**LMC Ch. 04: The Beach Club - A Little Miss Cutie story**

by[**BobbieKayeCutie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4887237&page=submissions)©

Being seen naked in front of strangers, clients, and her company's executive officers had provided poor Bobbie Kaye with ever increasing degrees of embarrassment over the years. But this! These were the boyfriends of her dearest friend in the world, and of her sister.  
  
The blush spread downward from her face, coloring her little boobies a bright pink, as the heat continued even farther down to her most private place. The combination of exposure, the presence of both Alex and her Beauty, together with the alcohol, culminated in Cutie's high state of arousal. Unceremoniously, she pulled down her panties, bringing her bare kitty-cat, complete with the little Hello Kitty tattoo, into view for all to admire.  
  
They made her stand and turn a slow circle, hands to her sides. As she came to a stop, Cutie's eyes fell on Alex, and she wanted him so badly! Then she saw her Beauty, and she wanted her just as much! As she saw the looks on the two faces she loved most dearly in all the world, her desire turned almost to a need. She wanted them both, right then, together, in front of everyone. But she controlled herself, and quickly reclaimed her seat.  
  
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Bobbie Kaye was justifiably nervous. She'd been summoned to a Leggy Lingerie, Inc. board meeting, and had no idea what to expect. She had been quite relieved to learn that she wouldn't have to sit through the entire tedious meeting.  
  
Looking quite the professional businesswoman, her long auburn hair up, she was dressed in her best Liz Claiborne designer suit, a navy blue knee length skirt and matching blazer over a freshly pressed white silk blouse. Despite her state of anxiety, she looked ready to take on the world.  
  
Seated just to the right of Leggy Lingerie's Chief Executive Officer, waiting patiently for something to happen, Bobbie Kaye glanced around the stuffy room. A large table was surrounded with about a dozen chairs, folders of paper piled high before each. Most of the chairs were filled with older men, all dressed in tired suits, some with glazed looks in their eyes. She didn't recognize anyone except the CEO. Window shades were drawn, and glaring fluorescent light illuminated a room devoid of any plants, not even a piece of artwork to break the monotony of beige walls. Dusty bookshelves were filled with neat rows of unidentified tomes.  
  
The only other female in the room was a young woman wearing too much makeup, dressed in a brightly colored minidress with a plunging neckline that revealed an ample portion of her surgically enhanced breasts. She must be the CEO's secretary, or 'personal assistant,' Bobbie Kaye assumed, there to record the minutes of the meeting. She looked to be right out of high school, although when she began to take notes, it became clear she at least knew how to type.  
  
The meeting was called to order by the CEO, Hiram Packwood III, and the minutes of the prior meeting were read aloud by Ms. High School Graduate. There was no old business to discuss, and Mr. Packwood said that the first order of new business would be to make a special announcement regarding their newest Assistant Vice President, Ms. Bobbie Kaye Spencer.  
  
Mr. Packwood gave her a lingering smile, and Bobbie Kaye just knew he was thinking about the incident at the hotel pool a few months ago. Packwood and several lesser corporate officers had been treated to an unobstructed view of her stark naked body, in what she still thought of as "the bikini incident." She could feel the color rising in her face as he began to speak.  
  
"Ms. Spencer, as you probably know, Leggy Lingerie is well on its way to shattering last year's record sales and profit figures. As special thanks for the outstanding contributions you have made to our fine company, we are pleased to reward you with a very special bonus."  
  
Bobbie Kaye's eyes lit up. She'd always known that Leggy Lingerie liked to treat its employees well, and her job already came with good pay and bonuses, as well as a generous benefit plan. She waited for him to continue, putting aside thoughts of whatever may have been going through the CEO's mind.  
  
"We are pleased to present you with a four day, three night, all expense paid vacation for yourself and seven of your closest friends." Packwood waited for a response, but Bobbie Kaye was speechless. This was very unusual for her, as she was known among her coworkers for being quite loquacious.  
  
"Your first class accommodations," Packwood continued, "will be at The Beach Club, a very exclusive resort located on a small private island in the Caribbean."  
  
She couldn't believe her ears! It certainly wasn't what she'd thought she was going to hear, although she didn't know exactly what she had been expecting. And it wasn't like she hadn't earned it. Ever since she'd invented the lingerie strip show, quite by accident, the company's sales and profits had hit all time highs, and Bobbie Kaye was still receiving the lion's share of the credit for the company's newfound successes. So when Mr. Packwood made the announcement that she was being given this vacation in addition to her regular bonus, she could only say thanks, and promise to do everything she in her power to keep sales moving in an upward direction.  
  
She was dismissed shortly after the announcement and, having no other plans for the day, she headed back to her hotel room to make some calls. She and seven of her closest friends? How would she ever choose? There were so many friends, but only a handful that she considered truly close. Her first call, naturally, was to her very best friend in the entire world, the woman she always thought of as her Beauty, Gretchen Thomson. Bobbie Kaye gave her Beauty the dates, and Gretchen assured her she'd be there.  
  
Next was Emily Talbot, who not only happened to be one of Bobbie Kaye's clients, but who had also earned a spot as one of her very dearest friends. The nicest, most thoughtful person you would ever hope to meet, the girls usually called Emily "Sweetie." Through the miracle of the satellite phone, she reached Sweetie in South Korea, where she was inspecting a factory that produced some of the products she purchased for the Pickwick Department Store chain. Emily promised she'd have those dates cleared.  
  
Bobbie Kaye's sister Kristy was next. Kristine Spencer was an up-and-coming young actress, as well as the official Leggy Lingerie celebrity spokeswoman. She was nearing completion of her sixth feature film, in which she was billed third, her biggest role to date. Kristy quickly checked her calendar, and assured her sister she would be there, too.  
  
"Sis, you have any idea who else I can invite?" Bobbie Kaye was thrilled that her best friends and her sister had all agreed so quickly. "Seven people is a lot. It's impossible to choose!"  
  
"Seven is a lot, but you know what? If it's the four of us girls," Kristy reasoned, "then why not bring our boyfriends? That'd be a blast! You could meet Jeremy, and I could get to know Alex a little better!"  
  
Bobbie Kaye smiled. "I was thinking so much about the four of us being together, I never even thought about the guys! That's a great idea, Sis!"  
  
