**Jeannie's Shopping "Strip"**

by[MrFrustration](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2842796&page=submissions)©

"Oh my god, would you look at that?"

"What?" I asked.

"Over there." Jeannie pointed across the street. "Check it out. Did he put her up to this?"

I turned around in my chair and stared. We were finishing up an afternoon of shopping with lunch at our favorite outdoor restaurant, and I had been busy looking at my menu to notice anything. As I looked in Jeannie's direction, I saw it: a young girl of nineteen or so, wearing only panties and flip-flops, being followed along the sidewalk by her boyfriend, who was carrying her bags.

The girl was lithe, with the sort of nice pointy, perky breasts that required little to no support. She was tan all over, and her pointy tits bounced as she jogged in front of her very amused boyfriend.

"Hmm," I said. "Probably a silly dare."

"You think he put her up to it?" Jeannie asked.

"Who knows?" I said. "She may have come up with the idea herself. Or maybe she chickened out, and he held her to it."

Obviously they had walked somewhere from the mall to this point, and being as it was a busy Saturday, much attention would have been paid. It certainly seemed so, since the girl appeared more than a little embarrassed. Her skin was flush, and she walked a little faster than normal. However, her face registered no anger or shame; just excitement. Her boyfriend was grinning ear to ear.

"She doesn't seem to mind much," Jeannie said.

"Probably likes the attention," I said. "Do you think she'll get caught?"

The girl looked from side to side to see if she was in view of anyone in the vicinity who might cause trouble. Satisfied that there were no cops or guards, she moved on, paying no attention to the onlookers who registered looks of shock or appreciation.

"No, there's no ordinance against public nudity," Jeannie replied. They might complain, but if you're outside the mall on public property, only the cops can arrest you on a complaint. And it's a hot summer day, so who really gives a fuck?"

I took a sip of my iced tea. "What do you think of that?"

Jeannie stared at the girl, who was now turned away from both of us. The view of her little ass wiggling from side to side was too cute to ignore. Jeannie stared, intrigued, smiling. "She's good looking. I think it's cool. You know, flaunt it if you got it."

"Would you do anything like that?" I asked.

Jeannie paused. "Um...no, probably not."

"Why not?"

"I don't have a problem being naked. We do it when we're at the right beach, or on vacation abroad."

"How about here?" I asked.

Jeannie flashed me an amused-annoyed look. "Because we shop here all the time. I don't want to get noticed."

"So..." I asked, "does that mean you'd do it in public elsewhere?"

Jeannie paused, then said, thoughtfully, "yeah, why not? But it would have to be really far away so I don't get recognized."

"How does the thought of that make you feel?" I asked.

"Well, I'd probably feel nervous doing it, but that would probably make me excited too."

I took a bite of my appetizer. "So how about after lunch we make a mad dash to the car with you stark naked?"

Jeannie swatted me with her menu. "I'm not going to do that here, today...and if you keep it up I might not do it at all!"

"Alright, alright," I laughed, waving my hands in mock protest. "I'll stop."

"Good," Jeannie glared at me, half-serious.

"She had a nice pair of tits, though."

"I liked her ass better."

"You think she waxes?"

"Shut up," Jeannie said. Then she shifted a little in her seat, preening. "Hey..."

"What?" I said, looking up.

"You like her tits?"

"They're cute."

"You like them better than mine?"

I looked down at her blouse, which was billowing open with one too many buttons undone. No bra. I could see the outline of Jeannie's smooth, pale C-cups, which hung naturally like tear drops. Each was adorned with a beautiful, pink and puffy nipple that I needed to lick every time I saw them. Jeannie smiled when she caught my stare, and then she pouted.

"Hmm...I dunno," I said. Maybe you should take your blouse off and conduct a straw poll."

"Fuck you."

"Anytime." Her foot trailed up my leg, and slid along my inner thigh, stopping to rub on my crotch, which immediately swelled to life at her touch. Then, just as suddenly, she pulled away before any of the other diners could see, and went back to reading her menu.

Jeannie was not a prude by any means. She was athletic, loved to work out and show the results of her lard labor. She dressed just provocatively enough to give an eyeful of her shape, and just enough skin to make you want to see everything underneath. Today she was wearing a tight mini that went so far up her firm thighs that the wrong move would have ripped them in two. That and the aforementioned blouse...only two things to undo and she'd have been jogging in front of me instead that afternoon.

On the drive home, I asked, "Would you walk around naked on a dare?"

"I might, depending on my mood."

"What about on your own?"

"Of course not!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"What is this, some new fetish of yours?" Jeannie asked.

"No, I'm just curious," I said. "You seemed like you might be interested in the idea."

"I was just reacting. We saw a naked girl in a crowded public area, and sometimes I wonder what things like that might be like if I tried them too."

"Yeah?" I asked.

"It's just momentary speculation. Would YOU strip naked and walk around for everyone to see?"

"Come on," I scoffed.

"Sexist."

"Huh?"

"You want me to do it, but you wouldn't do it yourself? That's sexist. You just want to see me naked in front of other people."

"No, I was wondering how you'd feel doing it. We've been together for what, two years? We're fairly open, and this sounds new coming from you."

"It's not new," Jeannie said. "You asked me about it first."

"You pointed her out. And you seem to know about the laws on indecent exposure here."

"That doesn't make me an exhibitionist," she said.

"What does?" I asked.

"An exhibitionist...I don't know," she said. "They seem to live for some kind of sexual charge. Like habitually."

"Like her?"

"Yeah, you know? She seemed to enjoy it, like she wasn't pressured. Like she had done it before a number of times and wasn't bothered by it."

"Doesn't it have to start somewhere, then?" I said.

"Right, you have to get used to it. I'm sure you're nervous as fuck trying it and then it gets to be more second nature. Like her. She was looking out for cops, it seemed."

"Okay, so if you were to do it, you'd feel nervous the first time?"

"Will you stop!" Jeannie said, laughing. "I don't know how I'd do it, if I were to at all."

"So, if I were to make your clothes disappear somehow, and you were forced to be nude in public, how would you feel?"

"Don't you fucking dare."

"I'm not. This is purely speculative."

Jeannie sighed. "Maybe once. Alright? Now shut up. For reals."

I traced my hand along her thigh, and squeezed it just shy of where her panty line ought to be. I felt no seam under the skirt. I felt a warmth coming from her leg that I only felt when we made out, and we were just at the point of confirming our mutual sexual desire.Hmmm...I thought. Gingerly I slid my hand further inside her thigh, and felt the first hint of her trimmed pubic hair grazing my pinky, slightly damp from summertime perspiration, or...

Suddenly Jeannie slapped my hand away. I looked up. She glared at me, but her face was flushed, and her breath was heavier than usual.

"Knock it off," she said.

