**Jennifer's Secret Passion**

by applevalyanÂ©

I grew up in a fair size town in southern Georgia until I moved and went to

college. My father was and still is a Baptist preacher. He would probably die of

a heart attack if he knew half the things I did while I grew up and am still

doing. I listened and behaved as a young kid but I became more stubborn and

independent when I became a teenager. I wanted to wear clothes like the rest of

the kids in town but when I started getting breast and a figure, my father

became way over protective. He refused to let me wear shorts anymore and would

not allow me to wear skirts or dresses above my knees.

One warm summer Sunday morning he made me change to a longer skirt. He made me so mad that when I yanked my skirt down I tore my underwear a little. I was

putting on another skirt when I noticed the tear so after putting on the skirt I

removed my underwear. I threw them across the room at the hamper. I thought to

myself that I ought to not wear any underwear just to spite my father. I had

never gone without panties before but I was so mad I decided to do it. All

during church services I kept thinking about my lack of underwear and I found

that it was kind of wild and wicked and I liked it. I was still afraid that he

would some how find out, so the first thing I did was put on a clean pair when

we returned home.

The very next Sunday he again made me change. As I changed I remember going

pantyless the previous Sunday and decided to again to go without. That day I

remained pantyless until I went to bed. For the next couple of years, this

became a regular habit with me. I rarely wore any underwear to church anymore.

And since one of my chores around the house was the laundry, I could get away

with not having any dirty panties to wash. I didnâ€™t wear panties anymore, except when I really needed to. My father still watched me closely so I still had to

wear a bra out of the house. But many a days around the house, I wore just

t-shirt and sweat pants.

I had a close friend, Helen, which lived about a half-mile from my house. I had

told her how mean I thought my father was acting and how I wish I could wear

some shorter dresses like everyone else wore. She told me that since we were the

same size, I could wear some of her clothes if I wanted. I could wear some of

her short skirts and dresses until I could buy some of my own. She also said I

could leave the clothes I bought at her house as long as she could wear them if

she wanted. We made a deal! We would spend almost every Saturday together; I

would go to her house and change into whatever I wanted to wear. Whether it was

a short skirt or dress, or short-shorts and a t-shirt or tank top. I even

started to go braless a lot. I loved it when the boys noticed my hard nipples.

And the more the boyâ€™s noticed, the harder they seemed to get. And they seemed to stay hard almost all the time. At first I wore underwear under my shorter skirt or dresses, but after a few weeks. I started to go without panties. For

months I would remove them and put them in my purse when Helen wasnâ€™t looking. It was very exciting. My nipples remained hard almost all the time from the

thrill of knowing that if I wasnâ€™t careful, somebody might see my bare bottom.

The first time I knew that someone had actually seen up my skirt it was because

I tripped on a shirt someone had left on the floor at â€˜Wal-martâ€™. As I picked

myself off the floor, I noticed my skirt was up almost to my waist. I looked up

and there was a man about 30 looking at my bare bottom. As I stood up, I took a

deep breath and smoothed down my skirt. I looked at the man again and he asked

if I was all right, I said I was and thanked him for his concern. I smiled at

him as I walked past him. My heart was beating fast and I had stomach had

butterflies in it from knowing that a complete stranger had just seen my pussy.

I reached under my skirt and my pussy was dripping wet. I headed straight for

the restrooms where I masturbated to climax for the first time out of my

bedroom. Helen didnâ€™t see me fall but she seen me rushing for the restroom. She asked if I was all right and I told her I had to pee real bad. I ended up buying

a real thin short white tank top that day. I knew I wanted to wear it next

Saturday. I figured my nipples could be seen without much of a problem when I

wore it.

I got home I time for supper after changing into my jeans at Helensâ€™. As I

walked home I thought back on the guy looking at my pussy and then I noticed how my jeans were rubbing my pantyless pussy in a different way than normal. I

started to walk slower and squeezing my legs together while walking. I actually

had an orgasm as I walked down the road. That night I had a problem getting to

sleep. My mind kept going back to my flashing, my masturbating and my exciting

walk home. Then I noticed my hand was on my pussy, I just kept slowing rubbing

myself until I came. Then I slept like a baby.