Kristy was dating an actor named Jeremy, and Bobbie Kaye had never been on a real vacation with Alex. The best they'd managed with her busy schedule was a weekend in Reno. Emily had been seeing a fellow in London named Sam, and she knew that Gretchen had a boyfriend named Kevin. She decided to run the idea past everybody first, before making the final decision.  
  
Gretchen was fine with the idea, although Emily seemed a little hesitant. But she didn't want to admit that her relationship with Sam had been a bit rocky lately, so she put on a happy telephone face, and agreed to bring him along.  
  
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The holiday was scheduled for late May. The group was to take a plane from Miami to the Caribbean island of Martinique in the French Antilles on a Friday morning. They would all be flying into Miami on Thursday afternoon, and since none of the boyfriends had ever met, the group would first enjoy a get acquainted dinner that evening at an Italian restaurant that Kristy had been to, just a short walk from the hotel. Then early the next morning they would head for Martinique, where they would board a chartered boat bound for tiny Josette Island, home of The Beach Club.  
  
Gretchen and Kevin, Kristy and Jeremy were all on the same flight from Los Angeles to Miami, while Bobbie Kaye and Alex were arriving from San Francisco a little later. Emily's journey was by far the longest, from Singapore, via London to pick up Sam, then on to Miami.  
  
The weather in Miami was pleasantly warm, not quite hot, and the mid-afternoon sun was shining brightly outside the air conditioned airport. Alex, Kevin and Jeremy were already getting along famously. It turned out they had a lot in common, including football and golf. The Beach Club's brochure had described a challenging nine hole golf course, and each of the three was armed with a bag of clubs.  
  
At last the plane from London arrived, a little more than hour late. Navigating past the crowds, everyone waited eagerly near the Customs area, and squeals of delight could be heard as Emily appeared at the door to greet her waiting friends. Joyful hugs and kisses filled the next few minutes, followed by a round of introductions. Greeting her friends' boyfriends, Emily found herself quite taken by the three handsome men.  
  
"Where's Sam?" asked Bobbie Kaye, after it finally dawned her that Emily was alone.  
  
"Oh, um..." she began, "Sam couldn't... oh, I'll just say it. We broke up." The only one in the group who didn't show a sad face then was Emily, and it quickly occurred to everyone that she was plainly glad it had happened.  
  
"That kind of messes up the whole couples thing," offered Kristy, giving Emily a little wink.  
  
"Not exactly," said Emily, just as the door to the Customs area opened again. A metal cart filled with luggage emerged, though whoever was pushing the cart was invisible behind the bags. Then ever so cautiously, a familiar face peeked out from behind the pile.  
  
They couldn't have spoken in more perfect unison had they rehearsed for days. "Little Joe!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye, Gretchen, and Kristy as one.  
  
"I just figured that, rather than being a spinster," Emily smiled sheepishly, "Joe could tag along with me."  
  
Joe Ridley had at one time been Bobbie Kaye's and Gretchen's boss, several years earlier when the girls were working for a time in Joe's native England. That was where the girls had first met, while employed at the Winklemere Lodge Hotel, which Joe managed. This was also where Bobbie Kaye had been exposed naked before total strangers for the first time. And for the second time. And the third, and the fourth... Anyway, her memory told her that every time she'd been so completely humiliated, it had somehow been entirely Little Joe's fault.  
  
Joe didn't remember it quite that way, however. He could still recall the girls flashing their panties at him, or their boobies, or even their stark naked bodies, any time they had a chance. Joe was painfully shy, and easily embarrassed by such displays. He always tried to run a proper hotel, yet those wretched American girls would show their charms off in front of even their most distinguished guests, given half a chance. And then when Bobbie Kaye's wild sister Kristy showed up, things became even worse. That girl didn't care who saw her naked, her hands always bouncing her generous breasts up and down.  
  
Eventually they all lost their jobs at Winklemere, and ended up working together at a cheesy resort in northernmost England called the Sandy Bay Holiday Camp. It was there that Joe had met Emily Talbot. She was visiting the camp as part of a team building weekend with a previous employer. When she'd first noticed Joe, he was tied naked to a tree, and covered with green splotches fired from paint ball guns in the possession of an unruly group of eighteen year old girls who were part of a high school field hockey team. He was dismissed shortly after that incident, and Emily took pity on him and hired him as her personal assistant.  
  
Of course, the guys knew nothing of Joe, nor of his history with the other girls, and they welcomed him with warm handshakes. Gretchen and Kristy offered restrained hugs, while Bobbie Kaye glared sullenly. This was supposed to be the perfect vacation, and now this! She unconsciously checked to make sure all the buttons on her blouse were securely fastened.  
  
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Dinner was at the romantic Italian restaurant Kristy had told them about, and the new friends were already getting along as though they'd known each other for years. Joe tried to join in the conversation, but it turned out he didn't share many interests with the other fellows. Kevin, Alex and Jeremy spoke enthusiastically of golf, their various occupations, and both college and professional sports, including that ridiculous American football game, which Joe couldn't begin to comprehend. Joe, on the other hand, attempted to explain his passion for wildlife photography, and his as yet fruitless search for the elusive Great Crested Shrike, while the others listened politely.  
  
For the girls, it almost felt as though they'd never been apart. A couple of factors made it just a tad awkward, however. First, not one of the girls had ever told her guy that she was bisexual, or in Bobbie Kaye's case, perhaps not truly bisexual, but sexually involved with Gretchen, nonetheless. Also, it felt strange to be addressing each other by their given names, for neither were the guys familiar with the girls' well-deserved nicknames. Using those nicknames would almost certainly require explanations of their origins, and that could potentially cause the girls untold embarrassment.  
  
So the girls stuck with their real names, and the wonderful dinner progressed. As empty wine bottles were replaced with full ones, everyone seemed to relax, and tongues began to loosen. Of course, when under the influence of alcohol, no one's tongue loosened more quickly, nor more loosely, than Emily's.  
  
During a brief lull in the conversation, Emily found herself gazing across the table at Kristy. Her discretion momentarily lapsing under the influence of several delicious glasses of wine, she smiled dreamily and said "Oh Hottie! I've missed you so much!"   
  
