**Jade the Tease**

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**Jade the Tease Ch. 01**

After 20 years of replacing heaters, searching for special sheets, and buying countless patch kits, it was time to turn the waterbed into firewood, and get a more conventional mattress and bed set. It wasn't my idea. I could have sloshed around on it for another 20 years. But a man in his 40's will make a lot of concessions to keep his mid 20's beauty comfortable and happy.

Jade was hired at the office as the new receptionist. I worked in the field, and although I talked to her several times over the phone, we didn't meet until almost a week after she started. She seemed to be a lot smarter than our usual hire, so I was happy to have her on board.

I finally made it in to the office on Friday. I opened the door, walked in, looked over, and my first thought was, "Holy Shit!" She was tall (5' 9"), thin, and obviously put the time in at the gym. Her hair was a natural light blond, her eyes an amazing light green, and she had the kind of flirtatious smile that made it easy for her to always get what she wanted. Her chest sported perky "A" cups, and were topped by nipples that never rested from standing at attention. Her proudest feature, however, was her white-girl-version "ghetto" booty. It wasn't over-sized or out of proportion. It was just perfectly round, obviously firm, and you couldn't help but want to reach down and steal a squeeze. Jade knew it, and she used it to her advantage. And although she acted "put off" by the attention she got from her male coworkers, she always wore the kind of clothes that were sure to attract, and keep, their interest. I took the opposite approach from the others, and kept everything between us strictly professional. All of our interactions were short and to the point, and I never gave her any special consideration. Ignoring her seemed to pay off. After 2 months of denying the advances of pretty much every guy at the company, she spoke up one afternoon and asked me out!

We were inseparable after our first date. Outside the office we were never apart, but during work we kept our relationship a secret. Eventually, rumors started to spread, and since she wasn't too thrilled with her job anyway, we decided that she would quit and find something else. I told her that I would step up financially if she wanted to relax a couple of weeks before looking for a new job. I lived in a nice little condo at the beach, and she had no problem settling in to her home away from home.

During the day, while I was away at work, Jade would spend time doing what every woman does; cleaning and reorganizing her new nest. Although I kept the place fairly clean and neat, each afternoon when I got home, I was welcomed with a new household change that was sure to make my life better and easier. After 5 days, I couldn't find a damn thing. It didn't matter though. I was hooked.

As I mentioned before, along with her brain, she had one hell of a body! And, as luck would have it, she was always ready and willing to put it into service. She loved to tease me by walking around the house in a short T-shirt and panties. The thin cotton "T"s did nothing to hide her puffy, perky, erect tits, and because she kept it shaved, the thin silk panties showed only the soft outline of her perfect, tight pussy.

Sometimes, after taking one of her marathon showers, she would walk out of the bathroom, stark naked and dripping wet, to get the towels that she had accidently "forgot" to grab beforehand. It turned her on to flash me, it turned me on to get a little unexpected peek, and it turned us both on knowing that she might be seen through the windows by some lucky beachgoers. Soon, risking outside exposure and teasing me while walking around in the buff became one of Jade's favorite forms of foreplay. The first time it happened, however, took some planning.

One Saturday afternoon, we decided to do a little shopping at the mall. Of course before we went out, she needed to get cleaned up. While she was showering, I went into the bathroom to brush my teeth. On the way out, I grabbed the towels she had hanging on the back of the bathroom door and placed them back in the closet. I then carefully positioned the window blinds so they would allow the best possible view of her, if and when she came out to dry off. Instead of calling to me for help, she surprisingly left the bathroom, naked and unashamed, and stepped down the hall to find some towels. Even though it seemed obvious what I had done, Jade acted none-the-wiser. In fact, she made sure to take her time finding a towel, then stayed out to dry herself off in full view of the windows. She even walked over, still naked, and parted the open blinds to look outside and "check out" the surf. The beach was packed, and I was sure that at least one lucky guy was treated to one hell of a view. She turned back around to face me, and I did my best to hide my "excitement" over what I had just seen. Jade commented on what a beautiful day it was at the beach, and about how many people were out enjoying it. She paused for a moment, as she was conflicted by her need to go shopping, and by her desire to redefine her tan lines to the outline her new bikini. She decided without a word, and casually went back into the bathroom to begin preparing for the mall.

While waiting for her, I was painfully aware of my growing reaction to this exhibition. I had no idea, however, if or how it affected her. She was as cool as ever, and gave no indication of what she felt. I wanted to ask, but knew that a little patience now, would pay off triple later. I was confined to the living room, so there wasn't any opportunity for me to relieve my "tension". She remarked at how quick she was done when, almost an hour later, her hair, makeup, and clothes passed the full-length mirror test, and we were ready to leave.

One of the things she was shopping for was a new dress, Typically, this meant she would pick 4 or 5 dresses, disappear for about 30 minutes, then come out empty handed and upset that nothing had looked right. So, after finding that day's group of hopefuls, she went to the fitting room and I went to find the most strategic place to sit. Before I could even get comfortable, she came out of the dressing room wearing her first choice. Well, she was kind-of wearing it. The back was completely unzipped, and it left the front pretty loose. The lower half was a thin, white, almost transparent material. It was obvious to me, and anyone else around, that she wasn't wearing a bra, and that the white lace front of her thong panties was barely enough to hide the treasure underneath. She asked me to zip her up, then spun in front of a mirror and asked me what I thought. My senses and hormones went into overdrive, and all I could manage to say was, "You look totally hot!" She was unhappy with my lack of input, but still managed to flash me her smile, and her ass, before leaving to go try on something else. The fashion show lasted over an hour; all the while teasing me and every other male shopper who was lucky enough to catch a glimpse. To no surprise, we (she) left annoyed and empty handed. Even so, it ranked as one of the best shopping trips ever!

After shopping we stopped for dinner and drinks, and then finally got home just in time to go to bed. It was then that my earlier questions would get their answers. I couldn't keep my hands off of her, and I started exploring every inch of her amazing body. I began talking about how she had put herself on display during the day. She asked me if I liked watching her, or if it had bothered me. When I told her how much it turned me on, she went crazy. She said that she was surprised to see the blinds open, but decided that because I was there, she would just hang out for a bit and tease me. As she spoke she became hotter and wetter than she had ever been. I asked her if anyone at the beach saw her when she was standing in front of the window. She screamed out "Yes!", and her breathing became deep and heavy while she described the 2 guys playing volleyball that had stopped to stare as they took in the scenery. Within moments she was having the most intense orgasm I'd ever seen. She begged me to get inside her, and as we continued to re-live the day's events, we shared an unforgettable night of making love.

When we woke up Sunday morning we were smiling, relaxed, and ready for the day. She said she wanted to get up and take a quick shower, and then asked if I would "let some sunshine in the house" before starting the coffee. I agreed, of course, and began to set her stage. Childlike anticipation fueled my imagination of what was to come as I watched her slip out of bed and disappear into the bathroom...

It wasn't until later that morning, in the middle of breakfast, that she spoke up about how she felt about my waterbed. Apparently, she hated it. The decision was obvious, and without hesitation I told her we would begin the search for our new bed.

**Jade the Tease Ch. 02**

Monday morning the waterbed sprung yet another leak. Instead of trying to patch it, I decided it was time to recycle it, and leave it for fuel at the nearest beach fire pit. Jade was out interviewing for a couple of jobs, so I took the opportunity to surprise her by draining, dismantling, and disposing of her most hated piece of furniture. When she got home, she was thrilled to see the bed gone, and excited at the prospect of shopping for a brand new one. My impulsiveness meant that we would be sleeping on an air mattress for a few nights. Although it didn't leak water, it did leak. By 3 a.m. we were basically sleeping on the floor. The immediate priority was to find a bed.

Amazingly, finding a bed proved to be very easy. We agreed on a frame and a mattress the first time out. I paid in full, and in two days we would be sleeping in luxury. Knowing that our new bed was on the way made the air mattress more tolerable, but not any more comfortable. During sex, I told her I noticed that the mattress salesman was getting excited watching her try out all the different beds. Without thinking, she had put on a short denim skirt before we went shopping. There was little she could do to avoid his voyeuristic stares as we laid down to sample each one. She said she should have just got comfortable and tested the mattresses while wearing her P.J.'s (which would have been the same pair of panties he had seen, but with nothing else), and asked me how I would have felt about that. I told her that I was thinking the exact same thing, and that we probably could have gotten a much better deal if she had. Jade confessed that a couple of times she allowed him a little better of a look, but never let him see too much. The talking continued, and within minutes we were climaxing together. We soon fell asleep, and we kept holding each other while the air mattress slowly lowered us to the floor. Only one more day 'till delivery...