Next Saturday Helen couldnâ€™t believe I was going to wear that thin white tank

top and a pair of tight short-shorts I had bought a couple weeks earlier. She

said that she could make out my nipples through the top and that the shorts were

so tight it looked like I didnâ€™t have any underwear on. I looked straight into

her eyes and said, â€œI donâ€™t.â€ Her mouth dropped open and asked me if I was kidding, I said no. She said she still didnâ€™t believe me so I unzipped the

shorts and showed her. Since she was also wearing shorts and a loose t-shirt, I

dared her to remove her undergarments and to try it. After a few minutes of

daring her and calling her a chicken, she gave in and took off her bra and

panties. She admitted to going braless a few times but never pantyless. By early

afternoon, she said that it wasnâ€™t bad at all and that she would probably do it

again. She doesnâ€™t know it yet but in a couple of weeks, she will be wearing a

dress without any thing underneath.

That afternoon we had made plans to our schools baseball game. I was looking

forward to showing off in my new top. Little did I know that halfway though the

game a rainstorm hit and I got drenched. Helen remarked that my top was

completely see-thru. At first I placed my arms over my breast to hide them.

There were about fifty of us under a big tent waiting for it to slack off. There

were only 6 to 7 girls there. I noticed a lot of guys were watching me to see if

they could see anything showing. I started to shake as I slowly lowered my arms.

I then hear someone say to somebody else to check out the girl in the wet shirt.

I just took a deep breath and push my tits out further. All the guys near me

started to talk to me and look right at my tits. I found myself enjoying all the

attention and stares. After about 30 min., one of the boys said my shirt was

drying out. I said I was sorry and would they like it if I got it wet again.

Helen was shocked when I said it but all the guys said sure. So I turned around

and walked back into the rain, I stood still a second and then stated to rub the

rain into my shirt. I made sure to give everyone a good look as I rubbed my tits

and the crotch of my wet shorts. I walked back under the tent and shook my hair

out, wetting everyone around me.

On the way home, Helen said she couldnâ€™t believe I did such a thing. I said I

didnâ€™t believe it either but that it was so much fun, I couldnâ€™t stop. She asked me if I would ever do something like that again. I told her I honestly didnâ€™t know. It was a lot of fun being looked at but that I didnâ€™t get wet on purpose to begin with. She said that when I was rubbing my wet shirt, she thought for a moment that I was going to raise my shirt up and show my bare tits. I said that for a moment, I almost did. He mouth opened wide and we started to laugh. I

asked Helen to go without underwear a couple more days that week. She said she

would and that she would she me next Saturday.

It rained hard that next Saturday. I talked to Helen on the phone and she told

me she only wore panties twice last week and that was when she wore a dress to

work. She asked if I had ever gone without panties under a dress and I told her

many times. I dared her to not wear any panties under her longer dresses that

week. She said she would think about it. When I talked to Helen a few days later

she told me that she wore only her dress and shoes to her part-time job that

day. She works as a cashier at a small grocery store nearby. She told me that

all she does is stand so she knew she would be safe. It was also a very warm day

that day and the A/C wasnâ€™t working to good in the store and she thought it

might be a bit cooler with less clothes on. She said actually enjoyed being

naked under her dress and nobody else knowing about it. But she said the best

part was that there was a little 6-inch fan under the counter to help keep her

cool and it felt good every time it blew up her dress. She said that as long as

she had that part-time job there, she would only wear dresses to work without

anything on underneath.

Saturday came and it was a warm sunny day. I told Helen I wanted to wear one of

her short sundresses and I wanted her to wear one too. She let me pick first, I

picked out a light yellow, mid-thigh length halter dress that tied behind the

neck using thin white strings. Helen chose a mid-thigh length blue and white

flowery tank dress. I removed all my clothes and put on the yellow dress only!

Helen asked if that was all I was going to wear and I told her it was and I

hoped she would do the same. She said that she was getting use to wearing knee

length dresses without panties and didnâ€™t know if she was ready to wear short

dresses yet. I finally coaxed her into it. I told her I wanted to go to a mall

in Valdosta and shop. She said that sounded like fun so off we went.

As we were going down the highway I got a wild idea and pulled my dress from

under my behind and left just enough skirt up front to just cover my bush. Helen

asked what in the world I was doing. I started giggling and I told her I wanted

to give the truckers a little leg to look at. She surprised me when she said

that maybe she should do the same. I told her to go ahead if she dared, she did.

