**Kelli**

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**Kelli Ch. 03**

My optimism when I woke on New Year's Day cuddling Kelli and sharing a bed with Karla, Robin, Peter, and Brandt took some hits. The first bit of bad news had come on New Year's Eve. Clarissa told us that she was starting a new job as the GM of a large YWCA. It was a major move up for her but, since the Y had 24/7 security guards, it was the end of our nude sports club outings. Robin was particularly disappointed that her career as a nude gymnast for our small but appreciative audience was at an end.

Later in January, Kelli came home from work almost in tears. She had been required to attend a meeting of all the lawyers in her firm. As she told it, the managing partner had stood up and said, "The mission of every lawyer in this firm is twofold. First, if our clients are making money at something it is our job to make sure they do not suffer adverse consequences. Second, it is our job to get as much of the money our clients make into this firm as possible."

According to Kelli, the woman who chaired her department was blunter. "The standard for whether something is legal," Kelli's chairwoman had said, "is not found in any statute book or court decision you find online. There is only one standard: if our clients are making money at it, it is legal. If we all internalize that principle, clients will gladly pay us the money we deserve."

Kelli looked at me. "Is that what we went to law school to learn? How to justify anything and get rich doing it?" Kelli and I talked long into the night that night. She was having serious second thoughts about her career path.

My career was looking less secure than I had thought. I had a semi-annual review in January. I was told in so many words that, despite doing good work and billing lots of hours, my future hinged on bringing in new clients. My firm charged the highest rates in Ohio, ranging from $ 275/hour for brand new lawyers up to

$ 1,100/hour for the big-name partners. I was billed at $ 400/hour. I did not know anyone who could afford those rates and no one at the firm gave advice on how to find them.

Added to the career anxieties was the fact that our first winter in the house was miserable weather: constant cold with almost weekly, it seemed, heavy snows. It was depressing.

On the plus side, sharing a house with Karla and Peter was working out very well. They both were, and are, intelligent, kind, considerate people. Both were, and are, a joy to be around. They shared many interests with Kelli and me.

Warm weather came, and stayed, in mid-April. We had the pool open on May 1, which is early in Ohio. The four of us agreed on a hard and fast rule: no clothing of any sort was allowed in the pool or anywhere else in the backyard, no exceptions. That was no sacrifice for us because none of us wanted to wear clothes at home anyway and did not unless we were in the front yard visible to the neighbors.

It was the second Saturday in May, around noon, when our front doorbell rang. Karla and Peter were out. Kelli and I grabbed the cover-ups (long tee shirts) we kept in the kitchen for such situations, put them on, and answered the door.

At our front door was a couple. I guessed them to be late forties. Both were unusually tan for Ohio. The man was thin but wiry looking. The woman had a friendly face and a noticeably large chest. "Hi," the woman said, "I'm Judy Abbott and this is my husband Tom. We're your neighbors." She pointed at the house to our left as we looked out the front door. "I know we should have introduced ourselves sooner, but between the crappy weather and just being busy, we didn't get time. Sorry."

Kelli and I invited them in and offered them iced tea. Kelli and I were careful to sit down at the dining table opposite Judy and Tom, so we would have cover if our shirts rode up. I had to believe that Judy and Tom realized we were nude under the shirts. We explained a little about our lease and that Karla and Peter lived with us.

We chatted amiably for a while before Tom said, "You have the pool open already, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Nicole likes to walk in the woods behind the cul de sac," Tom said, "she told us that you and your roommates don't believe in swimsuits."

"Nicole is our daughter," Judy interjected. "She turned 18 in January and graduates at the end of the month."

Shit, I thought. The pool was a big reason we decided to lease the house. Now, because of the neighbors' daughter, we were not going to be able to use it nude!

Kelli started apologetically. "We're sorry if we offended anyone. Yes, we do like to skinny dip. Maybe, if your daughter could let us know when she is going into the woods behind this property, we would just not use the pool then."

Judy laughed. "No," she said, "you don't understand. We are not offended that you use your pool in the nude. We are just hoping you will invite us over some so we can skinny dip too. The Walthams can see our pool from their second-floor windows so we have to wear suit in our pool."

Tom added, "Judy and I have been naturists since college. We're thrilled to have neighbors who enjoy being clothes free. Frankly, some people on this street make Puritans look tolerant."

That gave Kelli and me an idea. Karla and Peter would be back around 5:00 and we intended to grill by the pool that night. We invited Judy and Tom to eat and skinny dip with us that night. We warned them we weren't going to tell Karla and Peter in advance. We thought it would be a fun surprise.

Judy and Tom were happy to play along. "You didn't expect to feed us," Judy said, "so we'll bring some meat for the grill and Tom makes great sides." We agreed they would show up about 6:30. Kelli and I did not know that Judy and Tom had a surprise for us.

The four of us were lounging around the pool nude that evening when the doorbell chimed. I got up to answer it, stopped, and said, "Kelli, where are our cover-ups? I didn't see them in the kitchen."

"Shit," Kelli said. "They're in the wash wet." The door chimed sounded again.

"I guess I'm answering it nude," I said. I started up the stairs to the first floor of the house.

"It's my bad," Kelli said, "I'll go with you."

As we went up the steps grinning to ourselves, Karla called, "Don't. Grab something. You'll get us in trouble and we've only been here five months."

Chuckling, Kelli and I went to the front door. We tried to stand strategically so the doorframe would conceal us from the street. We opened the door to Judy and Tom. They were not alone. Standing with them was thin young woman with the look of a fashion model. Judy was smiling broadly as they stepped inside. "Kelli, Will, we'd like you to meet our daughter Nicole," Judy said. "Nicole, these are two of the neighbors you told us about: Kelli Stouffer and Will Lampe."

Nicole smiled and extended her hand. "Pleased to meet you. I love your pool. The daughter of the people you lease from is a year older than me. She would invite me over to swim here a lot but, of course, I had to wear a suit. I'm looking forward to using your pool naked."

Kelli and I were caught off guard by Judy and Tom bringing their daughter. I guess that showed in our faces. Tom said, "We raised Nicole as a naturist." As the surprise wore off, I looked at Kelli. She smiled. I knew she was thinking that Nicole would add Karla's and Peter's surprise.

We led the Abbotts through the first floor to the outside steps that ran from the back of the first floor down to the pool. As Kelli led the Abbotts down the steps, she announced, "Uh, Karla, Peter, these folks are Judy and Tom Abbott and their daughter Nicole. They live in the house to the left as you look out the front. Judy and Tom stopped by earlier. They want to talk to us about the pool."