We both woke up that morning excited about the arrival of our new purchase. Delivery and set up were included, so all we had to do was fold up the air mattress and wait for the truck. I had a full day of work ahead of me, so I left it up to her to manage the activities at home. Before I left, I gave her a kiss good-bye, and told her I couldn't wait to break in our new bed when I got back. She said she'd have everything ready, and then sent me on my way.

I tried to call a few times during the day to check in, but never got an answer. This wasn't that unusual, as she will often get busy, misplace her phone, and lose track of time. It only made me that much more excited to get home and get busy. As promised, when I arrived, she was ready and waiting for me. We went straight to the bedroom, and I was excited with how great the bed looked. We both stripped naked as quickly as possible. She shivered as my fingers caressed her skin, and she began to describe what happened during the day.

She said that she decided to take a nice long shower after I left for work. She took her time enjoying the heat of the water, and told me how soothing it was while it pulsed over her body. She washed every inch of her skin, shampooed and conditioned her hair, and then carefully and completely shaved her legs, under her arms, and her pussy. She said the whole time she was bathing, she was thinking about me, and how I was going to take her when I got home.

Just as she was finishing up, she was startled by a loud, fast, knock on the door. She was quick to leave the hot, steamy bathroom and go answer it. The only thing handy was a bath towel to wrap herself in, and because of the urgent sound of the knocking, she didn't think twice about how she looked as she opened the door and welcomed the delivery men. They had already carried some of the bed frame up from the truck, and immediately began toting the pieces into the house.

The lead man's name was Daryl. She described him as a fairly large, tall, black man, and said she was a little intimidated by him at first. His helper introduced himself as Hector. He was shorter, a little stocky, and Hispanic. Hector's stares did little to help her feel at ease, but they were both very polite and gave her the impression that they knew exactly what they were doing. As she led them to the bedroom, she noticed them checking her out, and she could tell that they liked what they saw. While she was telling the men where to set up the bed, she glanced at herself in the mirror. Her hair was sopping wet, and she wasn't wearing any makeup. Her face and skin looked as clean and fresh as when she was still a schoolgirl. She felt a tinge of excitement when she noticed that the towel was barely keeping her covered, and then realized that if she moved the wrong way, the delivery men would be getting one heck of a bonus!

Daryl kept going back and forth to the truck while Hector was busy building the frame in the bedroom. All she could do was stay out of the way, so she continued with her routine in the bathroom. She needed to put on her lotion, so she closed the door, removed the towel, and gently massaged it into her skin. No more than 2 minutes later there was a knock on the bathroom door. Not wanting to bother with the towel, she cracked open the door, peered out, and saw Daryl's large, black frame as he was staring in. He asked if he could use the phone. She agreed and told him where it was. She thought it was strange that he wouldn't have a cell, but didn't say anything. As she closed the door, she looked in the mirror and realized that he might have been able to see more than she intended. The thought sent a tingle through her body, and she just giggled and shrugged it off. She continued to work on her hair and makeup, but since the men were still busy in the bedroom, she would have to wait to get dressed. Before long there was another knock on the door. She had just finished getting ready, so wrapped in her towel she opened the door and walked out.

They were done building and setting up the bed, and just needed her signature of approval before they could leave. They followed Jade into the bedroom so she could do a thorough inspection. Daryl and Hector did their own inspection as they watched her bare ass peek out from under the towel. The bed was just what we ordered, and exactly as she imagined. She immediately began to think about what was going to happen when I got home, and was surprised at how wet she got just standing there. She hoped that the flush of her face didn't giveaway her sudden arousal to the two men that were now surrounding her.

As she thanked them, Jade reached out for the clipboard so she could sign their work order. With one hand on the clipboard and the other grasping the pen, her towel loosened, opened, and fell to the floor. Before she knew it, she was standing completely naked between the two strangers, and unable to do anything but hold up the clipboard while vainly trying to hide from their stares. Hector was quick to reach down and grab the towel, denying her any chance to cover back up. Daryl looked at Hector and said they should see if she was really as happy with her new bed as she said she was. Then, without warning, she was pushed onto the new mattress, and the two men began to undress.

She knew her body was ready to go, and she realized that trying to stop them would be impossible. So she lay there, naked and spread out on our new mattress, while the two men took turns collecting their tip. First, Hector held her down while Daryl enjoyed sampling the hot little body he had been teased with all morning. He held true to the stereotype, and his size scared her. Her body quickly accommodated what he was offering, and she was able to relax while he slid in and out of her slick, wet pussy. When Daryl was finished, the men switched places, and Hector was able to show his appreciation for her outstanding hospitality. What he lacked in length, he made up for in girth, and it took a little extra pressure for him to force his way inside of her. While he was stretching her to her limits, he was telling her how much he enjoyed white girls, because they always shave bare, and are very willing to give themselves up to the Latinos. Her body betrayed her as the men were using her, and she couldn't do anything to hide her orgasms when they shuddered through her body. Before long, the men were done. They still had more deliveries to make, so after they each took a ride, they were ready to leave. They quickly packed up and told her if she said anything to anyone they would come back, but the next time she wouldn't get off quite as easy. When they were gone she got back in the shower, cleaned up, and waited for me to get home.

As Jade told me her story, I was surprised by how incredibly turned on I had become. Although it seemed wrong, there were a lot of details that she left out, and my curiosity was getting the best of me. I wanted to hear more about how she felt while she was teasing them, exactly what they looked like, and the details of what they did to her when she was stretched out naked in front of them. But before she could answer, I exploded inside of her, and her own intense orgasm soon followed.

Despite my best efforts, she never told me if the story was true, or if it was just pillow talk; something she had made up that she knew I would enjoy. To this day, I remain just as happy not knowing either way.

**Jade the Tease Ch. 03**

For Jade, there was no shortage of opportunities. The innocent, flirtatious wink of her eye could easily open what would otherwise remain a tightly closed door. She was never content, however, with just getting by on her looks. After 4 years of putting herself through college, she was able to back up her beauty with her well earned degree. At 25, she was primed to do anything. But after a couple weeks of sleeping in and catching up on the DVR, she was getting very comfortable with not having anything to do.

I was not as comfortable, and although I was enjoying the little surprises she would have waiting for me every day when I got home, I wasn't quite ready for her to take an early retirement. The sassy spark she once wielded without concern was starting to fade, and her David vs. Goliath attitude was slowly finding defeat in complacency. I knew that spending a little time back on the corporate battlefield would reignite her fire. Then thankfully, after a couple more weeks of a little gentle encouragement, Jade slowly began her new job search.

Her effort was minimal at best, but we both knew that for Jade, finding work wasn't going to be much of a problem. She was starting to take pleasure in her daily hunt, and I was starting to take pleasure in her renewed spirit and self confidence. She was getting excited about all the different positions she was finding and applying for, and her excitement only grew when she began to get calls and appointments for personal interviews. She was eager to share her progress with me while we were winding down from the busy day, and she would continue to fill me in on all the details as we cuddled together in bed.

Most of Jade's job interviews were either late in the morning or sometime during the afternoon. She would usually stay in bed while I got ready for work, and would insist on a kiss before I walked out of the house. When she was feeling a bit frisky, she would let the covers fall away when we kissed, teasing me with her perfect body, even though she knew I had no choice but to leave. Some mornings, after one of her little displays, I would open up the window blinds on my way out the door. As I drove away, I would imagine myself sitting in the sand, watching and waiting to catch a glimpse of her naked form while she walked around preparing for her busy day. I never got the chance to really do it, but I would get just as excited while she would tell me about the others that had.

Waiting until after I left for work before getting up to get ready, meant that I would have to wait the entire day before I could see how hot she looked while she was out interviewing. If she was done early, she would already be changed into her comfy clothes when I would get home. I did my best to make it home as early as possible so I could catch her while she was still dressed up. In the few times that I did, I was surprised with a couple of outfits that I thought were perhaps a little too "stimulating" for a job interview. I learned from experience, however, to keep those kinds of opinions to myself! Still, it made me curious about the other ensembles I may have missed that most certainly had left a lasting impact on her prospective employers. Figuring she was confident in how to make her best, first impression, I chalked up my uneasiness to one of those "age difference" moments.

One evening, though far from being ready to fall asleep, Jade and I climbed into bed to enjoy a little togetherness. I offered to give her a massage, and she accepted without hesitation. Naked, she laid on her stomach. She rested her head on a pillow and stretched her arms out to either side. I grabbed a bottle of massage oil, straddled across her legs to get the best view of her perfect ass, and began to loosen the tight muscles in her shoulders and back. She made it very clear that she was enjoying her rubdown, and after about 10 minutes I had worked my way down from her neck to her lower back. I picked up the bottle of oil again, and let it drizzle out across her cheeks, doing my best to follow the tan lines that her bikini had left behind. As I began to spread the oil around, she spoke up and started to tell me about the job interview she had that afternoon. I was all ears as I repositioned myself to begin working on her legs.