"Okay, okay." I said.

Two days later I came home from work and found Jeannie on the deck, sunbathing topless. I went over and kissed her, and then gave each of her breasts a small peck. They glistened in the sunlight from the tanning oil.

"Hey babe," I said.

"Hey."

"You giving the neighbors a show?" I grinned.

Jeannie rolled her eyes. "Nothing they haven't seen before."

"I like how you're comfortable with your body."

"Well, you either can be or you can be ashamed about it. Most people fall into the latter category, unfortunately."

Well, you're very comfortable in the back yard," I said. "Maybe you should kick it up a notch."

"What do you mean?"

"You know, like last Saturday," I said. "Maybe you should go public sometime..."

"Jeez, are you still on about that?" Jeannie said, laughing.

"Hey, who knows? Maybe you'd like it. You've got a great body, and I think it'd be cool if you showed it off sometime. And you'd get to put some prudes in their place."

"Come on."

"What?"

She sighed. "I think you'll get more of a charge from it than me, what with you asking all the time lately."

"Hey, I'm not opposed to giving people a good view of your assets."

"Fuck you; you don't own me."

"That's not what I mean! I have a beautiful girlfriend, and I see people noticing you all the time, and I'm never the slightest bit jealous. One glimpse of your ass and people regret their life choices in a heartbeat."

Jeannie blushed. "You know, maybe I would...but I don't know how I'd feel about it. It's one thing to enjoy being nude at the beach, or here in the privacy of our home."

"Because it's safe," I said. "I think you'd feel on edge if you ever stepped out in public the way that girl did. And the effect might have some...erotic benefits."

"Really?"

"I think you were turned on. And I think you're thinking about what it would be like being in her place someday."

"Just speculative, if I ever were to think about it."

"Hey, you might like it. That's all I'm saying."

Jeannie turned and looked at me over the rim of her sunglasses. "You know what? You're a lot of talk. You say you have no problem with me showing off, but you sound like a guy who feels like he's showingmeoff."

"Sorry; I didn't mean it like that."

"Okay. What if I got a charge, like you say, from being an exhibitionist? Does it stop there?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, is there some limit with you to the extent I would show off, if that were to happen? You don't feel jealous when other people look, but what if they ended up wanting more? What ifIwanted more?"

"Like what?" I said.

"People look at an attractive woman in the nude and they think about fucking them. You have no problem with that? If I were doing that like that girl?"

"No," I said. "I'm not jealous. And I'm very comfortable with our life."

"Does it stop with them thinking about fucking me?"

"Come again?"

"What if someone made a move at me?"

"I'd draw the line where it would be inappropriate, like if your safety was at stake."

"Okay, what if it were somebody that was decent and good looking, and wanted to fuck me?"

"I'd applaud his taste in women."

"And if I felt the same?"

"Ah..." I said. "I get it." I thought for a moment. "No, I wouldn't feel jealous. Is this your idea of a fantasy?"

Her hand trailed over her breasts. "Not necessarily. But things like this sometimes have a way of opening doors that are hard to close. You like watching me turn on men and making them think about fucking me, but how would you feel about me being turned on like that to the point where I'd consider fucking them back?"

"Hmmm...well, it wouldn't be fair for me to have you put your money where your mouth is if I didn't do the same. I'm good if we promise to be open with each other."

Jeannie smiled. "Well, maybe then I might consider streaking for you under the right circumstances."

"And I'll be cool seeing how things develop," I said.

"I'm just saying don't be a Neanderthal. I'm not going to get into a public gang-bang. I just want you to be open about things if I agree to being open, too.

"Do I get to watch?" I said, smiling.

"We'll see."

That night, Jeannie woke me up.

"What is it?" I said sleepily.

"Alright, I've thought about it. I'll do it. But I want to lay down a few ground rules."

I sat up, fully awake. "Name them."

"First of all, I don't want to be recognized."

"Okay."

"That means we have to be somewhere where there's little to no risk of me being seen by people I work with or know."

"Fine," I said."

"It also has to be in a low-risk area for legal issues. I don't want to get arrested, and I don't want to be somewhere that cops can get to me easily. We need a getaway plan."

"Sure."

"And it has to beverypublic. If I do this, we're going all the way, right?"

"Hardcore."

"Fully naked in a crowded area with few cops. Where could that be?"

"How about the Ontario outlets? That place is huge and teeming, and far enough outside L.A. You'd definitely make an impression."

"If we park in the right area and make a perfect circle back to the car, we can get the hell out without a cop getting wind of it. We'd just evade the mall cops."

"Right."

"And we'd need a friend to come along for extra protection."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," I said. "That way we could fend off anybody troublesome. Do you think they'll go along with it?"

"We don't have to tell him the plan."

"Right," I smiled. "How about Kevin?"

"No, he's too jumpy. He'd balk, or worse, panic."

"Okay. How about Matt?"

"The other problem. He'd dig it too much and tell everyone."

"Okay; do you have any suggestions?"

"How about Colin? He's coming over Sunday anyhow."

I thought for a moment. "Yeah, why not? He'd be cool with it."

"But don't let on. We'll make him an unwitting accomplice."

"Gotcha. Are you sure you're willing to do this?"

"Better commit before I chicken out."

"Sunday?"

"Awesome. Now let's see what we can do about that hard-on of yours..."

Jeannie gripped the shaft of my cock, tenting through my pajama bottoms. All her talk and finally agreeing to go nude in public made me flush with excitement, and all the blood in my body seemed to gravitate right towards my manhood. Jeannie slid my trousers down, straddled me and eased me inside her warm, slick pussy. Judging by how wet she already was, it seemed she was finally into the idea, too.

Jeannie sighed as she sank down into a sitting position on my pelvis. I lay on my back and held on to her thighs, staring upward into her dark green eyes. Her brown hair trailed down over her shoulders and onto her bosom, stopping two inches short of her nipples. Her face registered a particular adventurousness I'd seen when we were first dating and trying new things with each other; perhaps she was looking forward to a new sexual thrill.

She stared back at me and held still, breathing deeply. My penis was happily lodged inside, but desperate for the pleasure of fucking. After what seemed like an eternity she slowly rocked back and forth on her haunches, carefully and deliberately eliciting slow yet intense jolts of pleasure up and down my rigid shaft with every movement.

Jeannie's movements became more forceful, then quicker as she picked up the pace, moving in time with her deep breaths. As she did so her breasts jiggled almost independently of her frame, like two large servings of jello. I could watch them move all day, and Jeannie would often dress provocatively in the summertime to give me an occasional, titillating view. She clearly loved being watched by me, and I held her gaze as we silently rocked together on the bed.

God, this is magnificent. I can't believe I get to see her like this when other guys only get a glimpse...what would really happen if she showed more? What if she really liked it like she said...would she accept another man's offer? How would that all go down if she went for it and I was forced to watch it take place?