Three pairs of curious male eyes fell on Emily then, while Bobbie Kaye and Gretchen began searching the ceiling for, well, for something. Joe's eyes quickly joined the girls in their search, while a mixture of embarrassment and lust colored Kristy's face an exceptionally bright shade of red.  
  
It was Jeremy who broke the silence a few moments later. "Hottie?" he said simply, staring at his girlfriend.  
  
"Um... it's... um..." Kristy stuttered. For someone who wasn't easily embarrassed, she'd found the revelation of her nickname evoked exactly that reaction.  
  
"It's her nickname," Emily explained, her senses dulled by the alcohol. "We all call her Hottie, you know, 'cause she's so hot!"  
  
Kevin asked Gretchen, "Baby, do you call her Hottie too?"  
  
Gretchen didn't know what to say. The alcohol hadn't hit her as hard as it had Emily, but then it never did. "Yeah," she finally admitted, her own face turning pink. "We... we call her Hottie sometimes."  
  
Bobbie Kaye had consumed more than her share of the wine. "I never call her Hottie," she protested. "She's my sister! Isn't she, Beauty?" she added, turning to Gretchen, whose eyes quickly resumed their search of the ceiling.  
  
"Beauty?" echoed Kevin and Alex, almost in unison.  
  
"Look at her," said Emily, indicating Gretchen. "We always call her Beauty. Have you ever seen anyone as beautiful as she is?"  
  
After a very brief pause, Kevin replied "Well, I've certainly never known anyone so beautiful." This earned him a smile and a kiss from Gretchen.  
  
"That's what our Little Miss Cutie here has always called her," Emily added helpfully, looking directly at Bobbie Kaye. "Right, Cutie?" Bobbie Kaye was again helping her Beauty search for that unknown something, hidden high among the rafters.  
  
"Hottie, Beauty, and Cutie, huh?" asked Jeremy. "Well, I wouldn't argue with any of those nicknames. They fit each of you perfectly!"  
  
"I would have to agree," said Alex. Smiling at his girlfriend, he repeated "Little Miss Cutie!" eliciting a blush from Bobbie Kaye.  
  
"But what about Emily?" asked Kevin. "She must have a nickname too. What do you call her?"  
  
Gretchen answered "We call her 'Big Mouth!'" and everyone laughed.  
  
Back at the hotel, Cutie and Alex, Beauty and Kevin, Hottie and Jeremy, and Big Mouth, er, Sweetie and Joe headed off to their rooms. They were planning on a good night's rest before catching the six o'clock flight to Martinique. There they would board the boat for Josette Island, scheduled to depart at ten. Emily had arranged a separate room for her employee Joe, just to avoid any question among the others as to the nature of their relationship.  
  
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The flight from Miami to Martinique the next morning was uneventful. The weather was a pleasant seventy degrees as they boarded the small vessel at a few minutes before ten. The sky was as deep a blue as anyone could ever remember, and the water was so calm and clear that they could see all the way to the bottom, fish swimming and cavorting more than fifteen feet below the glassy surface. The lightest breeze stirred the air, and spirits were high among the companions. Only Emily was feeling the effects of a little too much wine the night before, but the fresh sea breeze was quickly clearing away even her cobwebs.  
  
Everyone was treated like royalty by the crew of the small boat. No one had to lift a bag, the ladies were assisted in stepping across the gangway, and everyone was addressed as "Sir" or "Madame." Several other guests bound for the island joined them as they boarded.  
  
The little craft was immaculate, the seating quite comfortable, the provided refreshments lovely, and the voyage perfectly smooth as they crossed the glasslike sea. After about an hour and a half voyage, a small tropical island came into view. Myriad palm trees stood sentinel, and a clean white sandy beach stretched out in both directions from the dock.

As they disembarked, Bobbie Kaye observed a tall and quite good looking man waiting on the road above. He was dressed in an immaculate white tuxedo, dark hair graying slightly at the temples on either side of a ruggedly handsome face. Cutie half expected to see a midget with a French accent materialize, calling out "De plane! De plane!"  
  
The man greeted his guests as they walked up the dock. "I am known as the Indian Outlaw," he said in a deep baritone. "Welcome to Josette Island, my friends. Welcome to The Beach Club!" He greeted each of his guests by name, raising unspoken questions as to how he knew who was who. But this little concern was easily shrugged off as they contemplated several wonderful days before them.  
  
Porters were dispatched to collect luggage and golf clubs, while the Indian Outlaw offered a brief explanation of what they could expect during their stay. "All of your expenses have been paid," he said to Bobbie Kaye and her companions, as he led the little group up a cement walkway towards an electric tram. "This includes meals, bar tab, all the fresh fruit you could possibly desire, and the green fees at our little golf course. Our modest general store is the only place where you might spend your money, and a tab will be run to track your purchases, which will be settled at a future time."  
  
He was quite charming, Cutie noticed, exchanging glances with her Beauty. "We have tennis courts, a spa, sauna, massage tables, and miles of pristine beaches, all at your disposal," he continued. "You will enjoy our fine restaurant and bar, as well as our dance floor and live musicians. Tipping of the staff is strongly discouraged, and totally unnecessary, as everyone in my employ is quite well paid."  
  
Cutie looked around as they boarded the tram. Palm trees shrouded the hill dominating the center of the island, while the bright green of the golf course beckoned a short distance to the south. As the tram moved northward, several small clusters of bungalows came into view, spaced across a broad, shady clearing about a hundred feet above the sea. The restaurant, general store, and a few other buildings were just a short walk away, and the ocean view was breathtaking.  
  
Bobbie Kaye wanted to ask a question of the Indian Outlaw, but she realized he hadn't boarded the tram with them. A uniformed man with a French accent anticipated her question, however. After introducing himself as Jean-Luc, head concierge, he pointed in the direction of four bungalows which were set apart from the nearest of the others by about fifty feet. These had been built side by side in twos, each pair facing the other.  
  
"Your reservations are for the exclusive Queen's Court, Ms. Spencer," he explained, answering the question she had not yet asked. "These are the finest accommodations on the island. Each cabin is equipped with a full private bath, king size bed, and a small kitchenette. Room service is available twenty-four hours a day..."  
  
