**Kelli**

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**Kelli Ch. 01**

I met Kelli Stouffer at a Bar Association Holiday party in early December the year after I got my law license. After going to college in the Chicago area, I had graduated from law school in Virginia the year before. I moved home to Southwestern Ohio and was hired as an associate at a locally based, large, very old law firm. I was standing in the hors d'oeuvre line at the mixer when a very pleasant female voice asked if I'd hand her a paper plate.  
  
When I turned to pass on the plate, I faced undoubtedly the most beautiful woman I'd ever met in person. The first thing I noticed about Kelli were her very bright blue eyes. Below the eyes were prominent cheeks bones, made more prominent by her smile. The smile revealed perfectly white teeth that contrasted with her red lips and a slightly dark complexion that suggested some Mediterranean heritage. Her face was framed by dark brown hair cut just above shoulder length.  
  
Kelli's first words to me, after having asked for the plate, were "You're Will Lampe. You wrestled 197 in college." My wrestling career had ended almost five years ago and hadn't been particularly notable. I didn't expect anyone to remember me as a wrestler, least of all a beautiful young woman I'd never met before.  
  
"I did," I said. "How do you know?"  
  
"I was a cheerleader at OSU," Kelli replied. "We cheered at the wrestling matches. You wrestled in Columbus a couple of times. I remember your team wore white uniforms trimmed in purple and black. Those uniforms were pretty revealing you know."  
  
"Yeah," I said. "We stopped using them my senior year for that reason." I chuckled. "It figures, I suppose, that the only person I've met who remembers me as a wrestler is from OSU. I never won a match in Columbus."  
  
"But," Kelli said, "you looked better losing than a lot of guys."  
  
I took Kelli's comments as a promising start. While the point of the mixer was to network, I spent the entire event talking to Kelli. She didn't seem to mind.  
  
Kelli was wearing the standard woman lawyer uniform: low heels, a dark skirt that fell below her knees, and a dark jacket over a beige blouse. The uniform is, I think, intended to conceal a woman's figure. However, the swell of her blouse and jacket suggested that Kelli probably had a nice chest and the bit of her calves I could see looked firm and shapely.  
  
Kelli had invoked two of my prejudices. Despite having grown up in Ohio, I had a low regard for OSU, and I had cheerleaders stereotyped as airheads. Kelli swiftly overcame my prejudices insofar as she was concerned. It took only a few minutes of conversation for me to realize that Kelli Stouffer was a very bright person. That conclusion was confirmed when she told me had gone to my college's law school in Chicago. It was generally considered one of the top ten law schools in the country. I hadn't bothered to apply to it knowing I had no chance of being admitted.  
  
The mixer ended much sooner than I wanted it to. It was a Thursday night. We all had to be at work early the next morning billing hours, so asking Kelli to go somewhere after the mixer was out of the question. I was ridiculously pleased, though, when Kelli wrote down her direct line number on a scrap of paper, handed it to me, and said, "Call me. Let's have lunch soon."  
  
I must admit that I had fantasies about Kelli Stouffer for the rest of the evening. In the cold, hard light of dawn, I convinced myself that Kelli had just been polite and that she would undoubtedly have reasons why she was never free for lunch. Still, I called her around 9:30 that Friday morning.  
  
Kelli's voice sounded as nice over the phone as it did in person. Her normal speaking voice had a slightly low pitch which made her sound sexy, although I was sure that was not her intent. "Will! I'm glad you called," she said, which got my hopes up a little. "Unfortunately," she continued, "I have a memo which I have to get on a partner's desk by the close of business today. If I get lunch at all, it will be at my desk." That was what I had expected. "But," Kelli added, "I'm free Monday. Does that work for you?"  
  
It didn't matter what I had scheduled the following Monday (not much in truth), I'd have blown that off to have lunch with Kelli. "It works very well," I replied.  
  
"Great!" Kelli said. "Meet me in the lobby of my building at 11: 30."  
  
That first lunch established that, although Kelli was by far the superior conversationalist, we shared several interests. We both liked sports, watching and playing. We both worked out. We both liked mystery novels. Both of us were unsure whether we wanted to spend our entire careers at big law firms.  
  
Although we missed the week between Christmas and New Year's, our lunches became a weekly event that I very much looked forward to. Nothing Kelli said during them suggested she had a boyfriend, and I was listening carefully. After about a month, I took what I thought was a huge chance. The local professional theater company was doing Herman Wouk's The Caine Mutiny. I overpaid for two tickets for a Saturday night performance a week hence. I invited Kelli over our Monday lunch and was almost dumbstruck when she accepted with seeming enthusiasm.  
  
Every time I had seen Kelli, she'd been wearing that standard woman lawyer's uniform. I wondered whether she'd be wearing it again as I knocked on her apartment door that Saturday night. What she was wearing when she opened her door was tasteful, but it was a long way from the uniform. A cream-colored sweater confirmed that Kelli did indeed have a very nice, if slightly large, chest. Her dark brown corduroy skirt stopped at mid-thigh, showing very good legs. When Kelli turned to get her coat, I noticed that her skirt was tight enough to suggest a very beautiful ass.  
  
The theater was the first of many dates. There were concerts, hockey games, dinners, a variety of things we both enjoyed. Kelli and I weren't lovers, but we quickly became a lot more than just friends. We were together almost every weekend, except Kelli was never available on the third Saturday of the month. I didn't ask why. If she wanted me to know, she'd tell me.  
  
As the weather warmed, our activities moved outdoors. I was particularly honored to be invited to go with Kelli on a Saturday morning in late May when she golfed with three of her friends: Pam, Karla, and Clarissa. I didn't golf, so I was assigned the tasks of spotting where each woman's shots landed and having beer ready when any of the four of them asked. While none were as stunningly beautiful as Kelli, her friends were all very attractive women. I was happy to do my jobs.  
  
The golf outing had felt something like an audition for Kelli's friends. I guess I passed. A couple of weeks later, we were having a Sunday afternoon picnic. "Will," Kelli said, "Fourth of July is a Saturday this year. I get that Friday off. My parents live just outside Columbus. I'm spending the Fourth weekend up there. My sister Karen and her husband are coming in from Pittsburgh. Uh, well, do you want to come with me?"  
  
We hadn't had sex, but I had completely fallen for Kelli by that point. I took great heart from the fact that I was invited to meet her family. Of course, I wanted to go with her, and I said so.  
  
As my anticipation of the trip grew so did Kelli's apparent anxiety. It came to a head the weekend before the Fourth. Kelli crushed me by saying, "Will, I know I invited you to spend the Fourth with me and my family, but I'm thinking it's not such a good idea."  
  
I assumed she'd found out an old, longed-for, boyfriend was going to be in town. I knew better than to ask, but I did: "Why?"  
  
Kelli blushed. "I, well, I like you. I like you a lot. I don't want you to lose respect for me."  
  
"Kelli," I said. "I'm sure that there's nothing about you or your family that would cause me to lose an iota of the respect I have for you."  
  
Kelli just looked at me for a moment. "Shit," she said. "I put myself in this corner. I don't see anything to do except tell you."  
  
"Tell me what?" I asked.  
  
Kelli started off indirectly. "Mom and Dad are both doctors. They have a lot of money. When I was very young and Karen was in grade school, they bought a piece of land outside Columbus and built our house there. It sits on several acres and there aren't any other houses close. They have a pool, jacuzzi, and tennis courts. There's a small lake behind the house. We have our own beach. The weather's supposed to be great next weekend so everyone will be using those."  
  
"It sounds pretty nice to me," I said. "What's the problem?"  
  
Kelli took a deep breath. Hurriedly, she said, "Harry, we don't wear any clothes at home. We never have. We're nudists. So's my brother-in-law. We'll be using all that stuff naked. We'll all be naked the whole weekend."  
  
While I'd had no experience with nudism, it didn't strike me as deviant behavior. I was very surprised to find out that Kelli, the ex-cheerleader and young lawyer, hung out with her family in the buff. She was intelligent, charming, and extremely beautiful; not the kind of person I thought nudists were. I didn't see it as some character flaw, but her revelation was completely unexpected. I guess that showed in my face.  
  
"Fuck," Kelli said. "I knew it! Now, you think I'm some kinky weirdo."  
  
"No," I replied. "I know you too well to think that. I'm just surprised. I can understand, though, that your parents and your sister wouldn't want me around to see them in the altogether."  
  
"That's not the problem at all," Kelli said. "For years, until I started law school in Chicago, we took family summer vacations to naturist resorts or places that had nude beaches. None of us has any problem with other people seeing us in the nude. The problem is that my family would want you to go nude too."  
  
Since the subject had come up, I'd been trying to conceal my excitement at the prospect of seeing Kelli Stouffer naked. What she had just told me about her nudist upbringing added to her appeal in my mind. I hadn't considered that I'd have to be naked too. To my surprise, the idea of going naked with Kelli and her family, none of whom I'd yet met, sounded like great fun.  
  
"Kelli," I said, "if we assume nudity isn't a problem, would you still want me to go with you on the Fourth?"  
  
"Yes, absolutely!" Kelli said. The way she said that made me feel very good. I really wanted to go.  
  
"Ok," I said, "let's just agree that it's not a problem. If the rule at your family's home is that people don't wear any clothes, as a guest, I'll follow your family's rules."  
  
Kelli looked at me without saying anything. Finally, she leaned forward and kissed me. We'd given each other pecks before. This was a real kiss, on the lips. After a few moments, both of our lips opened, and our tongues met. We kissed for a long time.  
  
When Kelli broke our kiss and sat back, I said, "Uh, there's one issue that occurs to me."  
  
Kelli smiled. "What's that?"  
  