My thoughts were interrupted by the sudden gasp of Jeannie crossing the threshold of excitement. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna come," she whispered hoarsely, and she writhed rapidly on my pole, her composure and self-control of the last quarter hour or so completely gone. "Oh shit, I'm cumming, I'm cumming, I'm cumming..." Then suddenly she froze, her pelvic muscles twitching wildly around my cock. Quickly she ground her pussy as hard as she could, furiously rubbing her clit as her orgasm shook her entire body. Then she fell on my chest, panting.

I rolled over, pulling Jeannie with me, then pushed her back on the bed and began to fuck with all my might. The sight of her slowly pushing herself to a wild, uncontrollable climax was enough for me, and I slammed into her like a jackhammer, desperate for release. It finally came and I plunged into her again and again as my aching cock burst, every nerve on end and exploding like Krakatoa.

Jeannie laughed in hysterical exhaustion.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Just how excited you get at some things," she said. "That's kinda hot."

"I can't wait until Sunday," I said.

That Saturday, I saw Jeannie in the bathroom. She had gone through an entire regimen of pre-swimsuit waxing and plucking and was now giving herself a mani-pedi. She smiled and spread her legs, revealing a neatly trimmed landing strip.

"Is all this for tomorrow?" I said.

She nodded. "You gotta do it right when you've got an audience."

"Well, you certainly are not going to disappoint them," I said. "Need any help down there?"

Jeannie felt the bulge in my pants, smiled, and patted it. "Let's see how much this is going to charge me up tomorrow," she said. "I'm sure you'll appreciate the results too."

"Hey, you're out of beer," yelled Colin from the kitchen.

"Oh, uh...have you tried the garage?" I yelled back.

"Nothing there either," he said, coming into the living room. "And your lack of snacks is pitiful. You have no love for your guests."

"Sorry, man," I said. "Jeannie and I were talking about groceries last night, but I guess we crossed wires. I'll go to the store now."

"I can wait. It's almost lunch. Come on, let's get started," Colin said as he pulled the joysticks out of the drawer under the TV.

"I'll be really quick, and then we'll have stuff for later in the afternoon. Besides, beer and lunch on Sunday is mandatory."

"OK, let's be quick about it," Colin said, and grabbed his baseball cap.

"Jeannie?" I called into the hallway. "Colin and I are going to get beer and stuff, okay? You need anything?"

"Let me check," she called back. "Hey, what time is it?"

"Eleven-thirty."

"Um...hang on, I'll check the fridge," Jeannie called out. Then, suddenly I heard a scream coming down the hall from the bedroom, followed by Jeannie yelling "Oh, shit! Damn it!"

"What's the matter babe?" I yelled.

Jeannie burst out of the bedroom, wearing a towel around her body and another one turbaned on her head. Colin looked up, bemused. "I can't believe I let this happened! I'm so stupid!" she said.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I just checked the bills, and I realized that I still have that outstanding charge for those two dresses I need to return, and today's the last day."

"Well, can't you just go to the mall?"

"It's the outlet store, the one in Ontario. I have to return them there. God, I can't believe this..."

"It's a bit of a drive, yeah," I said. Do you have anything important you need to do today?"

Jeannie shook her head. "No, it's just a pain in the ass...ohhh, shit. My license expired!"

"That's a lot of bad luck," Colin said.

Jeannie looked at me, pleadingly. "I don't suppose you could come with me? We really need to return these so we can stay afloat until you get paid Tuesday."

"Alright, I said." I turned to Colin. "Sorry, man."

"No problem." Colin was trying to look nonchalant, but he was gazing in Jeannie's direction as she fiddled with her towel. Jeannie removed the turban from her head and rapidly finger-combed her hair to untangle her tresses. As she lifted her arms, her towel came undone and fell apart. Jeannie gasped and caught it, but still exposed the tops of her breasts just briefly in full view of our guest. "Alright, I'm gonna get dressed, and then we can go." She dashed down the hall again.

Colin smiled, then looked at me. "Well, there goes our guy's afternoon."

"Yeah, well, whatever. I guess I'm resigned to sitting through traffic, talking couples stuff and listening to her radio station for hours."

"Hey, don't knock it," Colin laughed. "You don't know what you've got until you miss it."

Colin's engagement went bust about six weeks back, and his fiancé had just left him without any explanation. A week later, she was seen by his friends back home in Northern California making out with a mutual (now ex) friend. A week after that, and they had eloped. Colin took it in stride, and said that she had saved him from future heartache. Although he was clearly happier for it, he was still a little raw.

"So, you seeing anyone yet?" I asked.

"Nah, I don't care. Even though I'm as horny as ever, and I could go out and score at a bar tonight, I just don't wanna. Too soon. Just me and Rosie tonight." He laughed again.

Jeannie came out of the bedroom again and loped down the hall into the living room. She had two large shopping bags in hand, and was wearing daisy dukes, flip-flops and a loose, baggy sleeveless t-shirt that gave just the right amount of sideboob to give anyone's grandpa a heart attack. She grinned widely. "Alright, I'm ready!"

"You look...nice," I said.

Jeannie came up to me and pressed her petite frame against me, kissing me with her open mouth. She lifted up her arms and put them around my neck, which exposed her braless torso just long enough to catch Colin's attention. I pretended to act surprised, keeping my eyes open. Sure enough, I could see Colin well in my peripheral vision, taking in a good eyeful.

Jeannie then smiled, and said, "thank you baby. I won't forget this."

"It's OK," I said.

Then she turned in front of Colin, and, grinning broadly, said, "Colin, I'm sorry to ruin your afternoon. You know, you're welcome to join us and keep this guy company...I'm sure he'd appreciate the distraction from you."

"Um..." Colin said, looking at me.

"Hey," I said. "It's only an hour drive. We can have lunch there since there's no food here anyhow. And if we hurry, we can get back in time to get a good round in. Whaddya say? If you join me I'll buy."

Colin paused, then said, "alright, I'm in."

Jeannie gave Colin a hug, and a soft kiss on the cheek. "You're awesome." He smiled, and headed to the door.

Jeannie leaned over and whispered "Don't forget your hat."

"Why?" I asked.

"To keep a low profile. He's wearing his too, so that'll help keep us anonymous."

"Got it."

Jeannie grinned, and headed towards the open door to the car. I grabbed my hat and keys.

We got to Ontario in record time, because of the natural traffic flow in and out of LA on Sunday. Most people were heading back into the city that afternoon though, and the opposite lane of the freeway was already full of cars returning from weekends away in Vegas and the desert cities.

"Wow, that's our trip home, guys," Colin said.

"Eh, you never know what might open up," I said.