I could see a little hair showing just past the hem. I didnâ€™t dare tell her that

dress was higher than she thought because I didnâ€™t want to scare her out of

showing off. I told her when we parked the car. She said that it was too late to

do anything about it now and got out of the car. I started to get out and just

as I was just starting to swing my legs around when I saw a guy walking behind

the cars coming our way. I thought about my skirt and started to pull it down

but decided to purposely give the guy a look at my legs. Just as he got to the

next car, I swung my legs around. He turned to walk between our car and one we

parked next to. He stopped in his tracks as he looked at my bare legs and hip, I

looked down as I slid out the seat and my entire bush came into view. I stood up

almost in shock at what I had just done. I was trembling as I closed the door,

brushing down my dress as I walked away from him. Helen couldnâ€™t see what happen because of the open door. She said the guy was still standing there with his

mouth open and asked what had happen. I told her as we walked away, she broke

out laughing and said she couldnâ€™t believe I had done such a thing and asked me why I did it. I said I didnâ€™t know but it felt like a fun thing to do at the

time.

Well, we entered the mall and walked around window-shopping for about an hour.

It felt strange walking around almost naked in public but I was enjoying it too

much to stop. We came upon a shoe store that was having a half price sale and

decided to go inside a found a cute pair of heeled sandals I liked and the price

was good too, so I decided to buy them. A cute young guy asked if he could help

and I showed him what shoe I wanted, he said heâ€™d get it and be right back. He

returned a couple minutes later and asked if he could help me put it on. I said

sure and sat down. The cold seat on my bare behind reminded me of my lack of

underwear. I started to stand up and tell him never mind but then I got a tingle

in my pussy; it wanted to have some fun. I made sure my knees were together when the guy knelt in front of me. He picked up one of my feet and removed the shoe and put on the new one. As he picked up the other foot I let my legs separate a few inches. I looked at Helen and she had her hand across her mouth hiding a

giggle. That gave me more confidence and as he put on the other shoe, I spread

my legs a couple more inches. As he was just finishing hooking the strap around

my ankle, he looked up and seen between my legs. He stopped and then looked at

my face; I smiled at him and spread my legs further apart, giving him a good

look at my pussy. I lowed my foot and said I liked them and could I wear them

out the store. He swallowed and said sure. I lifted my skirt to give him a full

look before I stood up and paid for them.

I was still trembling as I left the store, giving the guy a little wave as I

left. Helen was about to bust a gut. She said that was the funniest thing she

had seen in a long time. She said she bet the guy was probably in the bathroom

jerking-off already. She said that she would never have the guts to do what I

just did and that she didnâ€™t know I was going to do it. I said that I hadnâ€™t

planned to do it either, that it just sort of happened and that it was a lot of

fun. I told her that was the first time I had actually allowed someone to get a

good look up my dress at my pussy. And that if it felt that good all the time,

that it probably would not be my last.

We left the mall and started our hour ride back home. Helen said that since I

like showing off so much, she dared me to bare my tits and ride back topless. I

smiled and said good idea and untied the straps and pulled down the top of my

dress. I thought about removing it altogether but decided to wait for another

day to do that. About a dozen truckers saw my tits before we got to Helenâ€™s

house. I was so worked up from my exposure at the shoe store and on the highway

that I wanted to play with myself but couldnâ€™t because of being next to Helen. I

would just have to wait I got back to the privacy of my bedroom.

During my senior year of high school, my father finally let me have a part time

job. I got on as a secretary/girl Friday with an attorney in town. My grades

were good in school and it was a field I was interested in, so I enjoyed the

job. I enjoyed it so much that Iâ€™m going to college now to be an attorney. My

father is so proud of me. He still doesnâ€™t know how much of an exhibitionist

Iâ€™ve become.

I also became pretty good at sewing that I even made a few outfits of my own

design. The one I wore the most was a skirt with 6-inch bands around the skirt

that could be added or removed by buttons. I could make from just below the

crotch or to the ground. My father even approved of it. I made it in three

colors. One day I decided to leave it about 6-inchs above my knees and go home

like that. My father had seen me come in the house and asked why I was wearing

it so short. I told him I spilled some coffee on the bottom piece and decided to

remove it. He didnâ€™t say anything else.

I also made a little bikini that tied on the sides. It was out of white cotton

and had no lining so I knew it would show through when wet. It also rode so low

that I had to shave my bush a little up front and a little ass crack could be

seen in the back. I still have it but have only had the opportunity to wear it a

couple of times. I wanted to try it out one hot afternoon, so I put on my old

one piece and an old big t-shirt and told my mother I was going down to the

creek to cool off. I rolled my little bikini in my towel and left. There is a

creek about a Â½ mile through the woods behind our house Iâ€™d been to many times in my life. When I got there, there was nobody around so I stripped off the old one piece and put on my little white bikini. The water felt great and the bikini

was as transparent as I hoped it would be.