Cutie was no longer listening as her head turned this way and that, taking in the little island's tropical splendor. Even as Little Joe's face passed through her field of vision, she decided then and there that this was in fact going to be the best vacation ever.  
  
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After a fine lunch at the island's restaurant, Alex, Kevin and Jeremy set out for the golf course. A tram was available to transport them to the first hole, where electric carts would be waiting. Joe had never played golf in his life, nor did he care to now. He took his trusty digital camera and started out along one of the island's myriad hiking trails, hoping to add something interesting to his photographic wildlife collection.  
  
The girls, on the other hand, wanted to lie on the beach. Lathering each other up with sunscreen, they donned their bikinis and, turning down the offered tram ride, headed on foot towards the ocean. It was maybe half a mile away by the gently sloping paved road.  
  
Other Beach Club guests, particularly men, couldn't help but notice the rainbow of bikinis gliding past. As usual, Kristy seemed to draw the most attention, her bright red two piece swimsuit barely concealing her generous top, openly advertising her slender, curvy figure. Gretchen's slightly less skimpy green bikini drew nearly as many stares. Emily was dressed in a modest pink outfit, while Bobbie Kaye wore the most conservative bikini she'd been able to find, hers a dark blue. They both drew plenty of admiring looks, too.  
  
Half an hour later, the girls were spreading their towels across a secluded spot on the white sand, and as the waves broke in a gentle, soothing rhythm, they sprawled across their towels to relax. Within minutes, under the warm caress of the sun, each of the girls was asleep or close to it.  
  
About fifteen minutes after they'd settled, Hottie sat up abruptly and announced that she was going to take her top off. "I really don't need the tan lines," she reasoned.  
  
Beauty sat up too, glanced around, and didn't see another human being. The little piece of real estate they'd claimed did seem rather private, with a rocky hill behind them, and empty white beach stretching out on both sides. "Me too," she said, untying her own top. "And so is my Little Miss Cutie!"  
  
"Oh no, I'm not taking my top off," Bobbie Kaye protested. "There are people on this island. And one of those people is Little Joe."  
  
Cutie rolled over on her stomach, and was just closing her eyes, when she felt a little tug in the middle of her back. This was quickly followed by another little tug behind her neck, and when she turned over a little to investigate, she suddenly found herself on her back again as Gretchen snatched her bikini top away.  
  
Despite the many times Cutie had found herself so exposed, she still hadn't learned her lesson. The worst thing you can do when you unexpectedly find yourself in a public place wearing very little, or even nothing at all, is to scream. This time, however, no one was around to respond to her little outburst. Chasing her Beauty around in circles, both of them were soon giggling. When she finally managed to catch her, Cutie didn't even realize that her top had been passed off to her sister.  
  
By this time, all the girls were laughing hysterically, and Bobbie Kaye had stopped caring that she was topless on the beach. She exchanged a lingering kiss with Gretchen, just before all eyes fell on Emily. "So why does Sweetie still have her top on?" she asked mischievously.  
  
"No good reason that I can think of," replied her sister, and before Emily could react, the other three girls had her pinned down and were removing her top, exposing her generous boobies to the sunlight. In an uncanny, yet unintentional imitation of Cutie, Sweetie let out a squeal, trying to cover her breasts as her face began to glow red.  
  
"Give me my top back, Hottie!" she shouted. She wasn't mad, just embarrassed. This despite the fact that the girls had all seen each other wearing less than this on several occasions. Hottie now had all four bikini tops in her hand, waving them about in silent challenge.  
  
The warm sunshine felt strange on Emily's bare breasts. Going topless outside wasn't something she was accustomed to. Now on her feet, her arms still crossed before her, she took a tentative step in Kristy's direction. Hottie just took two steps back, towards the surf. Sweetie turned away briefly before setting out after Hottie in a dead run. She nearly caught her, too. But easily the most athletic of the group, Hottie dashed into the breakers, still waving the bikini tops around above her head, a mischievous grin on her pretty face.  
  
Sweetie kept inching closer, by now no longer covering her boobs, her eyes fixed intently on the cluster of bikini tops. Kristy was waist deep in the pleasantly cool water, Emily only about ten feet away, both laughing. Hottie figured Sweetie was trying to create a distraction when she saw her pointing out towards the horizon. But Kristy wasn't quite so easily fooled.  
  
That was the moment when the unexpectedly high wave swept over her, sending her briefly to the bottom. Hottie easily regained her footing as the water receded, and she waved to the others to indicate that she was okay. It was Cutie who noticed that that the hand her sister was waving with had, only a few moments before, been clutching tightly onto four bikini tops. Where those tops were now, she could only guess.  
  
Hottie emerged from the sea soaking wet, laughing so hard she could barely stand up straight.  
  
"What are we going to do now, Sis?" asked Cutie, suddenly quite somber.  
  
Kristy could see her sister was upset. "I guess we're going to get an all-over tan," she said seriously, managing to suppress a chuckle.  
  
"But how are we going to duck back to our rooms?" inquired Emily, her own laughter having turned abruptly to concern.  
  
"Um... we'll walk?" giggled Gretchen, trying unsuccessfully to keep a straight face. "Just like we came down."  
  
"But you lost our tops, Sis!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye.  
  
Hottie was again laughing hard, and by this time Beauty had joined her. Together they glanced at the worried faces of their friends. Sweetie was again covering her beautiful breasts with both hands, despite the fact that there wasn't another human being in view. Cutie was standing with both hands on her hips, looking very much like an auburn-haired Gretchen with tiny boobies. Watching her best friend and her sister laughing so mirthfully was getting to her, though, and she was soon laughing as hard as they were. And Sweetie wasn't far behind.  
  
When the laughter finally ceased, they reclaimed their places on the warm beach, getting comfortable for that all-over tan. After another hour, the girls gathered their towels and began the gentle climb back to their bungalows. Neither Hottie nor Beauty bothered covering their exposed breasts, even as a few Beach Club employees and some other guests came into view. They drew a few stares, of course, but neither really seemed to mind. Cutie and Sweetie, however, were clutching their towels tightly in front of themselves.  
  
Gretchen touched Kristy's arm, holding her back long enough to whisper something into her ear. Hottie nodded, flashing her winning movie-star smile. One of the porters and Jean-Luc were there to greet the girls politely as they returned to the common area. That was when Beauty and Hottie made their moves.  
  