We got to the outlets, and the parking lot was filled with cars. Jeannie and I had gone over the strategy over the prior week, and we decided that in such a case it would be best to park as close to the lot entrance as possible. That way, we could make a dash across the parking lot and drive off with no traffic obstructions.

We also decided to avoid the main entrances since we'd need to scurry away, so we found a few key side doors that were rarely used. They usually led into long hallways where the bathrooms and service doors for the businesses were, and as such, they were usually empty and unguarded. We followed this strategy and after two minutes of following the winding corridor we emerged into the large hallway of the outlets and a welcoming blast of air conditioning.

I marked the position mentally, and we were about 40 yards away from the store where Jeannie needed to make her "exchange," and about 40 yards away from the food court in the opposite direction. As predicted, it was crowded inside, full of pedestrians trying to beat the heat, wait out the traffic or eke out a few more leisure hours of shopping before their weekend was over.

I looked at Jeannie, and she nodded. "How about lunch?" I said.

"Totally cool," said Colin.

Colin took advantage of the fact we were buying lunch for his time keeping me company, and he hit one of the buffet lines with a passion. I wondered with all he was packing away if he'd be able to make the getaway run without puking. But he seemed fine. He was fresh off graduating and had been a varsity soccer player, so he could still eat like an athlete.

We walked around for a little while, and after reaching the end of one wing, we turned around and headed back in the direction of the food court and the clothing store just further off. It was one of those slightly high-end casual business stores that didn't get as much business as the big-box retailers everyone preferred to hit up. To our relief, once we got there it was nominally staffed and there were a small scattering of customers.

Jeannie searched the shelves and picked out a few outfits to try on. Then she talked with the saleslady a bit, who pointed towards the dressing rooms in the back. Colin and I left the store and sat outside.

"Alright," I said. "We're in it for the long haul now."

Colin grinned. He didn't seem to mind the afternoon boondoggle, and the two of us had followed Jeannie around the mall. Colin certainly had an eyeful of Jeannie's ass swaying around in her Daisy Dukes, and like a sly fellow, he knew how to gaze just long enough before he got caught. Colin would act like he was looking straight ahead, then look right at me with more intensity than normal, as if to say "I'm not checking your girlfriend out, dude." I pretended not to notice, and appreciated how Jeannie was baiting Colin so well today for his future, unwitting task.

The plan was for Jeannie to make her returns, try on clothes, make a purchase, then get another idea and try on another outfit or two. During that time she'd shed her clothes and leave her unpurchased items in plain view in the dressing room, put everything else in her shopping bag, then walk briskly to the exit.

"You know, you can leave your panties on," I said that morning.

"All or nothing," Jeannie said. "I'm gonna go naked or go home."

"You realize these are the wrong analogies for this situation?" I asked. We laughed.

About 15 minutes later, my phone buzzed. I pulled it out of my back pocket.

"It's Jeannie," I said. "She needs to talk to me."

"Okay," Colin said.

I got to the dressing room door, knocked, and a moment later the latch clicked and Jeannie let me inside. She was taking off one of the dresses she had tried on. In addition to being braless, she was wearing nothing under her shorts, so now she was totally nude.

"What's up? I said. "You ready?"

Jeannie looked at me, then down at the floor, then back at me again.

"I don't know...I can't do this."

"Why not?" I asked.

"I just think our little dare is enough if it's just said, you know?"

"Um...well, OK. I pushed you a little, but you seemed down with it in the end. Is that the problem?"

"No, not at all. I just think this is silly."

"Are you getting cold feet?"

"Maybe...or stage fright," she said.

"Well, there's one good cure for stage fright, and that's jumping in and doing it."

"Maybe. Some other time, OK?"

"OK," I said. I glanced at her clothes. The bags for her returns were on the floor, her shorts and tee shirt were on the seat, and the dresses she was trying on were hanging on the wall. "Have you made your returns yet?"

"No, I was going to."

"Are you going to buy anything?"

"No...let's just go."

"Okay," I said. "Let's go then."

"Wait...I'm sorry," Jeannie said. "I'm being all wishy washy here. You decide."

"You want me to decide?"

I looked at her and she nodded, eyes pleading to me to make a decision.

Suddenly, I swept her clothes off the chair and into the bags. I picked them up, then grabbed the dresses off the wall.

Jeannie stared at me in horror. "Deal's a deal," I said. "I'm throwing you into the deep end."

"You bastard!" She whispered.

I spun around, and left the dressing room, briefly glancing back at Jeannie, who was stark naked and red as a beet.

I headed to the register, handed back the unpurchased items, and made the returns. Then I walked out of the store and sat back down next to Colin.

"Hey Colin," I said. "When Jeannie comes back out we should high-tail it so we can beat traffic."

"Okay," Colin said. "Is she okay? Why are you carrying her bags?" he asked.

"You'll see."

Colin looked in the direction of the store, and his eyes widened. "Oh my god. What's going on here?"

Jeannie emerged from the store, naked as the day she was born, wearing nothing but her flip flops. She bee lined toward us, and walked briskly past us in the direction of our planned exit.

I briefly glanced around and saw a number of shoppers staring at the spectacle ahead of us: Lady Godiva at the mall. "Let's go," I said.

Colin jumped up, and he ran towards Jeannie's side. I pulled on his arm to stop him.

"What the fuck?" he asked, confused. "Where's her clothes?"

"In the bag," I said. "We planned this. Come on, stay close with me and make sure nobody bothers her. And keep your head down."

Jeannie headed through the crowd, which miraculously parted like the Red Sea to get a good look at the nakedest chick they'd ever seen this side of pay TV. She turned left and ducked into the exit doorway. Colin and I swiftly followed her in.

"Keep your head down Colin," Jeannie called out. "There are closed-circuit cameras above you."

"Jesus, you really planned this out?" he said in disbelief.

We scurried along the corridor, and just before we got to the exit, we passed the bathrooms, where a mall cop emerged, coming off his break. His eyes widened, and then he glared.

"What the hell do you kids think you're doing?" He officiously called out to us.

"Enjoying a stroll, sir." I said.

"You better get some clothes on, young lady. And then you're going to the station!"

Jeannie stared at him point-blank. "What are you gonna do about it?"

"Huh?"

"You're not going to lay a hand on me, or these guys will testify that you tried to get physical with me without authorization."

"Young lady, I can haul your little ass in jail if you keep this up."

"You touch any part of me and I will press rape charges."

The guard looked stunned. "This is against the law!"

"Actually it's not," Jeannie said. "There's no law against public nudity unless someone files a complaint with the city. On private property that may fly, but this mall is public property as it's paid for in large part out of taxpayer money and financed by public bonds. So it's the same as me being naked in city hall. And furthermore, you cannot arrest me since you're not a real officer."