I was so absorbed in my fantasies that I didnâ€™t hear two boys arrive. I was

lying in the water at the edge of the creek when I seen them on the other side

looking at me. I didnâ€™t know them but I did recognize one of them from around

school. I had my first chance to show-off in my new bikini and was wanted to

make the best of it. I waved at them and told them the water felt great and to

come on in. Both boys were wearing tight cutoff jeans. I sat up as they entered

the water. Both of them were looking at my wet top. I stood up and walked over

to them, giving them a chance to see my string bottom, and introduced myself.

Their names were Jim and Carl.

We swam and floated a while and every time one of the boys stood up I noticed

both of them had erections. I started splashing them and we ended up dunking

each other. Jim accidentally grabbed on of my breast and immediately started to

apologize. I told him it was all right and not to worry even if it happen again.

Well it did, both Carl and Jim kept getting handfuls and each time lasted a

little bit long. I was enjoying having my tits felt up. Then I wanted to be seen

naked and to see them naked. I asked the guys if they had ever gone

skinny-dipping before. One said he had and the other hadnâ€™t, I told them that I

had come down here alone a done it a few times but never with boys and wondered

if they would like to join me. I donâ€™t think they believed me so I took of my

top and asked them again. They quickly unzipped and dropped their shorts and

stood there in their wet briefs. I looked at their bulges as I untied my bottoms

letting them drop into the water. I told them to take off their underwear too,

they did. Since this was my first time being completely naked in front of male

eyes, I slowly bent over and picked up my bottoms and walked out of the creek

giving those boys a good look at my ass.

I put my suit on some branches to dry. I walked back to them looking at their

hard-ons, those were they first hard-ons I had ever seen. I walked up to them

and turned around asking them what the though of my body. I told them that now

there was no swimsuit in the way if they wanted to grab my tits. They both

reached out at the same time to grab a tit and I took hold off both their dicks.

Jim immediately shot off in my hand. He was embarrassed about doing it, but I

told him now to worry I though it was cool. After a couple minutes of squeezing

and stroking, Carl shot off also. I loved the power I had over these guys. They

did whatever I wanted to do that afternoon. I didnâ€™t let them screw me but I did

let them bring me off with their fingers. I even jerked them both off again. I

even tasted cum for the first time. I had heard other girls talking about giving

head, so I want to give it a try, wasnâ€™t bad. We must have been down at the

creek 3 hrs or so before we left. I just put my t-shirt back on and walked home

like that. That was the first time a male had ever looked on my naked body or

touched breast and pussy. I really liked it and knew I was hooked and I wanted

to do it again soon.

The first time I had sex, it was with a guy I worked with, his name was Charles.

I had just turned 18, graduated high school, and started working full time at my

job until college started. This guy was real cute. He and I had been flirting

the last couple months. I guess I started it all when I let him see up my skirt

one afternoon. I was sorting some papers in a back office alone when he walked

in to get a file. I was wearing one of my little stretch skirts and since I was

sitting at a big table alone, I wasnâ€™t caring about how I sat. The skirt was

almost to my crotch. He went to the other side of the table to get a file from

the cabinet and it happened to be in the bottom drawer. I saw him as he turned

to look at me under the table and he dropped the file when he saw me sitting

there pantyless and with my legs spread. I didnâ€™t want to stop the show so I

asked if I could help him pick up the papers. I got up and walked around the

table to in front of him and squatted down with my knees apart. His eyes shot to

my crotch and my bare pussy. He thanked me and I went back to my work as if

nothing happened. But after he left in touched myself and discovered my pussy

was wet one again. I flashed him a few more times and flirted with him

regularly.

A couple months after we met he asked if I would like to meet him after work. I

said that sounded like fun and we set it for Friday night. My father had met the

guy one afternoon at work and liked him so when I told my dad that he had asked

me out on a date, my father didnâ€™t object. I had a couple nice dresses to wear

and decided on one. I put it on and it still fit well but came to my knees. I

wanted to shorten it and decided to put a grease stain near the hem. I stained

it and asked dad if the dress would be all right to wear. He said it looked

lovely on me and as I turned he told me to stop. He spotted the stain on the

dress. I acted upset and said there was no way I could get that stain out. My

mother said that since it was so close to the hem I could cut off about 4 inches

and redo the hem. My father told me to go ahead and do that but not to make it

too short. I cut off 6 inches. My father said it was a bit too short but mom

said it would be all right if I sat ladylike. (If she only knew!) I wore a slip

under the dress when I showed my mom and father. When I got back to my room I

removed the dress and slip and put the dress back on again. I looked at myself

in the mirror and I could easily make out my nipples though the dress. I smiled

knowing that Friday night was going to be fun.

