glanced back, the woman was walking away without another look.

"Oh my gosh." Jennifer sighed. She opened her locker, took the towel out and started drying her naked, tingly and wonderfully relaxed body.

**Her Panty Play**

email from: Jennifer ---  
to: Joe ---  
date: 27 July 201-  
subject: thanks and need your help  
  
Hi Joe,  
  
Thank you so much for your kindness this morning at the gym and for showing me around and letting me use your guest pass. I am amazed at what happened in the pool and the effect I apparently had on you. It is very flattering. After that incident, I went back to the locker room to shower. I just want to let you know that you had the same effect on me although it isn't as anatomically visible. I enjoyed some alone time in a hot shower...I enjoyed it three times and probably would have a fourth if not for my solitude being interrupted.  
  
I was embarrassed by how visible your effect was on me earlier in the week. That's why I...behaved...the way I did this morning: I wanted to make sure I wasn't the only one who felt this way. Perhaps it was a little unfair...but I hope you didn't mind.  
  
Anyway, since it's Friday, I wanted to ask a favor of you: I have a couple of things around my place that need to be done and I could use the help of somebody "big and strong." Would you be willing to come over tomorrow morning around 6am and give me a hand?  
  
Thanks!  
Jennifer  
  
---  
  
Jennifer paused for a few seconds as her mind wandered back over the morning and what happened at the gym. Her pussy still felt sensitive and she loved how things had turned out; she loved feeling attractive to Joe, feeling as though she had some special power over him, but this email that she'd just typed was a step toward a plan that would test this new sexual relationship even further and she felt nervous about it. She remembered the feeling of Joe's erection between the cheeks of her bottom, she remembered turning around to watch him ejaculate, apparently out of control, in his swimming trunks, and she remembered the feel of his warm, slick semen on her fingers. She hit the send button and watched the message go out.  
  
She leaned back in her office chair and sighed. How long would it take Joe to see the message and respond? She pushed her chair back and stood up. "Coffee." She thought. She crossed her work group office area and left through the side door towards the kitchen area.  
  
A few minutes later she came back through the door and headed toward her cubicle with her cup of coffee. She noticed Joe near her cubicle and her heart jumped. He was apparently looking for her. When he didn't find her at her desk, he turned and their eyes met. He smiled and Jennifer's nerves settled down a bit.  
  
As she approached, he spoke, "Hi. I was just looking for you."  
  
"Well, here I am." She replied. He moved aside and she stepped into her cube, setting the coffee on her desk. "What's up? Did you get my message?" She sat down, trying to act calm but fearing that she didn't look calm.  
  
"I did and that's why I'm here." Joe said. He looked around quickly. The cube next to Jennifer's was currently empty but the other cubes around her were occupied. He looked back at her and then stepped into her cube and pulled the guest chair closer, sitting down on it. He leaned forward and whispered, "I, uh...." He stopped, looking down at his feet.  
  
Jennifer's nerves jolted and she felt her heart racing. "What?" She asked.  
  
He looked at her and his face started the blush, "This morning...at the gym...I, uh, well, wanted to explain..." He paused again, looking blankly at her desk.  
  
Jennifer waited. He almost spoke but then he stopped again. The silence was unbearable and Jennifer leaned forward and whispered, "Joe, I'm sorry. I knew what I was doing, dressing like that. I did it on purpose. I'm sorry."  
  
Joe quickly shook his head and put his hand casually, without apparent thought, on her knee. She felt the touch with a shock of energy. His eyes went wider and he pulled his hand away and spoke quickly, "Jennifer, I don't know what to say. Obviously, I'm...," he lowered his voice further, "You know, attracted to you."  
  
He stopped and a blank smile crossed his face as if he were lost on thought. Jennifer waited. He shook his head, "I mean, yeah, I'm definitely attracted to you. How couldn't I be? You are beautiful...all of you, and I mean...all..." He emphasized the word, "of you." He paused again and frowned, "Ugh, that sounded really bad."  
  
"No it didn't." Jennifer smiled at him.  
  
"I just don't want to portray this as just a sexual thing for me. I like you as a person, too, and well, I guess that's the dilemma. I'm your boss. We can't have this relationship, if that's what it is that is happening. My head is still spinning."  
  
Jennifer sighed. She knew this was going to come up sooner or later. She spoke quietly, "I was thinking about finding a different job."  
  
"What?" Joe asked, clearly surprised.  
  
"Just thinking. No concrete plans, yet."  
  
Joe looked at her for a while before speaking again, "Look, Jennifer. It's obvious that I'm into you and I think you feel the same, but maybe we should just let this play out a little more, you know, go out to dinner, see a movie, go for a walk, that sort of thing. If it seems like we're compatible, then we can talk about the work situation and it doesn't necessarily have to be you getting a new job. It could be me, or we could transfer within the company, or whatever. My point is, let's just not rush this, OK?"  
  
Jennifer smiled at him and reached forward, taking his hand. He seemed surprised but didn't pull his hand away. It felt kind of rough but large and warm and she liked the feel of it. "That sounds logical. Thanks for being patient with me."  
  
Joe laughed and then quieted himself immediately, leaning back to look around before turning back to her and saying, "You owe me one for what you did today. You drove me crazy."  
  
Jennifer grinned, "That's why I'm asking you over tomorrow."  
  