"I...uh..." the mall cop stammered. Then he looked at me and Colin. Finally he relented. "Get the hell out of here."

We jogged out of the corridor, and into the bright light and heat of the parking lot. A small number of people were walking to and from their cars, and a few stopped to stare. But we walked nonchalantly past them, and made our way to the car parked at the end of the lot.

Jeannie turned to face us. "Give me my clothes back, please."

"Just a sec," I said. I pulled my keys out of my pocket and opened the trunk. Then I placed the bags inside, and slammed it shut.

"You asshole."

"All or nothing!" I said. "All the way home."

"We never agreed on that!"

"We never agreed on this either," I said, unlocking the car. I held the door open for her. "Come on, get in. You'll at least be in the car for the ride home, and only a few cars will notice you."

Jeannie fumed.

Colin looked at me. "Dude what the fuck?"

"I'll explain. Come on, let's go."

Suddenly, Jeannie made a grab for my keys, snatched them out of my hand, bolted inside the car, and slammed the door shut.

Click!The locks went down.

"Jeannie?" I said.

"What the fuck?" said Colin.

A moment's silence, and then from within the car came a scream. Then: "YOU ROYAL ASSHOLE!"

"What's the matter babe?" I said, trying to act cool.

"I can't believe you put me up to this! How could you? This was the single most embarrassing moment of my entire fucking life!"

"Oh come on," I said. "You did it, and now it's done. You can relax now."

"Fuck you."

"Did anyone see you?"

"Well, of course everybody fucking saw me at the Ontario fucking outlets!"

"I mean, did anyone notice you?"

"No; I didn't see anyone. I guess not."

"Then it's okay!"

"No, it's NOT fucking okay! You should have let me back out when I wanted to!"

"Dude, did you force this? That's not cool." Colin asked.

"No, I just held her to it. She was quite sure about it before and she momentarily chickened out, so I helped her be decisive."

"Okay, you're in for a world of shit," Colin said, laughing nervously.

"Jeannie, come on," I said. Open the door. Let's go home."

"You're a fucking piece of shit."

"Hey, it was now or never. But you know what? You're right. I shouldn't have pushed it. I wasn't really thinking about it. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you. But please, let's go home. And remember, I'll keep up my end of the bargain."

Jeannie paused, then put the key in the ignition. She started the car, and then rolled the driver's side window down just a crack.

"Colin?"

"Yeah?"

"You drive. He sits in the back seat."

"Okay."

Jeannie flipped up the driver's lock, and sat back in the passenger seat. Colin opened the door, and unlocked the back seat door for me. I slid inside, and looked at Jeannie who stared out of her window, ignoring me.

Colin got in and started the car. We got out of the parking lot, over to the freeway, and joined the throng of drivers making their way home from Vegas and parts unknown,

Jeannie sat in her seat, rigid, hands covering her breasts and legs crossed. She looked at the cars surrounding us, and sighed. "This is probably more humiliating than the dash through the mall."

"Okay," said Colin. Would you please tell me what the fuck happened here? I feel like you deliberately dragged me into something."

"This prick here wanted me to streak through the mall today to see how I'd like it."

"Why?"

"We saw a girl doing it last week in Burbank, and both of us liked seeing her being free with her body. I thought Jeannie might get a kick out of it if she tried, so yeah, I egged her on."

"And did you agree to it?"

"Yeah," Jeannie said. "I did."

"Why did you rope me in to this?"

"So we could have an extra guy to help in case we encountered any trouble," I said. "And we trust you...although we didn't tell you about our plan in case you'd say no."

"Dude, you're really Mr. Integrity this weekend," Colin said.

"My bad."

"No, Colin," Jeannie said. "That's my fault. I wanted another guy, and I did all the maneuvering today to get you to come along. That's my fault, not his."

"Okay. So, you did this to see if you'd get some kind of buzz out of being naked in public, and it backfired, right?"

"Kind of," I said.

"But it's obvious you both really wanted to," said Colin. "He had the bags, and coached me through the thing as you were traipsing through the store, and you" - now he looked at Jeannie - "obviously prepared very extensively for this."

Jeannie smiled for the first time. "Thank you."

"So you're only mad because you got pushed into the deep end of the pool. I think you really wanted to do this, Jeannie. You are a bit of a showoff, and a good flirt when the mood strikes you."

Jeannie laughed. "Yeah, I know."

"So it's all good," Colin said. "You guys will kiss and make up soon. It just didn't pan out exactly the way you wanted it to go."

"I'm still mad at him," Jeannie said.

"Come on babe," I said. "you know he's right."

"Hey bro," Colin said. "I'm not happy with you either. You weren't exactly upfront with me."

"Oh, like I'm gonna tell you we wanted to try something like this?"

"Fine, yeah, I get it," Colin said. "But you owe me one."

"Cool," I said.

"Hey, two questions Jeannie," Colin said.

"Shoot."

"The stuff you told the guard about not being able to arrest you," he said. "Is that true? That mall can't be the same as public property, and there's gotta be some indecency laws in place."

Jeannie scoffed. "Oh, I just made all that up to confuse him. You try arguing the law with a pair of tits in your face."

Colin and I laughed. "Okay, second question," he said. "What's this 'my end of the bargain' you mentioned in the parking lot?"

"Oh, uh..." I said. "We had a deal..."

"Nothing," Jeannie said. "Just between us." She smiled coyly, then stared ahead at the traffic.

Jeannie seemed to relax more as the trip progressed. She and Colin chatted about his breakup and aftermath, and he seemed to be quite happy being single again.

"You're not going to see anyone for a while?" Jeannie asked.

"Nah, I think I'm done for a bit," said Colin.

"Not even play around?" asked Jeannie.

"Well, if something came along, I might. But it would have to be very casual, no strings attached."

Jeannie had stopped covering her breasts with her hands by now, and was lounging in the passenger seat. She opened the window, and stretched as the air hit her naked skin.

"Mmm, that feels so nice. I love warm afternoon California air."

"Not worried about anyone seeing you?" I asked.

"No, I don't care," she said, and just as she said so an SUV passed by the left of the car and two guys held their arms out of their windows, giving a thumbs up. Their horn honked, and Jeannie smiled and returned the gesture. They waved, and drove off."

"You seem to like the attention," I said.

"I like being nude, and I don't mind being noticed."

"So after the run through the mall, how do you feel about it?"

"I'm fine with it, I guess. I was scared as we were jogging through the place, but we didn't get caught and nobody made a fuss. So...I liked it." She smiled.

"Am I forgiven?" I asked.

"Mmm...not quite." She smiled.

"Would you do it again?" asked Colin.

Jeannie paused in thought. "Yeah, I might. I just needed to get used to it." She nodded. "Yeah, I'd do it."

"Would you walk into a store and order food?" Colin asked. "It's dinnertime, and I'm hungry."