My father was away Friday night when I left to meet Charles. I carried the slip

with me incase I had to put it on when I got back. All I was wearing besides the

dress was my heeled sandals I bought at the mall. It was a little breezy that

evening and it felt good blowing around my bare butt. He was waiting in front of

the restaurant when I arrived. As I walked down the sidewalk towards him, a gust

of wind lifted my skirt. I put my hand on it but not before Charles got a flash.

He gave me a kiss on the cheek and asked me if I ever wore underwear. I told him

hardly ever. He just gave me a big smile and another kiss on the cheek. After we

got our table and ordered, I noticed he kept looking at my breast. I smiled and

told him that no, I wasnâ€™t wear a bra either. I said what you see is all Iâ€™m

wearing. Charles asked me questions about my lack of underwear and I told him

about some of the flashing experiences Iâ€™d had. I noticed he kept adjusting

himself during dinner. I teased him by asking if I was the reason of his

discomfort and that if I was I could always go to the bathroom and put some

panties on. He said that I didnâ€™t have to do that; he liked me just the way I

was dressed. And I said to him, â€œYou mean that your not even going to get me out of this dress later on?â€ He actually choked a little his drink he was swallowing when I asked him that. He said he had planned to go dancing but now he wasnâ€™t sure if it was such a good idea since my dress was short and I had no panties on. I told him I would still love to go dancing, panties or no panties. It made no difference to me. In fact, I told him, I had never been dancing pantyless on a dance floor before. And the thought of showing my ass on the dance floor

excited me. When we got to Charlesâ€™ car I put my arms around his neck and gave him a big kiss. He made me moan when he reached around and put both his hands under my dress onto my bare ass. I think he was happy when I didnâ€™t stop him.

We got to the dance club and only danced about an hour. I was getting pretty

worked up from all the attention I was getting. Everybody there knew not too

long after we arrived that I had no panties on. I think it was the second dance

where Charles and I were dancing to a slow song and I put my arms around his

neck and he put his hands around my waist and raised them to mid back, slowly

pulled up the back of my dress, I glad he did. I was trying to figure out some

way to tactfully show-off my ass and he purposely or accidentally did it for me.

After about an hour I told Charles I was tired and wanted to go someplace quite.

He asked if I would like to go to his place. I smiled and said I would love to

but that I had better get home. On the way to my car I removed my dress so

Charles could get a good look at me. I spread my legs and let him finger fuck

me. aaaah! After he got me off. I leaned over and gave him a kiss as I unzipped

his pants and took out his dick. I put my mouth around his cock and started to

suck like a cum hungry slut. He shot his load in less than a minute. He said

that I was a natural born cocksucker. Some reason I felt proud at that remark. I

told him I wanted his home phone number because I wanted to come to his place

tomorrow and spend all day in bed with him. I got it and told him I would

definitely call him in the morning. I knew I wanted to have sex with him and I

wanted to do it everyway we could tomorrow. I was technically a virgin, I had

never had a man, but I did own an 8-inch dildo, which I used once or twice a

week. When we got to my car, even though it was only 11pm, I climbed out of his

car naked and walked over to mine. I tossed the dress on the seat, climbed in

and drove off naked. I stopped a half-mile down the road from my house got out

of the car and got dressed. I did call Charles the next morning and got to his

house about 9am and stayed till about 9 pm. I let him use every hole in my body.

I was a bit sore the next day and told mom and dad I didnâ€™t feel good so I

stayed home and soaked in a warm bath when they went to church.

Iâ€™m now going to â€˜University of Floridaâ€™ and still see Charles whenever I go home for some good old fashion sex. We are getting to be an item and I like him. I am not interested in having sex with anyone else right now. But I still love

to show-off when I get a chance and being in warm Florida, I get quite a few

chances. At college I now own a nice collection on short skirts and dresses, a

few even sheer. I went to a party the other night with a couple of girlfriends

and all I wore was a sheer halter dress with only a little pair of black

g-string panties beneath. My tits and ass were on display all night. Halfway

thought the night, some guy asked if I would give him my panties. I did! I loved

the looks I got that night. I hear Iâ€™ve gotten a reputation as a girl who would

wear anything or nothing, almost anytime and anywhere. I hear guys like looking

at a smooth hairless pussy. Iâ€™m going to find out! I have recently started to

complete shave my pussy and now I keep it completely bald.