I could see the "oh shit" look on Karla's face as she thought what I had thought when Tom mentioned Nicole seeing us nude earlier in the day. Kelli got out of the way as she reached the pool deck. Judy, Nicole, and Tom walked out on the deck in something of a line. They were in the early evening sun. Karla and Peter were sharing a lounge chair on the shaded side of the pool. I stayed on the steps to have a better view of the amusing scene.

Judy and Tom both looked at their daughter. Nicole said, "You wouldn't know, but I walk a lot in those woods." She pointed at the woods behind the pool and yard. "I couldn't help noticing that none of you wear clothes when you're out here."

In a stern tone, Tom started "We're very offended that you go nude around this pool." "We're offended because you didn't invite us," Judy finished. Judy, Nicole, and Tom grabbed the hems of the light cover-ups they were wearing and pulled them over their heads. Judy and Tom just dropped theirs. Nicole twirled hers to the ground with a flourish. Our neighbors were standing in the sun as naked as we were. From the steps behind them, I could not help noticing that Judy had a full, rounded ass while Nicole's was tight and very cute. Both mother and daughter looked great with nothing on.

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Karla and Peter were as surprised as we hoped. Judy went back upstairs to get the food cooler she had brought from their house. Between the excellent sausage and sides the Abbotts brought, Kelli's salad, and my slaving at the grill, we had a wonderful meal. Of course, several bottles of wine helped too.

The Abbotts were charming people. Tom was a chef. Together with Judy, an accountant by training, they owned three restaurants and a pub around town. Their places were well-known enough that we had heard of all of them. We had been in their pub a few times.

Nicole Abbot was, in fact, a model and a singer with a repertoire ranging from bel canto to blues. She was going to IU in the fall with a scholarship to study voice. "I had some other scholarships," she told me, "but they have an outstanding music school, I preferred to stay in the Midwest, and a close friend is already there studying piano." Nicole smiled and added, "And, I've already talked to the Fine Arts Department. I will be able to model the entire time I'm there."

Although Nicole's model-style appearance was not really to my taste, she did impress me. She did not seem self-centered or egotistical. She did seem articulate, informed, and mature. Her parents, whom I got to know much better as time went on, were good, smart, fun people.

The Abbotts stayed until after midnight. Kelli and I accompanied them to our front door when they left. All five of us were still nude. Looking out at the quiet street, Judy said, "I don't think we need to cover up just to walk home at this time of night." Kelli and I thanked them for coming over. We watched mother, father, and daughter walk back to their house completely nude.

Meeting the Abbotts was a positive amidst several downers. The company Karla and Peter worked for announced in April that it was "right-sizing" by closing some facilities and laying off a few hundred employees. A dissident director, who owned about five percent of the company's stock, had called for the CEO to step down because the company had become "bloated" and "inefficient." The perception inside the company, according to Karla and Peter, was that lower level staff were being sacrificed so the CEO could keep his ten-figure annual salary. On May 1, Karla was notified that her job was being abolished effective May 31 but that she would be paid through the end of July as severance.

The company's "right-sizing" also caught Brandt. Ohio had changed how it funded public schools a few years earlier so school districts received less from the state and relied more on taxes from residents and businesses in their districts. Karla's company had an R & D facility in the district where Brandt worked that was closing over the summer. Anticipating a huge reduction in revenues, the school board announced that 80 staff would not be renewed for the next school year. They cut administrators, librarians, nurses, bus drivers, janitors, assistant coaches, and Brandt to keep teachers.

The event that hit me hardest befell Kelli. Kelli was having doubts about her firm already. In early April, she was assigned to draft documents for a client to solicit new investors. Kelli had drafted the documents with the disclosures required by federal securities law and sent them to the client in mid- April. A few days later, she was called into the office of the partner responsible for that client. "How in God's name do you think our client can lure investors using documents with this shit in them?" the partner asked angrily.

"Sir," Kelli had replied, "that 'shit' is required by federal law."

"Fuck federal law," the partner said. "The client's taking their work to Mudd & Rose unless we draft documents that will actual entice investors. Fix this now! The client needs documents showing this is a once-in-a-lifetime, can't lose investment. Attribute it to Motley Fool or someone."

Kelli did not take that well and had pushed back. That earned her a meeting with her firm's managing partner. The managing partner old Kelli, "You're absolutely right that federal law requires those disclosures. You are right that it is fraudulent to claim an investment has endorsements which it does not have. That is not the point. The point is that we lose the client's business if we provide lawful documents. That much is certain. We do not know whether the kind of documents they want will ever cause blowback. Maybe everyone invests, gets rich, and no one cares. In a worst case, well, that's why we have malpractice insurance."

Kelli was, she said, appalled. She started to respond but the managing partner cut her off. "More troubling," he continued, "is that you've been here over three years. You are a fine young lawyer, but you have not internalized the ethos of this firm. You were also insubordinate to a partner. I must take this to the associates committee. I know what they will think. You cannot recover from mistakes this grave. You need to look for other employment."

Karla, Peter, Robin, Brandt, Kelli, and I considered ourselves a family. By the end of May, three of us were unemployed and it was probably only a matter of time until I joined them. We suspected that more cuts at Peter's company might include him.

For obvious reasons, we didn't think we could do much over the Memorial Day holiday. Karla, Peter, Kelli, and I stayed home and just hung out by the pool. Robin and Brandt had gone to visit his brother in Cleveland. Judy and Tom Abbott had gone to Nicole's graduation on Sunday but spent Memorial Day with us by our pool

During the afternoon, Judy said casually, "I do wish we could take that charity gig."

"Yeah, it's too bad," Tom replied.

"What gig are you talking about?" Kelli asked.

"Do you know Roger and Penelope Cornett?" Judy asked. None of us knew the Cornetts but everyone in town knew of them. Penelope DeWitt was the heiress of a fortune her forebearers had started before the Civil War. About 40 years ago, she had married, and funded, an aggressive and skillful entrepreneur named Roger Cornett. Now in their 70s, the Cornetts were reputed to be one of the wealthier couples in America. Not Bill and Melinda Gates, but well up in the one percent. Locally, the Cornetts were known as the area's premier arts patrons. They supported mainstream art, like the symphony orchestra, but they also supported edgy art that some people called "pornographic."

"We know them very slightly," Judy said. "They eat at one of our restaurants. They sponsor a group known as AFHF, which stands for 'Art Featuring the Human Form.' AFHF promotes visual and performance art involving nudity. AFHF wants to rent the pub for a fundraiser in June."