"Well," I said, "you are an extraordinarily beautiful woman. Of course, I haven't seen you with your clothes off. I'm afraid that, when I do, there may be a, well, physical reaction."  
  
"I knew that was where you were going," Kelli said. "It's no big deal if you get a hard on. Rob, my brother-in-law, has at least one every time the family gets together." Kelli thought for a moment. Then she said, "Will, I'd decided a few minutes ago that I was going to make love to you today. I've changed my mind. I'm going to wait until we get to my parents' house. I think a week of anticipation of seeing each other nude and knowing that we're going to make love will enhance the experience for both of us."  
  
I initially thought Kelli was being a tease. However, she made the right call. The anticipation built between that Sunday and the following Friday, and it was exquisite. Kelli fed it during those five days with frequent references to "when I see you with your clothes off" and "when you see me naked." She even let those slip a couples of times while we had dinner with her friend Karla the Wednesday night before our trip. I glanced at Karla both times. Karla just smiled.  
  
While I expected the trip would be a very special experience, I was nervous as we drove north on I-71 that Friday morning. I think Kelli was too. It came through in her voice as she gave me thumbnail descriptions of her family. Her mother and father were in their mid-fifties. Kathleen, her mother, was an oncologist. Jeff, her father, was a surgeon. Karen, her sister who was five years older, was an architect in Pittsburgh. Rob, Karen's husband, was an engineer who specialized in glass. "You say I'm beautiful," Kelli said. "Wait until you see Karen. She's gorgeous."  
  
Kelli directed me onto the belt road to the east of Columbus. We exited the freeway and drove further east on a two-lane road. The area was becoming rural when Kelli said, "turn into the next driveway on the left." I turned and followed the drive about 500 yards up a small hill. The house atop the hill wasn't as big as I'd expected. "Mom and Dad didn't build a huge house," Kelli explained, "they put the money into things like the pool, the tennis courts, and the lake." A Japanese SUV was parked outside the two-car garage. "Karen and Rob are already here," Kelli said.  
  
As I pulled up and parked, one of the garage doors went up. A tall, slender woman came out wearing a terry cloth bathrobe. Kelli got out of my car, went up to the woman, and they hugged briefly. Turning to me, Kelli said, "Will, this is my Mom."  
  
The woman stepped forward towards me. "Kathleen Stouffer," she said. "It's nice to meet you. Kelli talks about you a lot." That was interesting. "I know Kelli's explained our lifestyle to you. You are ok participating in it?"  
  
"I am," I replied.  
  
"That's good," Mrs. Stouffer said. "We really aren't heavy-handed. Jeff and I built this place as a sanctuary from clothes. We've just learned that it doesn't work well if one or two people remain clothed while the rest of us go nude. I'm sure you're going to enjoy yourself."  
  
I had the chance to observe Kelli's mom while she was talking. Mrs. Stouffer looked her age, but she was still a very handsome woman. I could see the source of some of Kelli's tremendous beauty.  
  
Mrs. Stouffer smiled and said, "Of course, we put Karen and Rob together in have her room. That means the two of you will have to share Kelli's room. Any complaint?" After a short silence, Mrs. Stouffer said, "I thought not. Be good."  
  
"Where is everyone?" Kelli asked.  
  
"Karen, Rob, and Jeff are at the beach," Mrs. Stouffer replied. "I'm going down there now. Take your things upstairs, get your clothes off, and come out. Don't forget your sunscreen."  
  
Still wearing her robe, Mrs. Stouffer walked around the corner of the house. I got Kelli's and my small bags out of the car and followed Kelli through the garage into the house and upstairs. Kelli stopped at a door midway along the hallway. "This is my old room," she said. "I cleared my stuff out several years ago so my parents could use the room." The room had a chair, a dresser with a mirror on top, a closet, and one queen size bed. I followed Kelli into the room and set our bags on the floor.  
  
Kelli turned to face me. "Are you ready for this Will?" The reality hit me that Kelli and I were about to take our clothes off in front of each other. My dick started getting stiff.  
  
"Uh, I suppose I'm as ready as I'm going to be," I replied.  
  
Kelli smiled. She gathered the hem of her sundress in her hands, pulled it over her head, and tossed it on the bed. Underneath her dress, Kelli wore a bra but no panties. She reached behind her back, unhooked the bra, and let it slide down her arms. She tossed the bra on the bed and stood in front of me with her arms at her sides. "What do you think?" she asked.  
  
Kelli Stouffer was (and is) very beautiful clothed. However, she is infinitely more beautiful in the nude. Her breasts were slightly larger than you'd expect for her body-size but were firm. Her nipples, pointing at that moment, were upturned. Her stomach was flat and smooth. Her hips flared alluringly above smooth firm thighs. Between her thighs was a narrow landing strip of brown hair. Her Mediterranean complexion extended over her whole body, unmarred by any tan lines.  
  
"I, uh," I stammered. "My god Kelli!," I blurted, "you're more beautiful than I imagined."  
  
Kelli giggled. "I'm glad you like it. I haven't shown you this outfit before. I was worried whether it would live up to your expectations. Now, get your clothes off. I want to see the real you."  
  
Apart from her astounding beauty, there was something very appealing about Kelli standing there naked. She seemed so comfortable and confident. I wondered whether I could manage that trick. I suddenly wanted to find out. I wanted to take my clothes off and stand nude with Kelli. I was looking forward to being nude in front of Kelli's mom and family, seeing them nude and having them see me.  
  
I slid off my sandals and pulled my polo shirt over my head. Kelli took the shirt from me and tossed it on the bed on top of her clothes. I unbuttoned the waistband of my cargo shorts and lowered the zipper. Knowing I would be doing this, I had gone commando. I let the shorts fall to my feet and was as naked as Kelli. The difference was that I had a hard on.  
  
"Damn Will," Kelli said, "you look better nude than in your college wrestling uniform. Turn around." I slowly turned 360 degrees. When I faced Kelli again, she said, "We used to love those white wrestling uniforms you guys wore because we could see your butts and your packages pretty clearly. I like your butt and dick a lot better completely uncovered." Kelli giggled. "I also like your dick hard and standing up like that." I know it's base, but there's something very nice about a woman with who you're infatuated telling you she likes your hard-on.  
  
Kelli and I hugged tightly. Kelli said. "your dick's poking me, but I like it." We hugged again and kissed. The feeling of her bare body against mine was an indescribably wonderful sensation. Finally, I reached up and started to rub one of her nipples. Kelli leaned back. "I want to also," she said, "but I have to take you out and show you off to the family. We'll have all night. When Mom said, 'Be good,' what she meant was 'make sure you get my daughter off.'" Kelli laughed. "Don't worry about it," she added. "Mom and Dad are enthusiastic about me having sex, as long as they like the guy. Come on, there's sunscreen in the bathroom."  
  
I followed Kelli down the hall to a large bathroom where we spread sunscreen over each other. Running my hands over her bare skin seemed like handling a rare gem. I didn't want to let go. Kelli took my hand and said, "Come on."  
  
I followed Kelli's gorgeous bare ass back to the first floor and through a sliding glass door onto the Stouffers' patio. Standing outdoors nude was a new experience for me. It felt nice. Kelli picked up two large towels that were folded on top of a patio table. She smiled. "Let's go to the beach." We walked side-by-side, holding hands, across the Stouffers' back lawn. The lawn had been recently cut. The yard was surrounded by trees. Birds were singing. It was a beautiful day. Kelli looked perfectly natural, and exquisite, nude in that setting.  
  
As we walked, Kelli said, "you know, when you're outside on a great day like this, it really should be illegal to have any clothes on."

"As beautiful as you are," I said, "it should be illegal for you to ever have any clothes on."  
  
Kelli laughed. "But I'd freeze my titties in winter."  
  
"I can keep them warm for you," I replied.  
  
"Well, Mister," Kelli said, "if I have to spend the rest of my life nude, you'll have to also."  
  
"I'll take that deal if I can do it with you," I said.  
  
Kelli stopped. She looked in my eyes. "You mean that, don't you?" she said.  
  
"Yes, I do," I replied.  
  
As we resumed our walk, Kelli said, "you may think twice once you've met the family. We're pretty close knit. You'd have to consider them part of the deal."  
  
We reached a place where the yard started sloping down. Kelli stopped again and said, "There's the lake and our beach." The lake was about 50 yards away. It was bigger than I expected, maybe 200 yards long by about 100 yards across. It looked manmade. For about twenty yards back towards us from the water, the grass had been replaced with sand. At one end of the beach was a large wooden table with a center pole supporting a thatched "umbrella." Two huge coolers sat in the shade on the table. Six folding lounge chairs were set up in the sun. People were lying in two of them. A short, dark complexioned man and a taller slender woman were standing. I could see they were both nude.  
  
We started walking again. As we got closer, I saw the slender woman was Mrs. Stouffer. She turned to face us. She wasn't as beautiful as her daughter but, nude, she was beautiful. "There you are," she said. "Everyone, meet Kel's boyfriend Will Lampe."  
  
The man who had been standing walked over to me, extending his hand. "Jeff Stouffer," he said, "pleased to meet you." We shook hands. Mr. Stouffer was shorter than his wife but had broad shoulders, a flat stomach, and powerful-looking thighs. His grip was very strong. His darker complexion explained Kelli's.  
  
The couple who had been lying in the lounger chairs stood up. The woman was a slightly taller version of Kelli with smaller breasts and narrower hips. The man looked like (and I learned was) a distance runner. The woman looked at me and said, "Damn Kel. You found a stud."  
  
"That's my smart-ass sister Karen," Kelli said. "The man of infinite patience next to her is Rob."  
  