Cutie felt a gentle tug at the only piece of bikini she still owned, just as Emily felt a similar pull. Letting out perfectly synchronized yelps, they simultaneously reached down with both hands to ensure a mischievous lover wasn't relieving them of this last piece of clothing. They were both briefly relieved to find that their respective kitty-cats were able to retain some degree of dignity. Of course, two boobie-shielding towels had fallen softly to the ground.  
  
Neither Jean-Luc nor the porter said a word as their eyes quickly moved from the unashamed displays offered by Gretchen and Kristy, to the very embarrassed, and therefore much more interesting, views of Bobbie Kaye and Emily. Just as quickly, both pairs of eyes were averted, as the Beach Club employees recovered the towels, and their professionalism, and gallantly held them open for the red-faced girls.  
  
Finally safe in Kristy and Jeremy's cabin, Sweetie put on a sour face. "That was just plain mean, Hottie!" she scolded. Kristy just gave her a look, while Emily made her best effort to be angry. But gazing into her lover's eyes, and having been denied any relief the prior night, she lasted about four seconds before she had Hottie on the bed, kissing her deeply.  
  
"See, Cutie?" Beauty asked her dearest friend in the world. "It's just like Hottie says. Sweetie gets really turned on by being exposed."  
  
"Well, I don't!" countered Cutie. "Jean-Luc and that other guy both saw my boobies! It was just so embarrassing!"  
  
"And they loved what they saw," Beauty smiled, kissing her softly. "Just like I do. You know how much I love your perfect breasts, don't you?" While Hottie and Sweetie were clawing at each other's bikini bottoms, Beauty engaged Cutie in a long, deep French kiss. As always, Cutie's other emotions vanished behind the passionate love her Beauty invariably evoked.  
  
Cutie broke the kiss briefly, as something told her to look out the window. Coming down the hill was the tram, carrying three boyfriends and three sets of golf clubs. "The guys are back!" she screeched, dousing rising passions with an unwelcome dose of reality. Grabbing towels, Cutie and Emily wrapped themselves as they dashed out the door, bound for the safety of their own rooms a few feet away. Beauty was right behind them, also clutching a towel before her. She didn't mind so much showing her lovely breasts to complete strangers, but was not so eager to expose herself to Alex and Jeremy.  
  
Three intrepid golfers returned to their respective rooms, each finding his girlfriend waiting for him wearing nothing but a bikini bottom, a towel carelessly discarded nearby. After pausing to drink in the delightful vision of a topless Bobbie Kaye, Alex gathered her in a happy embrace. Favoring her with a brief kiss, he headed for the bathroom.  
  
"Dinner and dancing tonight, Baby," Alex called from the shower. "I heard they have a live reggae band and a dance floor next to the restaurant. Sound good?"  
  
Her Beauty's kiss had started Cutie's juices flowing, but she knew she could wait until later before luring Alex into their bed. She met this other lover as he emerged from the shower, and immediately took his place.  
  
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The dinner was marvelous. Selections were made from a wide variety of fresh seafood, chicken, steak, prime rib and more. Soups, salads, fresh vegetables, freshly baked bread, and decadent desserts completed the meal, accompanied by several bottles of fine red and white wines. The restaurant's service was equally impressive, with someone always ready to refill a water or wine glass, to clear a plate, or to serve the next course.  
  
Spirits were high, and Cutie even found herself smiling at Little Joe, a fairly uncommon occurrence. Many toasts were offered, and Bobbie Kaye was singled out by the others during a very special moment. It was she who had made this vacation possible, as well as bringing this group together, where strong new friendships were being forged.  
  
The dance floor was alive with a number of other Beach Club guests, moving to the rhythm of live reggae music. Much of the tiled floor was occupied with dancing couples, as the band segued seamlessly from one song to the next. This part of the evening proved a little more awkward than dinner for Bobbie Kaye and her friends, though. Joe had no experience dancing, let alone to reggae, nor did he show the slightest aptitude. So he stumbled haplessly across the floor, Emily growing increasingly frustrated. Never one to complain, however, she simply accepted her lot, trying to make the best of things.  
  
Until Beauty interceded on Sweetie's behalf, characteristically sensitive to her friend's plight. During a short break in the music, she gathered her three girlfriends and proposed a major sacrifice on each of their parts. Cutie and Hottie reluctantly agreed, earning them Sweetie's grateful smile.  
  
"Okay," announced Gretchen as the band was about to resume. "Everybody change partners!" She immediately took a very nervous Little Joe by the hand and led him back out onto the floor. Alex's eyes fell on Emily, while Kevin found Kristy and Jeremy claimed the next dance with Bobbie Kaye.  
  
And so the evening continued as the seven talented dancers, and Joe, traded partners at the conclusion of each song. From time to time, Emily smiled in appreciation at whoever was currently suffering with Little Joe. And while Alex, Kevin and Jeremy each had a wonderful evening, the four girls each laid claim to three quarters of an equally great time. And Joe, bless him for trying, survived with his pride at least somewhat intact.  
  
Following a long evening of dancing, the three couples retreated to their respective cabins. For Alex and Bobbie Kaye, Kevin and Gretchen, Jeremy and Kristy, a glorious night of lovemaking awaited, the perfect punctuation to mark the end of the first day of their tropical vacation. For Emily and Little Joe, however, things would prove just a tad more difficult.  
  
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Emily opened the door to their bungalow, barely noticing Joe tagging along quietly behind as she stepped through the door. For the first time, she took a good look around. The room was large, with the typical collection of furniture one might expect in a fine hotel. The bathroom could only be described as luxurious. Framed prints depicting delightful photographs of the island's tropical scenery adorned the walls. Her suitcases had even been unpacked, garments arranged neatly on hangers, intimate items tucked away in one of the dresser doors.  
  
And yet, as she studied the layout of the room, she realized with a tremendous sense of disappointment that none of it was really what she'd been expecting. First, she missed Kristy desperately. What fun they would have had together, sharing this lovely king size bed. She had known Kristy's boyfriend was going to be here too, but she hadn't really considered the implication, the fact that Hottie would be sleeping with him, rather than with her.  
  