"Why can't you do it?" Kelli asked.

Tom said, "AFHF wants our bartenders and servers to work the event nude. Some our staff might agree, but not enough; and the lawyers told us we shouldn't even ask."

"How many people do you need?" Karla asked.

"If I help behind the bar," Tom said, "at least eight: two more behind the bar and six on the floor."

"Can you teach us to do in time?" Karla asked. "We'd be happy to do it and I'm sure Robin, Brandt, Pam, and Ed would too." Karla sometimes committed us to things without talking to the rest of us first. But, being a nude server at a charity event sounded like fun so I kept my mouth shut. Kelli and Peter did not say anything either.

"Yes," Tom said, looking at Judy who was nodding emphatically, "we can show you what you need to know in an evening. Given what AFHF has offered to rent the pub, we can pay you each $ 300 for the night, plus tips." Karla smiled at the rest of us, proud of herself. "Could you make sure that your friends will do it?" Tom asked.

"When is it?" Karla asked.

"Thursday, June 18. The event runs 6:30 to 9:30," Tom replied. "We need you there an hour before and clean-up afterwards will take an hour or less. Say 5:30 to 10:30 p.m."

Karla picked her cell phone up from a patio table. "I'll call right now." We heard Karla's side of her call to Robin, which Karla ended by saying "yeah, it should be fun." "Robin and Brandt are in," she told us. Karla talked longer, making more effort at persuasion, with Pam. That call ended with Karla saying, "Thanks very much. I owe you." "Pam and Ed are in," Karla reported.

Tom and Judy had us to come to the pub the Tuesday before the AFHF event. Tuesdays are a slow night for bars, so the staff had time to show us what we needed to do. Judy and Tom's regular employees knew why we were there, and we got some curious looks. However, we were shown how to take orders, serve, and swipe credit cards. The food was buffet and included in the rent. We would be serving booze from the cash bar. We decided that Kelli and I would spend the first hour and a half behind the bar with Tom and Pam and Ed help at the bar for the second half of the event. Tom showed us how to pour wine, clean glassware, make basic drinks, and ring things into the register. "I'll take care of it if someone wants something exotic," he said.

Arriving at the pub that Thursday, I noticed someone had moved in a piano which had not been there Tuesday. Judy and Tom had lowered the blinds on the outside windows, but anyone walking by could still see in. Signs on the doors said, "Closed for Private Party."

We stripped off except for shoes. We drew looks from the clothed kitchen staff who were setting up the buffet. The six working as servers put on nylon belts which had small pouches to hold cash and order books. That looked mildly sexy on Karla, Robin, and Pam. Kelli and I went behind the bar with Tom, also nude, while he gave us a quick refresher.

I had never gone nude in a bar before. I initially felt very exposed. Kelli gave me a hug and a quick kiss. "This will be fun," she said. I didn't know if she was really that enthused or if she was covering her own nervousness.

People started coming in on the dot of 6:30. The crowd was primarily older, forties to sixties I would say. Most of the men wore a coat and tie while most of the women were in dresses. It was a crowd that wanted to drink. I was quickly so busy I forgot I was nude. We sold a lot of wine and mixed drinks. Scotch, gin and tonic, and vodka tonic were the favorites. We served little beer.

By 7:00 p.m., the pub was packed. Karla, Robin, Pam, Peter, Brandt, and Ed had to squeeze between clothed people to take orders and deliver drinks. My impression was that the people attending the event did not mind that much. Of course, the attendees openly looked at all of us, appreciating the human form I assumed.

Pam and Ed came behind the bar to swap positions with Kelli and me at 8:00 p.m. Kelli and I put on the belts began wiggling between people. I must admit that it was not unpleasant having to brush my nude body against so many strange women in lightweight dresses.

Shortly after Kelli and I went on the floor, the formal program started. AFHF's president, a grey-haired woman who was an art professor at a small college in town, went to the microphone next to the piano. She began recounting AFHF's accomplishments over the past year, with repeated effusive praise for Roger and Penny Cornett. The Cornetts were seated in a corner booth. Other people approached that booth in the manner I imagined serfs approached the throne in medieval kingdoms.

Kelli, Karla, Robin, Peter, Brandt, and I were standing together in a corner of the room wearing only our belts and shoes. Service had been suspended so everyone would listen to the president. The president talked for, at least, forty minutes. As she droned on, more and more people started looking at us rather than her. She finished with an appeal for donations, and then said, "we have a little entertainment for you showing that even music can feature the human form."

The president stepped aside. Nicole Abbott walked out from the kitchen followed by a voluptuous young blonde. Both ere nude. The blonde sat down at the piano. Nicole stood in front of the piano facing the crowd. The blonde began to play. Disdaining the microphone, Nicole began to sing.

I am no expert, but I thought Nicole had a great, emotive voice and that the pianist was talented. They started with a couple of arias that sounded vaguely familiar. Nicole followed that with several show tunes and her interpretations of some rock classics.

I was serving what amounted to last call when I heard a familiar voice say, "Will Lampe?" I turned towards the voice. I knew it was a risk but truly did not think anyone from my law firm was involved with AFHF. However, there stood Julia Minter, one of the younger partners in the firm. I worked with Julia occasionally. She looked me up and down before saying, "I like it. Too bad you can't wear that in the office."

Julia was mildly attractive, so I fired back, "It's wonderfully comfortable. You should try working this way some time."

Julia smiled. "But," she said, "I'm a partner. I can hardly expose myself to you lesser beings." She was, of course, kidding.

"Maybe at one of your partner retreats?" I suggested.

Julia's smile widened. "How do you know that we don't?" she teased. Her face fell a bit and she added, "with my partners, you know." Julia turned to talk to the woman with her. I thought Julia was liberal, but I was sure what I was doing that night would be known throughout the firm.

It was well after 9:00 when Nicole launched into an old, upbeat standard. The blonde played the piano with more gusto. Nicole raised her hands above her head and started clapping rhythmically. As the audience joined in, I looked at Nicole. The wiggle of her small breasts and sway of her bare hips was, well, sexy. Her face had a dreamy look, like she was having a special experience all by herself.

The pianist started another verse of the song. Nicole's face went from dreamy to intense. Her body movements became more erotic. Both the piano and Nicole got louder as they moved to the climax of the song. Nicole's last few notes were undoubtedly heard a block or two away.