Karen jogged over to me. Her breasts were not as big as Kelli's, but they bounced nicely. "I have to hug you for having the courage to date my sister," Karen said. She gave me a tight hug and rubbed her body against me a few times. Karen stepped back and looked down at my dick. My hard-on had subsided while we walked to the lake. "I'm losing my touch," Karen said. "I thought I'd get him at least a little hard. Guess I'll just have to stick with Rob." Karen walked over to her husband and slapped his ass.  
  
Mrs. Stouffer came over. "Ignore Karen," she said. "She likes to see if she can get a reaction out of people. We have beer, wine, and water in the coolers. I'm headed there. May I get you something? I should tell you that you'll lose esteem if you ask for water."  
  
"In that case," I said, "I'll take a beer."  
  
"White wine Kel?" Mrs. Stouffer asked.  
  
"Yes, please" Kelli said.  
  
Mrs. Stouffer brought back our drinks and drinks for her and her husband. We all sat down. Kelli and I were put in the middle lounge chairs, with Mr. and Mrs. Stouffer to Kelli's left and Karen and Rob to my right.  
  
After a few minutes, Mrs. Stouffer said, "Will, I gather from what Kelli told us that this is your first experience with social nudity."  
  
"That's right," I said.  
  
"Be careful Kel," Karen said. "He's serious if he's willing to get naked with us."  
  
"I hope he's serious," Kelli replied.  
  
Before I had to say anything, Mrs. Stouffer asked me, "How do you like going nude with people you've never met before?"  
  
I considered my response. "It is certainly wonderful to be outside nude on a day like this. The people are very impressive."  
  
"We all work to stay in shape," Mr. Stouffer said. "Going nude a lot gives you incentive. We appreciate you conforming to our house rules. That says something very positive about your level of commitment to Kel."  
  
Thankfully, Mrs. Stouffer redirected the conversation before it went deeper into my relationship with Kelli, the exact nature of which I was unsure of. We spent an hour or so just sunning. Then Mr. Stouffer went up to the house and came back with a large bowl, paper plates, and plastic forks. Inside the bowl was a salad of various meats, green peppers, red onion, cucumber, cheeses, and some other veggies I didn't recognize. It was mixed with a dressing of olive oil and herbs. It was great.  
  
It got very hot after lunch, so we all got into the water. We swam a little. I found a place I could stand in water about chest deep. I watched Kelli's parents, sister, and brother-in-law naked in the water. It struck me that it would have been more incongruous if they'd had suits on. That they were all nude seemed perfectly natural. Kelli swam up. She stood next to me with our bare hips touching. "So," she asked, "what do you think of my family?"  
  
"I like them," I said.  
  
"Karen likes to mess with my friends when she first meets them," Kelli said. "she'll chill out." Kelli paused. "Uh, do you like them enough you want to become part of this group?"  
  
I turned to face Kelly. She had a serious look on her face. There was only one permissible answer to her question, but I meant it when I said "Yes."  
  
Kelli's serious look turned into a smile. "You chose a wise place to stand," she said. "The water's deep enough I can do this, and no one can see." She had cupped my balls in her hand. After a moment, she let go of my balls and started running a finger along the underside of my dick. It felt very nice.  
  
"And I can do this without being seen," I said. I reached my hand between her legs. I wasn't as graceful as I hoped but, after a bit of groping, I felt Kelli's clit and began rubbing it.  
  
"That feels very nice," Kelli said.  
  
We fondled each other for a couple of minutes before Karen yelled, "Stop the foreplay you two. It's time for tennis. Mixed doubles."  
  
Kelli yelled back. "It's the hottest part of the day!"  
  
"When better to play?" Karen replied. "Just a set. Challenge!"  
  
"Shit," Kelli said softly. "We have a rule. When one of us says 'challenge,' you either agree to do what the person suggests, or you must do the next thing they suggest. The next thing is usually embarrassing." Kelli giggled and started stroking me harder.  
  
"I thought we're getting out of the water," I said.  
  
"We are," Kelli replied. "I just want Karen to see you hard. It will bug her. You're bigger than Rob."  
  
I was very hard when Kelli led me out of the lake. Karen and Rob were waiting on the beach. Karen looked at my dick and said, "Damn, that's nice."  
  
It was too hot to play tennis. I was quickly sweating profusely. At least I didn't have any wet clothes hanging on my body. Karen and Kelli seemed to take the game very seriously. Rob, whose skill level seemed only slightly above mine, and I were less serious.  
  
Kelli had played tennis in high school. She aced her sister twice and returned two very hard serves from Karen for winners early in the set and the competitiveness calmed a bit. Karen said, "Shit Kel. I still can't beat you." Karen took a new tack. Each time I was across the net from her between points, Karen found some reason to turn and bend over, showing me her pussy and her asshole.  
  
The first two times Karen did that, I made a point of looking away. Kelli came up and whispered "Go ahead and look at her. I think you'll get an opportunity for a little payback."  
  
The third time Karen turned and bent over, I looked straight at her ass. She did look good. Karen straightened up, turned to face me, and asked, "Like what you see Will?"  
  
"Very much," I said. "You're almost as beautiful as Kelli." I think her husband laughing was what really bothered Karen.  
  
By the time Kelli won the set, with little help from me, all four of us were drenched. We headed to the open-air shower by the pool. Kelli said, "I'm not sure we're quite ready for all four of us to shower together. Karen, you and Rob go first."  
  
Karen and Rob got under the shower and proceeded to put on a show. Rob very slowly washed Karen's boobs, between her ass cheeks, and between her legs. Karen spent probably ten minutes just on Rob's dick and balls. Rob left the shower fully hard. As Karen came out from under the shower, she gave Kelli a look that seemed to say, "top that."  
  
As Kelli and I got under the shower, I whispered in her ear "any limits?"  
  
Kelli whispered back "no." I stood her so we were in profile to Karen and Rob. I washed her back and hips. Then I knelt behind her and licked between her hips with my tongue. It tasted better than I'd expected. When I stood up and turned Kelli to face me, she was smiling. I gently washed her face, shoulders, and most of her chest and belly before I tongued and then sucked each nipple. I knelt in front of her, washed her legs, and then began licking my way up the insides of her thighs. As I moved up closer to her pussy, Kelli spread her legs to give me better access. I licked around her trimmed pubic hair before I started licking her lips. Then I moved to her clit. I was enjoying myself until Kelli said, "stop! You'll make me come! I'm saving that for tonight." I stopped. Looking over at Karen and Rob, I sensed they were enjoying the show.  
  
Kelli gave me a vanilla wash until she whispered, "stop me before you come." With that, she knelt in front of me and took my limp dick in her mouth. She got me hard fast. She wasn't on her knees long before I had to say "stop."  
  
As Kelli and I toweled off, Karen said, "Will, I'm thinking you might just fit in this family."  
  
Dinner was outside on the patio, in the nude of course. Mr. Stouffer grilled lamb chops. Mrs. Stouffer made another wonderful salad and some sort of vegetable cooked in big leaves. It was all great. There was plenty of wine, but I watched my consumption closely. If I was going to make love to Kelli for the first time that night, the last thing I wanted was alcohol-impaired performance. I noticed that Kelli wasn't drinking much either.  
  
We all helped clean up after dinner, and then sat around talking. I was quizzed some on my family. I related how Mom had succumbed to cancer between my junior and senior years of college. Dad died of a massive heart attack while I was in law school. My one sibling, Lisa, three years my senior, worked in the Munich, Germany office of a Big Four accounting firm.  
  
It was still pretty early when Kelli stood and said, "Please excuse us. It's been a long day. Will and I need to get some rest."  
  
Uh huh," Karen said sarcastically. She and Rob had partaken more freely of the wine.  
  
I followed Kelli's beautiful ass up to her room. I started to close the door, but Kelli stopped me. "We never close doors in this house," she giggled, "no matter what's going on in the room." We hugged and kissed passionately.  
  
I was hard when Kelli broke our embrace. "Will," she said, "I want to do this very much, but you need to know something. Yeah, my family has a pretty open attitude to sex, but I don't take it lightly. If I make love to a guy, I'm making a commitment and I want one in return. I guess that's why I haven't had sex since undergrad." Kelli was stroking my dick while she said that.  
  
"I understand," I said. "I don't do one-night stands either. You definitely have a commitment from me." Those last words came out a lot easier than I had expected they would.  
  
Kelli leaned in and kissed me again. "Then," she said, "let's have fun." She put her hands on my shoulders and pulled me down on top of her as she fell on the bed.  
  
"Aren't we forgetting something?" I asked.  
  
Kelli forcefully said, "Bareback Will. It's about trust." I decided immediately to trust her.  
  
We slid up so we were completely on the bed. I got above Kelli and she used her hands to guide my dick into her pussy. That took a bit of force. Kelli was, as they say, "tight." Once I was in her, it felt great.  
  
I started moving inside Kelli. "Slowly, Will," she said. I slowed down. Kelli was very communicative, and it wasn't too long before, working together, we found the exact position that she liked best. I held that position and slowly, methodically worked to stimulate her. While we both enjoyed the sensations in our groins, necks, earlobes, and nipples, hers and mine, received a lot of attention too. We kissed a lot. Part of the time, we just looked at each other. I thought I'd never seen anything as beautiful as Kelli Stouffer's face while she was having sex.  
  
We kept a pace just vigorous enough to keep us both aroused as we got to know each other in a different way. I really felt like I died and gone to heaven. I was a little surprised when Kelli finally pulled me very tight, reached a hand behind me, and rubbed a finger around my asshole and said, "Now, make me come!"  
  