I had just left for work, and Jade was ready to crawl out of bed. She stood at the bath adjusting the water temperature for her shower, then stepped in to seek its warmth. Before the water had even made it above her waist, she heard the phone ringing out in the living room. Not wanting to miss what could be a very important call, she jumped out of the shower, ran through the house, and grabbed the phone. She answered just before the machine picked up, and tried to sound relaxed as she said "Hello". It was a Doctor's office that she had applied to for a front office/entry level tech position. They asked if she was still interested, and if she would be available for an interview at 1:00 that afternoon. She agreed to meet at the clinic, and felt a surge of energy as she hung up the phone. While she was setting up her appointment she was looking outside, and soon became lost in yet another beautiful day at the beach. She then noticed that across the street there was a black man wearing a city maintenance uniform who had stopped what he was doing, and was now staring up at the house. Jade was wondering what had grabbed his attention. Just then, the sound of the running water in the bathroom brought her back from the beach, and she realized that her naked body was the cause of his distraction. Excited by the rush from her unintended exhibition, she quickly returned to the shower to wash and shave, and then got to work on her "interview presentation".

I became rock hard as I listened to her tell me about the start of her day, and was curious about the meeting she had with the doctors. I knew that the massage was the key to keeping her talking, and as I was working on her legs, I carefully eased them apart to apply oil to her inner thighs. She let out a soft moan, and then continued with her story...

Jade made it a point to "look the part", and she dressed based on the type of job she was interviewing for. She knew she was meeting with a group of physicians. They each had their own specialty, but they shared a common clinic and front office. She got the impression they were all on the younger side, and when she submitted her resume, she noticed that the office was decorated in a coastal type theme. She decided to dress smart and comfortable, leaning more toward beach casual rather than corporate professional. She picked out a sun dress, and matched it with a pair of sandal type heels. The dress managed to display her figure, without having it cling to her skin. Sure, the neck was a little low and the skirt was a little short. But she knew she looked hot, and wasn't ashamed to use it to her advantage. The scoop neck of the top allowed for only her smallest, strapless bra, and her freshly shaved, tan legs meant that a simple, matching thong would be all she needed down below. As she stood in the mirror for final inspection, the sun beamed through the window and warmed her back. She noticed that when backlit, her dress did nothing to hide the contrast between sun and shade, and that her well toned figure would be easily seen by anyone who was looking in her direction. Remarkably, she was ready with time to spare, and she felt both sexy and confident as she headed off to her appointment.

She didn't notice my trembling hands and deep breathing when I started her foot massage, but I noticed how she began to squirm while she was re-living her day...

Soon after arriving at the clinic, Jade was shown to a conference room. She noticed that the short skirt of her dress was hitching up in the back when she walked, and she did her best to hold it down while being escorted down the hall. She was told that the doctors would be in shortly to begin the interview, and was asked to make herself comfortable while she waited. As she sat, she began to notice her surroundings. Running down the center of the room was a long, glass conference table, surrounded by eight, black leather chairs. She couldn't help but feel nervous as she mentally prepared for her group examination, and smiled at the thought that one of the duties as an "entry level tech" would probably include a bottle of Windex and a roll of paper towels to keep this large, transparent table clean. She was slowly beginning to relax just as the doctors started to file in.

There were five of them, and they introduced themselves as they sat down around her. Just as she expected, the group was young, more casual than professional, and seemed very excited to meet their newest candidate. They took turns describing their respective specialties, and detailed the expectations they would have from the person that filled their opening. As they spoke, their medical jargon was lost on her, and the only thing she caught was when she heard them tell her that the interview would have two parts; first the oral, then the hands-on. She wasn't sure if the double meaning was intentional, so she stifled her amusement and tried to re-focus while the doctors continued to probe her. They took turns asking her questions, and as she answered she did her best to look around and give the men equal attention. She became aware that while she panned from one doctor to the next, their eyes seemed to be fixed to a point through the glass table, and then followed directly to what she hoped wasn't a clear view of her panties. She kept talking as she casually pulled down the front of her dress, and became embarrassed when the men's eyes almost immediately returned to meet hers. She told them about her work experience, education, and how she felt she would be an asset to their clinic. Though she knew deep inside that she had no place working in a doctor's office, she spoke with confidence and they all seemed pleased with her answers. When the "oral" interview was completed, she was told they were ready for the "hands on" segment.

I was done massaging Jade's feet, and she didn't hesitate when I told her it was time to flip over. She enjoyed every minute of her back massage, and I was ready to enjoy every minute of the front. I grabbed the bottle of massage oil as she picked back up with the account of her day...

The doctors smiled in agreement with her qualifications for working in the front office. Not only was she personable, smart, and organized, she could provide just the right kind of motivation to the rest of their all female staff that no longer seemed to believe that pride in personal appearance had any value. The men then stood, and asked Jade to join them in the procedure room to assess her level of comfort with handling the various types of medical equipment. They politely asked her to lead the way, and while she walked, she self-conscientiously held down her dress with her arms at her side. The group of physicians followed close behind.

The room had to accommodate the specialized needs of each doctor, and was filled with a large assortment of medical apparatus. Some she recognized from her own visits to the doctor, but the remaining equipment was a mystery, and she did her best to imagine just how they might be used. Fortunately, because of limited time, they decided on a machine that was common for all of them to use, and she was put at ease as they showed her to the x-ray area.

I began to apply a generous puddle of massage oil to her chest. Her nipples were pointing straight to the ceiling when she became hesitant to tell me about the rest of her interview. The very details that she didn't want to tell me were the same details I was secretly hoping to hear, and my nervous reassurance was all that she needed to keep her talking...

The group of physicians were acutely aware of Jade's lack of experience, and they started to "dumb down" the conversation with her as they discussed the x-ray equipment. They told her that the best way to learn how to use the equipment was through a personal experience from the patient's point of view. With her brightest smile she agreed to give it a shot, and was then told that after her upper torso x-ray she would need to provide a comprehensive description of the procedure back to them. Not wanting to lose out on what she thought would be a great job, she agreed again, this time with an enthusiastic "Can do!", and took her place in front of the machine, against the wall.

As I listened, I lost track of how much oil I was squeezing onto her remarkable tits, and it began to pool in the tiny hole that centered her taught stomach. She was becoming flustered as she reluctantly continued...

The doctors were unified when telling her that the best x-ray image would be achieved with the least amount of interference, and that she would need to remove her dress before continuing. Not wanting to second guess her future employers, she undid the top few buttons, and let the dress slide off her shoulders and onto the floor. She picked it up, folded it, and carefully placed it on the nearby exam table. She thought the heels now looked a little inappropriate, and removed them as well. She felt an ashamed excitement as she stood alone, in front of this group of professionals, in nothing but her carefully selected bra and matching panties. She wished I was standing beside her when she was told that the metal clasp of her bra would ruin the x-ray, and that it, too, would need to be removed before starting up the machine. Finding assurance in the fact that these men were all doctors, she reached back to the clasp, and in one swift motion, her bra opened and fell away. She never imagined that interviewing for a job could involve standing in front of a group of five men, while wearing nothing but a smile and the smallest, sexiest pair of thong panties she owned.

The doctors continued to assert their power as they retreated to the protection of the lead-lined imaging room. Once shielded, they directed Jade to stand in various positions as the x-ray machine buzzed and clicked while it captured her image. The coolness of the room covered her entire body in goose pimples, and her stiff, erect nipples danced as she started to shiver. She began to think about the group of men that had convinced her to undress, and how even though she couldn't see them, they were each allowed an unchallenged view of her near naked frame. Her body betrayed her as she developed a warm dampness between her legs, and she hoped that although her body was exposed, the doctors wouldn't make her expose the shameful arousal she was now trying to hide.

I had moved my massage to just below her belly button, and my oily fingers were slowly tracing the barely visible triangle of her clean shaven bush. It was then that I noticed her body was once again betraying her, and the moist warmth in her pussy returned at the very moment she was describing her experience to me in her story. Unable to wait any longer, I climbed between her opened legs, and thrust myself into the slick folds of her amazing sex. With a precise, quick maneuver, she was perched on top of me, and she was now in control of our movements while she finished her story...

After about 15 minutes of "teaching" Jade about the x-ray machine, the five men reappeared, all of them anxious to hear what she gained from her experience. They didn't even try to hide their stares when they gathered around her, and she began to blush as the chill and excitement continued to have an affect on her near naked body. She was handed back her dress, and as she fumbled to explain what she had learned, the doctors listened while they watched her slide it back on. She then slipped on her shoes, but by the time she remembered her bra, it was too late, and without it, her thin dress could do nothing to hide the obvious display of her proud nipples.