And at that moment, even through the alcohol induced fog, it dawned on Emily that she was going to be sharing her cabin with Joe, and that it meant sharing everything with him. She loved her personal assistant, but not that way. He was a good employee, and mostly a decent fellow, despite the trouble that seemed to follow him around whenever Cutie, Beauty and Hottie were near. But that was all he was to her, an employee. Growing increasingly annoyed with her circumstances, and feeling the effect of the copious amount of wine she'd consumed, she took a long look at Joe. All at once, he seemed to her little more than a bothersome pet.  
  
After all, she, Emily Talbot was the boss! She was the boss, and he was the person she could boss around. And she did enjoy bossing him around, she suddenly realized. She was the queen, and he was her servant. And now they were to share the same bungalow. The king size bed was strewn with bougainvillea by the maid, as was the local custom. But there was no way they were going to share the same bed. That was out of the question.  
  
Fortunately, the sofa unfolded to form a small bed, although it looked about the right size for a twelve year old child. Well, that was where Joey would be sleeping tonight. Joey! Now that was funny, she thought. The combination of alcohol and annoyance convinced her that her servant's name should be Joey. Why should she call him Joe, let alone Mr. Ridley, names which conferred respect? No, tonight, he was Joey! She laughed out loud at her private joke, ignoring the quizzical expression on Joe's face.  
  
Smiling, she opened her suitcase, quickly realizing that the only sleepwear she'd brought was her new nightie, the sexiest one she'd been able to find. She'd paid a good price for it too, but while Leggy Lingerie products were never cheap, they were the best quality for the money. And for her Hottie, it was nothing but the best. That nightie would have been quite appropriate for the nights of romance she had planned with Kristy.  
  
But she wasn't planning on wearing her new nightie around the cabin with Joey there. That would be much too embarrassing. She hadn't even brought a bathrobe. Why would she need one, with just herself and Hottie? "I'm getting changed in the bathroom," she said sharply, her Aussie accent a touch more pronounced in her tipsy state. "You can change in here. And no sneaking a 'Captain Cook' when I come out!"  
  
Joe did what he was told. He always did what Emily told him to do. She was the boss, and he was her employee. He pulled his pajamas out of his bag and began to change. Emily soon crept out of the bathroom, the short, sexy nightie barely reaching down to conceal her recently mown secret garden. The sheer material did precious little to hide the buxom charms beneath.

Emily took one look at Joe and let out a shriek. He was wearing a pair of peacock blue silk pajamas. Why on earth was he wearing such extraordinary pajamas? Nobody had worn pajamas like that in the Caribbean since the days of Noel Coward! Emily found the laughter impossible to suppress, and Joe opened his eyes at the mirthful sound.  
  
He could only stare at the apparition standing before him. Of course, he had seen the lovely Emily naked before, and on more than one occasion. He always found it so totally embarrassing to see her with no clothes on, but at the same time he found the sight much too exciting to tear his eyes away. Now she was standing there in a sexy little babydoll nightie, barely covering anything, and displaying pretty much everything. In fact, the vision confronting him was so exciting that several seconds passed before he remembered that his eyes were supposed to be closed.  
  
Emily looked back at him in horror. Joey was looking at her! Even after he closed his eyes again, she was still mortified. That just couldn't be allowed to happen again. But what could she do? She certainly couldn't keep wearing the sheer, sexy nightie she'd bought for Kristy's benefit. She silently chided herself for not bringing along a pair of pajamas. Proper pajamas.  
  
A thought suddenly struck her. Pajamas! Emily may not have any pajamas, but somebody in the room did. With a surprising edge to her voice, she said, "Take your pajamas off, Joey!"  
  
Joe knew he had to do as he was told. Emily had trained him, and she paid him a good salary. Joe automatically did whatever he was told, always without question. That was why she appreciated him as her personal assistant, because he always did exactly as he was told. And tonight, much more than usual, Emily felt the need to be in complete control of the situation. Her cloudy mind was telling her that she had all the power, and stripping Joey naked and bossing him around, humiliating him, well, that was being in control. That was really being in control!  
  
"Yes, Miss Emily," he replied meekly. Joe thought it best to address his boss as Miss Emily just then, considering the situation.  
  
"And keep those peepers shut!"  
  
"Yes, Miss Emily."  
  
Ignoring his own embarrassment, Joe removed his pajamas, and stood naked before his boss, trying to conceal his manhood with his hands. Emily turned around, slipped off the nightie, and put on Joe's more modest pajamas. Much better! She was clothed, and Joey was naked. That was the way things ought to be, she reasoned.  
  
She looked at him standing there, eyes closed, so obedient. His face was the color of an overripe tomato, and oh dear, both hands were unable to conceal the clear signs of a stirring excitement. She averted her eyes from his lower half, taking in the entire package. He actually looked rather nice standing there in the nude, so embarrassed, so vulnerable, so naked. Yes indeed, this was the way things were meant to be.  
  
"You can open your eyes now, Joey."  
  
"Yes, Miss Emily."  
  
"You can go to sleep now," she said, indicating the small foldout sofa bed. "I will expect my tucker in bed tomorrow morning, at seven sharp. Understood?" Joe gave a nod, assuming she was talking about breakfast. He never had a problem understanding Emily and her Australian accent, it was just that sometimes the expressions she used seemed a bit cryptic. "And I expect you to be dressed just like that when you serve me."  
  
"Yes, Miss Emily."  
  
Emily smiled. The perks of being an important businesswoman were many and varied, but she'd never fully appreciated the fact before. Having breakfast served to you in bed by your naked employee was surely one of the best!  
  
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The next morning, Joe was up at six sharp, despite a restless night's sleep on the compact sofa bed. Still nude, he quietly padded over to the phone to call room service. Miss Emily hadn't told him what she wanted, so he thought he'd best play it safe. He ordered scrambled eggs, French toast, bacon, ham, sausage, pancakes, fresh fruit, and tea, just to cover all the bases. He requested that the meal be delivered at five minutes before seven.  
  
Joe had not been given permission by Miss Emily to dress, so when he heard the polite knock, he steeled himself against being seen this way by the server. He would just get it over with as quickly as possible. So, covering himself as best he could with a facecloth, and surely Miss Emily would not object to that, he pulled the door open wide.  
  