I started thrusting faster, harder, and deeper. "That's good, very good," Kelli said. I realized I'd gotten slightly off the spot we'd found together earlier so I shifted position slightly and pushed hard. "On it!" Kelli said. Go!" I pushed hard and fast at that spot inside her.  
  
Kelli's breathing sped up dramatically. She dug her fingers into my back hard. She started going "oh . . . . . . oh . . .. oh . . . oh. . oh, oh oh. OH! OH MY! FUCK YES!" Her body shuddered. Kelli was yelling now, "KEEP GOING! RIGHT THERE! OH GOD YES!" Her body started shuddering almost continuously.  
  
I was now very close to coming myself and said so. "DON'T PULL OUT!" Kelli yelled. "COME . . . IN . . . ME! OH MY GAAAAWD!" Kelli's whole body spasmed. Her legs clamp hard around me, and her fingers dug into my back so hard it hurt. I shot, a lot, just as Kelli relaxed.  
  
I stayed in and on top of Kelli while we both panted. Finally, she gently pressed a hand against me chest and I rolled off her. We kissed. As we were kissing, we heard another female voice down the hall yelling "YES! YES! OH GAAAWD!"  
  
Kelli laughed. "That was Mom," she said. "We do like sex in this house." Kelli's face got a more serious look. "Will, it's been a while for me, "she said, "so that might be part of it, but I'm sure that's the best sex I've ever had." There was no doubt in my mind I'd just had the best sex it was possible to have. I said so. Kelli and I kissed and nibbled for a time, then fell asleep in each other's arms.  
  
When I awoke in the morning, the first thing I saw was Kelli's face inches from mine. I've always thought that the best way to assess a woman's beauty is to see her asleep. Kelli aced that test. She woke a few minutes later. She rubbed her hand on my morning wood three or four times before she said, "Too soon. I want to save you for tonight." She sat up. "Come on, "she said, "Let's get a shower."  
  
I followed Kelli down the hall. I could hear a shower running as we approached the open bathroom door. Going inside, I could see what looked like a female form through the frosted glass. "Guess we'll have to wait," I said.  
  
"It's just Mom," Kelli said as she opened the shower door and stepped in. She turned back to me. "Come on," she said.  
  
I followed Kelli into the shower where Mrs. Stouffer was, indeed, washing her tits. She acted like there was nothing unusual at all about Kelli and me joining her in the shower. "Morning Dear," she said to Kelli. "You sounded like you had a good time last night."  
  
"I'm surprised you heard us," Kelli said. "It sounded like you came just after we did."  
  
"Your yelling helped get me over the top," Mrs. Stouffer replied. Acknowledging my presence in the shower for the first time, Mrs. Stouffer said, "I think it's very healthy and important for Kelli to have an active sex life. The trick is finding the right man. It looks like she might have." With that, Mrs. Stouffer left the shower, giving me a close look at what I thought was probably the best-looking fifty-plus-year-old female ass in America.  
  
After breakfast, the six of us sunned by the pool. The Fourth was a warm day but it started raining around 11:00. Instead going inside, Mr. Stouffer pulled a rubber football out of a closet and we started playing on the lawn: Mr. & Mrs. Stouffer and Rob against Karen, Kelli, and me.  
  
The rules were two-hand touch, but it got physical. At one point, I was covering Mrs. Stouffer. Karen had her husband and Kelli was supposed to rush her father. Mr. Stouffer heaved the ball just as Kelli ran into him. Mrs. Stouffer jumped for the ball, missed it, but fell into me, knocking us both to the ground with her on top of me. That wasn't all bad.  
  
Later in the game, I was "quarterback." Rob was guarding Karen and her parents had doubled-teamed Kelli. Seeing no one on me, I started to run with the ball. Karen saw what I was doing and broke away from Rob to block for me. As I got behind Karen, Rob made a dive at our feet. That knocked Karen down on her belly and I fell on top of her back. Because of the way she'd fallen, my dick went partway in between Karen's hips. Karen flexed her hips holding me for a moment, then relaxed. I stood and helped Karen up. Smiling, she said, "I'm starting to understand one of the things Kel likes about you."  
  
Kelli shouted from a few feet away, "Congrats Karen. You got Will's dick in your ass before I got it in mine."  
  
The rain ended about the same time our game ended. It had been fun. I was starting to really like Kelli's family.  
  
The six of us were using the outdoor shower when the phone rang. Mr. Stouffer said, "I'll get it" and stepped out of the shower.  
  
As Mr. Stouffer went to the phone, Mrs. Stouffer said, "Will, please wash my back. I don't want to wait until Jeff gets back." I looked at Kelli who smiled, nodded, and handed me some soap. I stepped behind Mrs. Stouffer, who added, "Will, don't worry about going too low. I could use fresh hands on my ass."  
  
We were joined for an evening cookout by two friends of Mr. & Mrs. Stouffer: Jack and Tonia Harden. Jack Harden was an orthopedic surgeon whom the Stouffers knew. Of course, since they were at the Stouffer house, the Harden went nude. In fact, they were nude when they arrived. I don't recall seeing anything suggesting that the Hardens brought any clothes with them. The Hardens were roughly the same age as Kelli's parents and were also in very good shape; although I suspected that Tonia had undergone breast augmentation. At any rate, they seemed nice enough people.  
  
As it started to get dark, Mr. Stouffer said, "We'd better get shoes on."  
  
As I followed Kelli up to her room to get our shoes, she explained that "Every July 4, the township puts on a small fireworks display. You can see it pretty well from a clearing about a quarter mile up the hill past the lake." Once we had all re-assembled outside, the eight of us set off for the clearing, nude but for our shoes. Past the lake, you followed a trail uphill through the woods to the clearing. I was surprised that there were six other, clothed, people in the clearing when we arrived. Greetings were exchanged. The Stouffers and Hardens obviously knew the clothed people, who seemed to take our lack of clothing in stride. The fireworks were ok, but nothing spectacular. What was nice was having Kelli standing next to me with our bare sides touching.  
  
Back on the Stouffers' patio after the fireworks, Karen announced that she and Rob were going upstairs. A few minutes later, Kelli made our excuses and we went upstairs. Inside the house, Kelli told me, "I can't prove it conclusively, but I've always thought that Mom and Dad swap with the Hardens. I'll bet Jack and Tonia are still here in the morning."  
  
We heard unmistakable sounds of copulation coming from Karen's and Rob's room as we reached the second floor. Kelli whispered in my ear, "Let's watch!"  
  
"What?" I asked, louder than I should have.

"Karen and Rob don't mind," Kelli said softly. She took my hand. "Come on."  
  
We quietly walked a couple of feet into Karen's and Rob's room. Karen was on her back on the bed with her legs spread and Rob was on top of her pumping away. I felt like a peeping tom, but Kelli acted like we were doing nothing out of the normal. It was hot watching Karen and Rob. It got hotter after a few more minutes when Karen turned her head, made eye contact with us, smiled, and winked. She knew we were watching and was ok with it. Just after Karen winked, Kelli took my hand and said, "I need you in me, now."  
  
Kelli led me to her room where she pushed onto the bed on my back. I was hard from watching Karen and Rob. Kelli got on top of me and slid herself down until I was fully inside her. Then, Kelli rode me like I'd never been ridden.  
  
Several minutes later, as Kelli and were still enjoying each other very much, I heard Karen's voice shout, "OH GOD YES!" Apparently, all the Stouffer women were vocal when they came.  
  
A short time later, I noticed Karen and Rob standing in the doorway watching Kelli ride me. What else could I do? I winked. Kelli saw me do it and leaned her mouth to my ear. "Karen . . . and . . . Rob . . . are . . . watching, . . . right?" she said between hard, deep breaths. I nodded. Kelli started going harder and I exerted more effort with my legs, hips, and abs to push up into her. We got each other off very nicely not long after that, with Kelli giving the trademark Stouffer orgasmic yells. When Kelli was spent and collapsed on my chest, I could see that Karen and Rob had stayed to watch us come. Karen gave me a thumbs up before they turned and went back to their room.  
  
Kelli was still on top of me, which was fine, when I heard her parents and the Hardens talking as the four of them came upstairs. Kelli and I fell asleep not long after, so I don't know for sure that the two couples did share a bedroom all night. However, Mr. & Mrs. Stouffer and Dr. & Mrs. Harden were in the shower together the next morning. Kelli and I joined them. It was a bit tight, but not at all unpleasant.  
  
The Hardens left, buck naked, after they finished their showers. Karen and Rob stayed for breakfast before saying they needed to get on the road back to Pittsburgh. I expected them to dress before they got in their SUV. They didn't. Just as Rob started to turn the SUV around to leave, Karen rolled down the window and said to Kelli, "Challenge. You two drive home nude also."  
  
Without even asking me, Kelli replied, "Deal." I was perfectly ok with the idea.

**Kelli Ch. 02**

The July Fourth weekend which I spent with Kelli and her family strengthened my relationship with Kelli. I had seen Kelli as she had been brought up and as she really was behind her professional mask. She had taught me a lot about myself. I learned, and had shown her, that I was completely comfortable with the nudity which was an important part of her life. I knew I could trust Kelli completely and thought she reached the same conclusion about me. The weekend also confirmed that we had extraordinarily strong feelings for each other. I believed and hoped that Kelli and I were going to have a life-long relationship.  
  
Kelli and I were having dinner at her apartment a week after the Fourth. In a teasing tone of voice, Kelli said, "Will, next Saturday is the third Saturday of the month. Haven't you wondered why I won't do anything with you on the third Saturday?"  
  
"Yes, I've wondered," I replied, "but I figured you'd tell me if you want me to know. Since you haven't told me, I assume you do something those nights that you don't want me to know about."  
  