"Helping you with chores about your place is paying me back?" He asked with a smile.  
  
"Yes." Jennifer replied mysteriously. She stared at him and then winked.  
  
Joe's smile faded slowly. "Oh my. You are, well, I don't know how to say it, but I feel like putty in your hands."  
  
Jennifer let go of Joe's hand, "Early? 6am then? Is that too early?"  
  
Joe stood up and adjusted the front of his pants where a bulge was just starting to show. Jennifer glanced down at his crotch and then back up at his eyes. Joe said, "That's not too early for me. I'm not sure I can wait."  
  
"You can." Jennifer said and turned her chair back toward her computer.  
  
Joe shook his head and walked toward his office.  
  
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Jennifer had a condo on the third floor of a nice building. Joe stood in front of her door and took a deep breath and rang the door bell. He waited. The day was going to be hot, already it felt warm even though it was only six in the morning. He wondered what Jennifer had in mind for him. He hoped it was something sexual, he assumed it would be, but she didn't make anything clear at all. That was part of what was so maddeningly attractive about her. He heard nothing from beyond the door. He wondered if he should ring the doorbell again. Just as he was lifting his hand to do so, he heard the latch being undone.  
  
Jennifer opened the door about a foot and smiled at him, keeping her body behind the door and out of view. "Good morning, Joe!"  
  
"Hi Jennifer." He smiled back.  
  
She opened the door a little wider and leaned forward, looking left and right. "Nobody around?" She asked.  
  
He turned to look, "Um, no."  
  
She pulled the door open wide and stepped into his view. "Good. Come in."  
  
Joe's mouth dropped open. Jennifer stood in the wide open doorway wearing a very loose fitting tank top that left her smooth skinned mid-rift bare and a pair of bikini cut panties. Both the top and the panties were white. The panties had lace trim and a small red bow in the middle of the waist band above the gentle curve of her genital region.  
  
"What?" Jennifer asked. "Aren't you coming in?"  
  
Joe realized he was staring at her crotch and jerked his eyes back up to her face. "Uh, yes...of course."  
  
He stepped over the threshold into her living room. His mind was racing. There was a subtle, clean and flowery fragrance in her condo and he immediately had a sense of stepping into an island resort or getaway with the feeling of a weekend escape and a beautiful woman. He sighed slowly feeling a tremendous sense of pleasure and anticipation. Her furnishings were nice and feminine. His eyes swept around the room. He started to say, "I love your place, it's very...."  
  
He stopped speaking. His words caught in his throat as he turned. She was closing the door and he realized, now, that the white panties were thong cut. Her broad, round bottom was amazingly sexy: full and smooth skinned and astoundingly wide. Her cheeks wiggled as she pushed he door shut. He felt his penis start to thicken. "Oh my...." slipped out of his mouth.  
  
She turned and looked up at him. Her eyes were a warm, medium shade of brown, large and glistening. "I hope you don't mind if I dress so casually. It's warm today and I haven't turned the air conditioner on. The windows are open. Sometimes I like the fresh breeze and warmth. Do you?"  
  
He realized it felt just as warm in her place as it did outside. He tore his eyes away from her and looked across the living room to a large sliding glass door that was open onto a balcony. He felt a gentle stir of air flowing through the condo. "Um, yeah, it feels nice."  
  
"Do you like challenges?" She asked and turned to walk toward the kitchen area. His eyes dropped to her ass as she walked. The muscles in her bottom and legs flexed as she moved. Her feminine bottom jiggled. He felt his penis surging into a full erection and new it would be visible through his pants.  
  
"Uh, sure. What kind?"  
  
"Would you like some orange juice? I just squeezed it this morning." She asked.  
  
He followed her into the kitchen. It was bright, clean and well organized.  
  
"You squeezed it yourself?" He asked, feeling a little surprised. He rounded the corner to see her opening the fridge door. He couldn't take his eyes off her bottom. His eyes widened as she bent forward and the thin strip of white material between her cheeks stretched and became visible. He had a brief glimpse of her pussy mound tightly covered by the thong.  
  
He sighed again, "Jennifer, do you know what you're doing to me?"  
  
"Getting a drink for you?" She straightened, closed the fridge and set the glass pitcher on the counter.  
  
"No, you're....attire." He glanced down at her panties and then back to her face.  
  
Her eyes twinkled with an expression of delight. She turned and opened a cabinet, stretching as she took a glass out. His eyes were drawn to the open sides of the loose top. He saw a white, lacy bra encasing her full, rounded breast. "Wow." He said.  
  
She turned back to him with the glass in her hand and silently poured juice into the glass. She set the pitcher down and slid the glass across the counter to him.  
  
"I want you to take my challenge." She said.  
  
He took the glass. "I thought you wanted help, like around the house or something." He took a sip of the orange juice. It was sweet and fresh. "Mmmm...this is good. Thanks!"  
  
"Yes, I want help but I want you to do it my way...a game if you will. Follow me." She walked around the counter and led him down the hallway. He was more the glad to watch her thong clad ass as she walked. His penis was in full erection and he didn't care any more.  
  
At the end of the hallway there were three open doors. The one of the right appeared to be a bathroom. The one on the left opened into a large master bedroom. It was decorated in light colors with a large fluffy looking bed. He sighed, imagining laying in that bed with her. She led him through the third door into a smaller room.  
  