Also a few weeks ago I was talked into a wet t-shirt contest. I ended up naked

but for a pair of wet, thin, white g-string panties the club gave me to wear.

That was fun and I plan to do a few more of them.

I still need to find a job around here. I hear that there is a nude dance club

down the interstate a few miles. Iâ€™m thinking about going down there and ask

about a part time job. I think it would be a lot of fun dancing nude and getting

paid for it. I enjoy being naked and getting paid for it would be a dream job.

Charles has even suggested that I pose for â€˜Playboyâ€™. The idea does sound

intriguing. He told me yesterday he found some nude resorts down near Tampa.

Weâ€™ve decided to go check one out in a couple of weeks. I do believe I have

become an exhibitionist and I love it. Maybe youâ€™ll see me soon. Naked? Maybe!

Bye!

Jennifer's Secret Passion - part 2

Before you read this story, you might want to read Jennifer's Secret Passion. It

tells of how my current lifestyle all began.

The last time I was here I said I had just started college in Gainesville,

Florida at the University Of Florida [Go Gators].

Charles and I have become a couple in love. He recently was able to transfer his

job to here. We got us an apartment and moved in together, which is great! It

was getting hard not having sex for a couple of weeks, and now we have sex a

couple times a day, even more on the weekends.

I was able to get that part-time job dancing and waiting tables in the nude just

south of town off of I-75. The owner is a fairly nice guy; I worked 2 or 3 times

a week when my class schedule allowed it. I don't know if I was more nervous or

excited the first time I got to dance on that stage for real. I just remember

being very wet between my legs when I got off the stage. I really like dancing

naked in front of total strangers. I was completely safe dancing naked, there

was very little danger of being bothered up there. Not with BIG Mike standing

there, protecting us. He was BIG and looked real tough, but he was really a

pussycat to us girls. If I wasn't in I love with Charles, I would have liked to

see just how â€˜big', BIG Mike really was.

Charles comes by once in a while to watch me and the other girls. I don't mind

him looking at the other girls because he goes home with me. My boss knows

Charles and knows I like to dance a little dirtier for my guy. The rest of the

customers seem to like my dirty dancing too, because the tips seem to be better

then. I act like I pick one guy off the floor to sit on the edge of the stage. I

then tie his hands behind him so he can't touch me as I put my tits and pussy up

against his face. Charles face is always wet, covered with my pussy juices.

Charles and I did go to a few nude resorts near Tampa and we found one we both

liked and we try to spend at least one weekend a mouth there. It feels great to

walk around naked for two or three days. We swim, bike ride, ride horses, kayak,

play volleyball, walk the trails or streets naked, day or night. Living naked is

the life. The only thing frowned on if public sex. Which is the hardest part for

us to not do, because I love semi-public sex.

Just last weekend, after walking around shopping for about an hour and Charles

continually rubbing of my bare ass and pussy under my little dress. [I had no

underwear on because I don't wear them anymore unless I really need to.] I had

had enough, I had just straddled Charles's lap in the front seat of his SUV in a

Wal-Mart parking lot and was getting busy. I had my little sundress up around my

waist and Charles's cock deep in my pussy, when I noticed an old man looking in

the front window. Some old lady was almost running back to the store hollering

for an employee. I wasn't about to stop until Charles dumped his load inside me.

After he came, I saw this old lady and two blue vested men heading our way. I

slid off Charles and told him to haul ass out of the parking lot.

I once was sitting on Charles lap at a friend's house with him deep inside me

for almost an hour. He was wearing just some loose lounge pants and I had on a

mid-thigh length flare jean skirt. We were watching a â€˜Gator' football game one

Saturday and I became more interested in the growth under my ass. I reached

below me and unbuttoned the one button holding his pants closed and removed his

growing member. I was already wet with anticipation and shifted a bit and slid

that baby all the way home. We sat there and watched the game with eight of our

friend all around us. It was hard {ha, ha} to hold still. Charles moved every

few seconds just to keep us in that aroused state. We were able to put it away

without getting caught just before halftime. I met Charles in the bathroom at

half time and had him take me from behind as I bent over the edge of the tub.