"Yes," Kelli said, "but it isn't something bad like you're implying. I just wasn't sure how you'd react."  
  
"Do I correctly get the sense that you're going to tell me now?" I asked.  
  
"Yes," Kelli said, "I'm pretty comfortable telling you after last weekend. I'm going to ask you something too."  
  
"Ok," I said.  
  
"You met my friend Clarissa when we golfed," Kelli said. "She's an assistant manager at a private sports club northeast of town. It is nice and has everything. Each assistant manager must close one Saturday per month. Clarissa's is the third Saturday. The club closes at 8:00 p.m. and the staff is usually gone by 9:00 p.m. A few of my friends and I get there around 9:30 p.m. Clarissa lets us in, and we use the facilities usually until about 12:30 or 1:00 a.m."  
  
"Let me guess," I said, "you all use the sports club nude."  
  
"Smart boy!" Kelli said. "It's really fun."  
  
"And what was the question?" I asked, knowing what it was.  
  
"Would you like to come with me next Saturday?"  
  
"Um, that means I'd see your friends naked, right?" I asked.  
  
"Well, I was thinking of it more in terms of showing you off to them," Kelli replied.  
  
"And you'll be disappointed if I don't go?" I asked.  
  
Kelli did a mock pout and said, "very disappointed."  
  
"Well, we can't let you be disappointed," I said. "I'll go."  
  
The next Saturday, Kelli and I met Karla and her boyfriend Peter for dinner at a local sports bar at 5:00 p.m. Karla worked in marketing for a huge consumer products company based in our town. Peter, who had thrown discus in college, was a security specialist in the company's IT department. Karla and Peter had met at work. We ate early to give our dinners time to digest before we used the sports club. We were joined by a third couple: Robin and Brandt. Robin was a high school friend of Karla's. Karla had invited Robin her to join the nude sports club group.  
  
Karla had told us that Robin had gotten a gymnastics scholarship to a southern university where women's gymnastics had become a big-time sport. Robin was good, but not good enough to keep competing beyond college. She got a master's in athletic training and met Brandt. Robin now worked as an assistant trainer at the larger local university. Brandt, who had played soccer in undergrad, was a trainer at a local public high school which ran a huge sports program.  
  
Brandt looked like an average, very fit, guy. Robin was special. She was short and had a compact, athletic-looking body. Light blonde hair cut to a point a bit off her shoulders framed a lovely, girl-next door face.  
  
Kelli and Karla were the only ones out of the six of us who had attended the nude sports club gatherings before. My curiosity got the better of me. I asked, "how did these gatherings get started?"  
  
"Clarissa got the job at the club a little over a year ago," Kelli said. "After her first Saturday night, she realized that she had access to this great facility that was completely empty after 9:00 p.m. on Saturdays. Karla, Pam, and I were all athletes and love doing sports. Clarissa thought she would do us a favor by letting us use the club for free the Saturday nights when she closed."  
  
Karla picked up the story. "The three of us went there the second Saturday Clarissa closed. As long as we cleaned up after ourselves so it wasn't obvious we'd been there, we could do anything we wanted. We were the only people there. We had brought suits but, when we went to use the pool, someone said she didn't see the need to wear a suit and took her suit off. I do not quite remember who that was. Do you Kelli"  
  
The tone of Karla's voice made it clear that Kelli was the person who initiated the nudity. "Well," Kelli said, "it didn't take the rest of you long to get your suits off once I suggested it. After we swam a while, we thought it would be fun to try some other stuff nude. The club has a large room full of gymnastics equipment for men and women. Karla and I went in there and did some nude tumbling, which was great. Clarissa and Pam played one-on-one basketball, which looked like fun."  
  
"We decided then and there that we'd go to the club every Saturday Clarissa closed and that none of us would wear any clothes," Karla said. "Then, Clarissa asked if it was ok with us for her boyfriend Rich to come too." Karla giggled. "We said we were fine with that so long as he went nude too. We did not think he would, but he showed up the next month and stripped off. Pam also brought her boyfriend, Ed, that second time. It was kind of nice having guys around, so I started bringing Peter. Later, Pam asked if she could invite her friend Paula and Paul's boyfriend Jason. We said ok, so they started coming."  
  
Robin interjected at that point, "I'm so glad you invited Brandt and me. Once Karla told me that the club has a full set of gymnastics apparatus I can use nude, I had to join in."  
  
"Why?" Peter asked.  
  
Robin paused for a moment, then laughed. "I hope this doesn't sound perverted. I've done gymnastics since I was six or seven years old. I was on my high school team, but I always also went to a private coach which Mom and Dad paid for. Between my junior and senior years of high school, I switched to a new private coach, Anna Nicola. I'd only been with Coach Anna couple of months, when she asked four of us older girls to stay after practice one evening. She gathered us around and asked if any of us had ever thought about doing any of our routines with no clothes on. I was shocked by the question and more shocked when one of the other girls said that she wanted to try it but was afraid she would get in trouble. Coach Anna said that, while you had to be careful, it felt great to do gymnastics with nothing on.  
  
Robin took a sip of her Coke. Then she continued her story. "Coach Anna took off her warm-up suit. She did not have anything on underneath. She did look good. She got up on the balance beam and did a routine. It looked so natural. Watching Coach Anna, it made more sense to me to do gymnastics nude rather than in those silly leotards that cover all of your arms, but leave your legs bare, creep into the crack of your ass, and show a camel toe."  
  
Robin paused again. "After Coach Anna finished on the beam, the girl who'd said she had thought about it asked if she could try the uneven bars naked. Coach Anna said yes. The girl took off all her clothes, put on the handguards, and let Coach lift her up so she could grab the lower bar. She did a great routine and stuck the landing. She looked at the rest of us and said, 'That was so great! You have to try it!' I tried it and loved it. When I got to college, we had meets in the basketball arenas. Several thousand people came to those meets. I started thinking about what it would be like to compete with nothing on in front of an audience like that. The more I thought about it, the more exciting it seemed. Unfortunately, I never got to do that."  
  
"It won't be a big one," Kelli said, "but we can give you an audience tonight if you want it."  
  
"That's what I was hoping for," Robin replied.  
  
"You're not the only one who wanted to show off in front of an audience," Karla said. "I distinctly recall being at a cheer camp during college and meeting this girl from OSU who talked about how she wanted to cheer a football game with nothing on under her skirt."  
  
"Well," Kelli said, "I remember at that same camp, someone did cheer with nothing on under her skirt."  
  
"Be fair," Karla replied, "we both did that."  
  
"And we both enjoyed the hell out of it," Kelli said.  
  
"Yeah," Karla said, "you could get away with a lot at those camps."  
  
Peter, Brandt, and I were listening to this conversation with something approaching awe. Kelli turned it on us. "Ok guys, when did you expose yourselves playing your sports."  
  
Peter said, "every spring, the track team would take a trip and compete in a couple of meets somewhere warm. One year it was in Texas, another year in Florida. My senior year, we went to California. A school out there hosted a pretty big meet with about ten men's teams and, I think, seven women's. It started at eight in the morning and finished up around seven that night. As the meet was finishing up, some athletes from the host team told us to be back at ten that night. They did not say why. Not everyone, but a few of us, went back to the track at ten that night. They had the lights on and athletes from all the teams were there, men and women. We were kind of surprised when people started taking their clothes off. They told us it was a tradition for that meet. After the official meet, almost everyone came back that night and held a second meet completely in the nude. They told us they had been doing it for years but only track athletes and coaches on the West Coast knew. I read a couple of years later that it became public, there was a huge stink, and the school shut it down."  
  
"Did you compete nude?" Karla asked.  
  
"I did," Peter replied. "I had my best throw of the year at that unofficial meet."  
  
Brandt just shook his head. I said, "I was a wrestler. The idea of wrestling another guy with both of us naked never crossed my mind."  
  
In a seductive tone, Kelli asked, "You'd wrestle a girl nude though, wouldn't you?"  
  
"The right girl," I replied.  
  
"And who would that be?" Kelli shot back.  
  
I looked around the table. "Any of the women at this table," I answered.  
  
That brought a laugh. Karla interjected, "Be careful Will. You might find takers." That brought another laugh.  
  
In order to minimize the number of cars parked at the club after hours, we left our cars at Karla's apartment complex and rode to the club together in her SUV. Rather than park in the huge lot in front, Karla drove around the large building to a small employee lot next to a loading dock in back. "Rich is already here," Karla said, "and that's Pam's car. Paula, Jason, and Ed probably rode with her."  
  
Clarissa was standing guard at the employee entrance door and pushed it open as she saw us approach. Rich, Pam, Ed, Paula, and Jason were standing just inside the door. Karla introduced Robin and Brandt and Kelli introduced me. I noticed Robin was carrying a device like an I-pod and two speakers. After the introductions, Clarissa said, "Good. Everyone is here. Now we can all get NAKED!" We followed Clarissa into the men's locker room where we all stripped and hung up our clothes.  
  
Everyone in the group had been an athlete in college (I count cheerleaders as athletes). Disrobed, it was an attractive group. Kelli was, indisputably, the most beautiful woman, but Karla and Robin were both a close second. There was a small drop-off in beauty between those three and the other women, but Clarissa, Pam, and Paula were all looked very nice in the nude. From the women's looks and expressions, I inferred that they enjoyed looking at us six nude men.  
  
We all went into the basketball gym, paired off with our partners, and stretched a bit. I'd previously had the experience of helping Kelli stretch and warm up when we were both nude. That never got old.  
  
