**House of Glass Ch. 01**

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Kara was bright, single, still in her early thirties and about to become partner in a law firm that handled some of my business. We had dinner together one evening after the closing of a real estate deal. The "dinner" lasted until after midnight. Kara and I became an "item".   
  
I was ten years older than Kara, divorced, and living alone. I wasn't Hollywood handsome but I wasn't unattractive either. I guess what Kara really liked about me was my confidence. We had only dated a couple of weeks when I asked her to move in with me. I acted as if I expected her to say "yes" and she did.  
  
Being a young associate in a large law firm, it was not unusual for her to work well into the evening. This week, however, was our first week of living together and Kara left the office a little after four.  
  
I wasn't expecting her to leave work early and didn't get home myself until after seven. When I got there Kara was in the den watching television, curled up on the couch with a terry cloth towel around herself. The towel stretched from the tops of her breasts to the tops of her thighs. She was covered, just barely.   
  
I bent over to kiss her and Kara said she had something to tell me. I didn't know what to expect. She had just moved in. I didn't think she'd be moving out so soon. Surely she hadn't lost her job. What could it be? I stood beside the couch and waited for her to tell me.  
  
Kara started in a rather neutral tone, "I got home a little before five. I went into the bedroom and stripped off my work clothes. It felt so good to be out of my clothes that with all the privacy this house affords I decided to stay that way. And of course I hoped you would be home soon and want to get naked too."  
  
I was about to get chewed out because I came home late. This wasn't fair. She was the one that always worked late. I began to protest but she shushed me and continued, "I went into the living room and fixed myself a drink. Then I went out through the sliding glass doors to the pool. I dove in, did a few laps and stretched out on a lounger to soak up the rest of the afternoon sun."  
  
Kara liked being naked and she loved the unusual nature of the house. It was built around an open courtyard that contained a pool and jacuzzi. The kitchen, the living room, the den and the master bedroom were separated from the courtyard by walls of glass with lots of sliding glass doors. The windows that faced toward the street or faced toward the neighbors were covered with permanently closed shutters whereas the huge expanses of glass facing the courtyard had no draperies or blinds.   
  
In nice weather, like it was that July day, the sliding glass doors could be left open, giving a feeling of being outdoors. From any of the main rooms you could see most of the rest of the house. My ex-wife and I had not had any children, and the house, which I had gotten as part of the divorce settlement, was designed to provide internal openness while maintaining privacy from the outside world.  
  
The inside of the house and the courtyard was private with one exception. The den had glass facing the courtyard but it also had a glass wall facing the backyard, with no coverings on the windows. However, the backyard was enclosed by a solid fence with a locked gate and was private except on Tuesday when a couple of guys came to take care of the yard and shrubs.   
  
Then it dawned on me. Today was Tuesday. The yard guys had their own key to the gate. Even before Kara continued, I had a good idea of what she wanted to tell me.  
  
Kara continued in her storybook voice, "I pretended that you were watching. I found some suntan oil there and covered myself with it. I put it on my arms and shoulders and massaged it into my breasts. I covered my stomach with it and rubbed it into my legs. I really put a bunch of it on my upper thighs and rubbed some between my legs."  
  
Kara looked up at me. "I hope you don't think its wrong for me to do that. You know, put my hand between my legs. You don't, do you?"  
  
"No, no. I think its fine. Don't stop now. Tell me the rest."  
  
"It felt so good that I kept rubbing my hand between my legs. I was really getting turned on, doing that and imagining you were watching me. Then I looked toward the den and discovered that I wasn't imagining being watched, except it wasn't you.  
  
"There were two guys in the backyard by the den window. I guess they were supposed to be mowing the lawn or trimming the shrubs or something like that, but they had stopped and were watching me. I don't know how long they had been watching but I guess it had been since I'd gone into the living room without any clothes."  
  
I looked at Kara lying on the couch. She had moderately sized breasts that stood out prominently on her slim body. Her hips and butt were nicely curvaceous and she had long, shapely legs. It was easy to understand why the yard guys had stopped to watch her.   
  
Kara looked right at me, touched her finger to her chin and said conspiratorially, "Perhaps I shouldn't be telling you this but it excited me even more to discover they were watching me. Once I had gotten over the shock of it I just closed my eyes and continued."   
  
Kara's voice showed excitement. "Knowing they were watching, I came really fast. God, that makes me sound terrible. Do you think I'm some kind of slut or something?"  
  
Actually I was getting excited listening to her talk about playing with herself while a couple of guys watched. I didn't attempt to disguise my feelings. "No", I said, "I think you're wonderful. Keep going. What happened then?"  
  
Kara got a devilish look in her eye, rubbed the front of my pants and coyly said, "I think you're liking this. Too bad you didn't get home sooner."  
  
She took her hand from the front of my pants and put it back in her lap. She adopted a narrative tone. "Of course after my orgasm I had to regain my strength so I just stayed there a few minutes with my eyes closed. When I opened them I didn't look directly at the guys but I could tell they were still watching. There was a towel on the lounger but I was feeling pretty bold by then and didn't need it."   
  
Her tone took on strength, almost defiance. "I stood up, left the towel there and walked into the bedroom." She smirked a little. "Pretty bad huh?"  
  
I think at that point I tripped over my tongue. I finally mumbled, "No, not bad. Quite the opposite. Is there more?"  
  
Kara suddenly got very lady-like. She said, "Well, I didn't want them to think I was embarrassed by what had happened. I got a towel from the bathroom. As you can see it was really a little too small but I wrapped it around myself anyway and walked into the den, right here next to where they were working, acting like I hadn't even noticed them."  
  
She spoke softly, somewhat apologetically, "Well anyway, they were supposed to be working but I might have distracted them a little." She brightened up, "At least they pretended to work while I turned on the television and laid down on the couch."   
  
Then, like she was again taking the blame, "But every time I adjusted the towel they stopped their work to watch me."  
  
In a more normal tone she said, "They finally finished and left just before you got here."  
  
When Kara started telling the story, I think she was concerned about how I was going to react to her recount of the afternoon's events. Of course she knew by now that I found it exciting. I was still standing next to the couch and Kara once again put her hand on the front of my trousers. By this time I had become very hard. It was obvious from her touch that Kara liked the way her story had effected me.   
  
Kara wanted me to love her the way she was. She had been excited by being watched and wanted to know that I shared in her desires. Kara didn't know that my ex-wife was somewhat of an exhibitionist too, although she should have guessed it from the nature of the house.   
  
Kara undid my belt, lowered my zipper and slid her hand into my pants. Through my jockey shorts she wrapped her hand around me. No, I wasn't upset at all.  
  
I couldn't believe it. I had met this girl only a few weeks ago but I had already fallen in love. When I first met her she had been wearing a very professional looking woman's business suit. Now she was lying here, barely covered by a towel, with her hand in my pants. She just told me about how turned on she got while masturbating in front of a couple of strangers.   
  
It had excited me too but I was glad there had been glass between her and them. They could look but I didn't want them to touch.  
  
Kara snaked her hand into my shorts and stroked my hardened cock. She said, "I wish they were still here," as she used her other hand to remove the towel. I bent over. I kissed her gently, then moved my lips lower and nibbled on her breasts.   
  
Together, we struggled to get my clothes off. As I slipped between her legs I said, "I can't imagine how I could be upset to have someone see how beautiful you are. I want everyone to know how much I love you and why."  
  
"I love you too," she said as I slid into her.

**House of Glass Ch. 02**

When Kara arrived at the office on Wednesday morning she was immediately summoned to Winston Grayson's office. Grayson was the managing partner of the law firm where Kara worked. There were over a hundred partners in the firm and although Kara had been there nearly six years, other than when she was hired, she had never had any dealings with Mr. Grayson.  
  
Kara took the elevator from her office on the twenty-second floor up to Mr. Grayson's on the twenty-sixth. She couldn't imagine why he wanted to see her. It wasn't partnership time and she couldn't think of anything she might have done to merit a meeting with him. As she came off the elevator she was met by Grayson's secretary who immediately ushered her toward the managing director's open door. Kara paused briefly to knock. Then she stepped through the door and stopped, dumbstruck by what she was seeing.  
  
Winston Grayson's office was the biggest she had ever seen. It was at least ten times the size of her own and had a magnificent view of the city. The managing partner was seated behind a large ornately carved wooden desk with his back to the smaller of the three glass walls. Several file folders were neatly arranged on the leather surface of the desk.  
  
The only illumination, other than the early morning sun, came from a green banker's lamp perched on the corner of the desk. Mr. Grayson peered through the dim light at the contents of one of the folders. The harsh light of the lamp and the dim light from outside accentuated the lines in Mr. Grayson's face, causing him to look much older than his actual age of sixty-one.  
  
When Kara entered, Grayson looked over the top of his glasses and motioned her to the leather wing-back chair that faced his desk. As she walked across the room her feminine form was obvious even though she wore a sexless woman's business suit, a frilly blouse and solid-toe shoes with short boxy heels. Yes, Winston Grayson thought, Kara will be perfect as the firm's second female partner, if she doesn't embarrass us first.  
  
As Kara sat down, Grayson stood and got right to the point. He spoke sternly but somewhat fatherly, "Miss Radcliffe, Kara I guess would be better, I have just learned that you are romantically involved with one of our more substantial clients. I understand this has been going on for several weeks now and that you have recently moved into his house, without the benefit of marriage."  
  
Kara was stunned by Mr. Grayson's knowledge of her personal life and his thinly veiled attempt to control it. She opened her mouth to protest, but before she could say anything Grayson cut her off with, "There's no need to justify it. I'm not going to tell you how to live your life. I just want to make sure that you don't embarrass the firm.  
  
"Dirk Williams is an important client and a very public figure. I guess that considering today's customs its alright for the two of you to be living together while you're courting. I just hope that neither of you does anything to call attention to the situation." He added, "It would help if you did eventually get married."  
  
Kara spoke flatly, "I can't make any promises about marriage since we haven't discussed it but I can assure you that it is not our intention to embarrass you."  
  
Grayson back-peddled a bit, "I'm not concerned about anything that might embarrass me, it's the firm I'm worried about. I know that the two of you will be careful. As I'm sure you know, we're hoping to make you a partner next year. It would be a lot easier for us to do that if you were married, at least I know my wife would like it better."  
  
Kara was stunned to learn that Mrs. Grayson, who was neither a member nor client of the firm, could threaten her partnership chances over something unrelated to her abilities as an attorney. She was not going to have the conversation go any further, even if it cost her the partnership. She bolted upright from the chair and spoke abruptly, "I'll do what I can. Thank you for showing your concern. Can I leave now?"  
  
Grayson knew from the question and the tone of Kara's voice that it had been a mistake to speak to her about this. Kara was one of his best attorneys, good looking too, and he didn't want her upset with him. He used a conciliatory tone, "I just wanted to chat a bit. Thanks for coming in, Kara. We think a lot of you here. I'm sure you won't let us down. Yes, by all means, go ahead and get on with your day."  
  
Kara got to the elevator quickly but otherwise took her time getting back to her office. She thought about what had just taken place. Unbelievable, she thought, that the people for whom she worked would try to dictate how she lived her life. But if she wanted the partnership, or for that matter just to keep her job, she had better be careful about her public image. Expressing her sexuality had to be private. That meant it would have to be confined to the house.  
  
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Before noon Kara called me and informed me that she had to stay late. She offered to pick up some take-out on the way home. I was disappointed that she was working late but I readily agreed to her offer of bringing something home. Kara also said that she had had a meeting with Winston Grayson that morning and wanted to discuss it with me. I was anxious to hear what he had said and promised that we would discuss it.  
  
However, by the time Kara got home I wanted her so bad that I had her completely out of her clothes before we finished eating. After supper I carried her into the bedroom. Kara didn't complain. She wanted it as much as I did. After an hour of fooling around with each other we finally made love, then drifted off to sleep. The meeting with Grayson had been forgotten, at least for that night.  
  
The next morning the alarm went off at seven. Kara was out of bed and into the bathroom before I found the off button. The front doorbell rang. Kara stuck her head out the bathroom with a toothbrush in her mouth and mumbled, "Who on earth would be at the door at this time of morning?"  
  
I explained, "Its Thursday, the day the pool man comes. It's probably him at the door." I'm sure that Kara understood that with the pool in the middle of the house, the man who maintained the pool had to come early and finish before I left for the day.  
  