"Sure," Jeannie said.

Colin laughed. "Hey, I was just kidding."

"Pull over," Jeannie said. "We'll stop at the next burger joint and I'll do the ordering."

"Really? You're serious?" he asked.

"Come on, I'm hungry too."

Colin pulled over at the next exit and drove up to the nearest giant highway drive-through. "You want me to come in with you?"

"No, I've got this." Jeannie said, and she grabbed cash from me and walked into the restaurant.

Through the window we could see Jeannie's ass sidling up to the counter, where stood a very surprised and nervous young man who looked like he'd never seen a girl naked before in his life. He protested a bit, and Jeannie struck a few poses as she argued with him. The man looked around, then shrugged his shoulders and leaned forward. Jeannie pointed at the overhead menu a few times, and offered the money in her hand. The man took it, then raced around, placing whatever he could get his hands on into the bag and quickly handed it to Jeannie. She walked away from the counter, turning back to wave at the poor guy, then sauntered out of the restaurant, victoriously holding up a bag and a drink caddy in her hands. She was grinning widely, and shook her chest in delight.

"Wow, she got fearless in a hurry," Colin said.

"Maybe we should have her pump the gas next," I said.

Jeannie entered the car, laughing. "Did you see that? I had the guy floored!"

"How come he didn't fight with you? Usually they get the manager involved and everything," I said.

"He was out, so it was just the kid at the counter and he didn't want to make a fuss. He made some 'this is illegal' talk, but I explained I got my clothes lost during that metal festival and could he ple-e-a-se be a help and do me a solid?"

"I'm sure he did a solid of some sort," Colin said. Jeannie laughed, and handed out the food.

"That hit the spot," Jeannie said. Soon after, it seemed like she was re-energized, and back to her impish self. As cars and trucks passed, she'd wave at the passengers, and if anyone cheered or honked their horn, she'd wiggle in appreciation. Her titties bounced happily as she flirted with her captive freeway audience.

"Hey, you know what?" she said. "I feel like driving. Colin, would you switch places with me?"

"Um...yeah, sure," Colin said, and he pulled the car over.

"Now don't do anything to draw too much attention, especially if there are any cops," I said. "Remember, your license expired."

"I'll be careful."

Colin kept the car idling, and he reached for the door handle. "No," Jeannie said, "this will be faster."

She got out of her seat, and made her way into the driver's seat, straddling Colin, who was initially shocked at seeing Jeannie's tits in his face. But he gamely shifted out of his seat, and climbed over the gearshift and switched places.

"I don't know if you'd call that easier," he said.

"Whatever," Jeannie said, and put the car in gear and drove back onto the freeway.

She rolled down the driver's side window. "You know, guys, this feels really cool. You should try it."

"Uh...maybe," I said.

"No, seriously, you should! You wouldn't believe how free and unrestricted this feels. The wind on your skin is like electricity when you do it the first time. It's a real turn-on."

"Maybe some other time," I said.

"What, it's great if I do it, but not okay for you? You're a hypocrite."

"No I'm not," I shot back.

"Yeah you are. You just want to get off on seeing me naked in front of strangers, all in the name of freedom. But you won't do the same? Hah."

I sighed. "Jeannie - "

"She's got you there, bro," said Colin.

Jeannie pulled the car over, and edged it to the shoulder of the freeway. She put it into park and turned off the ignition. Then she turned around and faced me.

"Now you listen here. You think you can tell me I ought to go trying things out, and I just might end up liking them, or that we should experiment with our sexual ideas, but you don't let me do the same? That's pretty fucked up and one-sided."

"Come on, Jeannie," I protested. "Remember, I said that we could..."

Jeannie cut me off. "If you're gonna get me to go naked to satisfy some sexual fantasy of yours, fine. But I get to call the shots afterward. And frankly, you weren't very nice about it this afternoon. But I did it anyway. So here's the deal: strip."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you never know how you might feel until you try it, right? That's what you said...now I want you to tell me how you like it. Take off your clothes."

"Oh brother..." I muttered.

"This car ain't gonna go another ten feet until you do it!" she stared at me intently.

"As you wish," I said.

"And be nice about it, or else you're gonna be dreaming up a lot more sexual fantasies on your own!" she said.

"Fine, fine," I said. I removed my clothes down to my boxers.

"Those too!" she said.

"Okay."

"See, it's not that bad, is it?" she asked. "And you get to be in the car, so it's not like you're walking through a crowded mall."

Colin smiled at our interchange. "Shit, now I'm gonna be the odd one out."

Jeannie smiled. "Well, you could show some solidarity with my boyfriend here."

Colin ripped off his tee shirt, shorts and underpants, and started to untie his shoes.

"You can both keep your shoes on," Jeannie said.

"Gee, thanks babe." I said.

"Now, no cheating and putting your clothes over yourselves for the rest of the drive! In fact, I want you to put everything in the trunk like you did with my stuff." She popped the trunk open.

Jeannie looked at me. "That means, get out and put your stuff in the trunk, and close it up again."

"What?" I protested.

"If you go around the other side of the car, you can dump everything in real quick and get back in before anyone notices."

Colin handed me his clothes, and grinned with a "what the hell" kind of smile.

"Why me?" I said.

Jeannie looked into the rearview mirror. "Hey, is that a motorcycle cop?" she asked. "He's gonna wonder why we're pulled over, and then he'll want to know why we're all naked..."

"Fine, fine!" I sighed, and quickly bolted out of the car. I crouched by the side, then made my way to the rear. I lifted the trunk lid, tossed the clothes inside, and slammed it shut again before dashing back and diving into my seat.

Jeannie drove off, laughing. "NOW you know how it feels to make me run around naked in public!"

"Alright, I get it," I said. "I'm sorry. Can we let bygones be bygones now?"

Colin laughed. "Dude, she'll never let you live it down! Better get used to the fact that you're gonna pay for this for the rest of your life!"

Jeannie laughed. "You know Colin, for a single guy you certainly understand women!"

"I try."

Jeannie rolled down all the windows, and locked them down. "Doesn't that air feel good? Now we're all in this together, just a happy bunch of exhibitionists enjoying the day."

Colin leaned back in his seat, and rested his head in his hands. "Not bad. I can dig it."

"You're pretty relaxed about it, Colin," I said.

"Hey, sometimes you just need to walk your talk and don't be afraid to let your freak flag fly, man."

More cars passed us by, with much honking and cheering as they looked at us driving back to L.A. in the afternoon sun.

We finally pulled off at our exit, and drove about fifteen blocks to get home. We normally passed by a small park about three blocks away, and it was empty in the late afternoon.

Suddenly, the car began to lurch and shudder. Jeannie instinctively slowed down, and brought the car to a halt near a grove by the park.

"Shit," she said.