He was greeted with a cart carrying Miss Emily's breakfast, being pushed by an exceptionally beautiful olive skinned island girl. Before he knew what was happening, his hands were over his face, and the facecloth was on the floor. Enchanted by the vision before her, the server, her name tag reading "Angelique," allowed herself a good long look. Angelique flashed Joe a bright smile as she did. "Breakfast is served," she announced in a mild Creole accent, her smile reflected in her voice.  
  
One humiliation that Joe had long endured, ever since he was but a lad, was the physical reaction he had whenever a beautiful woman smiled at him. It was rare enough that those wretched American girls, Bobbie Kaye, Gretchen and Kristy would offer a smile in his direction, and he was by now quite accustomed to the smile from his boss, a smile that had been curiously lacking the previous night. But the attentions of the room service girl elicited that very reaction, and now he had to serve breakfast to Miss Emily under this added burden.  
  
"Miss Emily, it's seven o'clock," he said softly, once the server had departed. "Breakfast in bed, as requested."  
  
Emily had been lying on her side, facing away from Joe. As she rolled over to face him, eyes still closed, the buttons on the pajamas she'd appropriated the previous night came pretty much wide open. In the process, her generous breasts, with their fully erect nipples, flashed into view. If the room service girl had left Joe aroused, this extraordinarily intimate, close up view of his boss's charms only served to enhance his excitement even further.  
  
It took all of her willpower for Emily to force her eyes open. And what was the first thing she saw? Not her breakfast, she didn't see that for some time. She was greeted with an up close and personal lesson in male anatomy. Much too close, and much too personal for her tastes. Her scream could be heard throughout the neighboring bungalows, generating much concern among her friends.  
  
"Wh... why are you starkers, Joe?" she sputtered in absolute disbelief.  
  
"But... but Miss Emily!" he stammered. "You told me last night! I was to serve you in the nude!"  
  
Still staring in shock at Joe's unfortunate display, Emily was totally oblivious to her own state of semi nudity. The pajama tops were gaping wide open, and she was making no attempt to cover herself, even as the door burst open. Jeremy, Kevin, and Alex, all quite concerned for her well being after hearing the scream, were charging like the cavalry to Emily's rescue.  
  
"Is everything all right?" asked Jeremy, his eyes locked upon the creamy white bosom on display before him. It wasn't until Emily noticed three sets of eyes staring at her chest that she became aware of the show she was putting on. She quickly closed the pajama tops, her face turning red as she glared at the still naked Joe, who was trying to hide behind the curtains.  
  
Outside the room, Angelique, the room service girl, was pushing her breakfast cart back to the restaurant. Her attention was drawn to a nearby window where the view of a nice round pink bottom was displayed behind the curtain.  
  
"Ooh la la," she said aloud. "Ti bounda-la. Real cute!"  
  
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Once everyone had finished their showers and their breakfasts, the friends gathered at the tennis courts. The sky was clear, the air pleasantly warm, and scarcely a breeze stirred the air. The weather was ideal for tennis. Kevin, Alex and Jeremy were all accomplished athletes, and when it came to tennis, Kristy was very much in their league. For that matter, Gretchen wasn't far behind. Neither Emily nor Bobbie Kaye was quite so athletically inclined as the others, although either would certainly be more than a match for poor Joe.  
  
So it was decided they would play a few sets of mixed doubles, and as the competitors were not very evenly matched, they would rotate partners after each set. The best set of the morning came when Jeremy and Gretchen teamed up against Kevin and Kristy. The two pairs were quite evenly matched, until an amazing serve by Gretchen, a serve worthy of Wimbledon, put her side over the top. At the same time, Bobbie Kaye and Joe were being humiliated in grand fashion by Alex and Emily.  
  
Alex was a good looking guy, with his trim body and thick black hair. He was intelligent, and quite charming, too. In fact, Bobbie Kaye thought he was nearly flawless. If he did have a fault, however, it was what he referred to as his sense of humor, and what Bobbie Kaye thought of as just being annoying. That is to say that he loved playing the occasional practical joke, and as he was rather taken with his lovely partner Emily, a naughty prank was forming in his mind even then. He told himself he couldn't do such a thing, but as he thought about it some more, he knew he'd just have to find a way to go through with it. Not now, though. Later. Tonight.  
  
And he was feeling a little guilty about beating his girlfriend so badly, but he was by nature an intense competitor, and he took his sports very seriously. Bobbie Kaye adored Alex, and would never hold his unrelenting play against him. But Joe, well, that was different. He was embarrassing her, and she hated to be embarrassed. If he hadn't shown up carrying what surely must have been his mother's old wooden racquet, it wouldn't have been so bad.  
  
"Try serving underarm, Joe," Alex had suggested earlier, smiling helpfully. It wasn't like Alex to make fun of people, but something about Joe just seemed to encourage that sort of behavior.  
  
Poor Joe was mortified. He seemed to spend his life with these people, those girls and now their boyfriends, being laughed at. He wouldn't have come, but he worshipped Emily because she never made fun of him. Well, at least not until after the third glass of wine.  
  
Meanwhile, Bobbie Kaye made a mental note that Little Joe had humiliated her once again, even though at least she still had all her clothes on. Nevertheless, some sort of payback was due. And Cutie somehow knew she'd find an opportunity before the day was done.  
  
After lunch, the girls made a quick trip to the island's general store to purchase bikinis. Caught off guard when the guys asked why they needed new ones, they'd quickly changed the subject. They weren't about to admit that all four bikini tops had been carried away by the surf, and were probably halfway back to Martinique by now.  
  
Then the seven friends, and Joe, made the short trek down to the beach. Along the way, Emily pulled Kristy aside and started to tell her something. This attracted the attention of both Bobbie Kaye and Gretchen, and they lingered a bit, not wanting to leave their friends behind, and not wanting to miss anything interesting. The guys went on ahead.  
  
Emily had a somber look on her face, and held Kristy's attention. "Hottie, you know I love you," she said quietly, a pleading look on her face, "but please don't do anything to me like you did yesterday. I stand out like a shag on a rock already. With the guys here, I couldn't bear it, I'd be so embarrassed."  
  