Kara took the toothbrush out of her mouth and said, "Alright, I'm up anyway. I'll let him in, then make coffee for us." Since we had fallen asleep after making love the previous night, neither of us was wearing anything. Kara grabbed a towel, held it in front of her naked body and tauntingly asked, "Can I go to the door in this?"  
  
I had conflicting thoughts. I was certainly intrigued by Kara's desire to show off, but I was also concerned by how close the pool man was going to be to her nearly naked body. I needed to trust Kara though. My voice trailed off as I reluctantly said, "I guess its alright, if that's what you want..."  
  
Kara's face lit up as she wrapped the towel tightly around herself. Her eyes were still sparkling as she strutted out of the bedroom toward the front door. The towel was similar to the one she had been wearing when I came home a couple of days ago. I remembered that it didn't cover much and neither did this one. I was thinking that the yard guys had gotten a real treat. Now it was going to be the pool man's turn. Just thinking about it caused a stirring in my loins.  
  
With Kara briefly gone I took the opportunity to use the bathroom and brush my teeth. I couldn't see the front door from the bedroom anyway so I would have to guess what was taking place.  
  
As I brushed my teeth I imagined that when Kara got to the door she re-wrapped the towel, put one hand on it to make sure it stayed in place, and opened the door. Of course, the pool man would have been expecting me. But when the door opened and he saw Kara, barely covered by a towel, he probably suffered cardiac arrest. I can picture his mouth hanging open as she introduced herself and invited him in.  
  
As I climbed back in bed I saw the pool man go into the kitchen. Kara was behind him holding the towel securely in place. She followed him to the kitchen's sliding glass door where he let himself into the courtyard. He didn't look back. He left the door open and began cleaning the pool, facing away from her.  
  
Kara remained in the kitchen to fix the coffee. She was directly across the courtyard from the master bedroom. The pool man was cleaning the drain at the deep end of the pool and he kept his back to the kitchen. After Kara put the coffee on to brew she stood in the doorway, still wearing the towel, watching the back of the pool man. Across the pool she could see me in bed, looking at her through the wall of glass that separated the master bedroom from the courtyard. I think she could also see the pool man studying her reflection in the bedroom window.  
  
As she waited for the coffee to brew, Kara redid the towel repeatedly, each time fully exposing her breasts, her stomach and the tuft of hair between her legs. She pretended that she was doing it just to tease me, but I could see that the pool man was intently watching her reflection and I was pretty sure that Kara knew she was putting on the show for both of us.  
  
Kara's excitement showed in her face. I would guess that there were also droplets of moisture forming on the insides of her thighs. She looked as if she might lose control and jam her hand between her legs at any moment.  
  
Fortunately, before that could happen, the coffee finished brewing. Kara poured two cups, re-wrapped the towel once again, took a cup in each hand and started through the living room toward the bedroom.  
  
As I watched I thought to myself about how perfectly proportioned her body was. Her hair was short enough so that even though she had just gotten out of bed, it didn't really look messed up. Of course the towel revealed more than it covered and I was titillated by all of the exposed skin. I was excited even further to know that the pool man was watching her.  
  
From the bedroom, a portion of the living room was hidden. As Kara disappeared from sight, the pool man, who had been watching from the corner of his eye and whose view was not obstructed like mine, suddenly turned and looked directly toward where I imagined Kara to be in the living room. He reacted as if he had just found the gold at the end of the rainbow.  
  
I didn't know for sure what had happened, but with Kara carrying two cups of coffee and unable to hold onto the towel, I could guess. I surmised that as she walked through the living room with a cup in each hand, the towel came loose and fell to the floor. I was sure that at any moment now Kara would burst into the bedroom with the towel clutched to her breasts, the coffee abandoned in the living room.  
  
I was only partially right. I learned later that she expected to lose the towel, might have even helped it to fall. But she didn't stop and she didn't drop the coffee. She walked quite normally into the bedroom, completely naked, carrying a cup of coffee in each hand. The pool man and I both had our mouths gaping open. She walked over to my side of the bed, put my cup on the stand there, then walked around to the other side, set her cup down, and got into bed, all as if she had no idea that she was putting on an extraordinary show for the pool man and me.  
  
Kara sat up in bed and with a show of false modesty pulled the sheet up to cover her breasts. As she sipped her coffee she explained innocently, "The towel came off as I was coming through the living room." Then conspiratorially she added, "Actually I had to help it a little. It didn't drop when it should have."  
  
"You mean it wasn't an accident," I asked incredulously.  
  
Kara snapped back, "Well, from the way he'd been watching me earlier, I didn't think the pool man would mind and I didn't expect you to object. I even made it look like an accident." She changed her tone, becoming seductive, "You're not upset are you?"  
  
Kara reached between my legs for her answer. I was fully erect. She exhibited a self-satisfied grin. As she leaned over to kiss me she continued the seductive tone, "I think you liked it. Now lets give the man something to really remember." I'm not sure which of us was more excited. We were about to make love while the pool man watched!  
  
Kara wrapped her hand around my erection, then kissed me. She said, "I love the feel of your cock. It's so big and hard." Despite Kara's comments, my cock is nothing special. It's probably no better than average length and thickness. I do shave my balls and groin but I still leave a few tufts of hair surrounding the base of my cock. I wasn't naturally "big and hard". Kara made me this way.  
  
Most of the time Kara was sophisticated, lady-like and professional; yet under the right circumstances, like now, she was daring, adventuresome and downright sexy. In a few minutes she'd be dressed in her business clothes and on her way to spend another day in her sexless world. But this morning she had already let a complete stranger see her naked and now she was about to fuck me in front of him. It was the occasional glimpses into this other side of her that made me hard.  
  
Kara's hand was under the sheet and she slowly began to slide it along my smooth shaft. I tried to drink my coffee but between sips I moaned at the pleasure she was giving me. Kara said dreamily, "Ummh, this is so nice, we need to do this more often." I thought she was referring to making love in the morning. Then she said, "Does he come to clean the pool every week?"  
  
With the realization of what she had said, I choked on the hot coffee and nearly spilled it. Kara was having trouble drinking her coffee too, but for different reasons - she wanted to get both hands into the action. We each put our coffee down.  
  
After she had set her cup on the night stand Kara looked out at the pool man. As he continued his work he would sneak quick peeks into the bedroom. He had to know what we were doing but Kara was intent on erasing all doubt.  
  
She sat up straighter in the bed and allowed the sheet to fall from her breasts. The pool man had a magnificent view. While he drooled over the delicious sight of Kara's breasts and watched her hand rise and fall under the sheet he must have imagined that it was his dick that she was stroking, not mine.  
  
Knowing he watched increased our excitement. Kara stroked faster. I moved my hips up and down, lengthening her stroke on my manhood. I begged, "Pleeease put it in your mouth."  
  
Kara started to put her head under the sheet but instead threw the sheet off and engulfed my cock with her mouth. The pool man's eyes became the size of silver dollars. I threw my head back. This was even better than I could have imagined.  
  
Kara took my cock out of her mouth long enough to say, "This is like the day at the fair when I was ten. My father bought me an all-day sucker. I just couldn't get enough of it." She licked up and down on the sides of my cock, put the head of it into her mouth and sucked as if she would never taste anything this good again. The pool man's eyes feasted on the action. The front of his shorts was sticking straight out.  
  
Kara demanded, "Put your hand in my pussy. Rub my clit."  
  
Kara was wild. With the pool man watching, she sizzled. I put my hand between her legs. She was as wet as if she had just finished her bath.  
  
I slipped my finger between her pussy lips but she blurted out, "No, no. I changed my mind. Lets fuck instead."  
  
She straddled me, impaling herself on my shaft; she put my hands on her breasts; she bucked up and down, riding me like the sheriff was after her. It was hard to believe that this lady lawyer could fuck so vigorously.  
  
The pool man jumped into the water and waded quickly to the end near the bedroom. He stripped off his shorts and tossed them on the deck. He held the side of the pool with one hand and put the other between his legs.  
  
I grabbed Kara's ass and helped her move up and down as she rammed my dick into her pussy. I was out of control. As Kara rode me she looked over her shoulder at the pool man. She couldn't see much because of the pool deck, but the motion of his arm and the look on his face established him as a participant too.  
  
Kara looked at me and commanded, "Quick, put your finger in my ass; fill me up; make me feel like I have two cocks in me!"  
  
Last night might have been sensuous love-making but today was pure animal sex. I poked my finger carelessly into her backside. I wriggled it around the inside of her anus. I could feel my cock driving deep inside of her. She lowered her upper body as I raised my head to suck on her breasts. The sweat poured off as we reached for satisfaction.  
  
Kara slowed down a little, breathing heavily she said, "God, Dirk, your cock feels so good! The finger is incredible! And the pool man has a front row seat!" Her voice suddenly turned urgent, "Oh, Jeesuz, Dirk. I'm going to cum! Cum with me! Do it now!"  
  
Kara contracted her anus on my finger and tightened her pussy around my cock, squeezing me into an orgasm. I didn't really need any help; I was there too. Kara opened her mouth and let out a long, low, satisfied sound as I pumped my seed into her. We collapsed.  
  
The pool man came seconds later. I can't imagine that his orgasm was as good as mine but it had to be a first for him, watching a couple fuck right in front of him. I know that being watched was a first for me. I'm not sure but I imagine it was a first for Kara too. One thing's for sure, we aren't likely to have any trouble getting the pool cleaned in the future.  
  
When the pool man regained his strength, he put his shorts back on and finished cleaning the pool. After resting a bit Kara took a long shower, dressed as the professional business-woman that she was and left for the office. I stayed in bed a while, then showered and went out to look at one of my businesses. I had decided - Kara was a keeper.

**House of Glass Ch. 03**

I was sitting by myself in a semi-circular booth at the edge of the dance floor. I had just started my second drink. Smitty's was a popular dinner/dance club about ten miles North of the city's center. When I came here after college this area was a cow pasture. But the city grew rapidly to the North; Smitty's was surrounded by high-rise office buildings and now this area wouldn't even be considered suburbs.   
  
It was almost eight on Friday night. Kara said she would meet me at Smitty's after work, sometime about now. Smitty's isn't very close to her office but it is close to where we live. The place is a top drawer "meat market"; a favorite meeting spot for the young single professionals that work in the area.   
  
Most of the customers at Smitty's come right from work. The food is good, though not gourmet; the drinks are generous, even if expensive; and the music is loud, a throbbing disco sound that starts at four in the afternoon and goes until closing. Smitty's doesn't officially shut down until two in the morning but it starts thinning out around nine or ten, even on Friday night. The people who come right from work usually get paired off and leave before ten.  
  
The women were dressed to kill: up-lift bras with deep cleavage; short dresses and skirts that made you think the legs went all the way to the arm-pits; and pants that looked like they had been painted on. Most of the women did come right from work. If they had to wear something more professional at the office they carried their dancing attire with them and changed just before leaving. Kara would come directly from the office. I hoped she had remembered to take a change of clothes when she left home this morning.  
  
Kara walked in about eight. I had asked the head waiter to be on the lookout for her. When she arrived he brought her right to the table. We were both hungry and ordered immediately. I was disappointed. Kara was still dressed in her business attire, boxy looking shoes, pants and jacket, a frilly blouse and a little bow tie. I had expected her to change into something more feminine. Of course I knew better than to say anything.  
  
Kara however, could sense my lack of approval. From the way she spoke you would think she had just been told she flunked the bar exam. "I know you don't like the way I'm dressed, I don't either. But if we had gotten to discuss my meeting with Grayson the other morning, you might understand."  
  
I tried to calm her some. "You're right, we got sidetracked a bit and never got to it." I asked, trying to take the chill off, "What was the meeting about?"  
  
Kara's tone lightened. "Well I got pretty upset and the meeting didn't last long. The bottom line is that Grayson, and probably his wife, are nosing around in our personal business. They know we're living together and I don't think they like it."  
  
I let her talk. "Grayson reminded me that you're very well known in this town and anything that we do together in public is going to reflect on the firm. If there's anything that sounds even a little bit wild, my guess is that his wife will make sure I never become a partner."  
  
I questioned, "And thats why you're afraid to dress like a woman?"  
  
"Right, they might not know me in here but they surely know you. If you're seen with someone showing a little cleavage or wearing a short skirt its bound to get back to Grayson and I'll lose my partnership. I guess I can be as wild as I want at home but at least until I make partner, I'm going to have to cool it in public. As Grayson put it, we can't do anything that will cause us to be noticed."  
  