"What happened?" asked Colin.

"It feels like a flat tire, or maybe something's wrong with the fuel."

"I don't know about a flat, but we should check," I said. "Oh wait, what about our clothes? They're in the trunk!"

She looked at me. "There's nobody around here, so you should be able to get out, get your shorts on, and grab the toolkit and spare."

"I don't know..." I said.

Colin looked around. "She's right. You could make a clean break doing it."

"Me?" I asked.

Jeannie sighed. "Colin, would you perhaps be willing to be a gentleman here?"

"Okay," I said. "Fine. I'll do it. Pop the trunk."

"I'll help you," said Colin, "and we can get this done quicker without anyone we may know seeing Jeannie."

"Good point," I said. "Okay? On three..."

We counted, and quickly opened the car doors and crept along the side towards the trunk.

Suddenly the car roared to life, and Jeannie revved up the engine and sped away, laughing.

"Fuck!" I sputtered, and we ducked into the grove for camouflage.

"It's only three blocks," Colin said. "And I know a shortcut if we use the alleyways behind the houses."

"Alright, let's go," I said.

We began our streaking across the neighborhood, and fortunately Colin's plan worked. We kept along the walls behind the houses and hid behind dumpsters, ducking and dashing from dumpster to dumpster, taking cover in the oleander bushes, like spies in a movie.

Finally, we got to our house. I tried the back door to the garden. Locked.

"Quick, let's try the side door," I said.

It, too, was locked.

"I'll creep along to the front," Colin said. Soon he came back, shaking his head.

"Alright, one more thing to do," I said. "Let's vault the patio door if we can't get it open, and then we can get into the garage through the side."

We got to the wooden gate near the front of the house, which too was locked. Carefully and quickly Colin climbed over, and whispered, "Cool; garage door's open."

I vaulted the gate and jumped down. I walked into the garage and found Colin by the kitchen door, waiting for me."

"Your girlfriend's hell-bent on revenge, man" he said, shaking his head.

We walked into the kitchen, and the house was silent. Colin motioned for me to be silent, and pointed to the floor. There, in the living room was our clothes, laid out in a line like breadcrumbs, leading through the hall and into the open door of our bedroom. We looked at each other, and made our way down, picking up our clothes.

I sneaked through the bedroom doorway, and looked inside. The room was quiet and empty, but the sliding glass door leading to the deck was open. We tiptoed across the floor and made our way over, stopping just shy of the opening.

There, on the deck, was Jeannie, sunning herself on the deck chair, still naked. We walked over.

She looked up and smiled, and lowered her sunglasses. "Hello boys," she said. "How was your walk?"

"Oh, just fine," I said. "We strolled through the park and shocked all the old ladies and kids. You know, no big whoop."

"So now you know what it feels like to be made to walk through a public area in broad daylight?"

I sighed. "All right," I said. "Yes, I understand. I'm sorry I pushed you into this."

"You're officially forgiven. And for the record, I didn't mind being naked at the mall. I just didn't like how you forced it when you could have tried to be more persuasive."

"I'll remember that next time."

"Colin, I'm so sorry I dragged you into this again," Jeannie said. "I was going to dump him and take you home, but you got out of the car, so I had to do what I did."

Colin smiled. He was looking down at Jeannie, this time not exactly making eye contact. She grinned back, and wiggled in her chair a little for his benefit.

"That's fine. It's been a fun adventure today."

"Well, I do feel bad, and I've been wondering how to make it up to you," she said. Suddenly she brightened. "I know! You could help me with something."

"What's that?"

Jeannie turned to me. "Honey, you remember that if I did this thing today, you'd have to keep up your end of the bargain?"

Now I got it. "Oh, yeah...I see where this has all been leading to," I said.

Colin looked worried. "Yeah, what's this bargain you were referring to?"

"Jeannie agreed to try showing off today if I...if I agreed to letting her have a three-way."

Colin looked surprised. "A three-way? With me?"

"I didn't know; I was going to let her decide."

Jeannie smiled. "Well, I don't pick just anyone for a three way. I need to vet someone to make sure I like him."

"Is that why you called me over today?"

"Uh-huh," Jeannie said, smiling broadly. "You're a great guy, and you were really cool throughout the entire afternoon. And you're not seeing anybody, right? How long has it been?"

"Six weeks."

"Well, that must leave you feeling awfully horny."

Colin turned slightly red, and he was getting visibly aroused. "Yeah, it does."

"Well, what's wrong with a little fuck between good friends? I think it'd be a great way to cap off our little bonding session today. You've been a real good sport the whole time...and you're really good looking to boot," Jeannie said.

Colin looked at me, slightly nervous.

"How do you feel about this, bro?" he said.

I shrugged. "I'm fine with it. I love guys looking at her and wanting to fuck her. That's why I wanted her to show off a little more publicly. And I agreed to this too, so it's all good. I'm glad it's you and not somebody I don't know."

Jeannie laughed, then lay back and began stroking her belly, rubbing in more suntan oil. Her body glistened in the late afternoon sun.

"You know, it's been a fun adventure today...I got exposed to something cool I'd like to keep trying, and..." she turned to me. "You're right. It makes me feel really good. And very horny."

My cock began to stir, and harden. Colin was getting more aroused, and his dick hung in that swollen, half-erect state.

Jeannie began to rub her tits, caressing them with oil, and flicking at her nipples, making them point out, hard.

"You know," she said. "I do like exposing myself. That feeling of terror when you first do it really makes your blood flow. I want to go back again."

"Anytime," I said.

"And I liked showing off to the people on the freeway, too" Jeannie said. "That was anonymous and more like performing."

"I noticed."

"And I like the idea of exposing myself...to people I ordinarily wouldn't do that to." She turned, and faced Colin. Her hand began to trail down her stomach again, and ventured to her pubic region. She began to slowly caress her pussy.

"Me?" he asked. "Wow, you really planned this out!"

"I stayed naked in the car and made you ride in the front seat with me so I could make you check me out," she said. "If that wasn't obvious, me climbing on you was. And I wanted to get you naked so I could get a good view. And all during a long drive home..."

Colin was smiling nonchalantly, but I could see that he was tense and breathing more heavily. His cock was as rigid as it could get before venturing skyward, and he was visibly struggling to maintain control.

"Coli-i-in?" Jeannie asked coyly.

"Yeah?"

She was rubbing her pussy, spreading her labia apart and gently teasing her clitoris. "Would you please accept my apology and fuck me right now?"

Colin bit his lip.

"Ple-e-e-ase? I am so very horny now, and you're very pent up. I know you want to, and I think I need more than one guy today. It's fine, and we'll always be friends. So please say yes you'll fuck me. Ple-e-e-ase?"

Colin looked like he was going to burst right there.