Nicole finished and the crowd started enthusiastic applause. Kelli slid next to me and whispered, "look at Nicole's chest." Nicole was breathing hard and sweating. Her nipples were erect. Her face was flushed but had a satisfied expression. "Did she come?" Kelli whispered.

There was a tip jar on a stool by the end of the piano. People lined up to tip Nicole and the pianist. AFHF's president went back to the microphone to thank everyone for coming. The Cornetts came to the bar to thank Tom for making the pub available, and for providing nude staff and nude entertainment. Once the Cornetts left, the room cleared quickly

We did not dress to clean up. That was finished quickly. Tom locked the front door, went back behind the bar, and offered all of us drinks. Nicole introduced the pianist as Kristin, her friend at IU. Kristin had a cute face and, as I already said, a voluptuous body. She was smiling and seemed quite pleased that we were seeing her bare.

Kelli and I were sitting at one end of the bar talking to Nicole and Kristin while Tom was with the others at the other end. Nicole smiled. "Did you enjoy the finale?" she asked.

"Very much," I said.

"I had some help," Nicole said.

"What do you mean?" Kelli asked.

Nicole reached into the small purse she had slung over her bare shoulder and pulled out a small, egg-shaped object. Kelli started laughing, hard.

"What's that?" I asked.

Kelli sputtered, "A vibrator."

I was not putting it together. "I put that in my vagina before I came out to sing," Nicole explained. "It has a remote control which Kristin had. It was going the whole time, making me feel a little loose and aroused. Kristin cranked it up so that I came at the end of that last song."

"I can always get her off," Kristin added.

"Good girl!" Kelli exclaimed. I was impressed that Nicole had done that, and I said so.

"Don't tell Mom and Dad or the others," Nicole requested. "Let's keep that between the four of us. Mom and Dad don't know it, but I sing better when I'm being stimulated. I use that vibrator anytime I want to give a superior performance, although I usually keep the controller myself." Nicole gave a naughty, sexy smile that rivalled what Kelli was capable of.

Judy came out from the small office where she had spent the event. "I love technology," she said. "I already have the numbers from tonight. Between what AFHF paid and what we did at the bar, net of direct costs, tonight was our best night in 18 months. We almost tripled a good Friday or Saturday!" Judy gave her husband a big hug. After that hug, Judy said, "Let's look at the tip jars."

There were two tip jars. One, as I said, for Nicole and Kristin. There was another jar for us that had been out all night at one end of the bar. Judy emptied the girls' jar onto a trey first. I expected to see singles and a few five-dollar bills. What I saw were twenties, fifties, and a couple of hundreds. Judy counted it out: $ 1,100 or $550 for each of Nicole and Kristin. Judy emptied our tip jar which held $ 2,500 or just over an extra $ 300 for each of us.

Tom thought that deserved another round of drinks. As we drank, Karla said, "I've never gone nude in a clothed crowd before. This was fun."

Pam giggled. "I got felt up a few times, but that's ok."

Robin made the point we were all thinking: "I'm just sorry this was a one-time thing."

When we got home that night, Karla said, "I'm not sure I should admit this, even to you guys, but I really enjoyed strangers seeing my bare tits, ass, and cunt tonight. Am I perverted?"

"Well," Peter said, "there's an exhibitionist lurking inside every guy."

"I guess there's one inside every former cheerleader too," Kelli added. "I was getting off a little once I got out from behind the bar and people could really see me."

"I think we need to move from 'getting off a little' to getting off completely," I suggested. The four of us went upstairs and fucked side-by-side. We were doing that a lot more often.

Kelli and I did not visit her parents that July Fourth. Instead, we helped Robin and Brandt move into the house with Karla, Peter, Kelli, and me. The lease on the apartment they shared was due to renew and their landlord was raising the rent. It was cheaper for them to pay a share of the expenses at the house. Also, the six of us wanted to live together.

Just after the Fourth, Judy Abbott gave Kelli a name and phone number. "Someone with AFHF who saw you folks at the fundraiser wants to talk to one of you," Judy explained.

The name was Bridget Frank. Kelli and I called Ms. Frank the same night Judy gave us her number. "Thank you so much for getting back to me," Ms. Frank said when we called. "I'm a photographer. I was impressed by you and your friends at AFHF. You all seemed comfortable going nude among all those clothed people. You also seemed comfortable with each other. Is that true?"

"Yes," Kelli said. "We're all very close friends."

"That's good," Ms. Frank said. "What I need are a group of models who are comfortable touching each other. I want to pose them nude in a lot of poses where bodies are touching at many places. Is that something you would be interested in? I'll pay the group of you $ 1,000 for a three-hour session."

Kelli and I looked at each other. It sounded fun. Kelli decided to pull a Karla and said, "Yes, I can get you six models, three women and three men, who will do whatever you ask."

As we expected, the others were enthused about the opportunity. Kelli, Karla, Robin, Peter, Brandt, and I showed up at a small warehouse-type building in a "transitioning" part of town a few days later. Ms. Frank was a slender, rather worn-looking older woman with grey hair pulled into a ponytail. With her was a young, thin brunette whom she introduced as her granddaughter and assistant.

Ms. Franks' studio was one large, dark room with a high corrugated metal ceiling. Lights and ladders were set up around a large piece of black vinyl that was tacked to the floor. The first thing Franks had us do was undress. Once we were nude, she looked each of us over in some detail. Finally, she said, "I'm going to do a few things today. First, I'm going to put all of you on that piece of vinyl and photograph you as a group. I'll probably position you and re-position you. I'll shoot from the ladder. Depending on how long we take with that, I may take pictures of you as couples. I'm guessing that you are probably couples in real life. I don't care about that. I'll put you together as I want to."

Peter spoke up. "I don't believe any of us men are willing to touch another guy's penis or anus."

Franks frowned for a moment before she said, "Fair enough. We won't do that. Thank you for telling me upfront."

Franks had me lie on the vinyl on my back. She put Kelli lying face up across my belly. Robin was laid face down across Kelli so that Robin and I were almost in a 69 position. Brandt had to lie on his back across Robin. Franks positioned Peter straddling Kelli's head with his dick over her face. Karla was across the pile from Peter with her thighs on either side of Brandt's head. Franks took her time photographing that pose from several angles.

The second pose had Karla lying on her back on the vinyl. Kelli lay with her back across Karla's belly. Robin was stacked on her back across Kelli at an angle so her head was between Karla's head and Kelli's feet and her feet were between Kelli's head and Karl's feet. Each on the men lay face down on the vinyl at the feet of one of the women. We then raised ourselves as much as necessary to put our faces on one of the women's mounds. I was on Karla. We had to hold the pose long enough that I started teasing Karla with my tongue.