"So that means that when we go out, you wear some little business suit and those clunky shoes."  
  
"You've seen my wardrobe. I've got several pairs of tight fitting pants, including those leather ones you like so much, and a bunch of show-off dresses or blouse and skirt outfits, all of 'em low-cut, short or both. I'm not soccer-mom yet. I still like looking sexy when I'm not working. But the only thing I dared to bring tonight was some high-heeled open-toe shoes." Kara patted a good-sized purse.  
  
The food came and we ate in silence. While the wait staff cleared the table we got up to dance. The music had slowed down just as we finished eating. There was something about the way she was dressed that made us both stiff. It was like we had just met and were at some formal ball. There just wasn't anything sexy about it. Out of the corner of my eye I watched the sexy women on the dance floor. Yes, I was in-love with Kara but with her dressed the way she was it was hard not to notice all the flesh around me.  
  
Kara could tell my eyes were wandering. She wanted my attention but she could tell she wasn't getting it. She suggested we sit down.  
  
Kara didn't sit down though. She picked up her purse and headed toward the ladies' room without saying anything. I guessed she was pretty pissed.   
  
When she returned I barely recognized her. It's easier to describe what Kara was still wearing than to list everything she had taken off. There was no question that the feminine side of her had arrived. As she crossed the room she was followed by many pairs of eyes, mostly those of men but some women too. She was still wearing the jacket to her business suit, a pair of thigh-high stockings and the high-heels she had brought with her. I imagine that she was also wearing panties but everything else was gone.   
  
She must have had something like this in mind when she bought the business suit. The jacket was perfectly cut. It had a deep vee that accentuated the firmness and the comparative small size of her breasts. She was probably around a 34 B and it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. Three buttons held the jacket together with one side securely overlapping the other from about nipple level all the way to the bottom. The jacket was long enough to cover her butt and the tops of her stockings; the high heels and flesh colored hose gave her legs a length and shape that would cause any red-blooded male to dream of having them wrapped around his neck.  
  
With her hair down and the brevity of clothing, it was easy to imagine her on top of me, naked, supporting herself on her hands, green eyes staring into mine, lips inches away, nipples grazing my chest, shoulder-length hair tickling my face, and her pussy sensuously moving up and down my cock. Of course she looked good in her business attire but the way she looked now was just plain hot! Her purse could barely hold all the things she had stuffed into it.  
  
Kara put the purse under the table and slid in next to me. She said, "Well, what do you think?"  
  
"That was a dumb question." My fingertips traced the tops of her stockings. "But aren't you risking your career?"  
  
"My sexuality is more important to me than the partnership. I probably won't get caught anyway but I'm willing to risk it." Kara put her hand on the front of my pants and stroked the growing bulge. She said, "Lets dance. I think I might be able to keep your attention now." My hand slid under the short jacket and cupped her panty-covered pussy. She was already getting damp. I stood, pulled her up and pushed her toward the dance floor.  
  
The DJ was playing a fast number with a driving beat, one of those that just goes on forever. Everyone was pretty much doing their own thing but still there was a vague resemblance to what was currently showing on MTV. I don't know when Kara ever got a chance to watch television but her style of dance was very up to date. I can't say the same for my own.  
  
Kara was being watched by most of the men on the dance floor. Even though her outfit wasn't any more revealing than what was being worn by most of the women in the club, it was more sexy in that she had taken so much off in order to turn a business suit into a dance outfit. Naturally her exposed legs and the deep vee of the jacket were also helping to maintain the male interest, at least mine. I don't think this was what Winston Grayson had in mind when he suggested that Kara shouldn't be conspicuous.  
  
The music slowed down and the lights dimmed on the dance floor. I put my arms around Kara and held her close. Kara said, "I sure am glad that formal edge is gone. In fact, considering the bulge in your pants I'd guess that I've got your attention again." My hands were on her back but they dipped lower as we danced. When I got to the hem of her jacket I dropped my hands a little lower and held the backs of her thighs. Then my hands crept upward until they were holding her panty-covered ass-cheeks. Kara whispered in my ear, "Yes, thats a lot better."   
  
Our lips touched and Kara thrust her tongue into my mouth. Without heels Kara was five-seven, just five inches shorter than me. But with three to four inch heels she was only an inch or two shorter. My cock was semi-erect while we were fast dancing. Now, with my hands kneading Kara's panty-covered ass, her tongue in my mouth and her crotch grinding against me, I had become hard, there was nothing 'semi' about it.   
  
Kara put one of her hands between us, took hold of my cock through my pants, pushed the lower part of her jacket away and rubbed my cock against the front of her panties. I took my mouth away from hers and said, "You keep that up and I'm going to cum right here." Just then the lights came up a little and the tempo of the music increased.   
  
Kara said, "Maybe its time to sit down." We straightened our clothes and returned to the table.  
  
In the booth we sat a lot closer to each other than we had before. The lighting was dim and there was still a cloth on the table that hung down into our laps. I reached under the table and put my hand on Kara's leg. The jacket had ridden up some as she slid into the booth. With nothing to really obstruct it my hand quickly slipped to the top of her thigh, above the stocking top, on soft bare inner thigh, right next to her pussy. I grazed the front of her panties with my little finger then slid my whole hand down the front of her and between her legs. My fingers grasped the thin material of her panties and tugged it gently aside. As my fingers touched Kara's bare pussy lips she let out a little gasp then pretended as if nothing was happening.   
  
My fingers slid along the slick surface of her outer lips. Pressing upward I brushed against her clitoris. I rubbed it gently with a single finger. It was just a small nub but I could tell by the look on Kara's face that it was hyper-sensitive.   
  
Kara breathed deeply; moving the air slowly in and out of her lungs; attempting to control her reaction; trying to keep from screaming. She had her eyes squeezed shut and her fists clenched on the table.   
  
While still using my forefinger to massage her clit I inserted my middle and ring finger into her dripping pussy. Kara quivered and dropped her head to the table. Even with her face buried in her hands I could hear, "Oh God, Dirk, I really want that partnership but it's not worth giving this up to get it. Pleeze get me out of here; I need to scream."  
  
While I settled the check, Kara picked up her purse and went to the powder room. When she returned to the table the waiter had been paid and was gone. Kara had freshened her makeup but hadn't changed her clothing any. She still looked like the main character in a wet-dream; deep-vee jacket, thigh-highs and heels. I couldn't wait to get home.  
  
The parking lot, primarily for the surrounding office buildings, was dimly lit and deserted. As I walked Kara toward her car she unbuttoned the jacket. She wasn't wearing anything under it. Just before we left, on her last trip to the restroom, she had removed her panties. When we got to the car, she looked around, made sure no-one was nearby, leaned her back against the car and opened the jacket.  
  
Her breasts were large enough to stand firmly, yet not sag. The aureoles were generally small, quarter to half-dollar size and the nipples were no more than a quarter of an inch long, but they were hardened by a combination of the excitement and the cool night air.  
  
Below her flat belly was a strip of hair, certainly no longer than two inches and not any wider than one-half inch. It ended just above her clitoris and from there down she was cleanly shaved. I could just see a bit of moisture forming on her smooth pussy lips.  
  
I looked at her approvingly, made a low whistle, then stepped closer and ran my hands over her breasts. Kara swallowed my tongue as I played with her nipples. She undid my pants and pulled my cock out, held it in her hand and slowly stroked it while my fingers explored her vagina. I opened the car door and pushed her back gently on the seat with her legs spread and high-heels on the ground.   
  
I ran my tongue up the insides of her thighs, lapping up the pussy juice that had already drained out of her. My nose nudged the nub of her clitoris while my tongue slid between the folds of her pussy. I worked my tongue in as far as it would go while gently teasing her clit with my nose. Kara began to writhe and shake. As her shaking became like a spasm, she jerked repeatedly, punctuated by little screams.  
  
I wanted to fuck her but we heard voices near the car. I quickly put my cock back in my pants while she buttoned up the jacket and sat up. The people passed a couple of cars away. Kara started her car and pulled out of the parking lot. As I walked to my car, I thought about the things we had planned for tomorrow, Saturday.   
  
Kara was going to mow the lawn, why I don't know. I was willing to hire people to take care of that. Kara had said something about needing the exercise and promised to wear at least a T-Shirt while doing it. I had a man coming to give me an estimate on some remodeling. Kara had assured me that after he was gone I would be ready to fuck her silly. But, she did promise that she wouldn't take her clothes off while he was there.

**House of Glass Ch. 04**

It was Saturday and we had finished breakfast. Kara said she wanted to mow the lawn. I told her I usually hired someone to do that but she insisted. I knew she had some ulterior motive so I didn't argue. I wanted to see what she was up to. Kara went to dress while I finished my coffee and read the paper.  
  
A few minutes later Kara came through the kitchen on her way to the garage. I began to guess what was on her mind. She was a prim and proper attorney who worked for a conservative law firm. But when she was away from the office she liked to show off. She was definitely doing that now. She was dressed in an athletic type undershirt which was much too big and hung loosely on her petite frame. The shirt was long and reached a couple of inches below her crotch but the big arm-holes and scoop neck exposed the tops and sides of her breasts. She was wearing her polka-dot bikini underneath the shirt and although it was certain no one would notice, she also wore a pair of low-cut canvas shoes.   
  
The bikini was scandalously skimpy. Kara had bought it for a trip to Jamaica, not to wear anyplace where she might be recognized. If the undershirt hadn't been made of such thin material, I wouldn't have known she was wearing the bikini too. It was a good thing there wasn't much traffic on our street; Kara was wearing the minimum possible for mowing the lawn on a hot day; anyone seeing her was going to do a double-take. It really was too daring for the front yard but that's what Kara wanted to wear and I wasn't about to suggest she put on more clothes.   
  
Kara had tied the bikini strings loosely. As she bent over to kiss me the bikini top and the undershirt fell away enough to give me a view of her nipples. We kissed briefly, then Kara copped a quick feel between my legs. Satisfied that I approved, she gave me another quick peck on the cheek, straightened up and disappeared into the garage. Too bad I wouldn't be able to watch her. With the outside windows all shuttered I couldn't see the front yard, except through the peep hole in the door.  
  
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The garage opened to an alley at the rear of the house. On the side there was a narrow strip of grass between the house and the edge of the property. After getting the mower started, (a push type, rotary cut), Kara worked her way quickly up the side of the house toward the front. Even though it was only ten in the morning it had already gotten hot and by the time Kara got to the front yard she was covered in perspiration. She repeatedly mopped the sweat of her brow with her hand and wiped it on her shirt. Each time Kara did this the shirt got wetter and more transparent.  
  
Across the street, the curtains on a bedroom window moved slightly. Peeking out was Jack Sims, an eighteen year-old who lived there with his parents. Jack had just graduated from high school and had a job for the summer, but he didn't work on Saturday and had slept late. He was awakened by the sound of the lawnmower. He could see that the woman across the street was mowing the lawn and it didn't look like she was wearing a lot. He rubbed his sleep-filled eyes and looked again. He still didn't see much in the way of clothes. He went to his closet and got his binoculars so he could get a better look.  
  
Back at the window he pushed the curtains aside enough to get a clear view. He peered through the binoculars. Nope, he hadn't been imagining it; she wasn't wearing much. Jack studied Kara as she mowed the lawn. He had only seen her one time before, jogging at night, but he hadn't talked to her and didn't know her name. He knew Mr. Williams and knew that he had recently gotten a divorce. The woman must be the new wife, although she didn't look old enough for that. Maybe she was a girlfriend or some relative. Whatever she was, if this was the way she usually dressed, Jack hoped she was staying awhile.  
  
It looked to Jack as if the woman was wearing a man's undershirt. Whatever it was just barely covered her ass, exposing a couple of nicely shaped long legs. The shirt was so big that her chest and sides under the arms were bare too, except for the tits, which were at least partially covered. She had been sweating so the shirt stuck to her skin. The shirt was thin and Jack could see she was wearing a bikini underneath. As Jack took in the woman's nearly naked form he thought, holy shit, this was worth waking up for.  
  