She walked to the center of the room, which was currently empty, and turned around looking at the walls. "I just painted this room. I've been in this condo for a little over a year and haven't used the extra room yet. I'm going to turn it into a study. Do you like the color?"  
  
He looked at the walls which had a lavish, purple color. "I do. It's unique, very stylish."  
  
She smiled at him. "Thank you. Well, I have a small storage room in the basement of the building. I'd like you to bring the boxes in storage up to this room. Some of them are heavy. Can you do that?"  
  
"Certainly, no problem."  
  
"But here's the challenge..." She lowered her face and her eye lids fluttered once. "With each load, I'd like you to remove one item of your clothing."  
  
He stared at her. She didn't flinch. He took a drink of the orange juice, enjoying its flavor. Finally he said, "You mean, I bring a box up and then take something off, put it back on and go to get another box?"  
  
"Not exactly," She giggled. "You don't put them back on."  
  
"You mean, like, I take off my shirt, and then go back down shirtless?"  
  
"Exactly."  
  
His mind raced. He wouldn't mind having fewer clothes on around her but he had an erection and he wasn't sure she wanted to go beyond that, what if somebody saw him. "How many boxes are there?"  
  
"That's the fun part!" She giggled again, "I think there are enough boxes such that you'll loose all of your clothing." She clapped her hands and her breasts bounced.  
  
He laughed at her apparent joy. "You planned this?"  
  
"I suppose so. Will you accept the challenge?"  
  
"What if I get caught?" He said.  
  
"It's very early and straight down the stairs. You'll only pass a few other condos. I know my neighbors, they're not up this early on Saturday and even if they were, they wouldn't care if I explained."  
  
"You're sure about that?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
Joe's mind went blank except for an image of him carrying a box into her condo, completely naked. "But, you'll see me...you know, exposed."  
  
"That's the point,silly!" She stepped toward him and put a hand gently on his chest, "I want to see your....architecture."  
  
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Jennifer's heart was thumping in her chest. Joe had just walked out of her condo after the second load of boxes. He headed back down to her storage room in the basement and Jennifer stood by the open door, leaning against the frame and waiting. There was another condo directly across from hers. Sally, the owner, lived in that unit and never got up before 10 am, especially not on the weekend.  
  
After the first load, Joe insisted on removing just one shoe. Jennifer put her foot down and said his shoes and socks counted as one trip. He resisted but with a well acted pout, Jennifer swayed him and he kicked his shoes and socks off. The load of boxes he carried up was always at least one more box than she had anticipated and she scolded him for carrying too much.  
  
After the second load he pulled his shirt over his head. Jennifer loved his masculine chest, well muscled and covered with a thin amount of dark chest hair.  
  
He asked, "You're sure you want me to do this?"  
  
"Of course." She laughed. "Besides, have you seen anybody yet?"  
  
"No." He admitted.  
  
"You see what underwear I have on. I want to see yours." She smiled.  
  
He sighed and undid his pants. He let them slide down his legs. Jennifer's eyes widened as she stared at him. He was wearing a pair of white boxer briefs that were long, part way down his thick thighs, and tight all over. She could clearly see the bulging shape of his genitals: his full, large balls and his thick cock laying curved off to one side and twisted so she could see the outline of the under side of his penis head. She looked openly at his crotch for a silent moment.  
  
He spoke, "What do you think?"  
  
She looked up at his face and smiled and then back down at his manly crotch. She felt a tingling in her pussy. "You are, simply, amazing. It isn't hard any more, is it?"  
  
"Not really. Kind of nervous running up and down the stairs."  
  
"You've been working hard." She said, noticing some sweat rolling down his neck onto his chest.  
  
"It's hot." He replied.  
  
"It is, isn't it? And I haven't been working like you have, but still, I feel hot, and to give you some motivation..." She turned, standing in front of a large mirror in the entry way. She glanced at his reflection in the mirror. He was staring at her bottom. She slowly pulled her tank top up and over her head. She shook her hair and dropped the top on the floor. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her bra was white, lacy and see through. She could see her fair skin through the lace. Her large, light brown aureola and nipples were also quite visible. She slowly turned around and let him see her bra.  
  
His eyes widened as he stared at her chest. A low voice rumbled from him, "So sexy...." She let him stare, slowly turning left and then right to show off the size of her breasts. She alternated between looking at his face and his crotch. Then she noticed that his penis was starting to grow again. Her mouth dropped open as she watched it slowly thicken and snake out toward one side, pushing toward his leg under his tight underwear.  
  
She covered her breasts with her hands and said, "OK, big boy. Go get another load. If you make it, I'll reward you by taking my bra off."  
  
He shook his head again and pulled the door open. He loped quickly down the stairs. She pushed the door mostly closed and waited, watching through the opening. He seemed to take a long time but her perception of duration was probably distorted. Finally she heard him coming up the stairs. He was carrying another huge stack of boxes and she sighed to herself. She didn't want him to hurt himself.  
  
He huffed through the door as she opened it wide for him. He stumbled a bit but caught his balance. "Oh!" She cried, "Be careful."  
  
"I will." He huffed.  
  
She closed the door and followed him down the hallway admiring his muscular, masculine rear as he moved.  
  
He set the boxes down in the room next to the others and straightened. He crossed her arms over her chest and he looked at her cleavage, smiling, with sweat dripping slowly down his temples.  
  