After Franks shot that pose from multiple angles, she said "shit, we don't have time for much of anything else."

The granddaughter spoke her first word since we had been there: "Feathers"

"Why not?" Franks said. Franks had us line up standing boy-girl, boy-girl with our backs to her. She told us to bend over as far as we could and hold that. I heard Karla, at one end of the line, giggle. A few moments later, I felt something thin probing my asshole before it was inserted. Franks shot several frames of that pose, then whatever was in our assholes was removed. When she showed us the image on her camera's monitor, I saw that each of us had a single long feather in our ass.

We got dressed and Franks handed Kelli ten $ 100 bills. "If I want to use you again, do any of you object to being in sexual poses, penis in vagina, penis in mouth, tongue on vagina, with someone other than your actual partner?" Franks asked.

"Uh," Karla replied, "let us talk about that and get back to you."

On the ride home, Robin asked, "Will, how was it having my cunt in your face?"

"Nice," I replied.

"Well," Karla said, "I know you had fun when your face was between my thighs."

"Was he licking you?" Kelli asked.

"Uh huh," Karla replied.

"Brandt was licking me too," Kelli said. "I almost came."

"Peter," Robin asked, "why weren't you licking me in that pose?"

"Too much of a gentleman, I guess," Peter replied.

Karla put the big question: "So, what do we think about sexual posing with penetration with someone other than our boyfriend or girlfriend?"

"I'm probably out of line," Kelli said, "but I think we will, and I kind of want us to, all make love to each other. But I think that should happen when, where, and how we decide and as expressions of our affection for each other rather than for a fee."

"Well said," Robin replied.

"I agree," I said.

"Me also," Peter said.

"Agreed," Brandt said.

Trying to be funny, Karla said, "So, I won't get a picture of Will's dick in my mouth?"

Without thinking, Kelli replied, "You've had his dick in your mouth. We just forgot to take pictures.

"And Peter's dick has been in your mouth while he ate you," Karla replied.

"And you said that Will ate you as well as you've ever had," Kelli shot back.

"What?!" Robin exclaimed.

We drove the rest of the way home in silence. Once we were home and nude, Kelli and Karla hesitantly told Robin and Brandt the story of Kelli and Peter and Karla and me doing 69 when we went camping the previous Labor Day. Robin and Brandt seemed amused. "I'm disappointed you didn't tell us before now," Robin said.

"I'm disappointed you haven't done the same thing with us," Brandt said.

"Maybe we have reached the point where we should start having sex with each other besides our primary partners," Kelli said.

Karla gave me a pointed look. Just after Kelli was forced out of her law firm, I had gone to Karla for advice about something I wanted to do. Karla's advice was that I had to do it. The only question we discussed repeatedly was when. Karla was trying to tell me that, in her opinion, the time was now. The situation was acceptable. All six members of our unofficial family were present.

With more anxiety than I had expected, I said, "Uh, before we go there, may I ask you a question Kelli?"

"Sure," Kelli said, "what?"

I took a very deep breath. "Kelli Stouffer, will you marry me?" I asked.

**Kelli Ch. 04**

To my relief and great joy, Kelli said yes. The wedding turned into a great deal of fun, not all of which we anticipated. Kelli and I are proud of what occurred at our wedding. I hope you don't mind me recounting it in some detail.

It was a given that we would have a nude wedding and reception. Kelli and I preferred a ceremony in which only she and I would be nude, with the wedding party and guests clothed until the reception started. Of course, no venue would allow that. Kelli also felt obligated to have Karen as her maid of honor and Karen insisted on going nude in the ceremony as did Kelli's dad. The only place we could have the wedding and reception was Kelli's parents' place. I think that's how Kathleen and Jeff Stouffer wanted it.

We set the date for mid-September, a bit more than two months off. Having the ceremony and reception at the Stouffers' meant that the guests would have to go nude also. That did not exclude many people who mattered to us from the guest list.

I called my sister Lisa in Germany to tell her I was getting married. I had not seen Lisa in years and it never crossed my mind that she would want to come to the wedding. "When and where is it?" Lisa asked.

"September 12 at my in-laws east of Columbus," I answered.

Lisa was quiet for a moment before she said, "yeah, I can make that."

"You're coming to the wedding?" I said in fear and amazement.

"Of course," Lisa said. "You're the only surviving member of my immediate family. Kurt will come too. He's never been to Ohio."

"Uh, Lisa," I said, "I'm not sure how to tell you this. My in-laws are nudists. They don't allow anyone on their property with clothes on."

Lisa laughed. "So, you and, what's her name, Kelli, are getting married in the buff?"

"Yeah," I said.

"This is too good," Lisa said. "I have to be there."

"Uh, Lisa, you'll have to take your clothes off too or they won't let you attend the wedding or the reception," I said.

Lisa laughed again. "Why don't I fly into Cincinnati a few days early? I can meet Kelli and show Kurt my hometown. Kurt will impress you. He's sure impressed me."

Lisa did not say she would go nude for the wedding. The sister I knew would not go nude in front of me. Lisa used to try, with surprising success, to talk her way around rules she didn't like. I doubted that would work with the Stouffers. However, I also knew that pressing Lisa was pointless. If she wanted me to know how she intended to deal with the nudity issue, she would have told me right away. I would find out what Lisa was going to do about it when Lisa was ready for me to find out. With resignation in my voice, I said "let me know in advance when you are coming in."

"Of course," Lisa said brightly. We ended the call.

I recounted my call with Lisa to Kelli. "Mom and Dad are not going to let her on the property if she doesn't strip naked," Kelli said. Kelli laughed. "They might be willing to set up closed-circuit TV so Lisa can watch from out on the road with her clothes on."

Our wedding invitations said prominently that "everyone attending the wedding or reception is expected to be completely nude at all times. Persons wearing clothing will be asked to leave." I gave Kelli my guest list. The only names on it that were not already on Kelli's list were Lisa and her German boyfriend Kurt Kleist.

"You are not inviting anyone at all from your firm?" Kelli asked.

"How do you think they'd react to an invitation telling them they have to go nude?" I asked rhetorically. Kelli wanted me to leave the firm, so she did not care.

"What about the partner who's in AFHF?" Kelli asked. "She must be nude-friendly up to a point."