Out of the corner of her eye Kara saw the movement of the curtains across the street. This was what she was hoping for. She had seen Jack adjusting the sprinklers in his front yard as she jogged by a couple of nights ago. She didn't know his name or age but guessed him to be about eighteen. She could tell by the way he watched her that he would be fun to tease. Kara stopped the mower and leaned over toward the street to re-tie her shoes.   
  
As Kara bent toward him, Jack got a real eyeful. Jesus, that was bare tit he was seeing. With the binoculars he could even see the nipples. Jack held the binoculars shakily with one hand while he reached inside his shorts with the other and took out his growing cock. He didn't stroke it; it was too soon for that; he just held it.  
  
Across the street Kara straightened up and continued mowing the lawn. The sweat poured off her; she kept wiping it off her bare skin with her hand and then drying her hand on the shirt. The undershirt became more and more transparent. Kara looked across the street and saw that the curtain was still pushed back. She thought she better do something before she lost the audience.  
  
Kara stopped and reached behind her neck where she untied the string to her bikini. Watching through the binoculars, Jack wondered what she was doing. With her back away from him, Kara reached inside the shirt and undid the remaining string to her bikini top. As she put her hand under the shirt the front went up and exposed the bikini bottom. Jack saw a swatch of cloth between her legs; otherwise she was naked from the waist down. Good God, he thought, what a pair of legs.  
  
As Kara took her hand out from under the shirt she turned her back to her neighbor. The bikini wasn't the thong type but the strip of cloth going up the backside just covered the crack in her ass. Kara took her time pulling the shirt down to cover herself, giving her watcher a brief but tantalizing look at her bare ass-cheeks. Kara reached inside the top of the shirt, removed the now untied bikini top and threw it onto the front steps.  
  
Perspiration had been flowing down Kara's chest and her breasts were covered with sweat. As she removed the bikini top the shirt attached itself to her. Through his binoculars Jack could see the outline of Kara's perky tits and her protruding nipples. The hand holding the binoculars shook so much he almost dropped them. His other hand slowly began to move on his rock hard manhood. While Kara resumed mowing the lawn, Jack fantasized about having her tits in his hands.  
  
Kara wanted to expose more but even though there had been no passersby, it was daylight and she was in the front yard. There wasn't much more she could do. It was a hot day and she was covered in perspiration, but she was also sexually excited by what she had been doing; the moisture between her legs wasn't all sweat. Kara got an inspiration and stopped mowing. Leaving the mower running in the middle of the yard, she walked around the side of the house.  
  
Jack wanted to see more and he was pretty sure the woman knew he was watching and wanted him to see more too; but he couldn't imagine how she could do it. He was disappointed when she went around the side of the house but he guessed she was coming back soon as she had left the mower running. He waited and watched.  
  
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I had moved into the den with my coffee and newspaper. There was glass at one end of the den looking into the courtyard, but unlike the rest of the house, where the windows to the outside had been totally blocked by shutters, the other end of the den also had a wall of glass looking into the backyard. The yard was fenced and private. Other than a locked gate for the yard men, the only way into it was through a door in the den or a door in the garage. I looked up from my paper as Kara entered the backyard from the garage.  
  
Her lithe body glistened with perspiration and the undershirt clung like a second skin. I could see that she had removed the bikini top. I wondered how she had done that out by the street. The sprinkler in the back was running. She went over and stood next to it until she and the shirt were completely soaked.   
  
Kara looked toward the den and saw me watching her. She liked that and was going to make it worth my while. She took the shirt off. Except for the barely existent bikini bottom she was completely bare. She paraded through the sprinkler, getting totally soaked. She held the shirt over the sprinkler until it too was drenched. Then she held it to one side, let some of the water drip off, pulled it over her head, did a little bow toward the den and walked into the garage.  
  
I knew she was headed for the front yard and I wanted to see this. I went to the front door and put my eye up to the peep hole. Just as I did, Kara came around the front of the house and walked over to the lawnmower. As she did so I caught the movement of the curtains in the window across the street. Now I understood what this was all about. Before Kara moved in I attended a graduation party for Jack who lived across the street. I guessed it was him at the window and Kara knew he was watching. Obviously Kara was enjoying herself and I was sure that Jack would like the show too.  
  
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Jack watched as Kara continued to mow the lawn. My God, she and the shirt were both soaked. Except for the bikini bottom it was almost as if she wasn't wearing anything. Jack's hand moved a little faster. Then she paused behind a tree. Jack's view of the young woman was blocked.   
  
When Kara stopped behind the tree she reached under the bottom of the shirt and untied the strings on the bikini bottom. After all, no-one else in the neighborhood was out in this heat and there hadn't been any cars go by. She might just as well get the most out of this. She spread her legs a little and the bikini dropped to the ground. She pulled the sopping wet undershirt down as far as it would go, stretching it tightly over her tits and stomach. She picked up the bikini and hung it on a low-hanging branch of the tree. Then she resumed mowing the lawn.  
  
Jack watched as Kara emerged from behind the tree. At first he didn't notice anything different. Then he saw it. The hand holding the binoculars shook violently and he stroked his cock vigorously as he realized that, damn, she'd taken off the bottoms. With nothing on but the soaking wet undershirt she looked positively naked. She quickly finished her mowing, grabbed the bottoms from the tree branch, picked up the top from the steps and started to push the mower toward the back.  
  
Kara stopped and bent over to tie her shoes one more time. Her back was to Jack and as the shirt rode up he was sure that he could see her pussy. His hand moved faster as he imagined slipping his cock into her and having it caressed by the velvety walls of her cunt. As Kara straightened up and disappeared around the side of the house, Jack shot his load against the wall next to the window.  
  
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I had seen it all from the 'fish eye' in the front door. I was just as excited as I thought Jack must be. I went to the kitchen and met Kara as she came through the door from the garage. She was really turned on from being almost naked in the front yard. I was wearing a pair of soft drawstring jeans with no underwear and no shirt. My cock made a tent in the front of my pants. I grabbed Kara as she came through the door and pulled her to me so she could feel how hard I was.  
  
As I kissed her I ripped her undershirt off and pressed her wet, naked body against me. We weren't going to make it to the bedroom. We were going to fuck right there in the kitchen. Kara's hands were on my waistband and she started to push my pants down as the door bell rang. She said, "What the fuck ..."  
  
I reminded her, "It's probably the contractor, the one that's going to give me an estimate on the addition. I told you last night that he was coming this morning."  
  
"I remember. Great timing, huh? I'll go put some clothes on but when he's gone you are going to get fucked."  
  
"Promise?"  
  
"Would I lie about such a thing?"

**House of Glass Ch. 05**

I took my time getting to the door. I hoped my dalliance would afford Kara time to pick up her clothes and get to the bathroom. As I had expected, it was Bill Jensen at the door. Bill was a contractor I had asked to give me an estimate on the addition I planned. I took him to the den so I could explain what I had in mind.  
  
I told him, "I want to put a second story on this part of the house. I don't have an office downtown anymore and I want one here, above the den, so I have a place to work at home."  
  
Bill was actually an architect who specialized in remodeling jobs. In addition to doing the design, he supervised the construction. Bill had come highly recommended by a good friend. He said, "Alright, we can run the stairway up over there where you have the TV and stereo. Under the stairs we'll build in cabinets and shelves to hold your electronics. The space under the stairs will provide room for a little walkway behind the shelves. That'll make it easy to get at all your wiring. What about privacy? What do you want for windows upstairs?"  
  
"Just like the den, windows overlooking the courtyard and windows overlooking the back yard. The windows in the back should have a built-in bookcase under them. I'm going to put my desk under the windows overlooking the courtyard. I want to sit up there and be able to see the whole house. In fact, I don't want to buy a desk; build that in too."  
  
"Alright. We can do that. Just talking off the top of my head here, but I'm thinking we put a lockable door at the top of the stairs and include a closet and bathroom with a shower opposite the stairs. That way, if and when you decide to sell the house, the office could be used as another bedroom. Whaddaya think?"  
  
"I like it."  
  
"Alright. You got a table we can sit at? I need to make a few notes and do some sketches."  
  
"Sure," I replied, "We can use the kitchen table." I led Bill back into the kitchen.  
  
The table was in a little eating area at the rear of the kitchen. I motioned for Bill to sit on the side nearest the kitchen proper, facing the wall. From that position he could only see me and the wall behind. I seated him like that to provide Kara a little privacy. If Bill had been sitting where I was sitting he could have seen most of the house.  
  
Bill opened a case he carried and took out pencils and a sketch pad. He scribbled a few notes and started to draw. It was amazing to watch him as he sketched the layout of the upstairs addition. Without using a straight-edge or measuring anything he got the lines straight and maintained good proportion. I looked up and saw Kara coming through the living room toward the kitchen. She had put on clothes but it didn't look like she had been very modest.  
  
I held my breath as Kara came into the kitchen, expecting Bill to turn around. Kara said, "Don't mind me, I'm just going to fix a pot of coffee." Amazingly, Bill didn't turn to look; he continued sketching.   
  
Kara was wearing harem pajamas. The top was billowy with elastic around the neck line, arms and stomach. Kara had pulled the top down onto her arms, baring her shoulders, and pulled the bottom up under her breasts, exposing her stomach. The pants had an elastic waistband which was pushed low on her hips, just above the pubic region. There was also elastic around the legs, near her ankles. The outfit would have been sexy, even if it had been made of denim, but the entire thing was like a see-through negligee, and Kara wasn't wearing a thing under it. As long as Bill didn't turn around everything would be fine.   
  
While Kara fussed over the coffee maker I studied her delicious tits. They were probably a large 'B' or small 'C', the perfect size for her petite body. They had no sag whatsoever and jutted out nicely from her rib cage. Kara had an all-over tan but her quarter-sized aureoles were darker still. At the center of those were two even darker bumps, her nipples, which got larger and harder when she got aroused.  
  
Kara reached into a cupboard above the sink, giving me a dramatic look at her backside. The elastic waistband of the harem pants was just at the top of her ass-crack, separating two nicely rounded mounds of firm flesh, each just the right size for a comfortable grip. The backs of her legs were nicely visible through the harem pants, strong but solid thighs attached to beautifully sculpted calves.  
  
As she turned back to the coffee maker I was granted a delectable view of her pussy. She had shaved the lips smoothly and their puffiness was evident through the thin fabric of the harem pants. Just above her lips, above her hidden clitoris, was a little patch of carefully trimmed hair. The elastic waistband of the harem pants was just above that.  
  
Bill still hadn't turned around. I said to Kara, "You know, Bill was recommended to me by James Ramsey, one of the guys you work with." I was hoping that Kara would realize that her mode of dress might get back to Winston Grayson and cause her to lose out on the partnership.  
  
Kara said, "I know what you're trying to tell me, but I'm not worried. I think Bill here has better sense than to say anything."  
  
Bill continued working on his sketches. He still didn't look up when he said, "I don't know what it is I'm not supposed to talk about but you don't have to worry. In my business I learn a lot about people's private lives and I've learned not to talk. My men understand that if they want to keep their jobs, and I do pay them well, they don't say anything either."  
  
The coffee had finished brewing and Kara asked, "Who wants coffee?"  
  
Bill replied, "I'll take a cup, black, please."  
  
I still would have preferred that Bill didn't see Kara dressed like that. I didn't want her to take a chance with her career but I also thought she was dressed too immodestly for a stranger, even if she was at home. I didn't mind another man seeing her like that but I was concerned that he might be offended. However, it was too late for concern; Kara was coming to the table. I said, "Sure, bring me a cup too."  
  
Kara came to the table carrying two cups of coffee. From behind Bill she put a cup down at his side. He looked up from his sketching to thank her, but when he saw how she was dressed he lost his voice. He stared without saying anything. His eyes followed her as she walked around to my side of the table. I could tell he wanted to be polite but the elevator movement of his eyes was unmistakable.   
  
As she put my coffee down I attempted to introduce them. I said, "Bill, this is Kara Radcliffe. Kara this is Bill Jenson." Kara extended her hand toward Bill but things still weren't registering clearly with him.   
  
Finally he regained his senses, took her hand and stammered, "Uhhh, pleased to meet you."  
  
Kara said, "Would it be alright if I get my coffee and join you two?"  
  
Bill's head was going up and down like an oil pump as he blurted out, "Of course, by all means." I nodded and Kara went back to the coffeepot to pour herself a cup. While she was gone, Bill said, "Her last name is not the same as yours. Are you two married?"  
  
"Not yet, but I'm thinking very seriously about it, if she'll have me that is."  
  