That same evening we ended up playing strip poker. I was the 1st naked, I wanted

it that way, and I lost on purpose. They let me keep playing but I had to do

little naughty things when I lost. Like bending over and showing my pussy,

playing with myself, letting Charles suck my tits, and so on. I told them I was

all right with that but that Charles was the only guy there that could touch my

pussy. We played on. Almost everyone got completely naked except two girls who

still were in their panties. I won the last hand that night. I told them that I

wanted to choose my winning prize. Just two minutes earlier, Charles had 2

fingers up my pussy as everyone else watched. I was pretty well worked up. All

the guys were sporting nice hard-ons. And I just blurred out. I want Charles to

fuck me and I want all of you to watch. We did. They did. It was a lot of fun

being watched. I want to do it again soon. Charles says he is going to buy a

good digital video camera soon so we can record ourselves and put it on the

Internet.

This is a great party town. There is party on campus almost every weekend. I

don't drink but I still like to party, and with Charles acting as my protector,

I always enjoy myself. Quite often I leave wearing less clothes than what I

started with but that was my usually my plan. I always wear something that's

quite revealing, but if I were to â€˜accidentally' loose a button or a strap

â€˜accidentally' breaks. Oh, Well! Accidents happen!

Another game I like to play at some of these parties is that I wear something

short or thin, and I claim I need gas money and that I am willing to trade my

sexy panties for cash. I had one guy pay me fifty dollars just to let him remove

and keep my panties. After that everyone knows I am without panties and I seem

to bent over or sit incorrectly a few times before I leave.

When Charles and I go to the nude resort, all I usually wear out of our

apartment is just a large t-shirt or tank top and remove it as soon as I get in

the car. I thoroughly enjoy riding around naked, I never know who with see me

naked next. I always seem to start playing with my pussy as we get on I-75. I

like letting the truckers look at me while I suck Charles off or when I stick my

ass out the side window.

My parents don't know that Charles has moved down here. And they would have a

fit if they find out we have moved in together. They think their sweet little

daughter is sharing an apartment with Charlene. Not that their little girl is a

SLUT, shacking up and having wild, sinful, immoral, and illegal [â€˜sodomy' I like

it up my ass too!] sex. But I don't really care right now. I'm young and horny

and right now I like being a SLUT. I'm paying my own way though college. Charles

is taking care of the rent and utilities. We have talked of marriage but decided

to wait a few years for that. We are happy with the way we are now.

Charles asked me the other day if I ever wanted to have sex with more than one

guy at a time. I told him I had thought about it and I would like to try two,

three, or even four guys at once but not anytime soon. I was very satisfied with

just one cock at a time right now. And I jokingly told him that as long as he

could keep up with my sexual needs I keep him, but if he starts slowing down or

can't keep or get it up, I'd trade him in for a newer, younger model or two.

We are going to a Halloween party tonight. I'm going as a Roman servant girl. My

toga goes off one shoulder and meets at the side with only one string holding it

together. It just covers my ass and all of one tit and a third of the other. I'm

wearing only sandals with it. Before the night get too far along, I plan on

loosening the string to about a three-inch gap down the side. This would show my

lack of undergarments and causes the barely covered tit to come uncovered. I

plan to leave at least one tit bare the rest of the night.

Part 2

It's been 3 weeks since part 1 of this story.

Today is Monday, Saturday was my birthday, and I turned 20. I got home about 3

in the morning from my dancing job. I had a good tip night. Charles woke me

around 10 am with some scrambled eggs, bacon, OJ, and a birthday card. After

eating he told me he had made reservations for dinner tonight, and that he had

bought me a new dress to wear. He would give it to me after I shower this

evening.

He was standing next to the bed naked and his dick was hard and pointing right

at me. I told him not to loss that thing and to get on his back on the bed while

I went to the bathroom to pee. As I got out of bed naked he grabbed my hand and

said he couldn't wait for that. I said I wanted him to but that I didn't want to

pee in bed. He said, OK, and taking my hand, led me to the bathroom. He climbed

in the tub and got on his back and pulled me on top of him. He guided himself

inside me as I lowered myself. I told him again I had to pee real bad. He

smiled, and said for me to go ahead and pee anytime I wanted. He would wash to

tub out later. He actually shocked me with that statement. I started to get up

and pee but my pussy was taking over. I now wanted that cock moving inside me

more than peeing. I started sliding up and down that lovely hard cock. When I

started to cum, I felt something warm running down my leg. I was pissing, as I

was cumming. I felt Charles cum inside me too. He said my pissing on his balls

sent him over the edge. He said we had to try that one again, I agreed.