"I don't want you to carry that many boxes up the next time." She said.  
  
"But if I'm, you know...naked, I want to make as few trips as possible."  
  
She stared at him and then smiled, "You've played along nicely. Get one more box...just one, mind you...and that'll be enough for now."  
  
"Really? But what about the challenge?"  
  
"You win with just one more trip."  
  
"You're sure you want me to take these off?" He gestured at his underwear.  
  
"Absolutely sure."  
  
"Really?" He persisted.  
  
"Joe, I'm standing her in a thong and see-through bra. If I didn't want it, you'd know."  
  
Joe smiled and slid his thumbs into his waistband.  
  
"Slowly!" Jennifer whispered urgently. She'd fantasized about this moment many times, masturbated to that fantasy, and now it was coming true.  
  
His hands started to push his underwear down. The hair over his abdomen became more visible and broadened. She wondered what his genitals would look like. She'd known him for so long and now she was about to see. He uncovered his pubic hair which was full an soft looking. She sighed. Then the band started sliding over his penis which was pushed down and she watched intently as the length of his thick shaft was slowly exposed. "Oh...my....gosh...." She moaned as it seemed to stretch on forever until finally the band slipped over the head and his genitals swung free. He pushed the underwear all he way down and stood up, stepping out of them.  
  
His penis hung thick and heavy beneath his pubic hair. It was darker in color than the rest of his skin but was still lightly colored including the head. He had a darker line around the middle of the shaft where he had been circumcised. His head was blunt and rounded. His balls dangled low and full, symmetrically rounded, behind his big penis.

Jennifer felt her knees almost starting to buckle and a low moan of desire escaped her throat. She felt moisture forming in her pussy and the tingling sensation increased. "Oh my gosh, Joe. You are so...amazingly...hot!"  
  
"You like it?" He asked, smiling.  
  
"Are you kidding? I love it! I couldn't imagine it more sexy." As she watched, his dangling penis started to expand. "And oh, it's starting to get hard!"  
  
"Looking at you." He said.  
  
"Reward time." She laughed. She reached behind her back and undid her bra. Without further ado, she let the bra straps slide off her shoulders and the bra dropped to the floor. His eyes were glued to her now bare breasts. She had a momentary panic of exposure but that feeling was quickly erased by his obvious fascination with her display. She stared at his penis, joyfully watching it expand and lift into a full erection while he stared at her breasts. She laughed and shook her chest and his mouth opened at he watched her breasts bounce and jiggle. "Do you like them?" She asked.  
  
"I think my cock answers that question for me." He replied.  
  
She laughed again, "Yes, I guess so." His penis was standing straight up. It was incredibly thick. The head was shiny and expansive. She spoke, "Go get one more box for me."  
  
"Completely naked? And erect?" He asked.  
  
"Yes! Isn't that exciting?"  
  
"This is exciting." Joe said, "Standing here naked in front of you. Looking at your amazing breasts. But running down stairs naked is not."  
  
"Well, it is for me. I'll show you how." With that she turned and walked down the hall. She glanced over his shoulder to see him following, watching her bottom. As he walked, his erection bobbed side to side.  
  
She opened her condo door and looked around. Nobody was visible, as expected. "Come on cute boy." She said. She stepped into the open. It felt sexually arousing to be out and so exposed. She could feel how damp her panties were getting. She jogged down the first flight of stairs, feeling her breasts bounce wildly as she did so. He was standing at the railing, watching her. She stopped and waved him on. He came to the stairs quickly and jogged down. His big erection flopped up and down as he came, audibly slapping against his abdomen.  
  
She laughed, "Be quiet!"  
  
"Oh, sorry." He replied, chagrined.  
  
"You know the way, I'll follow you."  
  
He hurried past her and she watched his cock as he brushed by, so close. She was amazed at the size of his beautiful genitals. She wondered how that would fit in her pussy, what it would feel like. She followed him down the rest of the stairs to the basement storage area. His bottom was sexy, masculine and well muscled as he moved. She imagined what it would like like, thrusting over her. Her pussy was getting so wet.  
  
He opened her storage room and grabbed a stack of boxes. "No," she said, "Just one. Let's run."  
  
He set the boxes down and took the top one again. They stepped out of her storage room and she turned the lock on the door before closing it. Then they hurried back up the stairs with her following him. She watched his bare ass all the way up to the third floor, fighting the desire to touch it. Sometimes when his legs were spread sightly, she caught a glimpse of his beautiful balls moving between his cheeks as he hurried. She smiled to herself.  
  
They made it back to her condo without being seen and she shut the door quickly, locking it, leaning against the door, and started to laugh. He set the box down in the living room and looked at her, smiled, and started to laugh with her.  
  
"I have to admit, that was kind of exciting." He smiled.  
  
"You look fantastic." She said. His penis was still thick but not standing straight up any more. It hung between his legs like a third arm.  
  
"I was worried we would get caught. You running around in a thong with your boobs on display and me completely naked. They'd probably think I was some maniac."  
  
"Is that going to stand up again?" Jennifer asked, pointing at his cock. She didn't have to ask as it was already starting to swing expand and swing upward again.  
  
"How could it not? I'm staring at your bare breasts? I love your nipples."  
  
"You take the box back down to the room. Then I have another chore for you in the kitchen."  
  