"Beautiful girl, you could certainly do a lot worse."  
  
"Oh, I know," I said, "and she's smart too."  
  
About that time Kara returned with her coffee and sat down at one end of the table. She looked at me, then at Bill and said, "You two weren't talking about me while I was gone were you?"  
  
"Oh no," responded Bill, "I just mentioned to Dirk how beautiful I thought you were." Bill was staring at her chest.  
  
Kara blushed a little. I looked too and I could see her nipples growing. Kara got very aroused when anyone paid attention to her, especially if she wasn't wearing much. Kara said, "It doesn't bother you for me to be dressed like this does it? I mean, you have seen tits before haven't you?"  
  
Bill stuttered a little, "Uhhh, uhhh, of course, but probably not as nice as yours. Of course I'm bothered, but not in a bad way. Actually I'm kinda liking the view. You certainly don't need to change on my count."  
  
Kara turned to me. I was studying her nipples. They were definitely getting harder. She said, "I think he likes my tits. You are going to have him do the addition aren't you?"  
  
Kara's language didn't offend me but it did surprise me. It was kind of sexy. I had never heard her talk like this before. I replied, "I think so. Assuming he quotes me a fair price."  
  
Kara looked at Bill who was still focused on her chest.  
  
He tore his eyes away from her tits and said, "I'm going to give Dirk my best price. It'll be as good as he can get from anybody and I'm going to do a better job for him than he can get from anybody else."  
  
"And if I dress like this once in a while it'll be alright?"  
  
"You'll get no complaints from me and I'm sure my men aren't going to care either. In fact if you're usually here at seven in the morning I might even be able to get them to show up on time."  
  
"I sunbathe a lot on weekends. You don't work then do you?"  
  
"Just if we get behind schedule. What do wear for sunbathing?"  
  
Kara blushed a little and said, "Sunscreen?"  
  
"Well, if we had to come in on the weekend and you were sunbathing, I probably wouldn't even have to pay over-time."  
  
Kara's face turned red and her nipples got big and hard like the erasers on the ends of Bill's pencils. I wanted her tits in my mouth. I wanted to be sucking on them right now. As if he was reading my mind Bill said, "Let me take a few measurements and I'll be out of your way. I'll get my proposal to you in a couple of days." He looked at Kara's nipples and added, "If you've got something you need to be doing I can let myself out when I'm done."  
  
I told Bill, "We do have some plans. If you don't mind we'll take you up on your offer." As Bill excused himself and headed for the den, Kara reached for my cock.  
  
"Slow down a little," I said, "Lets go to the guest room where he can't watch." We traipsed through the den, past where Bill was making his measurements, and went into the guest room. As we went past Bill he studied Kara from all angles, enough, I'm sure, to commit her assets to memory.  
  
As I pushed Kara down on the bed she reached into the front of my drawstring jeans and wrapped her hand around my cock. I pulled the top over her tits and bit down gently on one of her nipples. Kara jerked away from me, grasped her top with both hands, pulled it over her head and threw it on the floor. Then as she peeled her pants off I untied the drawstring on my jeans and stripped them off. We were both naked.  
  
Kara grabbed my cock with both hands and put it in her mouth. She reversed herself on the bed and spread her pussy across my face. I eagerly lapped up the juices that were flowing from her cunt. Kara's tongue licked up the precum seeping from my cock. Her lips moved up and down on my cock as if it were an all-day sucker. I snaked my tongue between the folds of her pussy. Kara had been in the front yard in a soaking wet undershirt and she had sat next to a stranger while wearing a transparent outfit. She was ready to explode from the sexual stimulation. I had witnessed most of it and was damn horny too. We just couldn't get enough of each other fast enough.  
  
Kara didn't' want me to come just yet. She sucked my cock until I was almost there, then backed off. She kept me right on the edge. Fortunately I didn't have the same concern with Kara. I wanted her to come while I was eating her. I worked my tongue as deeply into her pussy as I could. I stroked her clitoris with the whiskers on my chin. Kara squirmed and clamped my head between her legs. She was going to come. She took her mouth off my cock and chanted, "Yesss, yesss, yesss ..." Kara shook violently. It was as if a dam had burst. The juices flowed from her pussy into my mouth. The shaking subsided. Kara put her mouth back on my cock and resumed licking as she relaxed the vise-grip that held my head between her legs.  
  
We untangled ourselves. Kara pushed me down on my back and straddled me. She breathlessly said, "Now fuck me. I want to feel you come inside me." She took my cock and slid it into her cunt. She put one hand on either side of me and slowly moved up and down. I grasped her tits and massaged them with both hands. She brought her lips to mine, we kissed and tasted ourselves in the other person's mouth.   
  
We held the kiss as she increased the tempo of her up and down motions. I grabbed Kara's ass in my hands and helped her move. As her pelvis came down, I thrust upward to meet it. I drove my cock as deeply into her as I could. I had been so ready that it didn't take much. My face contorted as I tried to stifle a scream. Kara was ready too and as I shot my hot sperm into her she erupted with a second orgasm. We both screamed out. I hoped Bill was gone.

**House of Glass Ch. 06**

It was Sunday afternoon. Kara and I were sunbathing in the courtyard. She had been living with me for a week. She reminded me, "Don't forget you have to pick up what's-his-name."  
  
I glanced at my watch. "I've got time," I replied. "His name, by the way, is Tim Tayler." Kara handed me the bottle of sun tan lotion. "You or me?" I asked.  
  
"Me, your skin's not as sensitive." After a pause she said, "So tell me again about Mr. Timothy Tayler. How do you know him?"  
  
I took the bottle and undid the cap. We were naked, face-down on loungers next to the pool. "We've known each other most of our lives," I replied. "Met in the eighth grade."  
  
I sat up, poured lotion in my hand and rubbed my palms together. Kara tested her recollection, "He lives in California, right?"  
  
I started with her feet. "Right, actually San Jose."  
  
I rubbed the oil in. "And why is he coming?" Kara asked.  
  
I poured lotion on my hands and started up her legs. Her smooth calves and muscular thighs excited me. "When I started my company he was a major investor. He's always been on the board." I continued to explain, "Even though I turned the company over to someone else to run I'm still chairman and Tim's still a director. He comes once a month for the meetings."  
  
Entranced by the thought of rubbing Kara's ass I anxiously spilled more oil onto my hands. "But why does he stay here instead of at a hotel?" she asked. Kara reacted to the feel of my hands on her firm globes by tightening the muscles in her butt. My thumbs traced downward through the crack of her ass and she spread her legs invitingly so I could apply sun screen to her smooth pussy.  
  
"When we first started we didn't have much money. Tim payed his own way here, three week advance tickets, and stayed with Joyce and me to keep from paying hotel on top of that." The oil had already been rubbed in adequately but I continued stroking her lips anyway. "Now that the company's successful he gets reimbursed for his plane ticket, and if he wanted, the company would pay for his hotel too, but he's always stayed at the house." I reluctantly took my hands from between her legs and picked up the bottle of lotion. "I enjoy his visits; Joyce did; you will too. He's a good guy."  
  
I poured lotion on her back and rubbed it in. "When you were married to Joyce, did the three of you do anything special when Tim was here?" Kara's voice cracked but she struggled to keep from revealing the effect my hands were having.  
  
"Sometimes we went out to dinner but most of the time we stayed home, sat in the hot tub, drank wine and talked." I smoothed the lotion into her back. "Tim's probably eating on the plane. I imagine it'll be the hot tub tonight."  
  
"Do you think he'll remember his suit?"  
  
I finished her back, slapped her on the ass and said, "I've never seen him wear one." Kara understood my meaning, the slap and the words. She turned over wide eyed. As I stared at her growing nipples I added unnecessarily, "We don't wear anything in the hot tub."  
  
Kara raised herself on her elbows and exclaimed, "What about Joyce?"  
  
Kara's nipples got large and hard. I looked at them and thought about having Kara in the hot tub with us. I said, "No, Joyce didn't wear a suit either." I anticipated what Kara would ask next. As she opened her mouth to speak I held up my hand and said, "Yes, of course you can join us, and no, you don't have to wear anything." Her mouth hung open. She was silent. I added, "I'm sure Tim will like looking at your tits as much as I do."  
  
Kara closed her mouth and eyes as she leaned back. I rubbed lotion into her breasts. She must have been thinking about what I had said. "Is Tim good looking?" she asked.  
  
"Not Hollywood handsome, but he's alright." I continued to rub oil into Kara's breasts. "Joyce thought he was good looking. You'll like him; and I'm sure he'll like you." I pinched Kara's hardening nipples. "Be careful though, especially in the hot tub. Joyce said he liked to touch." Kara took a deep breath. "I don't think he'd do anything extreme but after a few glasses of wine he'll likely have his hand on your leg."  
  
Kara's tits had grown as her chest expanded. She let the air slowly out of her lungs. "Unless it bothers you I think I can handle that." Her breathing became labored. "I like being naked and some touching is alright too, but that's it," she protested, "Your cock is the only one that goes in me."  
  
I'm glad Kara's eyes were closed so she couldn't see my growing erection. The nakedness and the conversation made me positively horny. I pushed the issue, "Would you let some other guy put his finger in you?"  
  
Kara squirmed, from my touch, or the question, I'm not sure which, but after some time she replied jerkily, "Well, if you were there, and if you didn't mind, and if I was horny enough, I might."  
  
"But if you don't fuck him, what next?"  
  
"Well, I guess he could play with my tits, maybe play with my ass, or just watch. I don't think I care as long as you're fucking' me."  
  
My cock turned to steel. I quickly spread a little oil on Kara's stomach as my hands worked their way down to her pussy. "You mean it would be alright if he played with your tits while I fucked you?" I asked incredulously.  
  
"I think so." I stroked Kara's cunt as her fingers tweaked her nipples. "Jesus," she said, "That sounds wild! I'm getting wet just thinking about it." She opened her eyes and looked at me. "How about you? Would you care?" She could see my erection. She already knew the answer but she needed to hear it.  
  
"I think I could handle it." I paused and caught my breath. "You would really do it?"  
  
Kara studied the expression on my face. "As long as you're the only one that fucks me, yeah, I think so." Kara squeezed my hand between her legs.  
  
I looked at my watch. As much as I wanted to I really didn't have time for fooling around. I pulled my hand back. "C'mon, lets go for Chinese," I said, "We've got just enough time before I go to the airport."  
  
Kara tried to hide her disappointment. "No, you go by yourself. I'm gonna take a bath; I'll eat something here while you're picking him up."  
  
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I picked up Tim at the airport. His plane was late so we didn't get home until almost nine. As we came in the house I hollered for Kara but she didn't answer. Then I looked into the courtyard and spotted her in the hot tub. She had the lights on but they were dimmed. Kara had a bottle of wine and had poured herself some. I think she had taken my explanation of how the night might go a little too literally.  
  
I turned to Tim and said, "Well I guess you meet Kara with her clothes off. I think she's expecting us to join her in the hot tub."  
  
"My kind of girl. I know I haven't met her yet but I think you should marry her. Let me put my stuff in the guest room and I'll be right out."  
  
"I can see she's got a bottle of wine; its probably white; I'll get some red for us and meet you outside." Kara was waving so I stuck my head out the door. "We'll be right out. Just give us a minute."  
  
I went to the bedroom, stripped off my clothes and put a towel around my waist. At the bar in the den I found a Burgundy and picked up some acrylic wine glasses for the courtyard. I went out through the sliding doors.  
  
I poured myself a glass from the bottle of red, took off my towel and sat down next to Kara. She said, "I called the airline and found out the plane was late." I looked at the half empty bottle next to her. She continued, "I got a head start."  
  
"I know we were a long time getting here but I was still hoping Tim might get to see you with your clothes on."  
  
"I'll be dressed when you come from dinner tomorrow. Tonight I wanted him to know I could be just as friendly as Joyce."  
  
"You don't have to be naked to prove that. You're better looking, smarter and more fun. Tim's going to like you just fine. He already told me I should marry you."  
  
"Well that proves I did the right thing because the only thing he knows about me is that I was in the hot tub when he got here. So there."  
  
I threw up my hands. "I give up." The door from the den opened. I lowered my voice. "Here he comes; no more arguing."  
  
Tim came across the courtyard. "Hold the formalities," he said. "Wait 'til I get in the water." He looked at me. "I don't want to be reminded that the first time I get to meet your girlfriend I'm not wearing any clothes."  
  