"Julia Minter?" I said. "She's the only one there who might not be offended, but she wouldn't come. That would just be fishing for a wedding gift." Kelli nagged me, nicely, until I agreed to invite Julia. The invitations told guests to RSVP to Kathleen Stouffer, but I thought I would hear something from Julia after she got the invitation. I did not.

Karen and Rob had a nude wedding and reception at her parents' house several years earlier. Unfortunately, the caterer they used then had gone out of business. We had already invited Judy and Tom Abbot when Kelli asked them for leads on another caterer. To make a long story short, Judy and Tom offered to cater the reception at cost. They also told us that Nicole wanted to sing at the wedding and suggested that we have Nicole's friend Kristen provide music. Kristen had a portable keyboard which was a small synthesizer that allowed her to be almost a one-woman orchestra. We readily agreed to both ideas.

Lisa and Kurt flew in the Wednesday before the wedding. They stayed in a downtown hotel because (a) Kurt had the money and (b) Lisa wanted to show him around her old hometown. We met them for dinner shorty after they checked into their hotel. Either my memory was flawed, or Lisa had changed because she looked a lot sexier than I remembered. Lisa is three years older than me, so she was 32 then. Kurt was, I guessed, twenty years older than Lisa. He was tall, thin, and tan, with a head of silver hair. I would have guessed tennis player but for a slightly weathered face that made think of Kurt as a sailor. He was casually, but expensively, dressed. Lisa had told me he was a successful "private banker."

I tried, clumsily, to ask over dinner whether Lisa and Kurt would, in fact, go nude at the wedding. Lisa smiled broadly. "Will," she said, "we haven't seen each other for years. Much has happened in my life you don't know about. For example, how do you think I met Kurt?"

"I have no idea," I replied.

"In Munich," Lisa said, "there is a large park called the Englischer Garten. It is like Central Park in New York, right in the city center. There is a large lawn, the first part you reach coming from my office in fact, where nude sunbathing is permitted. In good weather, a lot of people leave their offices and sun naked in the park on their lunch breaks. Some of the Munichers I work with got me to go. I loved it and became a regular there. There are people walking around selling sandwiches, beer, and soda to the nude folks so I could eat lunch and sun my bare buns."

Lisa took a bite of her food. "I was lying on my back one lunchtime without a stitch on," Lisa continued. "I looked up and saw this gorgeous nude man standing there looking down at me."

Kurt interjected, "I saw Lisa and was instantly drawn to her. I could no more walk away from her than I could flap my arms and fly."

"In other words," Lisa said, "Kurt and I were both bareass naked when we met. When you and I talked last Christmas, I had no clothes on. The lodge Kurt takes me to is a private club in the mountains. Clothing is strongly discouraged. So yeah, I'm looking forward to getting naked at your wedding."

Kurt interjected again. "Kelli and Will, you must come to Munich next summer. You can experience the Englischer Garten and be our guests at the lodge. You will love the mountains and the lodge has many, uh, amusements."

"It sounds nice," Kelli said, "but I'm not working, and I want Will to get out of that firm he's in. I doubt we'll have the money to go to Europe any time soon."

"Where are you going on Honeymoon?" Kurt asked.

"To Key West," I replied.

"Bah!" Kurt exclaimed. "You need a real honeymoon. You will come to Munich next summer. I will pay. Lisa and I will see to it you have the most pleasurable holiday of your lives."

I started to argue, but Lisa stopped me. "Will, accept. That's how Kurt is, and he certainly has the money."

I let the subject drop but had no intention of letting Kurt pay thousands of Euro for us to go to Munich. Sometimes, my intentions are meaningless. Sometimes, that produces a much better result.

Kelli's parents had made campaign contributions to a municipal judge in their county. She agreed to perform the wedding once the Stouffers agreed she could stay clothed. She declined an invitation to the reception because she would have to disrobe.

The wedding was scheduled for 4:00 p.m. It would happen in the Stouffers' back yard. The actual wedding would be completely open air. Two large tents were set up for the reception. One had food, a bar, and tables. The other had a temporary dance floor. Kristen had set up her keyboard there and there was a small portable PA system for the inevitable speeches.

I was standing inside the Stouffers' French doors wearing only a black bow tie. I saw about 50 nude people assemble on the lawn. The wedding ceremony was short, the minimum prescribed by Ohio law, so we had not bothered setting up chairs. Just after 4:00, Nicole Abbott began singing a cappella. Brandt opened the door and walked out between the guests, followed by Peter. I followed Peter.

Once Brandt, Peter, and I took our places in front of the judge, Robin walked down the aisle, followed by Karla and Karen. All three women were completely nude and, I noticed, had shaven their mounds. They all looked exceptionally beautiful.

I was impressed by Robin, Karla, and Karen until I saw Kelli walking towards me on Jeff's arm. Kelli was nude except for a lacy thing on her head, a bouquet of flowers in one hand, and white high heel shoes. Kelli had shaved too. As she came down the aisle, it seemed that all the afternoon sunlight focused on her and dimmed around everyone else. "Radiant" does not come close. Kelli was a vision, more beautiful than I had ever imagined.

Jeff walked Kelli up beside me. Kelli had the most joyful smile. The judge started her litany. I was so entranced by Kelli; I do not remember exactly what the judge said. I remember Kelli and I each said, "I do" and I put the ring Peter handed me onto Kelli's finger. When the judge said we could kiss, we vamped. Kelli handed the flowers to Karen. We embraced tightly with our hands on each other's bare asses. We kissed and tongued for probably two or three minutes. Then, Kelli and I turned and walked back up the aisle, arm-in-arm, as our guests applauded the nude couple.

As Kelli and I approached the house, I saw Kristen's bare ass running towards the tent. Minutes later, music started, and the reception was on. Kelli ditched the hair covering and shoes and I took off the tie. Instead of a receiving line, Kelli and I just walked around naked, holding hands, and thanking people for attending.

Two of the first people we encountered were Lisa and Kurt. Lisa and I had never seen each other nude before. Lisa had large breasts which hung down some, but with upturned nipples, a slightly rounded belly, classically feminine curved hips, and full, smooth thighs below a somewhat fleshy mound on which she had a small landing strip. I think you would say Lisa was more sexy than beautiful, but she was damned sexy. Kurt was, as I had guessed, very thin but his muscles were well-defined. You could not miss what I thought was a big part of his attractiveness for Lisa. Kurt had a long, thick penis.

Lisa said, "That was very nice. Kelli, you look extraordinary." Lisa gave me a long look, smiled, and said, "I guess baby brother grew up. You guys are the lawyers. Is it legal for nude siblings to hug in Ohio?" Without waiting for an answer, Lisa wrapped her arms around me and hugged me tight. Lisa's body felt great. We kissed briefly.