His penis swung left and right as he turned, picked up and box and walked down the hall. She admired his ass again as she went into the kitchen, opened the pantry, and took out a box of light bulbs. As she was opening the box, he came around the corner and stopped, watching her.  
  
She spoke, "I have a burned out bulb, way up there." She pointed, feeling her bare breasts sway with the movement. He looked up at the vaulted ceiling.  
  
"I can't quite reach it unless I get a stepping stool and put it on the counter. I think you'll be able to reach it from the counter."  
  
"Yes, I think so." He replied. She handed him the bulb and moved around behind him as he lifted one leg up onto the counter and then hoisted himself. She had a split second view of his wide open ass and his balls swinging between his legs.  
  
"Mmmm...." She said.  
  
He smiled down at her as he balanced an stood upright. He stretched, standing up high and reaching for the burnt out bulb. He unscrewed it. Jennifer stood beneath him, looking up at his big, erect penis bobbing as he moved. It seemed almost unreal, within reach, there just a few feet from her face. She wanted to take it in her hands. She wanted to sit on it, feel it splitting her pussy lips apart and sliding into her.  
  
He got the old bulb out and handed it to her. She walked around the counter and put the bulb in the garbage as he put the new one in. He finished and said, "There, give it a try."  
  
She flipped the switch and the light came on. "Wonderful. Thank you." He moved to get down from the counter and she held up her hand, "No, wait. I have another reward for you."  
  
"You're going to take your panties off?" He asked, obviously hopefully.  
  
She laughed. "Not yet. You wait there."  
  
She headed back down the hall and got a bottle of lubricant from the bathroom. When she walked back into the kitchen he was still standing on the counter, his penis fully erect, looking expectant.  
  
"I thought," She said, "You might have some pent up sexual energy at this point and I wanted the rest of the day to slow down so I decided to milk you."  
  
A quizzical look crossed his face, "Milk me?"  
  
"You know, how you have a special ability? I saw it coming through your swim trunks yesterday. I touched it. I want more of it."  
  
His eyes danced, "You're going to masturbate me?"  
  
"That's another way of putting it. How aroused are you? Do you think you could come pretty quickly?" She looked at his cock. It was fully erect and straining upward.  
  
"I could, if I wanted to." He said.  
  
"I want you to be completely on the edge, crazy with desire, ready to spurt at the slightest touch. Sit down on the counter and watch me."  
  
She watched as he quietly sat down. His eyes were glued to her. She set the lubrication on the counter and stepped back. She had played this out in her mind in fantasy, masturbating to it, and now it was real. She turned and walked to a shelf, putting some sexy music on. The beat was low and regular, insistent, and she felt her body begin to move with the music. With her back to him she started to dance, swaying her hips back and forth sensually. She ran her hands down over her ass and thighs, seductively as if inviting him to touch her. She cupped her breasts and turned, dancing while facing him. His eyes were wide, roaming all over her body, up to her face, and then back again.  
  
She danced right up to him, looked down at his amazingly hard penis, and then started to massage and squeeze her breasts. Her pussy felt so wet. She knew her panties were soaked. He was staring at her breasts, watching her hands massage them. She stepped back and released her breasts, feeling them drop and sway as she moved. "Oh...." he moaned and she smiled.  
  
The beat of the music picked up a little and she started dancing with more energy. Her breasts swung and bounced as she moved. She turned and did a special move for him that she had practiced in the mirror, shaking her hips so her bottom cheeks bounced and jiggled. "Oh, Jennifer!" He exclaimed.  
  
Encouraged by his reaction, she slowly pulled the thong down from behind, feeling her bare cheeks clinging to the thin strip of material until she pulled it free. Her ass was completely bare for him now. He moaned again and she felt a tremendous surge of sexual power over him. She spread her legs slightly and pushed the thong further until it slid down her legs and and she stepped out of it. With her back to him, now fully nude, she danced more, showing off her bare bottom as much as she could. He kept moaning.  
  
She put her hand over her pussy and turned around. His eyes went immediately to her crotch and registered a little impatience with her hand covering what he so obviously desired. She danced toward him and then without warning, took her hand aside and moved rhythmically before him, completely exposed from the front. She ground her hips in a rotating motion, hips left, back, right and forward.  
  
He sighed, "You are so hot! I can't believe it."  
  
She thrust her hips up and down, pretending she was riding his cock.  
  
"Look at your amazing pussy. I can't believe you're showing it to me!"  
  
She glanced down at her pussy. She had a full, luxurious brown bush formed in a neat triangle over her genitals. Her pubic hair thinned over her labia and disappeared completely between her legs. He labia felt swollen with arousal and incredibly wet. She continued dancing for him for the rest of the song, alternating between front of rear views, shaking and massaging her breasts for him. When she turned and bent, rocking her hips, spreading her legs and showing off all of her ass and genitals, he almost cried out, "Oh Jennifer! Your pussy is so beautiful. I want to fuck you so bad."  
  
It was all she could do to keep her fingers out of her pussy as she finished the dance to the end of the song. The song was over and another started. She walked up to him. "How close are you now?"  
  
"Very." He admitted. "You are so beautiful. I've never been more aroused than I am now."  
  
"Good. Get on your hands and knees on the counter."  
  
He didn't even question her, dutifully moving to his hands and knees in doggie position. She took a dish from the cupboard and placed it on the counter between his legs. His penis was twitching and seemingly even bigger than before, standing up, parallel to the counter as he knelt.  
  