He dropped his towel and slipped into the tub across from Kara and me. I handed him a glass of wine. "I'll keep it simple," I said. "Tim this is Kara. Kara this is Tim."  
  
Tim turned to Kara. "I told Dirk he should marry you. You were naked and in the hot tub with a bottle of wine when we got here. As far as I'm concerned that meets all the requirements."  
  
Kara put her elbows on the pool deck and lifted herself up until her nipples broke through the surface of the water. Tim stared at her exposed tits. "Ahem, well, it certainly doesn't hurt that you're good looking too." Kara lowered herself slowly into the water until Tim looked up at her face. "Dirk also tells me you're smart. I'm not sure smart is a plus, but we'll see."  
  
Kara looked back at Tim. "Well at least I'm smart enough to know you don't need to sit over there by yourself. The tub might have been built for eight but there's only three of us. Sit over here so we don't have to holler."  
  
Tim looked at both of us. "I don't think I should turn down that invitation." As Tim got up and moved around the tub Kara watched intently, especially between his legs. He sat down with his hip against Kara's. He turned to her. "How's that?" he asked.  
  
Kara turned toward him. "Fine with me. If I can't get Dirk's attention I don't have far to go."  
  
"Anytime Dirk's not paying you enough attention, just let me know. Of course we might get a little static from Connie, thats my wife ..."  
  
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It was close to eleven. We had discussed a little of everything. The wine was flowing freely; I had returned to the den several times for a fresh bottle.  
  
Kara had been teasing us for the last hour. She would put her elbows on the deck behind her and lift herself up until her tits were above the water, like she had done when Tim first got there, but then she would let her body float upward too, until her hips were just below the surface.  
  
After doing this for the umpteenth time Kara whispered to me, "Tim's hand is on my leg."  
  
I put my mouth to her ear. "With what you've been doing I would expect as much. Besides, you said a little touching was alright."  
  
"This is more than a little touching; he's rubbing the inside of my thigh and getting close to my pussy."  
  
"Then ask him to stop."  
  
"Well, I don't really want to, unless of course you object."  
  
"Not if he's not bothering you."  
  
"No, I sorta like it. I just wanted you to know." Kara's hormones were raging. I wasn't surprised when she added, "It might be even better if your hand was on the other leg."  
  
I went one better; I put my hand between her legs and stroked her pussy. "Is that better?" I asked.  
  
"Oh yeah, but do my clit. Just gently." I moved my hand up until my middle finger found her clitoris. I made a light circle around it. "Oh, yes," she said. "Right there. Just like that." Kara put her mouth against my ear and whispered breathlessly, "This is too much. Oh my God, now Tim's touching my pussy. He put his finger inside, in my cunt. Jesus, ..." Kara slid down in the tub and put her hand on my ass. The other one reached for Tim.  
  
Kara put her feet on the seat across from us and arched upward. Her head was on the pool deck behind and her body was mostly above the surface of the water. She looked like she was spread out on a table, waiting to be eaten. The thought did cross my mind. I'm sure Tim was thinking it too.  
  
Tim watched me massage Kara's clit while his finger pumped in and out of her pussy. Her breasts were big enough so that even though she was stretched out on her back her tits stood up from her rib cage. With his other hand Tim massaged the breast closest to him. Kara's nipples turned solid, like pebbles. I bent over and took one in my mouth. I sucked on it, then licked around the aureole and gently bit the nipple.  
  
Kara moaned and lifted her body higher, trying to get completely free of the water. Tim moved his hand to her ass and pushed her pelvis higher. Two of his fingers snaked between her legs and slipped between her pussy lips. His thumb must have traced her anus; it might have even been inside. Kara's breathing was quick and deep. She made short sucking sounds, like she was ready to come.  
  
Kara put her hand between her legs, jamming Tim's fingers deeply into her pussy and pressing me against her clit. Her body shook and she breathlessly said, "Yesss, yesss, yesss..." Then she yanked our hands away and pleaded, "Stop, stop, it's too sensitive."  
  
As Tim and I withdrew she quivered, her body above the water. She dragged herself up to a sitting position at the edge of the tub. Breathing deeply as if she had just finished a marathon she begged, "Please, Dirk, fuck me; do it here; do it in bed; do it anywhere; just do it."  
  
It was time for Tim's exit. He picked up his towel, waved to both of us and headed to his room.  
  
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I got on my knees between Kara's legs and positioned my cock at the entrance to her pussy. She hadn't been in the water for several minutes so she was wet and slippery from her own juices. I was hard, as hard as I'd ever been. My cock slipped easily into her cunt and I rocked back and forth.  
  
Kara put her arms around my head and pressed my face into her tits. She said, "You can't imagine what it was like for me to have you and Tim drive me to such a frenzy. I was on fire." Kara's breathing deepened and I increased the tempo.  
  
Her ass-cheeks were perched on the edge of the tub. Even though Kara had less than an inch of movement she met each of my thrusts with a counter movement, causing our bodies to slam into one another. She became vocal and increasingly louder, "Ohhh, Ohhh, Ohhh, Ohhh..."  
  
My strokes got shorter and faster as I pounded into her. I grunted and shot my sperm deep inside. Kara felt the heat and jerked her head back. She let out a scream and ground her pelvis into me. We held each other tightly until the sensation dissipated. We picked up our towels and walked to the bedroom.  
  
At the door I said, "That wasn't a first for you, was it?"  
  
She hesitated but decided to be truthful. "No," she said, "Once in law school. But this was pretty tame compared to that. Someday I'll tell you."  
  
I didn't care what made Kara's juices flow as long as she got turned on and it was me she wanted to fuck. I was going to take Tim's advice. If Kara would have me, I was going to marry her.

**House of Glass Ch. 07**

After the board meeting there was the usual dinner. With most of the board members being from out of town, spouses and/or significant others were not invited. I promised Kara that Tim and I would come home as soon as it was over.  
  
It was a little after nine when we got there. As we entered the kitchen from the garage I called out, "Kara, ..."  
  
"In the living room, Dirk."  
  
I looked across the courtyard into the living room. Kara, unexpectedly, was not alone. With Tim following I went to investigate.  
  
Kara was accompanied by an attractive female who was sitting on the couch across the coffee table from her. Between the two was some sort of board game.  
  
Tim and I looked studiously at Kara and her visitor. The two were close in age and somewhat alike in appearance. Since they were also similarly dressed it made sense for Tim to ask, "Sisters?"  
  
I knew that Kara was an only child. I suggested instead, "Cousins?"  
  
"You're both wrong," Kara replied. "This is Misty, no relation, a friend from work. Misty, this is my boyfriend Dirk and the good looking guy with him is his friend Tim."  
  
The girls were dressed casually, sandals, shorts and tee shirt. The tee shirt Misty wore was fairly heavy, not see-through, but you could tell from the points her nipples made that she wasn't wearing a bra. Kara's top was not really a tee shirt, it was an undershirt of mine. Since it was so large, the scoop neck and arm holes exposed a lot. The material was much thinner than what Misty was wearing. Kara's areolas and nipples were distinctly outlined.  
  
I tried to think about something other than how good the two girls looked. "What are you doing?" I asked.  
  
"Playing Trivia. Wanna play?"  
  
I knew Tim wasn't interested in Trivia but before I could say anything he replied, "I think we're ready for the hot tub. Gonna join us?"  
  
Kara thought it was too soon for Misty to get in the hot tub naked with a couple of guys she had just met. "Make you a deal. One game of Trivia, guys against girls. You win and we all go to the hot tub."  
  
"And if we lose?" asked Tim.  
  
"We play another game, same terms," replied Kara.  
  
"Misty," I said, "are you alright with that? You girls lose and it's hot tub time. Okay?"  
  
Misty had a sheepish look about her. "Kara told me about the hot tub last night." She didn't sound naive. "I've never done a hot tub the way Kara tells me you do it, but I'm willing to try." She feigned shyness. "You've got to win though. If you lose, will you play another game?"  
  
I turned to Tim. "It's up to you Tim. What do you think?"  
  
"Two naked chicks in the hot tub? I suppose that's worth a game of Trivia. Of course I'm not telling Connie."  
  
"Connie's your wife?" asked Misty.  
  
"I left her in California."  
  
"Well, as long as she's in California I guess it's okay."  
  
Kara had been listening to the exchange between Tim and Misty. "You two can save that for later," Kara said. "Right now we're playing Trivia."  
  
"We're the newcomers," I said hopefully. "We get to pick the topic, right?"  
  
"Wrong," said Kara, "we were here first so we get to choose. Romance Novels."  
  
"That'll work. Tim reads one a week. We should do alright."  
  
"Jesus, you told me he read a lot but you didn't say anything about romance novels. Thats not fair," Kara protested.  
  
"You picked the topic," I said. "It's not my fault my partner's an expert. Who goes first?"  
  
"Hell, we don't have a chance. We should give up. How about it, Misty? Skip the game and go right to the hot tub?"  
  
"Whatever you say," Misty replied without obvious reluctance.  
  
"Okay, we're gonna change. You guys wait 'til we're in the tub."  
  
"We'll be in the den picking out the wine," I replied as they turned to leave.  
  
I said quietly to Tim, "I think last night was too much for Kara. She liked the attention but she wasn't ready for what was happening." I watched the girls' backsides as they left the room.   
  
Misty was wearing shorts that were tight enough so that panties, if she had been wearing any, would have created a line. I didn't see a line and assumed she was not as shy as she had pretended. "Misty looks hot. She's been pretty quiet so far but I think she's a player. What do you think?"  
  
"Kara's still my first choice, but she's taken. You really do need to marry her." He had also been watching as the two left the room. Tim put his finger to his chin. "Misty, umh ... good figure, probably not wearing underwear, definitely interesting." Tim brightened. "If something doesn't happen it won't be because I didn't try."  
  
In the den, I took a bottle of verdicchio from the refrigerator and one of merlot from the rack. I put the bottles, an opener and four acrylic wine glasses on a tray. "A white for them and a red for us. We'll get more as we need it."  
  
I looked from the den into the courtyard as Kara and Misty came out of the bedroom. Kara was probably naked under the fluffy white towel that was just big enough to conceal her tits and ass. Misty wore a thin cotton robe and carried a towel.  
  
Kara removed the towel and stepped into the tub. She was indeed naked. From her prancing around and the careful way she sat down, I assumed the water was plenty hot. Misty stepped in gingerly and untied her robe as if to take it off. Then in a second thought gesture she pulled the robe together and sat down with it wrapped tightly around her.  
  
"They're in the tub," I said to Tim's back as he went into the guest room. "Bring the wine when you come." I went to our bedroom to change.  
  
When I entered the courtyard a few minutes later, Tim was entering from the next door over. Kara was facing us; Misty was opposite with her back to us. I came up behind Misty and put my hands on her shoulders. "That's a nice robe, Misty, but you can't wear it in the tub. Let me help you take it off."  
  
Misty looked up at me, saw Tim too, then looked across the tub. Kara, who believed that Misty was actually frightened, said, "I know you're nervous but once you get used to it you'll be fine.  
  
I took the edges of the robe and lifted it off her shoulders. Misty's tits were the same size and shape as Kara's, probably a C-cup. I couldn't help but think what a nice mouthful they'd make.   
  
Tim walked around the other side of the tub and put the wine down. He watched as Misty put her arms back and raised herself to allow me to take the robe off. Misty looked at Tim watching and put her arms slowly across her chest. She pretended shyness but took enough time covering herself so that she appeared to enjoy being looked at.  
  
Kara still believed in Misty's shyness. "Don't worry Misty, you'll get used to it in a few minutes." Turning to me she said, "Dirk, the water is so hot. Can you turn it down?"  
  
"I've already turned it down but it'll take an hour before it has any effect. In the meantime, I guess we go to the big pool. I'm sure it's a lot cooler."  
  
"Great! I get to do bubble jobs like that friend of Joyce's you were telling me about." Kara beckoned, "C'mon Misty, over the wall.  
  
Kara had been sitting with her back to the wall that separated the hot tub from the main pool. She turned and climbed over the wall. Tim and I had a great view of her ass as she crawled over.  
  