After a few minutes, Karla called out, "Guys, Can I have a minute?" Everyone formed a circle around Karla. "My high school friend Robin is a gymnast. In college, she was pretty good. She confessed to me a while back that one of the things on her bucket list is to do her gymnastic routines in the nude in front of an audience. I invited her to join us so she can cross that off her list. What she and I talked about was that Robin would do one apparatus to start us off tonight and for each of the next three months. So, let's all go to the gymnastics room to watch Robin."  
  
Nude, ten of us walked down a hall lit only with night lights to the gymnastics room. Robin and Brandt were already there. They had turned all the lights on. The device and speakers Robin carried were set up. Robin said, "Grab some chairs and put them around the floor exercise mat. I thought I would do floor as my introduction to the group. I think you'll see why."  
  
Once we were all seated, Robin turned on her music. She started with some alluring poses and then did a tumbling run diagonally across the mat that ended with her sinking into a forward and backward split on the mat. She hopped up from that and did a couple of flips that moved her to the center of the mat. There she raised one leg straight up, like a ballerina, and spun. She dropped to the mat and did some rolls and a move where she lay on her back with her hips off the mat. Her legs were in the air and she spread them until they were parallel to the mat. It was an extremely exposed position. Robin followed that with more tumbling runs, some more standing poses, and more moves lying on the mat that seemed calculated to expose her completely. It was a very athletic and erotic performance.  
  
Kelli and I were sitting together on a small bench. As Robin neared the end of her routine, Kelli whispered to me "Damn she looks hot. I wish I could do all of that." As a former cheerleader, I suspected that Kelli knew how to tumble. I started thinking about how to get her out on the mat.  
  
Robin finished her routine in a classic split position on the mat. It had been an incredible performance by a very athletic, beautiful, and sexy woman. The ten of us started clapping. We stood up and continued clapping. Robin looked thrilled as she stood up from the mat. She bounced over to a beaming Brandt who gave her a huge hug.  
  
After Robin and Brandt kissed, Robin walked back onto the mat and held up her hands. We stopped clapping. Robin said, "Thank you so much for letting me join you and for being my audience. I think Karla told you that it's been a dream of mine to do gymnastics nude in front of an audience for a long time. I also want to thank you for the great outfits you chose to wear tonight and to thank the guys for the stiff dicks I can see. That's flattering."  
  
After Robin's stunning performance, ten of us played full court basketball. Robin and Brandt went off by themselves. I could not blame them. I had found Robin's performance arousing, and I was dating the most wonderful woman alive. It must have been very arousing for Brandt and, I suspected, for Robin.  
  
I was never much of a basketball player. I found that I liked the game better wearing nothing but shoes. We played full court and the breeze on your body as you ran the court felt great. Even better was watching Kelli and Karla running up and down the floor nude. Kelli and I were teamed with Paula, Jason, and Ed. Pam, Clarissa, Rich, Karla, and Peter were the other team. The highlight of the game, for me at least, was when Peter set a pick on Paula and Karla tried to drive the lane. I switched off Jason and planted myself squarely in front of Karla, who chose not to stop. I ended up on my back on the floor with Karla on top of me.  
  
After about an hour of hoops, we all went to the pool. Kelli and I swam a few laps then got into one of the relatively small Jacuzzis scattered around the pool area. Karla and Peter soon joined us. Under the water, Kelli was playing with my dick and I had a hand between her thighs. Across the tub, it looked like Karla and Peter were doing the same thing.  
  
As usual, Kelli got me hard pretty quickly. She asked Karla, "ready?"  
  
Karla replied with an enthusiastic "definitely!"  
  
Kelli and Karla both stood up. Kelli straddled me and Karla straddled Peter. Kelli lowered herself down so that I slid inside her. I could not see what Karla and Peter were doing but assumed it was the same. Rather than starting to ride me, Kelli sat in my lap with my dick insider her. "Let's stay like this a while," she said, "it feels good." It did feel good.  
  
Robin and Brandt came up. "May we join you?" Robin asked. It would be a bit tight, but none of us minded being close to each other.  
  
"This is the copulation tub," Karla said. "You're very welcome to join us, but you must get a dick in your pussy if you want to stay."  
  
"That's cool," Robin said. She knelt in front of Brandt and began kissing his dickhead. As he started to stiffen, Robin took him in her mouth. He was hard when she pulled her head away from him.  
  
Because they were at a right angle to me, I could watch as Brandt got into the tub and sat. Robin followed him in, straddled him, reached a hand down into the water, and guided Brandt inside her as she sat in his lap.  
  
For several minutes, the six of us talked. It was a bit odd having a normal conversation while we were all in coitus with our partners. Finally, Kelli said, "It's time to get off" and began moving up and down on me. At that point, I turned my complete attention to her. I assume Karla and Peter and Robin and Brandt were doing the same thing.  
  
It is impossible to make love to Kelli Stouffer surreptitiously. She becomes very vocal, and loud, as she approaches orgasm. That has always been ok with me. I am proud of the fact that I make love to the most desirable woman alive. I am perfectly happy if Kelli calls attention to the fact. Kelli stayed true to form that evening, describing exactly what she was experiencing in an ever-louder voice. I still wish I had an audio tape of it.  
  
After Kelli and I came, I heard what I suspected were the orgasms of Karla, Robin, Peter, and Brandt. When I caught my breath and looked around, I saw Clarissa, Rich, Pam, Ed, Paula, and Jason standing around the tub watching us. Finally, Clarissa said, "That was great guys, but you need to drain the tub and wipe it down." We did. It was worth it.  
  
The sports club Saturday nights continued through the Summer and into the fall. Robin's nude performances on balance bean and uneven bars by themselves justified going. The six couples got together, clothed, on other occasions as well. However, Kelli and Karla, and Karla and Robin had friendships that had existed for several years. It just seemed natural that they, together with Peter, Brandt, and me, became an even closer group.  
  
The Saturday after my first trip to the sports club, Kelli and I hosted Karla, Peter, Robin, and Brandt for dinner in Kelli's apartment (hers was much nicer than mine). We had worked out that morning and spent the early afternoon shopping for the dinner. We got a little tight on time. Around 5:30 p.m., we were still clothed, in the kitchen preparing the food. Kelli said, "Shit! They'll be here in half an hour! We've got to get ready." She turned down the burners and covered the pots and pans. She reached into a small pantry and pulled out two folded cloth items. "Follow me," she said.

I followed Kelli to her bedroom where she handed me the dark blue folded cloth. "Strip and put that on," Kelli directed. Unfolding the cloth, I saw that it was an apron. I took off my clothes, put on the apron, and let Kelli tie it in back. The apron completely covered my front, but my back, ass, and backs of my legs were exposed. Kelli stripped and put on a red and white striped apron that similarly covered her front and exposed her back. It was a sexy look on Kelli.  
  
Properly attired, we went back to work in the kitchen. A little after 6:00 p.m., Kelli's doorbell rang. We both walked out to greet Karla and Peter. I think they were a little surprised to see us both in aprons with bare legs beneath. However, when Kelli and I turned and led them into the apartment, Karla exclaimed, "That's great. I love how you two think." We turned back around to face them. Karla whispered something to Peter, who nodded. Karla said, "We had planned to get naked as soon as we got here. Instead, I think we'll stay clothed and just enjoy our partially nude chefs." They followed us into the kitchen, and each had a glass of wine as we finished the cooking.  
  
The doorbell rang again a few minutes later. Karla swiftly volunteered, "I'll get it" and walked out of the kitchen. We could hear her voice and those of Robin and Brandt in the front room.  
  
Kelli and I were facing the kitchen entrance when Robin and Brandt walked in. "Ok, turn around," Robin said. We did. Robin clapped and said, "I love it!" Robin and Brandt also stayed clothed while Kelli and I wore only our aprons as we set the table, put out munchies, and chatted waiting for everything to finish cooking.  
  
When the food was ready, Kelli had our four friends take seats at her dining table. She picked up their plates and led me into the kitchen. In the kitchen, Kelli took off her apron. "Let's serve them nude," she said with a giggle. I took off my robe. Kelli put servings of her shrimp and scallop pasta in herb and white wine sauce on dinner plates while I put servings of salad onto smaller plates. Nude, we carried the plates back into the other room and set them before our friends. Kelli sat down while I went around the table pouring wine for everyone.  
  
We stayed nude through the dinner while our friends stayed clothed. I was surprised at how good it felt to be nude with our friends clothed. Finally, after Kelli and I had cleared the dinner table, Robin said, "I can't take it any longer. I'm getting naked." She stripped off completely, followed soon by Karla, Peter, and Brandt. They all tried to help us clean the dishes. Kelli's kitchen was not big enough for six people at once. However, since we were all now naked, it worked. There was a lot of rubbing against each other.  
  
We all got more wine and moved into the living room. Somehow, the conversation got onto the topic of odd things about people's bodies. Brandt volunteered that Robin had a birthmark on the inside top of her right thigh. Of course, Robin had to lean back and spread her legs so we could all see it. That led to a group inspection of Robin's pussy, which was quite nice. Fairness dictated that we all take a detailed look at Kelli's and Karla's vaginas, which were also very nice. That was followed by the three women make detailed inspections of Peter's, Brandt's, and my dicks and balls, which were just dicks and balls.  
  
In the middle of the genital inspections, Peter and I went into the kitchen to get more wine for our partners and ourselves. Out of the others' hearing, Peter said, "This is probably pretty juvenile. You know. 'you show me yours and I'll show you mine.' But I'm not complaining about three beautiful women showing me their cunts and handling my dick." I wasn't either.  
  
Later, after our friends had left, Kelli and I were in bed, nude, holding each other. "Will," Kelli said, "when Karla and Robin were showing themselves and handling you, did you think that you'd like to fuck either of them?"  
  