The interview was finally complete, and the doctors were satisfied that they obtained everything they needed. They led her back to the conference room, and after they each thanked her with a handshake, they told her a decision would be made by the end of the week. She felt confident about the interview as a whole, and was already looking forward to all the attention she would get from being able to tease and flirt with these men on a daily basis. As she left the clinic and walked to her car, she could feel her tits moving freely under the fabric of her dress. The annoyed feeling she had from losing one of her favorite bras was quickly replaced by a sense of satisfaction, and she began to imagine what the men were going to do with the trophy she had left behind.

Jade was still on top of me, and she timed her pulsating movements to the details of her story. As she described the final moments of her interview, we exploded and climaxed together in perfect rhythm. We laid together afterward, and I told her I found it hard to believe that she spent her afternoon exactly as she described. She smiled and said I was right, and that someday she'd tell me about all the things she had left out. ..

Friday arrived, and Jade received the call she had been eagerly waiting for. The woman's voice offered little compassion as she told her they had decided to hire another candidate. It wasn't a complete loss, however, because the woman then offered that if she happened to get a job that required a complete physical, the doctors would all be happy to provide one to her, free of charge. Jade was disappointed, but her ego and confidence remained intact as she continued her search.

**Jade the Tease Ch. 04**

Throughout my day, no matter what task was at hand, my thoughts would always drift to Jade. She had become comfortable sharing the details of her exhibitionist exploits with me, and was enjoying the many benefits she received from keeping me in an almost constant state of arousal. Her stories, coupled with my imagination, had filled my mind with the most amazing collection of hand-crafted pictures and videos. Jade, of course, was always the star of the show. Pleased with the portfolio of "pillow-talk" based imagery she had created in my head, I thought I was ready to start a new folder of her teasing escapades; one I could fill with images captured from more personal experiences.

I needed to go to Oregon, Portland to be exact, for an industry conference. I would leave on a Wednesday evening, and attend meetings on Thursday and Friday. Because the airfare would cheaper for the company if I stayed over a Saturday, I would have a day to "sight-see", and then arrive home early Sunday evening. Jade didn't want to be alone for 4 nights, and she pouted when I told her the reservations were for one. The devious look I soon saw in her bright green eyes told me she had no plans for being left behind. Her plan for me to let her join me began with sulking. When it became obvious that that wouldn't work, she moved to "Phase 2".

In her most convincing voice, she said that she was fine with me taking off without her for a few days. Applications and interviews only took her a couple of hours a day at best, and nobody looked for work on Saturday. She said she would really enjoy spending some time at the beach, and if she wore her new bikini, she could finally tan all the areas that her old suit kept hidden. And since I was always insisting she wear sunscreen, she would have to find someone else to apply it to all the areas she couldn't reach. Luckily, because that weekend would be right in the middle of Spring Break, it would be easy for her to find a volunteer that would be more than happy to help her out.

The concern in my eyes made her smile brighten, and she continued to work on me. She said that if I didn't mind, that maybe if she was to meet some really cool people on the beach, she could ask them to crash here with her for a couple nights. That way, she wouldn't be so lonely while I was gone. She then stopped talking, and just stared at me while what she said sunk in. Knowing that she wouldn't, but not totally sure if she would, I slowly moved from looking at the floor, to looking in her eyes. With a tone of defeat, I told her the weather in Portland was unpredictable, and that when she packed, she should bring clothes that she could easily layer. She kissed and hugged me in victory, and with a pleased smirk, she turned away and vanished into the bedroom.

It was Wednesday afternoon, and the cab arrived right on time to take us to the airport. As usual, I hauled down the luggage while she finished getting ready. We were planning to go straight from the Portland airport to the hotel, so to simplify things at airport security we decided we would both dress comfortable and casual. Jade picked out a loose fitting "T" that she filled out with one of those "wonder bras". Her pants were just a pair of thin, grey cotton sweats. She folded down the band of the already low waistline, and it allowed for an enticing peek of her flat stomach, stopping just below the tan line of her bikini bottoms. The defined fit around her butt made it clear that any panties she had brought were tucked safely in her suitcase. Her slip-on "Van's" sneakers would be easy to take on and off when we passed through x-ray.

We made good time getting to our gate, and we took our place in line as we waited to board. She stood with her back to me and my arms wrapping around her. The feeling of her almost bare ass pressing against my crotch was starting to cause a strain inside my sweats, and I was trying hard to keep control. We saw some signs saying something about a "heightened level of security", and as we waited in line, two men in official looking uniforms began selecting passengers for a secondary screening.

In 10 minutes, they processed 3 passengers. There was a table set up in open view, with a 5 foot tall white curtain stretched behind it. Each of the 3 passengers were pulled aside, and then told to place their carry-on items, shoes, belts, and loose clothing on the table. The officers sorted through their belongings and asked each one a different set of questions. After it was determined they posed no threat, they were each allowed to find their place back in line. With a brief announcement, the line started to move, and we began to slowly make our way toward the gate entrance. Even though we had nothing to hide, Jade and I were happy to not be singled out. The two officers continued to scrutinize everyone in line as we walked toward the boarding tunnel. We began to walk past the two men, and I noticed one of the men nudge his partner as Jade passed by. They exchanged a wink, then gestured to Jade to leave the line and move to the security check. She lifted out her arms, and said that she wasn't carrying any bags. Angry that she had challenged their request, they told her she would need to be searched before getting on the plane. The line was still moving, and afraid of being accused of posing any sort of a threat, I continued toward the plane as she was being escorted to behind the curtain. I felt a guilty excitement while I sat alone imagining what they were doing with her. Then, after about 10 minutes, I was relieved to see her smiling as she squeezed her way down the aisle toward me. She took her seat next to mine, and seemed a little flustered when I asked what had happened. Still smiling, she said she would tell me all about it later, and that for now, all she would say was that their hands were much colder than mine. I had to grab a pillow from the overhead and hold it in my lap in order to hide the bulge that pressed between my legs. Pleased that she was the cause of such a reaction, she leaned toward me, placed her head on my shoulder, and closed her eyes to rest.

I spent the next two days grinding through endless meetings and seminars, and was left to only imagine how Jade was occupying her time. Thursday evening we went out for dinner, and I dominated the conversation while I rehashed my day. She was content to listen, and never tried to change the subject. Although she never said anything, I could tell that something happened that day that left her extremely horny. Unfortunately, I was exhausted, and once we were back at the hotel I didn't even get undressed before I collapsed on the bed and fell asleep.

We enjoyed another dinner together on Friday evening, and since Saturday was a day off, we stayed to have a few drinks afterward before heading back to the hotel. A couple of cocktails and a shot of tequila later, we were both feeling pretty giddy and we were ready to leave. We stumbled our way back the room, got undressed, and joined each other on the bed. Jade surprised me when she offered to treat me with a shoulder massage. I eagerly accepted, and as her hands pressed into my muscles she began to tell me what she had been up to.

She said that she spent most of Thursday just exploring the hotel. While strolling through the hallways she discovered the fitness center, and immediately went back to the room to get changed. Since she packed without considering that she might be working out, she had to make do with the clothes she brought. The shorts she chose were a little short, and the legs gaped open when she would bend over. Without a sports bra, she was left to wear her baggy t-shirt with the stretched out collar. Uncomfortable with a regular bra while working out, she chose to wear none at all, and figured it wouldn't matter since she would be there alone anyway. She went to the front desk to ask for a key, and while he was activating the pass card, the clerk said that it was hotel policy that he first familiarize her with the equipment. She had spent a couple of years during college working at a gym, and Jade had no doubt that she knew way more than he could possibly tell her. Not wanting to be bothered while she worked up a sweat, she convinced him that she had a complete understanding of the safe use of the equipment, and with a flirtatious smile she was handed the card key.

She was excited about a chance to work out in her own private gym, and quickly made her way through the maze of hallways leading to the fitness center. Her fast pace caused her unconfined tits to bounce, and the loose fit of her shorts provided a steady stream of air to flow across her panties. The sensation reminded her of how it felt when she walked around nude in front of our open windows, and she was surprised by how horny the sensation was making her. Knowing she was on her own until the evening, she began to feel a little bit "frustrated", but decided to use her urges to help her focus and intensify her workout. Ready to start, she slid the card key across the reader, opened the door, and walked into the gym. The air conditioner was already running, and the rush of cold air caused her nipples to become instantly stiff. She found an open area in the middle of the room to stretch out and warm up in, and began her routine by standing with her legs apart while reaching her arms up over her head. She was facing a mirrored wall, and the image she saw revealed how pronounced her tits looked as her oversized shirt just draped across her chest. She stopped stretching and started posing, and she was surprised by how easily she could be seen when her movements allowed her loose clothes to fall away from her body. Just when she was offering the empty room a clear shot down the front of her shirt, she saw a shadow in the doorway. As she watched the grey haired gentleman walk in, she watched her privacy walk out.