We remained naked all day as we usually do when we are alone. About 6pm I

started getting ready. When I came our of the shower, on the bed was a pair of

my silver stiletto shoes, a little black g-string, and a short black spaghetti

strap dress. I put on the g-string first; it was only about 2 inches wide in the

front. The dress was next, it was very light and I could see through it. It felt

real good against my skin. The dress had some silvery designs on the front,

camouflaging the sheerness of the dress. I put on my shoes and checked myself

out in the mirror. The dress covered my crotch by a couple of inches. I had to

look hard to see my breast but the back had no silver design and I could easily

see the strings of my g-string, but I liked that. I also notice the top of the

dress was draped and loose. I bent over and could see both breasts. That could

be fun tonight.

About 15 minutes before we left the doorbell rang. It was Gary, a friend and

workmate of Charles. He was dress real fine and asked if we were ready and

Charles said we were. I asked Charles what was going on and he said Gary was to

be our Chauffer and Companion for the night. I smiled and said "COOL!" Gary was

one cute guy and had a nice ass and body it looked like. Gary opened the door to

let me in and I tried to get in as lady like as possible but it was hard with

such a short dress on. As soon as we pulled out, Charles started to tease me and

I thought to myself that two could play that game and I was probably better at

it than he was. As he played with my tits, I noticed Gary was checking us out in

his rearview mirror. I thought that he would probably see a lot more than this

tonight. What I didn't know was that Charles and Gary had plans of their own

tonight, which I would be the recipient all weekend.

I reached over and grabbed Charles crotch and noticed he had no underwear on and the heat from his growing member was easily felt through his thin cotton slacks. I leaned over and placed my mouth over his erection through his pants and

purposely left a round wet spot on the front. He says, "Hey, look what you did."

And I said as I was laughing, "Well, you started it. You'll just have to live

with it dickhead."

Then Gary told us to stop fighting or he would have to stop the car and spank us.

And I chimed back, "Promises, promises."

Once at the restaurant, Gary opened the door and made sure I gave him a good

panty shot as I got out.

The hostess eyed me up and down and gave me an evil smile as she sat us in our

booth. I slid to the back with Charles on my right and Gary on my left. I made

sure to lean over a couple time towards both guys to give them a look down my

dress. After our meal and while we waited for desert, Charles said he promised

Gary that I would give him a little present tonight for helping us. I gave him a

puzzled look, and he said the panties you are wearing now.

I said, "OK, let me out I need to go to the bathroom anyhow.

I could feel every male eye on me as I sashayed my ass across the restaurant. I

wondered if when I returned if they would notice the black strings if my panties

gone as they look at my ass. I found this kind of exciting knowing that the

crack of my ass was still visible thru the material and that any signs of

panties was gone. I wiped my now wet pussy with those little panties and putting

then in the palm of my hand back to the table I went. Charles got out and I slid

across the seat and gave Gary my panties.

Gary put the panties to his nose and took a big whiff as a dozen people watched.

Charles slid back in next to me and put his hands between my legs and I

automatically opened up. Charles put my panties on the table between us just

before the waiter brought our desert. His eyes opened wide as he noticed my

panties and where Charles' hand was. Charles asked him to return with the check,

as we wanted to leave as soon as we finished our deserts.

On the way to the car, I told Charles I needed to be fucked soon. He smiled and

said not to worry, I would be.

Once in the car, Charles told Gary to quickly get us home he had one horny lady

with him in the back seat that needed a good screwing. Gary laughed and said,

"Your wish is my command sir." Charles fingered me to the edge of cumming, when

Gary pulled in our driveway. Damn him for driving too fast!

My dress was still around my waist as Gary opened the door and the dome light

came on. He got a good look at my wet pussy but I didn't care. It was when

Charles open the front door he told me that Gary would be spending the night as

my birthday present. All I said was, "WHAT?"

He said his present for me being such a good bad girl was that the two of them

were going to service me all night long.

They did and they did a very good job. I took them one a time and both at once.

I went to sleep somewhere around 4am and didn't wake until 2pm. Gary was still

there. Charles decided to ask him to spend another night. I just smiled!

Charles and Gary left for work a couple hours ago. My pussy, my asshole, and my

mouth are all a little sore but it was worth it. I'm sitting here still naked as

I write this story and wondering when Charles is going to bring anybody else

home from work, or maybe more than one????