"No," I said honestly. "I assume that Karla and Robin are more than satisfied by Peter and Brandt."  
  
"No doubt," Kelli said, "but I know Karla. She loves Peter, but she wouldn't hesitate to fuck you."  
  
"Karla is a beautiful woman and a good friend," I said, "but I'm not going to do anything or anyone that would hurt you."  
  
"What if I wasn't hurt?" Kelli asked.  
  
"Do you want me to have sex with Karla?" I asked.  
  
"I don't know," Kelli said. "We're so close to Karla, Peter, Robin, and Brandt that having sex with them seems sort of natural in some ways. Would you be upset if I fucked Peter or Brandt?"  
  
That seemed a landmine question I had not been expecting. I thought for a moment, which is not necessarily wise in that sort of conversation. "I hadn't thought about it," I replied. "I hope and believe that there is a lot more to our relationship than just sex, and I don't control you. So, I guess I'd be ok with it if it was something you wanted to do and if I didn't think it meant that you want Peter or Brandt instead of me."  
  
Kelli kissed me on the lips. "There is no one I want instead of you," she said as she fell asleep in my arms. It was a disturbing conversation, but Kelli ended it on the right note.  
  
We were invited to Kelli's parents' house for the Labor Day weekend. Visiting Kelli's parents was a lot of fun. However, we declined the invitation to go camping with Karla and Peter. Robin and Brandt were asked along too, but they both had teams playing that weekend and had to work.  
  
Peter knew a place for primitive camping in a state park about two hours' drive away. We all cut work at lunch time on Friday, loaded Karla's SUV, and headed east. Once we were in the park, Peter had us drive for almost another half hour and park in a small lot with no other cars on a holiday weekend. "The site is just over a half mile," Peter said. It took him and me two trips each to get our gear to the site. It was still light and, looking around, I had the impression that the four of us were off in the woods by ourselves. That was good both because we all wanted to spend the weekend naked and because we had brought beer and wine which are not technically allowed in state parks.  
  
We set up a single tent that was big enough for four if all four knew each other very well. It was too warm, we thought, to use sleeping bags. Instead, Peter and I had each bought a large air mattress that inflated with a can of compressed air. We blew them up, butted them together, threw some sheets on top, and had a bed the four of us would share for the next three nights. Kelli, Karla, Peter, and I undressed. We didn't get dressed again until Monday afternoon.  
  
The tenor of the weekend was, I think, sort of set Saturday morning. I woke up with someone's hand holding my dick. It felt nice. I assumed it was Kelli but, opening my eyes, saw that it was Karla and that she was still asleep. I just waited until she awoke several minutes later. She saw what she had ahold of, quickly let go, and said, "Sorry. I thought you were Peter."  
  
I smiled at Karla and said, "No problem my friend. It felt nice."  
  
Karla smiled back. "No problem for me either. You do feel nice," she said. She reached out and tapped my dickhead with her index finger once.  
  
Morning brought the issue of the latrine trench. Peter and I had dug one maybe twenty yards from our campsite the prior afternoon. Kelli and Karla had used it, together, the night before. That morning, Kelli needed to use it again and flatly refused to go by herself. Karla was otherwise engaged with Peter, so I had to accompany Kelli. It was a weird milestone in our relationship, but Kelli and I discovered that we were both perfectly comfortable pissing in each other's presence.  
  
Peter told us that an arm of the lake was only a few hundred yards from our campsite. We hiked there nude after breakfast. The water was shallow enough it was warm. There were a couple of small boats with fishermen maybe a half mile away. That did not bother us. We spent three or four pleasant hours sunning and skinny dipping.  
  
Early that afternoon, we went back to our campsite for a late lunch. Fortunately, we had not brought out any booze when I heard someone walking in the woods towards us. Looking in the direction of the sounds, I saw the smokey bear hat of a state ranger. I casually picked up our sheets and dumped them on top of our coolers.  
  
When the ranger reached our campsite, "he" turned out to be a rather cute young woman. She had Peter display the paperwork showing we had registered and paid for our campsite. She took a cursory look around. She glanced at the coolers but, apparently, decided to let that go. "You've keeping a nice, clean campsite," she said. "Keep it up and enjoy your weekend." The ranger started to turn back the way she had come. She hadn't said a word about the fact that all four of us were naked.  
  
Karla couldn't let it go. "You're ok with it?" she asked the ranger.  
  
The ranger turned and, very politely, asked "Ok with what?"  
  
"With us not wearing any clothes," Karla replied.  
  
The ranger smiled. "There are no special rules about nudity in state parks," she said. "You're under the general state law. What they teach us is that it's illegal in Ohio to expose your 'private parts' in circumstances where someone other than a family member may see you and be offended. I'm assuming you're not family members, but you're clearly not offended. There's no one else around but me. I'm not offended. I'm a little envious. If I didn't have to work, today would be a great day to work on getting rid of tan lines. Enjoy yourselves." The ranger walked away.  
  
"Pretty cool ranger," Karla said.  
  
"Nice ass too," Peter added teasingly. Karla slapped him lightly. Once the ranger was out of sight, I uncovered the coolers and we each had a beer.  
  
After dinner that day, we opened the wine. Once the sun set, we lit a single Coleman lantern which cast some interesting shadows on Kelli's and Karla's bodies. I suppose it is some natural law that, when you have relatively young people naked and drinking, sex in some form will become the topic of conversation. That had happened with us. The conversation had gone on for a while when Karla asked, "Kelli, is there anyone, besides yourself, whom you'd like Will to fuck?"  
  
Kelli squirmed a little, then broke into a smile before she answered. "Well, uh," she said, "I'd generally want him to stay completely faithful to me. But, we're so close to the two of you and to Robin and Brandt that it seems like we all should do something sexual with each other. Maybe not fucking. Maybe oral sex."  
  
Karla laughed. "So, my dear friend, what you're saying is that Will's not allowed to fuck anyone other than you but you're ok if he eats me or Robin or if one of us sucks him off?"  
  
"I know it doesn't make much sense, but, yeah, that's what I'm saying," Kelli replied.  
  
"Will," Karla asked. "are you ok if Kelli has sex with someone else? Let's narrow it to her parameters: Are you ok if Kelli gives or receives oral sex to or from Peter or Brandt?"  
  
I thought I knew where this was heading. I glanced at Kelli, who gave a slight nod of her head. "I'm pretty confident," I said, "that the bond between Kelli and me is a lot more than just sex. Kelli's right. You two and Robin and Brandt are much, much more than just friends. I don't think I can legitimately get upset if Kelli gives pleasure to or receives it from Peter or Brandt."  
  
Karla smiled. "So, we're all agreed that oral sex between Kelli and Peter and between Will and me is perfectly ok?" Kelli and I nodded somewhat hesitantly. I was both afraid and eager to see how this played out.  
  
Peter, who had obviously talked it through with Karla earlier, said simply "sure."  
  
"We're alone together in the woods on a Saturday night," Karla said. "No one else is around to see or ever know. This seems to me to be the perfect time to find out if we're all really ok with what we've discussed." Karla stood up, walked over to one of the air mattresses, laid down on her back, spread her legs, and said, "Will, please eat me."  
  
Confronted with that alluring reality; I hesitated. I looked at Kelli. She said softly, "Let's try it." I got on the air mattress between Karla's legs on all fours. I lowered my face to her pussy and looked at it for a moment. I'd seen it up close before, but not with Karla's and Kelli's expectation that I'd be putting my tongue and mouth on it. I very hesitantly began licking Karla's lips.  
  
Out of a corner of my eye I saw Kelli kneel in front of Peter. "I guess this means I'm giving you a blow job," Kelli told him. I twisted my head slightly, maintaining contact with Karla, and saw Kelli take Peter's dick in her hand and look at it. I saw Kelli's tongue come out of her mouth and lick Peter's head. I decided I better give my full attention to Karla.  
  
Karla smelled and tasted very good. I began sucking on her clit. Karla's "That's good" was encouraging. I pushed my tongue inside Karla and began feeling around for somewhere she particularly liked. After longer than I liked, Karla said, "There! Stay there!" I began licking that spot intently.  
  
Going down on my girlfriend's best friend was, well, arousing. My dick was longing for attention when Karla said, somewhat breathlessly, "Will, swing your body around so I can get you in my mouth." I stopped going down on Karla just long enough to shift position so that my dick was over her face. As I started back up, hopefully on the same spot, inside Karla I felt her hands on my ass pulling me towards her. As she pulled my midsection down, I felt her tongue lick up the underside of my shaft. She kept pulling me down until I felt most of my dick inside Karla's mouth.  
  
At around that same time, I felt Kelli and Peter laying down on the abutting air mattress. Again out of a corner of my eye, I saw Peter on his back. His dick was pointing up and much of it was in Kelli's mouth. I could not see but was willing to bet that Peter's head was between Kelli's legs.  
  
I found Karla's spot again and kept working it. Karla started running her teeth very gently across my dickhead. That was incredible. I quickly thought I should ask Karla to teach Kelli how to do it. That thought was snuffed by the realization that I was about to shoot. I soon did. I kept working on Karla until I felt her body shudder. Not long after that, Karla kissed my balls and said, "Good job Will."  
  
I got off Karla. She turned on her side. I lay down behind her with my dick rubbing her ass and my head on her shoulder. We watched Kelli and Peter. Having Peter's dick in her mouth meant that Peter caused the quietest Kelli Stouffer orgasm I ever experienced. It wasn't quiet, but there were no distinct words. I knew Kelli well enough that I recognized her orgasm when it happened. I wasn't that familiar with Peter but assumed that he came when he lifted his hips off the air mattress and Kelli gagged a little.  
  