Jade looked up when he entered, and was happy that they exchanged nothing more than a polite nod. His lack of attention made her comfortable that he would be respectful while they shared the room. Undistracted by her presence, he began to work out. Intrigued by his indifference, she stole a peek at him when she knew he wouldn't see. The grey of his hair and mature wrinkles in his face gave him a fatherly look, while his lean, toned body and pronounced arms and chest made him seem much younger and virile. She remained discreet with her brief glances, but he was a little more obvious as his eyes roamed over her curves. Aware of how her clothing would react as she moved in the machines, she allowed him a clear view down her top just as he picked up his towel, trying to use it to hide his eyes while he stared in her direction. Jade was enjoying herself while she continued to tease and flash this handsome stranger, but decided to stop before it could get out of hand. She offered him a smile before leaving his gaze and retreated to our room. She was still turned on, but tried not to make it apparent when I got back from work and while we went out for dinner.

I sat in silence as I imagined her lifting weights and exposing her body to him. Although she didn't say it, I knew that her attraction to him made the whole experience that much more exciting. She dug her "claws" into my back as she continued with Friday's events...

I passed out early the night before, and left Jade to spend the night tossing and turning in frustration. She finally fell asleep just before I woke up, and I was oblivious to any problems as I got ready for the remainder of my conference. After I left, she was once again wide awake, and she stayed in bed to take care of business on her own. Twice she was interrupted by the maid, and each time she yelled out "Later!" before putting herself back into her fantasy. She said that if it had been a male voice outside the door, she would have told him come in, and her fantasy would have become a reality. After she finally achieved some self satisfaction, she got dressed and went down to the lobby to grab the last of the breakfast buffet. The day before while checking out the hotel, she noticed an indoor pool and spa. She thought that a meal and a hot soak would be just what she needed to prepare for an afternoon nap. Happy that she remembered her new bikini, she wrapped it in a towel and carried it with her downstairs.

She grabbed some juice and a couple of muffins, and sat down at a table to choke them down. The only other hotel guest around was the man that was in the gym while she worked out the day before. As she twisted off the top of her first muffin, he walked over and asked if he could join her. Not wanting to be rude, she motioned to a chair and allowed him to sit down. They said nothing about their previous encounter as they began to chat. Though he could have been her father, he didn't waste any time with his compliments, and enjoying the attention, she did nothing to dissuade him.

With a thick German accent, he said his name was Carl, and that he was still fighting jet lag after arriving late Wednesday night. He said he was in town for the grand opening of his new brewery this weekend. As he spoke, Jade struggled to make out the words through his accent, and what he offered as conversation sounded more to her like he was barking out orders. She felt a little uncomfortable as she sat with the man that was responsible for getting her so worked up the day before, but decided there would be no harm in a little small talk over breakfast. The more she listened to him, the more she enjoyed his company, and the more she was taken by the charm of this man who was more than double her age. As they exchanged the usual introductory information, he noticed the string of her swimsuit hanging out from her towel, and promptly asked if she would join him for a swim in the pool. She agreed, but said she would probably spend most of her time in the spa. One muffin and a half of a glass of juice later, they left for their swim.

Carl was already wearing his suit, and was quick to remove his shirt and pants, anxious to get wet. Jade watched him, and she was impressed to see that he was in even better shape than she remembered. As they looked for the locker room where she could change, they saw a sign posted on the wall that read "All bathers must shower before entering the water." When they found the entrance to the locker rooms, they discovered tape over the door to the women's locker, complete with a sign that read "Out of Order". Not missing a beat, Carl offered to stand guard while Jade changed and showered in the men's locker room, and said he would wait to shower until after she was done. Taken by his thoughtfulness, she agreed to his suggestion, and walked past the "Men" sign to get ready to swim.

Past the front entrance, she found a single bench running lengthwise down the middle of a large room. One wall had lockers, and the opposite wall had an entrance to the shower room. The dressing area was hidden from the front entrance by a single wall that you had to walk around as you came in. The shower was a single room that had shower heads and faucets spaced evenly apart along the walls. There were soap dispensers hanging on opposite walls of the shower, and they were filled with a white liquid soap. While standing in the shower, you could only see the area of the dressing room directly in front of the shower entrance. Jade was glad to have Carl standing guard as she rolled out her towel along the bench.

She pulled her top over her head and slid out of her shorts before placing them both next to her towel. There was no shortage of mirrors, and she was pleased with the view as the multiple images of her body caught her eye. She removed her bra, and then hooked her thumbs in her panties to push them to the floor. She placed them on top of her other clothes and stood there naked, still looking in the mirrors. She realized that in just a day and a half, her pubic hair had already grown way beyond stubble, and she hoped that her bikini would cover the new growth of dark blonde hair that had returned to hide the pink folds of her pussy. She hadn't washed since yesterday morning, and decided to take advantage of the opportunity to bathe before putting on her suit. She left everything on the bench, stepped into the shower, and adjusted the water before beginning to soap up.

The sound of running water was Carl's cue to abandon his post, and he walked in the locker room to sneak a peek at Jade. Expecting that she would already be dressed in her swimsuit, he was happy to see her bikini, towel, and clothes all set out neatly on the bench. With the steam from the shower billowing from the entrance, he grabbed everything off the bench and placed it all in one of the lockers. He then removed his swim trunks, and silently entered the shower. Soap was streaming down Jade's face as she rinsed the suds from her hair, and her eyes were closed to protect them from the sting. She had no idea that the man she hardly knew was standing in front of her, taking in the image of her naked body as she continued to bathe. Lost in her thoughts, she didn't hear the sound of the additional water when Carl turned on the shower across from her as he began to wash himself. Although he had a daughter just one year younger, he felt no shame as he admired her body. Her small, firm breasts stood firmly on her chest, and her erect nipples didn't budge as they pointed straight in his direction. The round, pink tips of her tits allowed the water to pause for a moment, before it slowly continued to drip to the floor. He followed her taught, smooth stomach down to the part of her legs, and his usually limp member sprung to life as he examined the light patch of fur that topped her young, tight slit. He was soaping himself up as he watched her turn around to face the wall, and she unknowingly showed him every bit of her ass while she used her hands to remove the remaining soap from her body. He fully appreciated the value of the moment he was in, and he never closed his eyes as his mind forged a detailed memory of the event. Jade turned around to finish rinsing her back, and when she opened her eyes, she could barely contain her scream when she saw him showering across from her. She was more angry than embarrassed, and she stood there naked and dripping wet while she told him off. He was aroused by her outburst, and as she watched, he began to lather up his stiff cock. After realizing what he was doing, she turned off her shower and stormed out into the dressing room. Carl took his time rinsing off knowing she would be outside waiting when he was through.

He stepped out of the shower, and sure enough, Jade was sitting there shivering, completely naked on the bench. She was still fired up when she demanded he give her back her clothes. He stood there covered only in his calmness and charm, and asked her not to be mad, and that he didn't want anything more than to have a little fun. He assured her that he wasn't looking for sex, but that he simply enjoyed the rush of excitement he got from watching and being watched. He returned to his compliments as he told her that she was an incredible beauty, and how it was such a wonderful gift to be able to experience her exquisite, natural form. She began to relax as he talked, and then soon apologized for getting so upset. Her eyes roamed over his body, and she couldn't believe how good he looked for a man of his age. She got up from the bench and felt her body respond as he stood there admiring her. In his firmest German accent, he told her that before she could get dressed, she would have to join him for a dip in the pool. She agreed, but only on the condition that she could jump in and then run right back in to the locker room. He nodded, and with a combined splash, their naked bodies sunk to the bottom of the pool. Carl watched as Jade took her time getting out of the pool before returning to the lockers.

As promised, Carl presented Jade with her clothes, and she slowly got dressed, teasing the older man as she hid her young, fresh body from his view. He remained naked, and told her that after she left, he was going to take another quick shower. Jade smiled as she walked out, certain of what he was going to do, and certain of what he was going to be thinking about while he did it.

I sat there listening to her every word, and once again my minds eye had to create the visual record that would accompany her story. I imagined watching them in the shower as she revealed her amazing, naked body to him, and seeing her reaction while she stood there admiring his massive erection. While I believed her when she said that nothing physical happened between them, I secretly embellished her story to include watching her in the shower, seeing her kneel in front of him stroking his soapy shaft, all before she begs him to let her slide his cock in and out of the warmth of her mouth.

The jealousy I felt quickly vanished when she spread herself in front of me and told me to use her in any way that I wanted. That night, we didn't make love. We fucked. And we were lost in our fantasies as we thrashed around the bed in a frenzy of raw sex, finally climaxing together before silently drifting off to sleep.

Tomorrow was Saturday, and if everything worked as planned, I was finally going to have the chance to watch my teasing muse in action, finally realizing the first-hand-account memories that so many others already enjoy.