Misty got out of the tub and as if Tim and I were not there, walked unconcernedly to the diving board. She paused, giving us a long look at her bare body, then dove in. If she had ever been embarrassed by her nakedness, she certainly wasn't now. Her pussy lips were shaved bare and as she stood on the board she arched her back and showed off her tits. Now in the pool she came briefly to the surface, then dove under again, but not without first showing off her delectable ass.  
  
Misty finally surfaced in the shallow end near Kara. Tim and I still had not gotten wet. Misty stood in the waist deep water facing us, locked her hands behind her head, and coyly asked, "Well, are you coming in?"  
  
Tim and I looked at the bare tits, Misty's which were prominently displayed and Kara's that were so familiar. We dropped our towels, exposing our erections, and jumped in.  
  
Tim and I were in the middle of the pool. Kara said, "Stay there. I'm going to give you a bubble job." I had told Kara about Joyce's friend Merriam doing it. Merriam would dive under, then roll on her back and pull herself through some guy's legs while she was blowing bubbles onto his cock.  
  
Kara did it just like I had described. I felt her hands on my thighs and the bubbles of air rising around my cock. When she surfaced behind me she said, "How did I do?"  
  
"Wow! I think you've been practicing," I said. "Do it for Tim."  
  
Kara circled around, returned to the shallow end of the pool, dove under water and started toward Tim. When she surfaced behind him he said, "That was great! Teach Misty."   
  
Kara swam over to Misty. "All you have to do is dive under, then turn..."  
  
But Misty didn't let her finish. "You don't have to tell me. I know how to do it," Misty said as she dove under.  
  
In the water I could see Misty slithering toward Tim. It didn't look like she turned over or as if she went between Tim's legs. The look on his face answered my question. "Oh my God! That's fantastic," Tim said. "Dirk, have Misty give you one too."  
  
"You gonna do me too?" I asked.  
  
"Of course!" Misty went under. Her hands took my cock and put it into her mouth. She sucked it several times before coming back to the surface.  
  
"Oh Jesus, God," I said, "thats incredible."  
  
Misty was just a couple of feet from me. She beamed. "Now you do me."  
  
"Sure," I said, "whatever you say." I dropped to my knees and put my head between her legs. My tongue darted into her cunt. Misty grabbed the back of my head and held me there until I broke loose to get air.  
  
I swam over to Kara, leaving Misty and Tim together. "Misty might have misunderstood what you told her. That wasn't a bubble job, it was a blow job, then she wanted me to put my head in her pussy. Where did you get this girl?"  
  
"She's a paralegal in the office. I unintentionally saw her writing something about being naked with a bunch of guys. I figured she'd fit in fine. Today I told her about the hot tub and Tim, then invited her for a drink. She's been acting so shy; I had no idea she'd be wild. You and Tim are okay with her aren't you?"  
  
"I think the shyness was just an act. Of course we're alright, as long as you don't get upset."  
  
"I just want someone for Tim," Kara said. "If Misty gets a little sample of you its not going to kill me. But don't get jealous if I let Tim fool around with me. And remember," Kara said as she grabbed my cock, "this is still mine."  
  
Tim's teeth chattered as he said, "I'm freezing. I'm going over where its hot."  
  
I nodded to Kara, acknowledging her claim. "Don't forget," she said to me. Then to Tim she said, "I'll join you, It should be cool enough by now."  
  
Misty looked at me. "I'm not ready for all that heat. You staying here?"  
  
"Yeah," I replied, "for a few minutes anyway."  
  
Tim and Kara got into the hot tub. Again, Kara had her back to the main pool. Tim was a quarter of the way around the tub from her. Kara said, "Still pretty hot. Maybe if I float on the surface like last night."  
  
Tim offered, "I'll help you, hold you up."  
  
"Oh no, not like last night, I can't handle that again."  
  
"I'll behave," Tim said. "I promise."  
  
Misty and I listened to Kara and Tim. Then I felt Misty's hand on my cock. "Can I play with this?" she asked.  
  
"Of course you can. You got it hard." Then I blurted out, "Oh my God, just like that." I lowered my voice and spoke confidentially, "Kara doesn't mind loaning it out but she'll want it back pretty soon."   
  
The feel of Misty's hand on my cock was magnificent. "Oh yeah, move your hand back and forth on it." Breathlessly I added, "How about you; you must be wanting something."  
  
"I think my tits might like some attention," Misty replied. Then asked, "You mean I got your cock this hard?"  
  
"I damn near came when you were sucking me under water." I looked at her. "When you sat down in the tub though, wearing that robe, I wasn't too sure about you." Misty showed signs of becoming flustered. "Your nipples are hard," I said. "Something turn you on?"  
  
"Me? Turned on? I can't understand why," said Misty. "We're naked. Tim and Kara are playing with each other in the hot tub. I've got my hand on your cock. You're playing with my tits." Kara squeezed my cock. "Hell yes, I'm turned on." She moaned some and leaned back against the wall of the pool.   
  
"I wasn't too sure about you guys either. After all you are a client." Misty squirmed some. "Shit yeah, just like that. Oh please, don't stop." She relaxed some, then continued talking, "I work on some of your stuff. And Kara, she's gonna make partner soon. I mean, I didn't know what to expect."   
  
Misty kissed me, then said, "Yeah, oh God, that feels good. Pinch 'em." She was trying to ignore the sensations. "Kara told me about the hot tub and Tim, but I wasn't real sure. Grayson and Locke isn't exactly known for partying. I had no idea you guys would be so much fun."   
  
"But you're alright now?" I said.  
  
"Lord yes," said Misty, "this is wild. I love it. I just didn't think it'd be with a client and one of the lawyers." Then she gasped, "Put your finger in my pussy. Oh yeah, that feels good!"  
  
About this time, Kara's hand must have come into contact with Tim's cock under the water. "Oops," she said, "I didn't mean to do that. Christ, how did you get so hard?"  
  
"Hard?" Tim said. "Naked girl, inches from my tongue, pretty understandable I think?"  
  
"Save it for Misty. And based on the sounds coming from the main pool, I think it'll be needed soon. I did alright didn't I, picking Misty I mean."  
  
"Oh yes. As long as Connie doesn't find out."  
  
"Connie will never hear it from me," Kara assured him. "But Dirk better get over here pretty quick. Your hands on my body are beginning to feel pretty good."  
  
I heard what was taking place between Kara and Tim. I was concerned that the situation might get out of hand if Kara knew what Misty was doing. "Just hold my cock," I whispered. "Don't move your hand. Kara would get really pissed if you made me come. And you're not going to tell anybody at the office about this little party, are you?"  
  
"What," said Misty, "and tell them I had one of our best clients finger-fucking me?" Misty held her breath. "Put two fingers in. Yeah, now faster. Jesus, Oh my God, now, use your thumb on my clit. Ohhh yesss, yessss..."  
  
"I think she likes your finger, Dirk." Then Kara screeched, "No, Tim, you can't ... Oh my God, that feels good." Then shouting to me, "Dirk, you better get here quick. I can't hold out much longer."  
  
"Sorry to leave you but I'm being paged," I quipped.  
  
"It's okay," Misty replied. "Just let me catch my breath and I'll be right there."  
  
I heard Kara say, "Your finger, Tim, like last night. Dirk, help ... Oh, Jesus. That's fantastic!"  
  
"Are you alright, Kara?" I asked.  
  
"Oh yeah," she said. "Just fallin' in love with Tim's fingers. Let me sit on your lap."  
  
"I'm afraid its not very comfortable right now," I said.  
  
"That's alright. I need to feel you," said Kara. "Just hold me."  
  
Kara sat on my lap. She had trouble getting situated. She took hold of my cock and put it between her legs, against her pussy. Her back was to me. I put my arms around her and cupped her tits. "You've got me trapped," I said. "Can I hold onto these?"  
  
"I was hoping you would."  
  
Misty climbed over the wall into the hot tub and sat opposite Kara and me, next to Tim.  
  
"You can sit in my lap," Tim said to Misty.  
  
"Not yet," said Misty. "I don't know everybody that well." She reached over and put her hand around Tim's cock.  
  
"But you know me well enough to have your hand between my legs?"  
  
"If I sit on your lap it'll be obvious to everybody that your penis is against my pussy, maybe even in it." Misty expressed considerable exasperation. "Under the water nobody can see what we're doing. Give me a little time."  
  
"So its okay if I put my finger in you?"  
  
"Umhh yeah, but not just yet, I'm still a little tender. Give me a couple more minutes."  
  
Kara turned and kissed me. Misty and Tim watched intently as we kissed and I pinched Kara's nipples. "They're not paying any attention now," Tim said. "You can get in my lap facing me and they won't even be able to see your tits."  
  
"Oh that would be great," Misty said. "Then they'd be sure I was fucking you. No thanks, I think I'd rather have them see my tits. Mine look just as good as Kara's anyway."  
  
Misty climbed onto Tim's lap, facing Kara and me. She put Tim's cock against her pussy and stroked it lightly. Tim rested his hands on Misty's shoulders. While I kissed Kara I watched Tim and Misty.  
  
Misty turned to Tim, "I think Dirk's gotten a good enough look at my tits now. If you want to put your hands on them it'd be alright."  
  
Kara heard what Misty said, broke the kiss with me and looked across the tub.  
  
"It looks like they're getting along alright," I said.  
  
We all looked across the tub and watched each other. Tim and I played with the girls' tits. The girls held our cocks and rubbed them between their legs.  
  
Kara whispered to me, "I want to feel your tongue on my clit."  
  
I picked up Kara and put her on the edge of the tub. Then I got out and led her the few steps into the bedroom. As soon as our backs were to them, Misty turned and pushed her tongue into Tim's mouth.   
  
Once through the door I put Kara down onto the bed, knelt at the foot of it between her legs, my back to the courtyard, and buried my head in her pussy. The light from the courtyard dimly illuminated the bedroom.   
  
Although Tim and Misty were on the side of the tub away from the bedroom, facing it and us, they were so engrossed in their own foreplay that they didn't notice the view they had. Tim picked up Misty and sat her on the pool deck behind him. Then he turned and slowly kissed his way up the insides of her thighs.  
  
It wasn't long before Kara came and anxiously switched places with me. I sat on the edge of the bed while Kara knelt on the floor and engulfed my cock. I looked into the courtyard and saw Tim with his head between Misty's legs. Kara sucked on my cock while I watched Tim eat Misty's pussy.  
  
Misty faced me but her eyes were closed. Then she opened them and saw me. "Oh my God," she exclaimed, "They're watching us." She pushed Tim away. Then the realization hit her. "But we're watching them too." She pulled Tim's head back between her legs. "This is the most erotic thing I've ever done," Misty said. It was for me too.

**House of Glass Ch. 08**

Earlier in the day I had taken Tim to the airport. Now it was late. Kara and I were in bed but we hadn't turned the light off.  
  
I read while Kara, apparently deep in thought, stared at the ceiling. She still looked upward as she said, "During the last few days you made several references to marrying me." She stayed on her back but turned her head and eyes toward me. "Were you serious?"  
  
"Yes, but I didn't think you'd have me." I put my book down and turned on my side to face her.  
  
"Don't be silly," Kara said. "But after you saw me with your friend's finger in me, I didn't think there was much chance."  
  
"That's part of why I want to marry you. I love how free-spirited you are. I've never known a woman quite like you."  
  
"You have no idea how free-spirited I can be. I hinted the other night about an experience in law school. Maybe I should tell you about it."  
  
"Go ahead," I said. "But you're not likely to say anything that'll change my mind."  
  
"I hope you're right but I have warned you." Kara turned on her side. We were about a foot apart.   
  
"It was during my last year of law school. I had finished the required stuff and was just coasting, waiting for graduation. My boyfriend was a guy named George, also third year law.  
  
"George came to pick me up one night. It was raining lightly and I ran to the car before he got out. With the heels I was wearing it was difficult but I got there without getting very wet. Inside I put my hands behind my head so George could get a good look at me. He liked me to show off. I liked it too."  
  
"I guess you weren't wearing one of your business suits," I said with a tinge of sarcasm.  
  
Kara ignored the sarcasm. "Oh no. In fact it's a good thing I lived off campus. I wouldn't have dared to walk through the dorm dressed like that. And Grayson Locke wouldn't have hired me if they'd known I even owned clothes like that.  
  
"I was wearing an olive drab halter top that was a size too small. It was not much heavier than a tee-shirt and looked like it might have been made out of one. It was held together by buttons up the front that looked ready to pop. The matching skirt was also a size too small and, like the top, had four buttons in the front holding it together.   
  