"I think this is going to feel good, baby." She said.  
  
She took the lubrication and squeezed a liberal amount into her hands then she moved around behind him. His ass was open and sexy looking. His balls full and tight at the base of his huge cock hanging stiffly beneath his bottom. She carefully started spreading the lubrication all over his ass.  
  
"I thought," He swallowed, "You were going to, you know, touch my cock."  
  
"Can I explore first? Is that OK, babe?"  
  
"Oh yes, everything's OK, anything. He watched her naked body hungrily over his shoulder.  
  
"Have you ever had a finger in your ass?" She asked.  
  
He swallowed again, "Only at a medical exam."  
  
"Can I do that to you?" She asked.  
  
"Yes, beautiful, anything."  
  
She worked the lubrication towards his anus which was tight looking. As her fingers brushed over it he moaned. "You OK, babe?"  
  
"It feels good."  
  
"Yes...mmmm...." Jennifer started gently rubbing around and over his anus. Each time she touched it he moved and moaned. His balls pulled up tighter and his anus seemed to contract. Her fingers were very lubricated and she gently pressed a finger into his hole. It slipped in and he moaned again.  
  
"Oh, that feels good." He sighed.  
  
She slowly pulled it out and then pushed it in again, a little further. He arched his back. His erection twitched. She pulled her finger out and then slowly slid it in, ever so slowly, deeper and deeper until it was all the way in. He felt hot and tight. Her own pussy was throbbing with arousal. "Oh gosh!" He cried out.  
  
She couldn't wait any more and was confident he didn't want to. With her finger still in his bum, she reached for what she'd been longing for. She wrapped her free hand around his big erection and was amazed at how thick it was. Her fingers barely made it all the way around. He cried out, "I'm gonna come." She aimed his erection at the dish.  
  
His balls pulled up even tighter and Jennifer felt his bum squeeze her finger as he started to pulse. The first jet of semen rocketed out splattering loudly in the dish. "Oh baby!" She cried, "Squirt!"  
  
Several more jets of semen shot out in rapid succession. "Ohhhhhh..." He moaned.  
  
He continued to come into the dish as she gripped his huge cock. Finally the last squirts dribbled from his cock. His penis continued to pulse and he sighed. "Wow....that was amazing."  
  
Slowly she pulled her finger out of his bum and he groaned, "I can't believe how good that felt. I would never have imagined it."  
  
Jennifer didn't want to let go of his big, thick, warm cock but did so, watching it swing slowly as he moved.  
  
"Look at how much semen you ejaculated." Jennifer said, pointing at the pool of white fluid on the dish. "That is amazing."  
  
"You are amazing." Joe said, smiling at her. "Can I get down now?"  
  
"Yes, babe." She replied, patting his heavy cock twice. "You've been quite the handyman today."  
  
"What can I do for you?" He asked as he slid off the counter.  
  
"Pick up that dish and follow me into the bedroom." She said.  
  
"Of course. Anything." He replied.  
  
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Joe followed Jennifer into her bedroom. He couldn't believe the powerful orgasm he'd just had, and now, watching her naked body walking in front of him was blowing his mind away. She was unbelievably sexy. His penis felt satisfied and had shrunk, dangling between his legs as he walked. He wondered what was next.  
  
Jennifer's room had a wonderful fragrance to it. The window was open and bright sunlight poured in filling the entire space with vivid, yellow hues. Jennifer took the white comforter and after one quick pull, yanked it off the bed and pulled the sheets down. She jumped onto the bed, rolling onto her back and laughing as he breasts bounced.  
  
She gestured to the nightstand and said, put the dish there. Joe did as she directed, unsure of what she wanted with a dish of his own semen.  
  
Jennifer spread her legs and immediately began playing with her pussy, rubbing her fingers through her pubic hair and down the sides of her beautiful, puffy labia. Joe stood, watching, attracted to her sexual behavior.  
  
"Get on the bed." Jennifer said, patting a spot next to her. Joe climbed up and sat, leaning on one arm, admiring her lovely naked body as she played with her pussy.  
  
She was working her genitals with both hands. Her breasts were held between her arms, standing up and looking large and inviting, jiggling as she moved.  
  
"Turn around so I can see your cock." Jennifer asked.  
  
Joe rotated, opening his legs to show his manhood off.  
  
"Oh!" Jennifer squeaked. Her hands worked over her pussy faster, alternating between stroking her long, puffy lips and twiddling her clitoris.  
  
"What do you want me to do?" Joe asked eagerly.  
  
"Just watch. I'm close..." Jennifer moaned.  
  
She lifted her legs a little and started thrusting her hips as she played with her pussy. Her eyes closed and then opened again, looking at his face and then down at his crotch. "Oh! Oh!" She cried.  
  
He leaned over, looking at her cute bottom cheeks between her legs as her fingers raced over her pussy. Then she pushed her hips out and cried out, "Joe! Joe! I'm coming!" She closed her eyes and her fingers stopped, firmly pressing down on her pussy. "Oh! Oh!" She let out little squeaks as she enjoyed her orgasm.  
  
Joe was mesmerized. He'd never watched a woman masturbate quite so brazenly before. It was an incredible turn on and he felt his penis being to stir into arousal again.  
  