**Jade the Tease Ch. 05**

There are plenty of clichés that apply,..."Put up, or shut up"..."If you're going to talk the talk the talk, you should walk the walk"..."Put your money where your mouth is"...etc., and although their original sentiment had nothing to do with my situation, those little bits of wisdom were goading me into taking the next step. Well, maybe they weren't the only thing driving my motivation. Like many of us, I find a certain excitement in the idea of watching my girl tease and show herself off to other men. I've tried my best to figure out why, but all I've been able to come up with is that there just isn't any one reason for it being such a turn-on. One thing was for sure, however, it was a pleasure that both Jade and I shared. Until now, her stories were simply my fantasies, limited to her pillow-talk and my over-stimulated my imagination. I needed a first hand experience... I needed a memory we could share that was more than just a story... I needed to feel what it was like to be "where the rubber meets the road"...

We were still in Portland, and while I was working the last two days Jade was taking advantage of the hotel's amenities, mainly the gym and the pool. When I first learned about this trip, Jade convinced me to take her by describing a scenario that included the beach, her bikini, strange men, my absence, and curing her loneliness with a little unadulterated fun. After all, it would be much easier to keep an eye on my sexy, flirtatious, free-spirited, 25 year old blonde if she wasn't hundreds of miles away, right? Well apparently, you can take the girl away from the unadulterated fun, but you can't take the unadulterated fun away from the girl. And as it turned out, her activities while she's been here in Oregon were about the same as the theoretical activities she described, should she had stayed at home. The only difference was that when she showered here, there wasn't any sand left in the bottom of the tub. Nonetheless, I was glad she had some fun, she was happy to tell me all about it, and we were both looking forward to whatever adventure the day ahead had in store.

We woke up together Saturday morning at about 9:00 a.m., and Jade was anxious to hear what I had planned for the day. I told her that before our trip, I had spent some time researching some of the things that Portland had to offer. I learned that in the mountains just to the east there were pockets of natural hot springs, and that most of them were accessible in just a couple of hours with a scenic drive and a short hike. I mentioned that there was one in particular, called Bagby Hot Springs. Because of Bagby's popularity, the hiking trail was maintained, and the hot springs themselves included some man-made amenities. Neither of us had ever gone to a natural spring, and we talked as we tried to imagine what it might be like. She hoped for a pool of warm mineral water that she could sit beside and soak her feet in. I knew from the descriptions and pictures I had found that there would be much more than that, but I offered her very few details so I could keep the adventure a surprise. I said I wanted to leave at 11:00 a.m., and that she should probably shower and get ready now. She asked me what she would need to bring, and I told her all she had to do was dress comfortably, long pants and a light jacket would do, and that I would take care of the rest. I stayed in bed and studied her delicious curves as she crawled out from the covers and walked into the bathroom.

As promised, the drive to Bagby was a beautiful one, and much of the road followed a winding river littered with rafters and fishermen. It was a rare sunny day in the Oregon Mountains, and the traffic heading out of town suggested that there were quite a few locals that wouldn't let it go to waste. When we pulled into the parking area for the Bagby trail, I was happy to find that most of the other "day-trippers" had different destinations. We were by no means going to be alone, but it wouldn't be nearly as crowded as I had read it could get. We parked, got out, and stretched. Then while Jade wandered toward the entrance of the trail, I grabbed the gear from the back of the car. I was given a "souvenir" duffle bag during my conference, and while Jade was showering I packed some towels, extra clothes, some water, my camera, and a flashlight, and she had no idea when I snuck out to stash it in the trunk of the rental. When she saw me carrying the bag, she immediately asked what was inside, and I jokingly said it was some survival supplies in case we got lost. It was the kind of humor that she didn't appreciate, and her response was simply an un-amused glare. Not wanting to risk stirring her up, I said I would tell her what was in the duffle, but if I did she would have to carry it. Figuring she would find out soon enough she gave me a smirking smile, grabbed my hand, and we headed into the woods.

The trail was fairly well kept, and except for having to crawl over the occasional fallen tree, it was pretty easy to navigate. The path followed along a creek, and in some places you had to really watch your step to avoid slipping down a steep bank into the cold, fast moving water. The path winded along for about a mile, and as we got deeper into the woods, we spooked ourselves while talking about the "Blair Witch Project". I could see that Jade was actually starting to become frightened, so I tried to lighten the mood by changing the subject.

I told her that I had some rope in the bag, and that if she didn't behave, I would have no problem putting it to use. Intrigued, she said to me that knowing the consequences of her behavior might help to keep her in line, and asked what I planned to do with it. I told her that I would find a tree not too far off the trail, and make her stand with her back against it, using the rope to tie her wrists together while her arms were held back around the trunk. Then, after stripping her naked, I would find somewhere to hide, and watch while she stood there helpless and bound, left to the mercy of the hikers as they passed by. Her blushing grin told me she was no longer scared, so I elaborated on the scenario. I told her there were a lot of snakes in these woods, and that they were particularly attracted to the scent that a person's glands produce when they are nervous or afraid. I warned her that while tied to the tree, she would have no defense as the most curious of the snakes would slither their way up and around her legs and body, exploring her form while trying to find the source of the enticing aroma. Because snakes can only smell with their tongues, she would just have to stand there while they flicked them in and out over her bare skin. She became flushed and flustered as she listened to my words, imagining herself experiencing everything I was describing. As we continued down the path she started pointing out which trees she thought would work best, and where I could hide to get the best vantage point. We were having so much fun teasing and joking with each other, that we almost walked right past the group of small wooden structures that made up Bagby Hot Springs.

The pictures I had seen did little to demonstrate just how primitive the area was. I shared Jade's "fresh eyes" and enthusiasm as we explored the springs and discovered what Bagby had to offer. At almost the highest point in the area, there was a small hole in the ground that had a constant supply of very hot water bubbling out. As it flowed away from its source, the steaming water was captured by a network of wood troughs that ran down toward, then connecting and supplying water to, a series of various sized wooden tubs. We followed the troughs to a row of small "private" tubs, each one sitting inside its own closet-sized, enclosed room. The doors were all shut, and the sounds we heard coming from inside the rooms led us to assume they were all being used. We continued past the private rooms, and then walked down some steps that led us behind the rooms to a large, wooden deck, partially covered with a makeshift, slatted awning. The deck held a single, large round tub at the base of the steps, followed by three, long narrow tubs that looked to have been carved out of tree trunks. The deck had no walls, and it allowed for an unobstructed view of the forest, the neighboring tubs, and the friends you would make while soaking it all in. The two furthest log tubs were being used, leaving the large round tub and the long narrow log next to it, available. Preferring the ability to stretch out and lay down, we chose the hollowed out log, and I set the duffle bag down beside it to "claim" the tub as ours. There was just one bench, about 8 feet long, that was attached along the edge of the deck across from the large tub. Jade cleared a place on it for us to sit down, and I found and turned the lever on the wall at the end of our log, redirecting the hot water flowing through the trough to start filling our empty bath.

Lounging in the log next to ours was an attractive couple who looked to be in their early thirties. Their eyes were closed as they sat facing each other, both of them leaning back against opposite ends of their tub. Their stillness and serenity made them appear to be very "at peace" with their surroundings, and they showed absolutely no reaction to the activity that had begun at the tub beside theirs. They had both purposefully matted their hair into dreadlocks, and the tangled extensions disappeared into their hot bath while their heads tilted back against the bark-lined rim of the tub. From the bench, the only thing visible to Jade was the profile of their faces, and she couldn't see anything below the top edge of their tub. I, however, was standing next to their log monitoring the fill of ours, and had an unobstructed view of the couple, including everything above, and beneath, their calm, clear bathwater. I was envious at how relaxed and comfortable they were as they leaned back, unconcerned with the open display of their naked bodies. Seeing them fueled my anticipation for the similar display that Jade was soon going to provide.

Sitting in the last tub at the far end of the deck was a guy all by himself who also looked to be in his thirties. His eyes were open, and he was careful not to stare too long as he scanned back and forth, pretending to be interested in the trees as he checked us out. It was pretty obvious to me that the view he was interested in had nothing to do with the forest, and that he was eagerly awaiting the new scenery that had just arrived on the deck. I assumed that he was also naked, and I tried not to think what his submerged hands were doing while the jiggling of his arms caused a slight ripple in the water of his tub. Despite the three other visitors that were sharing our deck, the semi-private location of our tubs allowed Jade and I to feel a little more at ease as we prepared for our hot soak together.