The next person we ran into literally stopped me in my tracks. As Kelli and I approached the bar to get our first drinks, a woman with a great-looking back and ass turned to face us. There, with nothing covering her body other than the wineglass in her hand, was one of my employers: Julia Minter. The shock I felt must have shown in my face because Julia laughed. "Surprised to see me?" she asked.

It probably took me a full minute before I stammered out, "Yeah. You're the last person I expected to see." I think Kelli was enjoying my discombobulation.

"Well," Julia said, "you invited me."

"Yes," I said, "but I never expected you to come."

"I wasn't going to," Julia admitted. "Then, I started thinking. For years, I have enjoyed photographs and paintings of models who were naked before the artist knowing that hundreds, maybe thousands, of unknown people will see the images of their nude bodies. I have gone to maybe a hundred performances where actors and dancers appeared nude onstage in front of whoever would pay for a ticket. Yet, I had no personal experience being nude in a situation where someone other than my husband or, going back, boyfriend saw me. I decided I was being a coward, a voyeur who only watched but was scared to participate. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to test myself. Apart from you, no one here knows me."

"How has the experience been for you?" Kelli asked.

"Outstanding," Julia said. "The anticipation driving up here, knowing I was going to take all of my clothes off among strangers, was, well, exciting. Everyone is so much nicer without clothes on. I love seeing the naked bodies and knowing that people are seeing mine. Your wedding was how everyone should get married. Kelli, your bare body is so much more beautiful than any dress could possibly be." I agreed with Julia on that. "Now, I get to walk around on a lovely evening, naked with a drink in my hand. The only thing better would be to have Grant here naked with me."

"Grant is your husband?" Kelli asked. Julia nodded. "Since you enjoy it so much," Kelli said, "you must get Grant to go nude with you."

"I do," Julia said. "Maybe if I promise to fuck his brains out every time he does."

Kelli laughed. "That should work," she said.

My astonishment at Julia's presence had been compounded, several times over, by this conversation. I had another shock coming. Julia turned back to me and said, "Will, this is the second time I've seen you naked but the first time you've seen me." Julia extended her arms out slightly above her shoulders, raising her breasts, and spread her legs slightly. "What do you think?" Julia asked.

Although I had not known it until just then, Julia Minter is one of those women who is much better-looking nude than clothed. I guessed she was carrying a few more pounds than when she was younger but that gave her a fuller, more alluring rounded appearance. I decided to be honest. "You look much more beautiful than you ever have in the office," I said.

Julia smiled. "That's because you've never seen me naked in the office. I have never been naked in the office. Oh well, sorry, just a middle-aged woman overwhelmed by a new experience. I need to let you get your drinks and finish your rounds."

Julia walked off. It was Kelli who said, "nice ass" as Julia walked away.

Kelli and I got drinks. I suddenly felt like I needed one. We finished our rounds, wolfed down a small plate of food each, and went to the other tent. Once we were there, we had the inevitable, and unnecessary in my opinion, speeches from the maid of honor and best man. Karen took some time basically giving Kelli a good-natured roast. Peter took a different tack and tried, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, to persuade the group that I was really a nice guy.

Speeches over, Kristin started playing her keyboard again. It did sound a lot like a full orchestra. Jeff took Kelli out for the first dance. As they danced, Jeff held his daughter tightly to his body. I know exactly what it feels like to hold Kelli that way. Jeff was having a good time. Following that, I danced with Mrs. Stouffer. As we went out onto the floor, Kathleen whispered "I want you to hold me as tight as Jeff held Kelly." Kathleen was now my mother-in-law, so I followed her instructions. Kathleen and I are about the same height so, throughout the dance, my dick rubbed in her pubic hair. I am a terrible dancer, but Kathleen let that slide.

The next dance was me and Kelli. I had seen several beautiful nude women that evening: Karla, Karen, Robin, Lisa, Julia, Nicole, Kelli's cheerleading friend Monica (who was having her first nudist experience), even Kathleen. Kelli eclipsed them all. As we went out to a slow song from Kristen, I asked myself how I had gotten to date, much less marry, such an intelligent, charming, kind, beautiful, fun, sexy woman. I have never figured out the answer to that.

Kelli knew that I don't like to dance, so we mainly hugged, kissed, and felt each other up. Kristen finished the slow number, shouted "everyone dance!" and started a very upbeat number. Several people ran onto the dance floor, keeping Kelli and me from getting off it, so we joined in the mass of tits and dicks bouncing around exuberantly. Finally, Kristen took a break.

Kelli's other non-nudist friend who came to the wedding was a woman named Christy Morgan. Kelli and Christy had been friends through grade school and high school. Christy had gone to Kent State to become a teacher. She fell for a guy in college, got pregnant, dropped-out, and got married. When her husband got his degree, they had moved to Columbus (home for Christy). Her husband launched a moderately lucrative career as an insurance agent and Christy took the more difficult job of housewife and mother to, at present, two small children.

Kelli was ecstatic when she learned that Christy was coming to the wedding. "This is a huge sacrifice for her," Kelli said. "I doubt she's ever even gone nude in front of her husband with the lights on. I have to find something special for Christy to do." Kelli asked Christy to speak at the reception. I think Kelli expected Christy to give a traditional account of amusing, perhaps embarrassing, events from Kelli's youth.

During Kristen's break, Christy had one of the tables cleared and moved to the center of the temporary dance floor. She put a couple of sheets of yellow legal pad paper, a glass, and a folded sheet on it. Christy stood in front of the table with the microphone in her hand. I suspected that Christy had been cute a few years ago, but she now carried some excess fat and was not in the greatest shape. Her flawed figure and pale skin made her seem more naked than the rest of us. Her manner seemed to communicate both embarrassment from and pride in her nudity. That was endearing.

Christy raised the microphone and tentatively said, "Hi, I'm Christy Morgan. Except for her family, I have known Kelli longer than anyone here. Kelli asked me to say something today. Uh, as you have probably guessed, this is the first time I have ever been naked with a bunch of people. It' been a lot different and a lot nicer than I expected. I realize I am the outlier among all the gorgeous women here today. You have all been truly kind. Thank you.