Jeannie waved me over, and took my aching cock in her hand, guiding it to her mouth. "See, I'm gonna suck my boyfriend's cock and lick it all over and play with it in my mouth, but I really, really want you in my pussy right now."

Jeannie inhaled my cock into her mouth with a hard suction that drew my engorged head right past the lips and over her tongue. I groaned "ohhh..." as she gobbled the entire length to the back of her throat. Jeannie grabbed my ass with one hand, and slid her middle finger of her other hand up and down her glistening clit.

Colin couldn't hold off any more, and he began to gingerly stroke his dick, which grew harder with every tug. He gently squeezed the shaft, massaging its length until the blood filled it entirely and he was fully erect at nine inches.

Jeannie pulled me out of her mouth, gagging, and stared at Colin's cock. "Holy shit," she said. "I can't believe you're single."

Colin knelt down and placed his tongue over Jeannie's pussy, and began to lick away. She moaned as he went down on her, making circles on her clit, then licking up and down the inner labia, sucking at the lips, until finally he plunged his long tongue inside her pussy and began to fuck her with his face.

Jeannie gasped in pleasure, and took me back in her mouth. She made loud, muffled moans of pleasure as she sucked away, deep-throating me. She put her index finger deep into my ass crack and made tiny, gentle circles on my rectum, which made every nerve stand on end. I caressed her perky breasts, sliding my hands on the slick oil that covered them, squeezing each nipple until they were completely hardened, like tiny pebbles.

Jeannie's pelvis began to buck uncontrollably, and she spasmed as Colin ate her out, gripping his head in her thighs like a vise. She screamed in delight, still muted by my cock lodged deep in her throat. Colin licked away throughout Jeannie's orgasm, and stroked himself while kneeling on the deck floor.

Finally, she collapsed, and Colin pulled his head away. His mouth, nose, chin and the front of his cheeks were shining from being covered in pussy juice, and he too gasped for air. He wiped his face off with one hand, then applied the fluid to his rod, stroking it until it gleamed like an oiled pole.

Jeannie pulled my cock out of her mouth to get a better view of Colin's dick, and she spread her legs wide, awaiting her new lover's member. Colin stood up, and aimed the head over Jeannie's pussy, and eased it gently inside her eagerly awaiting lips. He slid in very easily, and began to pump back and forth, slowly and firmly with the attention of a skilled craftsman. She stared in delight as he pistoned in and out, and she gripped my cock hard and jerked it in time with his movements.

"Suck my tits, please baby," she said to Colin. He leaned over and did as he was told, and began to slap against her pelvis with increasing fury. Jeannie lay back prone on the deck chair. I straddled Jeannie's head and dangled my cock over her open mouth, which she accepted and began to suck again. As she grew accustomed to this position, I began to jackhammer her, plunging my cock in her mouth as far in as it could go. She gagged momentarily, then steeled her resolve and opened her throat wide to take in my length.

Colin pulled out and sat up in a kneeling position in front of Jeannie. He grabbed her thighs and moved her to the side, motioning her to turn over. She obeyed, and I pulled out of her mouth again to let her readjust. Colin plunged into her and began to fuck doggystyle, and Jeannie reciprocated by slapping her ass back into his pelvis as he slammed into her.

I grabbed Jeannie's hair and forced my cock into her mouth again, pulling out to let her lick around the shaft and on my balls. Then I resumed fucking her face, reaching down to play with her titties as they hung underneath.

Colin gripped Jeannie's ass hard, and made tiny, furious strokes into her pussy that pressed down on her G-spot. She whimpered in tiny gasps, and held onto my ass for support. Suddenly she screamed again and clutched my ass cheeks, digging in her nails as she came. She pulled her head away from my swollen prick, desperate for air. "Ohhhhh...fuck..." she moaned. "Fuck that's so intense..."

Colin was red from his face down the entire front of his body to just above the navel. He breathed hard through his nose, and he began to speed up until he was uncontrollably caught up in his building pleasure. Without warning he moaned loudly three times, then pulled out of Jeannie's pussy, jerking his cock. With a final "uunnhh" he shot his load in a thick, creamy rope over Jeannie's back in a straight line. It stayed there, unmoving. Colin scooped up a bit of it onto his index finger, and offered it to Jeannie. She obliged and sucked on it, hard, licking up every drop.

"Mmm, that's so good," she moaned. Then, she turned around on the deck chair, lay on her side, and lifted one leg into the air. I knelt down and eased my aching prick into the soft, wet velvet of her pussy, and she rested her leg on my shoulder.

Jeannie grinned at me, exhausted. "I don't know if I can cum again."

I fucked her hard, pushing her leg forward like a sports therapist stretching a hamstring. With my free hand I rapidly diddled her clit, and she began to moan softly at first, then louder and louder.

Colin held his cock to Jeannie's mouth, half-erect but still swollen from his orgasm, and Jeannie began to suck away with delight. He teased and tweaked her nipples, and she began to get excited from the experience of fucking two men at once. She pushed hard against my cock, and I could feel the tense muscles of her pelvis as I sawed away.

My body was on fire from all the foreplay of having my cock sucked, but I kept fucking Jeannie as hard as I could, straining to keep from cumming until she came first. She moaned and whimpered, and Colin and I held her firmly in place, our sex organs and hands touching every conceivable erogenous zone.

Jeannie's body stiffened, and she cried out again, this time grabbing Colin's ass for dear life while I fucked her. Suddenly she shuddered, and her vaginal walls collapsed and shook, gripping my cock tight in short, sharp bursts.

That was enough for me. I sped up, my body burning from exertion and ecstasy. I could not control the speed of my fucking any longer, and I gasped as my orgasm began to rip through me. I pulled out, and jerked off my cock until I shot my load like a geyser. My cum filled up her belly button and dribbled down the sides of her pelvis.

Colin began to moan again, and Jeannie pulled his cock out of her mouth, and began to stroke it hard. She guided him toward her tits, and with a loud, guttural cry, he erupted all over them. She stroked him until every last drop was drained out, and he fell back onto the deck, breathing hard.

"Oh wow," he said. "Wow."

We recovered together in silence, enjoying the cool air over our sweat-drenched bodies. Then, silently, we got up and made our way to the shower together.

After cleaning up, Jeannie held both me and Colin up to her naked body, and kissed both of us deeply and full of longing.

"You're right," she said to me. "I didn't know if I'd like it until I tried it."

I smiled, and she said, "thank you for being cool about letting it develop even more."

I nodded. To Colin, she said "I think having you as a friend is beneficial for all of us."

Colin nodded and caressed her hair as she kissed him again.

Then, Jeannie shook her head and laughed. She looked at us with an impish delight and said "Well, there's more malls to conquer! Temecula or Bakersfield anyone?"

We laughed. "Next week!" Colin and I said in unison.