Once we all regained our breath and could stand up, we realigned so we were each beside our usual partner. No one said anything. I started wondering if we had all made some huge mistake. Finally, Kelli said, "That was fun."  
  
"It was, wasn't it?" Karla said.  
  
Peter added the obvious cliché, "variety is the spice of life." He paused before adding, "and Kelli gives fantastic head."  
  
"She really does," I said, "but so does Karla."  
  
"Will,' Karla said, "you're about as good at eating a girl as I've had."  
  
"Will's had a lot of recent practice," Kelli said with a giggle. "Peter does pretty good too."  
  
"So," Karla said, "we're all agreed that we enjoyed oral with the other person's partner and we'll do it again?"  
  
All three of us answered "yes" in unison. That called for more wine.  
  
We did not repeat our experiment in partner swapping that weekend. However, we became much freer with each other. We decided that it was ok for any of us to touch anyone else anywhere. The only, unspoken, restriction was that Peter and I never touched each other. Having Karla, in addition to Kelli, squeeze my dick or pat my ass at unexpected times was pleasant.  
  
That Sunday, we hiked through the woods for a couple of hours nude save for shoes. Peter knew the park and, most of the time, kept us away from other people. The few people we encountered were mostly young and did not seem at all offended by our nudity. Of course, there is nothing at all offensive about Kelli and Karla in the nude.  
  
That Sunday night, Kelli and Karla lay down on the air mattresses shoulder to shoulder. Peter and I were, literally, rubbing elbows as we each made love to our own girlfriend. While I was making love to Kelli and Peter was making love to Karla, it was very much the four of us together. I could see both women's faces, and each woman could see both of the men. All of us heard every sound any of us made. It was intimate and very sexy. In a sense, I suppose, all four of us became lovers.  
  
When we all finished, Karla teased Kelli by saying, "Damn girl. You are sure loud when you come."  
  
"What can I say?" Kelli replied. "Will's just that good." I do love Kelli.  
  
We decided to spend a little more time by the lake on Labor Day before we left. We were all four in the water when another couple came out of the woods and dropped their things close to ours. They spread out a large beach towel. I was concerned that our nudity would be an issue when we got out of the water. That concern was allayed as I watched both members of the couple strip naked.  
  
When we got out of the water, the other couple came over to us. The woman had a cute face and a great body with pronounced bikini tan lines. She seemed vaguely familiar. "Hi," she said. "You probably don't remember me. I'm the ranger who checked out your campsite Saturday. This is my boyfriend. Today's my day off. I've got to thank you for inspiring us to get out here with nothing on."  
  
"Are you liking it?" Kelli asked.  
  
"So far, it feels great," the ranger replied.  
  
As she turned to walk away, Peter said, "Like I said Saturday, great ass."  
  
The ranger turned around. Her front was pretty too. "I heard that," she said. "Thank you."  
  
To my surprise, no one else was around this small arm of the lake even on Labor Day. The ranger and her boyfriend were soon being very attentive to each other. I did not blame him, the ranger looked very nice in the nude. We quietly picked up our stuff and left to give them a little privacy.  
  
Most of the next few months were dominated by work for Kelli and me. We still did the third Saturday nights at Clarissa's sports club, and we were able to get together with Karla and Peter about once a week. Unfortunately, Robin and Brandt were usually working with fall sports teams when the rest of us had any free time.  
  
Thanksgiving meant, of course, another trip to Kelli's parents' house outside Columbus. That was fine, I like Kelli's family. Thanksgiving was unremarkable, so long as you consider six people having a huge traditional Thanksgiving dinner in the nude unremarkable.  
  
Kelli and I were also looking for an apartment. Both of our leases were running out and we wanted a place to live together. Karla and Peter were in the same position I learned from Kelli. She and Karla talked by phone at least once a day it seemed. Just after Thanksgiving, Karla called Kelli. She and Peter had found a nice house in a great neighborhood that was available for a two-year lease. The husband of the couple who owned it had been temporarily transferred to Singapore. Karla and Peter loved the house, but the rent and expenses were too high for just the two of them.  
  
Kelli insisted that we meet with Karla, Peter, and the leasing agent to look at the house. It was a four-bedroom built approximately ten years ago in a new, upscale suburban development. What persuaded me was that the house had a small backyard that was below street level. Because the house sat at the end of a cul de sac, the nearest neighboring houses were, maybe, ten yards in front of this house, facing at right angles to it. Nothing but trees overlooked the backyard. That was important because the major feature of the yard was a decent size in ground swimming pool surrounded by a concrete deck. Just inside the house, taking up part of the basement, was a small sauna.

Kelli and I went over the costs of the house carefully: rent, utilities, pool maintenance, lawn care, everything we could think of. Divided four ways, it seemed affordable. The leasing agent told us that the landlord didn't care about renting to two unmarried couples so long as we stayed current on the rent and utilities and kept the house in good shape. Kelli and I agreed to join Karla and Peter in renting the house. Because the owners had already moved to Asia, we were allowed occupancy starting on Christmas although the lease term started January 1.  
  
Kelli and I spent Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at her parents' home, joined by Karen and Rob. That was the first Christmas holiday I enjoyed in the nude. Around mid-day on Christmas Eve, I got the traditional call on my cell phone from Lisa, my sister in Germany. I had not seen Lisa for a few years, but we called each other at Christmas and on each other's birthdays. Lisa told me she was spending the holiday at a lodge in the mountains southeast of Munich with her boyfriend Kurt. I had not met Kurt. I told Lisa I was visiting Kelli's family. Lisa had not met Kelli. I neglected to tell Lisa that Kelli, her family, and I were all nude.  
  
If you accepted the proposition, as I had, that it was normal to spend the Holiday with your girlfriend, her parents, and her sister and brother-in-law with no one wearing any clothes for two days; it was an almost normal Christmas. The one deviation came Christmas morning when the Stouffers opened gifts. Departing from what Kelli had told me was family practice, Karen announced that she had purchased gifts for everyone and wanted those opened first. We unwrapped the small packages she handed us and discovered that Karen had given everyone, including me, a butt plug.  
  
Karen insisted that we all wear our plugs at least while the family opened gifts. I wasn't crazy about having a kind of bulb-shaped piece of metal shoved in my ass, but no one else objected so I went with the flow. Karen also insisted that she had to insert my plug. That process necessitated Karen handling my balls. Kelli watched her sister with amusement. When my plug was in, it felt better than I expected and was a little arousing.  
  
Kelli said, "Will, I think you should insert Karen's plug." Karen was fine with that and bent forward in front of me. I spread some lube on the plug and some more in Karen's asshole. The plug went in easily. I did slide a finger into Karen's pussy to reciprocate for her fondling my balls.  
  
I watched as Rob inserted Kelli's plug. Kelli had (and has) an exceptionally beautiful ass. The colored stone between her cheeks was very sexy. I guess it was an effect of the plugs, but Mr. Stouffer, Rob, and I were semi-hard throughout the gift exchange.  
  
I had agonized over what to give Kelli. I finally followed Karla's advice and gave her some diamond jewelry that cost more than I truly had to spend on the project. The payoff was, however, well worth it. First was the look on Kelli's face when she opened her two packages from me. Second was the approving comments which the gifts elicited from Kelli's family, especially Mrs. Stouffer. The third, and best, payoff was that, after she'd opened her gifts and modeled them for everyone, Kelli took my hand and told her family, "excuse us. We need to go upstairs." Kelli led me from the living room up to her old room and we fucked like rabbits. Kelli didn't wear her new jewelry while we fucked, but we both wore our plugs. In keeping with Stouffer house rules, we left the bedroom door wide open.  
  
Law practice and a lot of other businesses are slow in the week between Christmas and New Year's. That fact enabled Karla, Peter, Kelli, and me to be moved into our new leased house in time to host a small New Year's Eve party. Robin, Brandt, Clarissa, Rich, Pam, and Ed joined us. Our friends graciously ignored the boxes scattered around waiting to be unpacked. It was a cold night, but we kept the house warm enough that all ten of us were perfectly comfortable going nude. There was no actual sex during the party, but everyone was very friendly. Touching was encouraged. At midnight, we all stood nude around the TV with glasses of cheap champagne and watched the ball in Times Square. When it reached bottom, we all hugged and kissed someone other than our usual partner.  
  
Clarissa, Rich, Pam, and Ed left not long after midnight. Robin, Brandt, Karla, Peter, Kelli, and I squeezed into the basement sauna. It was a tight fit, but we were all good friends. When the sauna got too hot for us, which didn't take long as tightly packed as we were, we'd take quick runs outside onto the pool deck. The very cold air felt good on our bare skin for a moment or two.  
  
When we tired of the sauna, the six of us squeezed into the adjoining shower. We had drunk enough and felt playful enough to agree that we should all wash someone other than our own girlfriend or boyfriend. Brandt and Karla washed each other as did Kelli and Peter. I got the pleasure of washing and being washed by Robin.  
  
When we were done showering, Peter, Brandt, and I were all hard. "Girls," Karla said, "it would be a shame to waste those hard-ons. Let's start the year right!" We followed Karla up to the second floor. She and Peter had the larger bed so the six of us got in it. I made love to Kelli, Brandt made love to Robin, and Peter made love to Karla, side-by-side-by side.  
  
Sharing a bed with our friends while we were all having sex was a special experience. After everyone had come, I fell asleep on one edge of the bed with my arms around Kelli. When I awoke later that morning, Kelli was still in my arms. Raising my head slightly, I could see Robin, Brandt, Karla, and Peter in bed with us. I remember thinking, "this is the way to start a year. With Kelli as my lover and with these friends, it's going to be a great year."