Christy turned, displaying her plump ass, to pick up her notes. Turning back around, she said, "One of my hobbies is the history of our region. I am going to tell you some of that history that you have never heard. I think it is particularly appropriate for this occasion. I want to tell you about the first European settlers in Central Ohio, a group of Scandinavians, North Germans, and Dutch called the Hallineaux. For reasons which I think will become apparent, the Hallineaux have been completely excised from mainstream history."

Christy took a sip from her glass. "The Hallineaux took their name and their beliefs from a philosopher named Jacques Hallineau who lived in France at the end of the 16th Century and the beginning of the 17th. Hallineau, who history has also excised, believed that sexual pleasure was God's greatest gift to mankind. Hallineau taught that men and women came closest to God when they were experiencing orgasm and that sexual intercourse was the supreme religious sacrament. From that, it followed for Hallineau that sex should be experienced between as many people as possible as often as possible, that sex should occur openly and be celebrated, and that God gave mankind sex as much for pleasure as for procreation. Hallineau's teaching made him anathema to the Church and society of his day, as it probably would if he reappeared today. Hallineau was condemned as a follower of Satan. It is believed that he was burned at the stake."

Christy paused to see whether she was losing her audience. She was not. "Even after Hallineau was gone," she went on, "his views had some obvious appeal. Small communities developed along the Baltic and North Sea where his beliefs were practiced. Those communities were persecuted without mercy and were eventually reduced to a single community outside Amsterdam. When the persecution continued, that small community emigrated to New England in the early 18th Century. The Hallineaux settled outside of Providence, Rhode Island but the persecution quickly resumed. They soon pulled up stakes and trekked west into the forest and across the Appalachians into a land then unknown to most Europeans."

Christy took another sip of her drink. "The Hallineaux carved a village out of the forest east of present-day Columbus, not too far from here. Their doctrines were well-established by then. Sexual relations with other members of the community, whether intercourse or other forms of sex, were each person's religious duty. Only same-sex relations and sex with your lineal descendants were forbidden. Everything else was encouraged, if not required. Sex was not confined to dark bedrooms under covers but was performed openly, weather permitting, outdoors where everyone else could watch. It was the worst insult possible if passersby did not stop and watch a copulating couple until they both achieved orgasm. Of course, the only effective birth control in the 18th Century was abstinence, which the Hallineaux considered sinful. Consequently, Hallineaux society treated all children equally whether they were born in or out of wedlock.

Christy paused again. "You might think that, given this 'promiscuous' (she put that word in air quotes) ideology, marriage had no role in Hallineaux society. In fact, the opposite was true. The Hallineaux considered married couples as the foundation units of their community. Every Hallineaux was obligated to marry, and they did. Marriage was for life. Our concepts of divorce, dissolution, and annulment had no Hallineaux analogs. Husband and wife had equal responsibilities to provide each other, and their children, with material and psychological support, food, medical care, such as it was, and everything else. While the Hallineaux rejected monogamy as a sin, husband and wife had a sacred obligation to give each other sexual pleasure daily by any and all means. This obligation was lifelong and continued even after a couple could no longer procreate."

Christy took another sip of her drink. Her manner had changed as she got enthused about her subject. She became more confident. She stood straighter. She even looked better. "You may wonder," she said, "why I bring this up on this joyous day. I do so because weddings were major events in the Hallineaux community. Unlike us, everyone wore clothes at Hallineaux weddings. However, the ceremony had a unique component intended to reinforce the concept that, while sex among all Hallineaux was obligatory, there were heightened sexual duties between husband and wife. As the culmination of the wedding ceremony, the community formed a circle around the bride and groom. The couple undressed and had their first sexual intercourse as man and wife completely nude in front of their family, friends, and neighbors."

Christy paused, turned, and spread the sheet out over the empty table. Kelli whispered to me, "This is not at all what I expected. I wonder where she got this from."

Christy turned around again. "The Hallineaux were willfully forgotten," she said. "However, I hope you agree that there was much that was laudable in the Hallineaux beliefs. To honor those who preceded us in this land and to symbolize that they are making a Hallineaux commitment to each other, I ask that Kelli and Will come up and favor us by having their first intercourse as husband and wife right now in front of their family and friends."

As Christy had described a Hallineaux wedding, I began to anticipate where she was heading. I looked at Kelli, who seemed startled. One of our guests started chanting "fuck, fuck." Other guests took up the chant. I recognized Karen's voice among them. A smile came across Kelli's face. She looked at me and said, "why not?" She stood and reached for my hand.

Kelli and I walked to the center of the tent and stood beside Christy and the covered table. Looking down at my dick, Christy said softly, "Get each other aroused." Kelli and I kissed. Kelli began stroking my dick with her hand. I took her right nipple in my left hand and put my right hand between her legs. We were very aware that our families and best friends were watching our foreplay. That was, itself, arousing.

When I was hard, Kelli sat down on the table and, carefully holding down the sheet, scooted her bare butt to the center. She smiled at me, swung herself around so her body ran the length of the table, spread her legs, and laid back.

I paused for a moment so that anyone who wished had a good look at my wife's pussy, then climbed on the table and positioned myself above Kelli. Keeping my weight on my arms, I lowered myself down and slid my dick into her. Damn, she was wet. Kelly leaned up and said softly, "people want to get back to their drinks, so fast and furious Mister."

Fast and furious is what we did. From the start, I pounded Kelli as fast and hard as I could, aiming for the spots she likes best. It worked because we were both already so aroused. Kelli dug her fingers into my ass, hard. I kissed her neck until she head-butted me away and started biting my chest. She drew blood before she stopped and planted the most furious kiss I have ever gotten from her. All the while, I was thrusting into her and she was shoving herself against me.

Kelli's tongue was flicking around inside my mouth until she suddenly pulled it out and yelled, "Oh God! . . . I squir . . .OH MY GOD! YEEES!" I had come, and lost vision for a second, as Kelli tried to say "squirted."

I did not realize how closely the guests had circled around us until I rolled Kelli on top of me so she could catch her breath without my weight on her. That shifted us off the part of the sheet we had fucked on. Karen leaned over that part of the sheet, straightened up, and announced to everyone, "Yes, my little sister squirted."

I took us a while to be able to get off the table. When we did and stood beside the table holding hands, our guests started clapping. Kelli let go of my hand and stuck a finger in her pussy. It glittered with moisture as she held it in front of my face. I opened my mouth and Kelli put her finger in it. I closed my mouth and sucked her finger clean. I assume it was a mix of her fluids and mine. It tasted good though.

Christy came up beside us. "I was hoping the Hallineaux would inspire you," she said.

"Was that Hallineaux story for real?" I asked. Christy nodded.