"The skirt was scandalously short and showed most of my bare legs. I had purposely left the bottom button of the skirt undone so it would flip up some when I walked. I wasn't wearing panties, rarely did, but George put his hand under my skirt anyway, just to make sure."  
  
"Sounds to me like you wanted to get fucked," I said.  
  
"Possible." Kara responded.  
  
"We went to pick up Harold, a friend who was going with us. Because of the rain George just honked. Harold ran to the car and I opened the door so he could get in quickly.   
  
"My skirt went higher when I slid to the middle. Being on the hump with my knees up put the skirt in my lap. I thought showing off was pretty neat, especially if it looked accidental, or, as it did in this case, like I had no choice. It was tight for three of us in the front of George's little car but no one complained."  
  
I licked my lips. "How much was showing?" I asked.  
  
"Most of my legs. The skirt was probably an inch below my crotch and remember, I wasn't wearing any panties. Pretty hot, huh?"  
  
"You being dressed like that, or maybe I should say undressed like that, and sandwiched between a couple of guys? Yeah, thats pretty hot."  
  
"I guess you understand why nobody was complaining."  
  
Kara pulled the sheet down a little and teased her nipples. My cock began to stir. "I think I understand, go on."  
  
"I knew Harold had noticed how bare I was but he pretended not to until we reached an area with street lights. Then he looked down and acted like he was seeing my legs for the first time. He really bragged on them. He went on and on about how good they looked."  
  
Kara explained, "I know I have good legs but I think what was causing his lavish remarks was how close he was to seeing my pussy. I know I shouldn't have but I really got off on that. Anyway, back to the story.  
  
"The bar was a college hangout, one we frequented regularly. There was no entertainment, no dancing, just booze and noise. George found a parking spot near the entrance. Harold jumped out, then turned back to help me. As I slid out I spread my legs a little. With the skirt practically around my waist, Harold got a good look between my legs but he didn't say anything."  
  
"You didn't do it on purpose though," I said.  
  
"Oh yes I did. I liked the comments Harold had been making and I wanted to give him a shot." Kara paused. "Pretty bad huh."  
  
"Maybe a little wild but not really bad."  
  
"Wait till you hear the rest before you decide whether I was bad or not.  
  
"It was a Friday night and the place was jammed with people, tables all taken. While we looked for a place to sit I spotted Peter, a guy I had dated before law school. Peter recognized me but even at the swimming pool he had never seen me show so much skin in public. Judging from the way he stared I guessed he liked what he saw. He was alone and motioned for us to join him. I warned George that Peter was an ex but George wasn't concerned, he just wanted a seat."  
  
I pulled the sheet down to her knees and gave Kara's naked body the once over. "So you haven't always liked being looked at," I asked.  
  
What I had done flustered Kara a little but she eventually replied, "Oh no. Before I went to college I didn't even wear a bikini at the beach. I think it was George that got me to loosen up. In fact I'm sure it was George.  
  
"He bought me a sort of skimpy outfit one day. I didn't really want to but I wore it for him to an outdoor concert. I liked the way guys looked at me so I bought more clothes like that. It seemed that the less I wore, the more attention I got and the better I liked it. Anyway, on with the story.  
  
"I sat across the table from Peter. George and Harold sat on either side of me, across from each other. I introduced everybody and a waitress took our drink orders. Peter was staring. I guess you know by now that I'm a C-cup but I had bought the halter top in a B-cup, so it exposed more of my breasts. I had even cut the bra out of it so my nipples would show more."   
  
Kara looked at me. "I told you I was bad; but wait 'til you hear the rest.  
  
"I reached behind my back, pretending to smooth my hair. The buttons strained and my tits nearly popped out of the halter-top. Peter's mouth was wide open. The waitress came and put our drinks on the table.   
  
"Then I leaned forward and sipped my drink through the straw. Like I said, my top was smaller than it should have been so my tits practically fell out. I had an audience, the three guys at my table, three guys at the next table, and God knows who else. Someone kept putting drinks in front of me and the more I drank the more daring I got.  
  
"Peter and Harold were talking to each other. George reached over and undid the top button of my halter-top. The three remaining buttons still held it together.  
  
I reached up to see how much was showing. The movement of my hands near my tits caught Peter's attention and he looked over. I'm sure he thought I had undone the button myself. Truth is, if I'd known George wouldn't object, I probably would have.  
  
"Peter was staring again. With my fingers I teased my nipples through the thin fabric. At the same time I used my thumbs to tuck some of the material back into the top itself. The more I tucked in, the more my tits became exposed. Peter stared so intently he couldn't even blink. George and Harold watched too.  
  
"George reached over and popped another button. Now there were just two holding the top in place. I continued rubbing my nipples with my fingers while my thumbs tucked in more of the cloth and exposed more of my tits. George and Harold, sitting on the sides of me, could already see my nipples. I leaned over and took a long sip of my drink so that Peter and the other guys could see them too."  
  
I was getting hard listening to Kara's tale. I had gone from limp to semi-erect. Kara had gotten turned on too and was flushed with excitement. I looked at her bare tits and saw her nipples were hard.  
  
Kara took a deep breath before continuing. "Then it got really good. George put his hand under the table on my leg. He stroked my inner thigh while I was showing off my tits. Harold put his hand on the other leg.  
  
"George undid the second and third buttons of my skirt. Now there was just one holding it together. George folded back the side of my skirt nearest him. Harold folded the other side back. Everything was showing and I didn't care.  
  
"George's hand and Harold's hand were each rubbing an inner thigh no more than an inch from my bare pussy. George must have known where Harold's hand was but I guess he didn't care. I decided not to either.   
  
"It was the first time, and the only time until a couple of nights ago, that two men touched me so intimately at the same time. They were both right next to my pussy. I bent over and took another sip of my drink while Peter and the others studied my nipples."   
  
Kara put her hand around my cock. "I can tell you like the story. I'm just not sure you're going to like me when I'm done."  
  
"So far I'm in love." I put my hand between Kara's legs and lightly stroked her pussy.  
  
Kara took a gulp of air. "George's fingers touched my pussy lips. Harold was still caressing my inner thigh. I put my hand on the two remaining buttons of the halter top and popped another one.   
  
"Now there was just one button holding the top together and if we'd been anyplace other than a public bar I would have undone that one too. I was hot! I wanted those guys to see my tits. Actually I wanted them to see all of me but the table was hiding the action between my legs.  
  
"I was tucking in more material and about to completely uncover my nipples when the last call announcement came. I came to my senses, at least partially, and decided I had shown enough. The place was closing. People were getting up and leaving.   
  
"George's hand was still on my cunt. He leaned over and said something about how wet I was. I don't know what he was expecting but we were in a bar, his fingers were in my pussy, his friend was rubbing my thigh and several others were ogling my tits. I think I had good reason to be wet."  
  
Talking about it aroused Kara. It was normal for her to get damp when I rubbed her pussy but she was much more than just damp. I tried to comment but she put a hand over my mouth.   
  
Kara took a deep breath. "George asked me if his friend could continue in his place while he settled the bill. At that point I was so hot I didn't care whose finger was in my pussy as long as there was one. I gave George the answer he wanted. He grabbed Harold's hand and pressed it between my legs. George paid the tab while Harold finger-fucked me. Harold said I was the hottest woman he had ever known.  
  
"I told Harold I was delighted that he thought so and begged him not to stop. He smiled. His fingers were on my cunt. He put one in me and moved it back and forth, getting deeper with each stroke. Soon his finger was all the way in; then it was two fingers. I opened my legs to give him better access."  
  
Kara was really wet now. She increased the movement of her hand on my dick, the other was still across my mouth, keeping me from talking.  
  
"We were in a public place. Several guys were ogling my breasts. My boyfriend watched as his friend put his fingers into my pussy. I thought it was great. I loved it. Then the lights came up and a voice said it was closing time.  
  
Kara took her hand away from my mouth. "Whaddaya think now," she asked.  
  
"Judging from how wet you are I would have to guess you were having the time of your life," I replied. "I just wish I'd been there. Can you tell from the feel of my dick how much I loved your story?"  
  
"Yeah, but its not over." she said.   
  
"You mean there's more?"  
  
"Yep. You thought I wanted to get fucked when he picked me up. You were right. But now I HAD to get fucked.   
  
"I pulled myself together and headed for the door. Even though I covered up some, there was still only one button holding my top on and and one holding the skirt together. With every step I took, my skirt opened and exposed my pussy to anyone that looked, and plenty did.  
  
"At the car I got into the middle again, between George and Harold, hoping for some continuation. As we pulled away it was evident I was not going to be disappointed.   
  
"While George drove, Harold put his hand on the last button holding my top together. He gave me a questioning look, I didn't move, he undid the button, took the top off and threw it in the back.   
  
"Then he put his hand on the last button holding my skirt in place. Again he looked at me but this time I left him no doubt. I nodded vigorously as he undid the lone button and spread my skirt open.   
  
"I was naked in the front seat of a moving car with a guy on either side of me."  
  
"Right in town?"  
  
"Yes, right in town." Kara's hand, the one that had been over my mouth, was now pressing my hand into her pussy.   
  
"Harold's mouth devoured one of my breasts and his finger slid into my pussy. Keep in mind. Harold was not my boyfriend. My boyfriend was driving. He looked over every time a street light illuminated the inside of the car.   
  
"We came to a twenty-four hour WalMart. George turned into the parking lot and stopped in a deserted section. He told Harold to drive.   
  
"I want to believe that Harold was disappointed but he opened the passenger door and walked around the car. George climbed over me to the passenger side, then pulled me around and on top of him. My skirt was left behind in the middle of the seat.   
  
"I unzipped George's pants and had his cock inside me before Harold got around the car. When Harold opened the door the interior light came on. My pussy was impaled on George's cock and my bare ass bounced up and down. Harold reached over and cupped one of my breasts.   
  
"Harold closed the door and the light went off. George told Harold how to turn the interior lights on with the door closed. They came back on. My boyfriend was fucking me in a WalMart parking lot while his friend watched.  
  
"George clamped his hands onto my ass as I rode up and down on his cock. George turned my back toward Harold so Harold could reach around and play with my tits. I was so excited I even imagined what it would be like to be fucked by two cocks at once. I've never done that but I was ready for it that night.  
  
"I slid Harold's zipper down but before I could get his cock out I felt George pump his seed into me. The heat from his sperm was all it took. I arched backward into Harold. While George shot his load into me I held Harold's cock. Harold was kissing me and rubbing my tits. It was probably a good thing I was too drained for anything more but it was still an experience I'll never forget.  
  
"Whaddaya think now?" Kara asked, "Still wanna marry me?"  
  
I pulled Kara to me and pushed my tongue into her mouth. Then I drew back and looked at her tits. "So you like to show these off. Can't say as I blame you." I slid down and looked at her pussy. "Maybe it's fun to show this off too. I know it's fun looking at it."  
  
My hand, still between her legs, was covered with her secretions. I massaged her pussy with my fingers. "Sometimes you want the feel of extra hands." I licked one of her nipples. "An extra tongue occasionally might feel good too."  
  
I reached over my nightstand and flipped on the overhead light. "You get off having someone watch while you fuck and once in a while you might even want to feel a second cock."  
  
I rolled onto my back and pulled Kara on top of me. "That sounds like a woman I want to marry."  
  
Kara still had her hand on my cock and she squeezed it hard. "Oh Dirk, you mean you'd marry me after hearing all of that?"  
  
I put my hands on her ass. "Only if we can repeat everything you just described."   
  
"Was that a proposition or a proposal I just heard?"  
  
"Both."  
  
"Humh," said Kara, obviously deep in thought, "I still have that halter top and skirt." She put my cock at the entrance to her pussy. Her excitement was mounting. "We'll have to skip the ex-boyfriend, but if you pick a bar when Tim's in town next time, I think I can find a parking lot."  
  
My cock slipped into her pussy. My hands squeezed her ass-cheeks and I pulled her down onto me. "Was that a yes?"  
  
"Yes, of course, yes!"  
  
"Just one more thing," I said almost inaudibly, "Tomorrow is Wednesday. The pool man is coming again. What are you going to wear?"  
  
Kara contracted her muscles and squeezed my cock with the velvety walls of her pussy. "The harem pajamas?"  
  
If the pool man hadn't seen everything last week, he was sure to see it this time.