Finally Jennifer's body collapsed and she sighed long and low. "Oh, that felt so good. My pussy feels so tingly."  
  
"You are amazing." Joe whispered.  
  
They stared at each other for what seemed a long time, eyes locked on eyes. She was so beautiful. Joe felt a longing to be with her in every way, not just sexual. Her eyes were big and bright. Her lips and nose were cute. Her face was sweet. Her breasts were large and rounded with amazing light brown aureola and big, stiff nipples. Her abdomen was feminine, her skin smooth and fair, leading down to her wide, womanly hips. Her pubic hair was sexually astounding, thick and luxurious above her genitals and then growing wispy down over her thick, puffy lips until there was no hair at the base of her pussy.  
  
"What can I do for you?" Joe asked.  
  
"I want you to put a finger in my ass." She replied. "Will you do that?"  
  
"I would love to." He answered honestly. He'd never done that before to a woman and it sounded sexy. "Where's the lubrication?"  
  
"I want you to use your semen as the lube." She rolled over and got up onto her hands and knees. Her breasts swung enticingly on her chest, dangling down, looking even larger. She spread her legs, exposing her beautiful ass and the pussy beneath it. "Pour the semen on my bum and spread it around, use that to slide your finger in."  
  
Joe's eyes widened and he felt clear sexual arousal in his penis. It started to thicken again. He took the dish and moved closer to her, slowly, carefully pouring it onto her wide, rounded ass. He set the dish down and then carefully started spreading the slick, white liquid over her perfect bottom.  
  
She sighed heavily and then giggled, "It feels so good."  
  
"You feel so good." He was astounded, feeling her rounded cheeks, looking at her cute little puckered anus. He slowly, gently starting touching her anus and she squealed, bucking her hips back toward his hand.  
  
He did as she had done to him, feeling around her anus, rubbing, caressing, tickling, until finally he slid one slick finger into the opening of her bum. She sighed and shuddered with pleasure.  
  
He moved closer. From this angle and closeness to her pussy, he could smell her musky arousal and see how wet her pussy was. His penis stretched out, moving toward a full erection. He slid his finger slowly all the way into her tight, hot ass. She moaned again and pushed back against him. He felt the rest of his hand now against her pussy. It was hot and wet and soft. One of his knuckles was buried between her pussy lips. His penis finished growing to full erection. He wanted to fuck her so much.  
  
"Oh that feels good." Jennifer said. "Pull it in and out."  
  
He did as she directed, using it as an opportunity to feel her pussy with his other fingers as he slid his finger in and out of her tight ass. Her public hair was soft. Her pussy lips felt amazingly full and warm.  
  
She looked back at him and her eyes widened at his cock. "Wow, that was fast, big boy."  
  
"I know." He acknowledged, surprised at how quickly he'd gotten another erection.  
  
"Please, please put it in my pussy. I need to fuck you so bad." She said.  
  
He didn't need any more urging. He pulled his finger slowly out and she squealed again, bucking her hips. She spread her legs wider, lifting her ass into the air and moving it enticingly. He got to his knees and moved behind her, pushing his erection down between her legs. He put the head of his erection against her pussy lips and ran it up and down through her slick fluids.  
  
"Oh, put it in, put it in! Fuck me." She cried.

He found the opening of her vagina and slowly pressed forward. His knees buckled with the pleasure of entry and she cried out, "Oh!"  
  
She was so wet, there was absolutely no resistance as he slid forward, feeling her warm, wet vagina completely sliding over his fat cock.  
  
Her voice went high, "Oh, Joe, you're cock is so thick. It fills me up so much."  
  
Joe pushed all the way in until he felt his balls pressed up against her pussy lips. She cried out again and then said in a low voice, "Oh, my fucking man, I feel your sexy balls! They're so fucking big. Oh fuck me! Fuck me sexy man!"  
  
With that Joe instinctively began thrusting, pulling his cock slowly out and pushing it back in, again and again. She squealed with almost every thrust. As he pushed all the way in, her beautiful feminine ass wiggled and his balls slapped against her pussy. Her breasts swung as they thrust back and forth. He was locked in a sort of loop, watching her pussy cling to his erection as he pulled out, then pushing back in, feeling his balls press up against her pussy, watching her ass move, hearing her cry out in pleasure, over and over. He wasn't sure how long they did that but eventually she started bucking even more and then she pushed back as far as she could with her ass, almost knocking him over. "Oh, I'm coming! Come now if you can!"  
  
With her beautiful bottom pushed all the way back, he felt her pussy pulsing tightly over his cock and he let go, feeling the semen start to shoot out of his penis deep into her pussy. He cried out and she cried out even louder. He clutched her hips and held her tight, pushing again and again with each squirt until the pleasure stopped racing through his body and he felt spent.  
  
She sighed and whispered, "Lover."  
  
He leaned over her and gently cupped one of her breasts. He whispered back, "Beautiful girl."  
  
She moved to the side and he went down with her, laying behind her, his penis still buried in her wet pussy. He put an arm around her with his hand feeling her warm breast. She put her hand over his, pushing it onto her other breast. They lay quietly for a while. Gradually, her breathing deepened. He felt closer than he ever had to a woman. Eventually he started to pull his penis out of her but she resisted, reaching around an grabbing his ass, pulling him back in. "No, stay in me." She said.  
  