Now, up to this point, I hadn't said anything and she hadn't noticed, so I wasn't surprised when Jade stood up and asked me to get her swimsuit from the bag, and then glanced around as she wondered out loud where the changing rooms might be. Instead of telling her directly, I walked toward her with widened eyes as I nodded and motioned my head toward the other tubs. It was the surprise I had waited for when she finally realized that everyone was nude, and I did my best to hide my excitement while I watched her slowly grasp the reality of the situation. I leaned in and whispered in her ear that the tubs were actually "clothing optional", and that when I packed, I optioned for none. She glared at me with her bright green eyes, but offered no other response. Our tub was just about half full, so I escaped her silent glare by going up the stairs to fill a couple of the buckets that were sitting beside a large tub of cold water, that was used to adjust the temperature of the naturally too-hot supply from the springs. While I was away, she opened and rummaged through the duffle bag, and when she was convinced that her suit wasn't mixed in with the other contents, she jammed the bag under the bench with her foot and prepared herself to better "fit in" with the environment.

I was only gone for about 30 seconds, but when I returned Jade had already removed her shoes and socks, and her jacket was hanging on a hook attached to a roof-supporting post. I walked past her carrying two buckets, poured the water into the tub, and then reached in to check the temperature. Judging by the heat of the water and how much more it would take to fill the tub, I figured that two more completely full buckets should be enough. The sound of the spilling water had caused the couple in the next log to open their eyes, and "single guy" used the sudden activity as an opportunity to linger a little bit longer with his repeated stares. I gave Jade a wink as I walked back past her to re-fill the buckets, and hoped that she would wait before she continued to prepare for her baptism into communal bathing.

I quickly returned with two more buckets, and had to rush to the tub while trying not to lose my grip and spill the water. I made it without losing a drop, and it wasn't until I emptied both buckets into the tub that I looked over to see Jade's pants folded neatly, sitting on top of the duffle bag under the bench. She smiled as she stood there in her t-shirt and lacey white, thong panties, enticingly waiting for me to join her before continuing to undress. I wasn't shy about removing my first few items of clothing, and in mere seconds I removed my shoes, socks, jacket and shirt, leaving me in just my pants and boxers. Just as we were about to strip out of the last of our clothes, Jade and I were distracted as the couple next to us began to move around in their tub. Without a hint of modesty, they stood up to trade places with each other, and then stopped as they were both facing us to reach out for a handshake and offer a friendly introduction. It was the kind of moment that no matter what the circumstance was always going to be incredibly awkward. The kind of moment where you had to pretend that you were perfectly at ease; and that standing half-dressed with your girlfriend, shaking the pruned up hands of two naked hippies while being surrounded by a bunch of hollowed-out, tree-trunk hot tubs, was something you did all the time. Jade and I walked over to them, and stifled our giggles as we exchanged names. Not to be left out, "single guy" chimed in with his own introduction. I hesitantly looked toward him, and was thankful that he, too, wasn't standing waiting for a handshake. While Jade and I both enjoyed meeting new people, it meant that our "cloak of courteous privacy" was gone, and the once impolite stares - mostly from "single guy", could now be viewed as just friendly smiles of acknowledgement.

I have to admit, as the couple stood there making their introductions, I took full advantage of the moment to check out the attributes of our new acquaintances. She was about 5'4", maybe around 115 lbs., had dark blond dreads, and bright blue eyes. Her breasts were a full "C" cup, and the firm round forms that sat proudly on her chest were each centered with tight, dark pink circles, surrounding small, erect nipples that were proudly pointing slightly upward. I was concerned that I might be staring too long at her breasts, so I forced my eyes to continue down over her smooth, evenly tanned torso, finally stopping just under the small "pooch" of her belly. It was there I found a full, triangle shaped patch of dark brown hair that was keeping the soft folds of her pussy both hidden and warm. I enjoyed taking in the naked beauty of her unfamiliar body, and when I caught Jade blushing while checking out her companion, I was sure that she was enjoying it as well. He had nothing to be ashamed of. His almost 6' frame was covered with lean muscle, his dark eyes had an inviting warmth, and his thick cock showed no reaction as it transitioned from the hot water to the cool air, never retreating as it hung low between his legs. I was briefly distracted when I began to imagine the four of us swapping partners, and being able to fuck this sexy hippie while watching her partner sink his shaft into Jade. Jade's sexuality is a little more one-sided, and I imagined that she would prefer that I just stayed close by while she had them both to herself, possibly even allowing "single guy" to join the fun. Trying to refocus, I moved my eyes from the naked couple back to our tub, and I noticed the stream of hot water still spilling in. As I reached over to close the valve, I felt a slight nervousness when I realized that the full tub meant that it was our turn to feel the cool breeze against our naked bodies before concealing ourselves in the warmth of the waiting bath.

Done with our introductions, we moved back to the bench to finish undressing. I knew that standing next to Jade, my nudity would go almost completely unnoticed, and that everyone's attention, including my own, would be focused on her. I removed my pants and stood in my boxers as I watched Jade lift her shirt over her head, leaving her standing in her sheer white bra and matching lace panties. I couldn't believe the excitement and thrill I felt when, for the first time, I was going to witness Jade completely strip in full view of an audience. The couple glanced over and smiled at us as they sunk back down into the warm water of their tub. My attention then turned to "single guy", and my heart began to race as his unblinking stare watched her unclasp and remove her bra, exposing her instantly erect tits to everything, and everyone around. Before my own stiffness could set in, I quickly removed my boxers. Expectedly, no one seemed to notice as I walked over to our tub unclothed and slid myself into the almost too-hot water. Four sets of eyes were now focused on Jade, and in a moment of shyness, she reached her arm across her chest and took two steps toward the tub. Then she stopped, looked me straight in my eyes, and then hooked her thumbs in either side of her white thong, before sliding it past her hips and down to the wooden deck. She then quickly bent over, picked up her panties, and turned around to place them with our other clothes. She then turned back to face us, and I became rock hard as we were treated not only to the sight of her perfectly extended nipples, but also to the beautiful pink folds of her pussy, left totally exposed after the clean shave she gave herself earlier that morning. Feeling their stares, her eyes began moving from each of our companions to the next, and they all kept watching as her naked body made its way over to our tub. Startled by how hot the water was she took her time as she slowly eased herself in, allowing her most sensitive parts to get accustomed to the intense heat before continuing.

Like our neighbors, we sat at opposite ends of the log, and faced each other as we leaned back relaxing. Watching Jade strip and walk around naked on display of the others was exactly how I hoped it would be, and the clear water in the tub allowed her a perfect view of just how excited it had made me. After soaking for about five minutes, Jade looked up and said she was ready for one of the bottles of water she had seen in our duffle bag. I made a move to get up, and she promptly told me to "stay put" before giving me a wink and gracefully stepping out of the tub to walk over to the bench. With her back to all the tubs, she bent over flashing her ass while she reached for a bottle from the bag. Out of the silence, "single guy" spoke up, and asked if she wouldn't mind getting him one the sodas from his cooler that was sitting under the far end of the bench. I couldn't believe the nerve of his request, but without missing a beat, Jade walked over, reached in his cooler, and pulled out a cold can. Her eyes were fixed on the man in the far tub as she walked straight past the first two, finally stopping right in front of where he was sitting inside. He seemed to be raping her with his eyes as they moved across every inch of her delicious body, and she stood unshaken while she took her time opening the can before leaning over to hand it to him. Her retreat was slow, and she took a moment to peek at the activity in his tub before turning around to walk away. I watched him continue to stare at her ass while she returned to our bath, and felt contempt for his pleased smile as he enjoyed both the soda, and the personal victory of its delivery. The sly grin on Jade's face told me that she felt it was her, and not him, that had controlled and dominated their interaction. I knew it was all just part of the game, and as she joined me back in the tub, the swollen lips of her bare pussy showed me just how excited playing this game had made her. Watching her made me realize how much truth there was to the stories she had been sharing with me, and I wondered for a moment just how much truth I was willing to experience. I soon became more comfortable and confident as I watched her continue to get in and out of tub teasing the others, knowing the mutual benefit that their lustful stares and thoughts would provide as we talked about them later in private.

For the next fifteen minutes or so we all just soaked and relaxed, and our minds began to drift through our silent imaginations. Our personal journeys came to an abrupt end, however, when the peaceful sounds of the forest were interrupted by the unrestrained laughter of a group of young men. We all listened as their voices got closer and louder, and the pounding footsteps down the wooden steps allowed us little preparation for the invasion of the energetic five-some. The unruly group of spring-breakers moved around the deck unchecked before deciding to take charge of the last available tub. Both Jade and the woman next to us did what they could to cover themselves while the rowdy men stood around our tubs and asked if we knew how they could fill theirs. I made a friendly gesture toward the lever in the trough above their tub, and began to describe how the water was delivered, and where they could get the cold water they were going to need. My help went unacknowledged, and I realized they only asked so they would have an excuse to direct their attention toward and into our tubs, while they tried to get a better look of the nude bodies inside. I began to plan our exit strategy and saw the others doing the same as the group settled in and began to fill their tub.

After a couple of minutes they slowly calmed down, and my initial apprehension began to fade. Jade was also becoming more relaxed, and I watched her as she studied the new additions to our group. There were 3 white guys and 2 black guys, all college age, and each one appeared tall and athletic. Their comradeship suggested they were teammates, and they seemed comfortable as they planned to all share the same tub. None of the guys were shy as they continued to try and catch a glimpse of the two naked women, and Jade began to let down her guard as she became more comfortable. The group's conversation was nothing more than exaggerated stories of past parties and personal conquests, but as I listened closer I could hear their graphic whispers describing the two women who were sitting nearby. I looked at Jade, and she pretended to be "zoning out" while she was eavesdropping, apparently enjoying the hardcore comments being passed around about the two "hotties" in the other tubs. I looked over at our hippie friends, and they were now sitting together with their eyes closed, presumably trying to ignore the disruption and commotion. "Single guy" sat alone in his tub moping, apparently feeling outnumbered and stripped of his past confidence. The guys "hi-fived" each other when their tub finished filling, then they each began to prepare to enter the water.

Jade's position in our tub didn't allow her a direct view of the men as they removed their clothing, and I felt a little relieved that she was unable to watch them undress. I was sitting facing toward them, and was jealous when I saw that every one of them had a defined chest and six-pack abs. Fortunately, my jealousy ended there since they all kept their briefs on for their soak in the water. They each grabbed a can of beer from their backpacks before getting in, and just 12 ounces later, they were the same rowdy group of men that had first arrived. I was just after 3:00 p.m., and unable to relax, the couple next to us decided to leave. The college guys stared as the unshaven goddess strolled across the deck, leaving herself exposed while she and her boyfriend gathered their belongings. "Single guy" went unnoticed under the cover of the couple as he made his escape from his tub, and off the crowded deck. Their departure meant that Jade and I were now alone to deal with the new "dynamic" of the deck.

They were ready for another round of beer, and one of the guys looked over and asked if we would each like one as well. I knew there would be strings attached, but I couldn't argue with Jade's naively eager smile, so we both accepted their offer. Without hesitating, DJ (as I heard the others call him), the taller of the two black guys shouted, "We buy, you fly!", and they all looked to Jade to retrieve and distribute the beer. Ignoring me as I looked at her shaking my head, she stood up, got out of the tub, and made her way over to where the guys had dropped their gear. My eyes couldn't stop moving between them and her, and I sat in excited disbelief as she walked around, completely naked, handing out cans of beer to the cheers of the 5 guys watching her from inside their tub. Small drops of water clung to her skin, and the cool afternoon air caused her body to be covered in "goose bumps". Her nipples were standing at attention, and they jiggled with her steps as she made her way from man to man. Her clean shaven pussy provided each guy with a detailed display of her most prized treasure, and her round firm ass was offered as dessert when she turned away from them to bring a beer to me. DJ was by far the most outspoken of the group, and after "cheering" and taking a drink of their beers, he suggested that Jade come join them while she drank hers. Her devious grin gave me little consolation when she quietly turned around and stepped up on the wood planks that provided access to their tub. My heart pounded and my mouth became dry as I watched my sexy, naked girlfriend slide into the crowded tub, rubbing against their bodies as she squeezed herself between two of the alcohol primed, college athletes.

I tried to look away, but I was uncontrollably drawn back to witness the events taking place in the tub next to me. My cock only became harder when she was moved to the center of the tub and they began to push her from man to man. My original desire to witness some innocent exhibitionism was getting out of control, and seeing Jade being handled like this caused me to leave our tub and move to the side of theirs, providing me with a clear view of the activity inside. I watched as their hands moved across her body, and she didn't seem to mind as each one of them took turns touching her anywhere they liked. As if she belonged to them, they pulled on her nipples, squeezed her ass, and ran their fingers along the slit of her gaping pussy. She offered no resistance to their fondling, and was soon an active participant when she reached her hands under their shorts and began to massage their waiting cocks. The two black guys enjoyed her extra attention as she took her time stroking their firm lengths. I watched as she grabbed a cock in each hand, pumping both of them while each man took turns playing with my toys. She would pause for only a second to look my way for reassurance while she enjoyed her group bath. Then suddenly, just as quickly as it started, Jade had enough, and she reached for my hand as she exited their tub to get back into ours.

I turned to join Jade in the clear, hot water of our tub, but was immediately pushed aside by the aggressive reach of DJ. Before I knew it, I was being held against the large tub by 2 of the men inside, and could do nothing as I watched the tall, lean, black athlete strip off his shorts and move toward her while she sat naked and alone in our tub. He wasn't about to accept that his playtime was over, and he was determined to get some satisfaction. He stood in the tub with his swollen, black cock pointing straight toward her, and he told her to get on her knees in front of him. He reached down with his large, dark hands and began to tug on her light pink, extended tits. With one hand around the base, she moved toward his cock, and to the thrill of her audience she began to run her tongue along the entire length of his shaft. Aware of the pleasure and power she was getting from her performance I had no desire to stop it, but I still wished I could break away from being restrained so I could hide my arousal that the scene in front of us was causing. Jade looked over at me, and while staring at my full erection she slid his thick, black cock past her pink full lips, coating it with a slick layer of her warm saliva. The view of her naked body, the feel of her tits between his fingers, and the sensation of her mouth wrapped around his cock was all he could take, and she pulled away just in time as DJ shot his load all over her chin and chest. Satisfied, he stepped out of our tub to return to his, and I was released from their grip when the rest of the group once again celebrated with a "hi-five".

I was about to join Jade back in our tub, but she stopped me from getting in when she stood up and started splashing the hot water across her skin to rinse off the milky discharge that DJ had left behind. She ignored the nasty comments from the men while they watched her clean herself off, and when she was done she grabbed my hand to help her as she stepped out of the water. She then walked over and reached down to retrieve the clothes that were folded neatly under the bench. I stood beside her covering my subsiding hard-on with my hands as she put our clothes into the duffle bag and zipped it closed. Then she turned around, gave one of her "bitchy" smiles to the guys in the tub, and walked up the stairs completely naked while dragging the heavy bag behind her. I followed close behind, and she didn't slow down as she made her way to the path and led us back into the forest.

Once we lost sight of Bagby, Jade stopped and asked if I wanted my clothes. I nodded, and as I got dressed she asked if I was mad at her for what had happened. After I zipped up my pants and pulled my shirt over my head, I looked her straight in her eyes and told her that "single guy" was a pig, and that it was simply the polite thing to do when he asked if she would get him a soda. She quickly understood, and with a sigh of relief she pressed her naked body against me while giving an appreciative hug and kiss. Not ready to abandon the tease, she handed me the bag that still contained her clothes, and then rushed ahead of me disappearing from view.

Not wanting to miss anything, I pulled my camera from the bag and continued in her direction. I found her waiting for me perched on a boulder just off the trail. I stood below her and managed to snap off a few shots just before we were spotted by a couple of hikers. It was a father (about 50), and his son (about 19), and they slowed down as they watched Jade carefully climb off the rock. I approached them and asked if they would join her while I took a couple of quick photographs. They eagerly agreed, and Jade gave me another one her looks as they joined her on the trail. I asked that they stand on either side of her while they both reached over with their far hand to cover each one of her breasts. The 19 year old didn't even let his hand touch her, but his father had no problem pressing his hand over her firm mound, gently rubbing across her tit as I prepared for the shot. I clicked the shutter, and the camera caught her jump when the father's other hand reached behind her and his fingers slid down between the soft crease of her ass. After posing with her for a few more pictures I thanked them for their time, and despite Jade's enthusiastic agreement to the man's request, I doubted I would be e-mailing his son with any copies of the photos.

It was getting darker and colder, and Jade was ready for some clothes. She chose only to put on her shoes, panties, and jacket, and then skipped down the path in front of me while I captured images of her heart-shaped ass, and the visible seam that was made by the white lacey thong that ran between her cheeks.

She slept in the car while I drove back to the hotel, and it was dark when we pulled into the parking lot. Still in only her jacket and panties, we hurried through the halls to our room, and she was naked before the door had time to close. I joined her on the bed, and she couldn't stop talking about the day, and how much more exciting it was to have me there watching while she teased the strangers around her. She talked about DJ, and casually mentioned how she had always fantasized about what it would be like to be screwed by a really huge black man. Thinking back to the mattress delivery men, I wondered how much of that story had actually happened, but said nothing about it as I continued with her fantasy, suggesting that if we were to find the right man she just might be able to find out. With a high pitched squeal, her juices began to seep from her pussy, and we fucked like pornstars as she told me how she felt while she was playing around with all those guys. We continued for what must have been hours, and we seemed to share an endless supply of orgasms before we finally passed out.

Still exhausted, we woke up late Sunday morning, and we frantically rushed around as we checked-out from the hotel, returned the car, and caught our flight back home. I was still charged up from our day before, and while Jade napped in the seat beside me, I began to plan for our next adventure...