So they lay together like that, him behind her, his penis in her vagina, his hand on her breast, her hand on his hand. Eventually her breathing changed into a slow sleeping pattern. He let himself go, drifting into sleep. He began to dream about her beautiful eyes looking at him as she danced in a white lacy thong.  
  
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Jennifer's eyes fluttered open. Joe's breathing was heavy, almost a snore. She felt his arm over her side, his hand gently resting on her breast. She felt his chest moving with his breath against her back. Then she recognized a fullness inside of her, inside her vagina, and realized his penis was still in her. A contented smile spread slowly over her face. She turned her eyes to the clock on her night stand. She had only been asleep for perhaps an hour or so. Joe was clearly still asleep.  
  
She thought about all that had happened, the over heard thong conversation at work and how she'd enticed him with her panties at work, masturbated and left a wet spot on one of his office chairs and then about the show she'd put on at the gym with him. She'd had more orgasms in the last few days than she could remember. The culmination had been just this morning with his amazing cock pumping into her slick, wet vagina.  
  
She moved her leg just slightly. Her pussy still felt wet, probably from all the semen he'd squirted into her. She moved again just sightly and felt his penis start to slide out. She froze. She didn't want it out of her. She loved the feel of it. The walls of her vagina felt the ridge of his penis slowly, ever so slowly sliding out, as if his vagina was squeezing his cock out. She tried to hold still. She took a breath and held it for a moment, willing his penis to stay put. The movement of his cock in her stopped and she slowly let the breath out.  
  
What did this relationship mean? He was so interesting, so good looking, so sexy, all she wanted was to spend time with him. Of course she wanted more sex, but it was more than that, she enjoyed him in other ways too. Could this be the relationship she'd been waiting for?  
  
She thought about how considerate he'd been. He asked her if he could do things. He let her do things to him that she thought other guys wouldn't. He'd been such a good sport. He treated her in a way that made her feel secure and safe, that allowed her to express her sexuality in a way that she'd never done with another man.  
  
She wondered if he'd spend the rest of the day with her. Maybe he'd take her to the farmer's market down town, they could buy some berries or something else and sit at the fountain in the plaza near their office and talk. Maybe they'd go for a walk or eat in a restaurant or see a movie. Maybe she'd take him home tonight and fuck him again and again and again, however many times he could do it.  
  
As she was thinking about fucking him, almost on cue, she felt a stirring in her pussy. Her eyes widened as she felt his penis expanding again. His hand twitched a couple of times and his body moved a little yet his breathing pattern remained the same, deep and almost snoring. He must have been dreaming, she fondly thought. Maybe he was dreaming about her. He knew that men often got erections while they were sleeping. How convenient, she thought, for him to get an erection while his penis was in her vagina.  
  
She could feel it clearly now, his penis expanding, lengthening, sliding deeper into her vagina. She started to feel that wonderful tingling of arousal in her pussy. As she waited, feeling his penis grow, she knew her pussy would start generating lubrication, that combined with his semen would make her vagina plenty slick for his big cock.  
  
A few moments later it felt as though his cock had reached it's full erection size. She could hardly stop herself from squirming, it felt so amazing, but she didn't want to wake him up. His hand was still twitching now and then. His breathing changed and he mumbled something unintelligible. Jennifer held her breath, holding still. His hand slid down over her breast, over her abdomen and then back up to her breast, gently cupping and squeezing. An involuntary sigh escaped as pleasure flowed through her mind and body.  
  
She waited. His breathing deepened again and it seemed as though he was back in a deep sleep. She wondered if his erection would go down again. She didn't want it to. Trying not to move anything else, she started her Kegel exercises slowly, squeezing her pelvic floor muscles to tighten the opening of her vagina around his penis. She did this once, then twice, then waited. His penis was still hard. She started tightening her pussy opening slowly, about once every twenty seconds, then gradually decreased the interval. She couldn't wait or resist. Carefully she moved her free arm and put her fingers between her legs, feeling for her clitoris through her pubic hair. She sucked her breath in and started fingering her clitoris while occasionally squeezing her pussy.  
  
She felt the orgasm coming on and sighed in pleasure, letting it run through her body. She couldn't believe she just had an orgasm while Joe was asleep. Then she realized his breathing was quiet. Still, he hadn't moved. She wondered if he was awake. She contemplated asking him. Instead, she slowly pushed her hips down which resulted in his erection sliding deeper into her pussy with her ass pressing against his abdomen just above his cock. She slowly, insistently pushed down as far as she could. Joe was quiet. His big cock felt so good inside her vagina. Then she thought she could feel a little pulling motion of his cock or maybe it was his balls nestled against her pussy lips and that was immediately followed by a rhythmic pulsing of his cock.  
  
She smiled broadly. He was ejaculating again. It felt so nice and her heart filled with fondness for Joe. His penis stopped moving and still he was absolutely quiet and still. She waited. After a few moments she felt his penis start to shrink. Again it felt like it was sliding out of her vagina but it didn't come out completely. Then she felt a warm, wet feeling, she assumed it was his semen leaking out of her pussy and down the side of her ass cheek. It was amazing to have a man, not just any man, but Joe, ejaculating into her pussy, to be lying in bed with him, completely naked and feeling comfortable.  
  
She sighed again and closed her eyes. Slowly he started breathing deeply again and she let herself drift off to sleep, feeling completely satisfied.