Kristy was about to respond, when Bobbie Kaye added her two cents worth. "She's right, Sis. It's one thing when it's just us girls, or even in front of complete strangers. But if you let Jeremy and Kevin see me naked, even my boobies, you'll be in huge trouble with me, too."  
  
Again, just as Kristy was about to say something, Gretchen said "You know, Hottie, I agree with them. I don't mind strangers seeing me naked sometimes. In fact, I kind of like it. It can be really exciting. But for such close friends to see me that way, well, that would be worse than my employees seeing me naked at my hotel."  
  
Kristy was shaking her head in utter disbelief. "Do you really think I'd do that in front of the guys?" Three faces were nodding yes before she finished. "Give me a break! Alex is probably going to be my brother-in-law some day! I don't want him seeing me naked, either! That would be really embarrassing!" Still seeing doubt in her friends' faces, she added "Even for me!"  
  
So the girls made a pact, each vowing to do nothing to embarrass the others. And much to Bobbie Kaye's delight, as they headed back to their bungalows following several hours of swimming, playing, and sunning, her new bikini was still completely intact. As was her dignity.  
  
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Dinner again was a spectacular feast, everyone ordering Mexican food and drinking margaritas. Except for Joe, of course. He had ordered fish and chips, and was sipping brown ale. As an appetizer, Bobbie Kaye and Kristy were munching stuffed jalapeno peppers like they were candy. Alex, Kevin and Jeremy, not wanting to let the sisters outdo them, were struggling to put out the fire in their mouths. Joe never even touched the peppers. Neither did Gretchen or Emily.  
  
Following the lavish meal, rather than dancing, it was decided they would all gather in one of the cabins, and just enjoy each others' company. Emily offered her own room as a gathering place. The guys collected some chairs from the other bungalows, and soon they were all chatting like old friends.  
  
Kristy offered to mix up some of her trademark Kristy Margaritas, a special concoction which had yet to be experienced by Alex or Kevin, or by Little Joe. Emily balked at the idea, recalling her naked adventure in a motel parking lot last year, after consuming more than a few of the notorious cocktails. But she also remembered how yummy those margaritas really were, once you got used to the nearly straight tequila.  
  
Kristy poured a full bottle of tequila into a large pitcher, mixed with an equal amount of ready-made margarita mix. Gretchen salted the rims of eight wide brimmed glasses, while Bobbie Kaye ladled in crushed ice. The mixture was then poured over the ice, and once they got past the initial shock, everyone quickly became accustomed to the strong drink.  
  
It wasn't long before the seven friends were feeling the effects of the alcohol, and everyone was talking and laughing and just having fun. About an hour into their private party, Jeremy, Alex and Kevin gravitated towards a corner of the room. Gretchen noticed that Alex was pointing in the general direction of Emily, and that the guys were smiling and whispering among themselves. She thought it seemed a little odd, but decided not to worry about it.  
  
The guys then split up, each collecting his girlfriend, and headed off towards separate corners of the room. Jeremy explained to Kristy that they had come up with an idea. They wanted to play a stripping game, and they thought it would be fun to play a little prank on Emily because she was essentially there alone. They would target her so that she was stripped down to her undies, and then get her to do some silly forfeit to get her clothes back. Alex and Kevin were offering the same plan to the other girls.  
  
Even Gretchen was sufficiently tipsy to see the humor in the idea. She called Kristy and Bobbie Kaye into a caucus, glancing over at Emily, who was mindlessly nursing yet another margarita. Kristy thought about how turned on Sweetie always got when she was exposed and embarrassed. Cutie thought it sounded mean, but the more she thought about it, taking another hefty swallow of her own drink as she did, the better it began to sound. The only concession she insisted on was that they also target Little Joe. As long as they were going to embarrass Emily by getting her down to her undies, they could just do the same with Joe.  
  
Without even explaining what they were doing, Alex and Jeremy began to arrange chairs around a table, while Kevin briefly explained the long standing "traditional" rules to the game he'd just made up. "Everybody draws one card," he said. "High card gets to choose who it's going to be!"  
  
Taking his seat, Joe was already feeling the effects of his first margarita. He wasn't a big drinker, not at all. With only a minor slur, he asked "Who it's going to be, what?"  
  
"After three rounds, we shuffle," Kevin continued, ignoring Joe.  
  
Emily, as bright as she was, sometimes tended to be a bit naïve. She had both eyes fixed on Gretchen's handsome boyfriend, with his slightly shaggy blond hair, and a fit and trim body. Her mind was a little foggy, but she was always happy to be part of things. "I'm in," she announced. "So what are we playing for?"  
  
Of course, she never stood a chance. With everyone else in collusion, Joe and Emily were doomed from the start. The first high card was drawn by Alex, the king of clubs, and by prior agreement, he simply said "Emily!"  
  
"Yes?" she replied with a pleasant smile, still completely clueless.  
  
"Sweetie," whispered Kristy, "you have to take something off!"  
  
"Why would I do that?"  
  
"Those are the rules," explained Gretchen, trying to suppress a giggle.  
  
"Oh, well if those are the rules," Emily reasoned, standing unsteadily and unbuttoning her blouse. The logic of what she was being asked to do eluded her, but it really didn't matter just then. She carelessly tossed her blouse on the nearby sofa, giving everyone an unobstructed view of her lacy pink bra, hinting at the treasures held within.  
  
Next draw, Kristy held up the ace of diamonds. She looked at Joe, who was sitting beside Emily, trying to avoid looking at her bra, but failing miserably. "Little Joe!"  
  
"I wasn't staring!" he blurted out defensively.  
  
"Come on, Joe," Gretchen chided him. "Take your shirt off." She stood briefly, placing her hands on her hips, and Joe knew he had to do as he was told. He knew that when Gretchen stood with her hands on her hips, that you always did what she told you to do.  
  
Joe discarded his shirt atop Emily's blouse, and everyone drew again. This time, Emily drew the king of hearts. She smiled as she glanced from one of three handsome men to the next, realizing it was going to be difficult to decide whose shirt she wanted off first. She reached a decision, and just as she was about to speak, Kevin said "Emily!" He was holding the ace of hearts.  
  
For some reason, this struck Emily as quite funny. She had the king of hearts, and he had the ace! She began to giggle as she stood, undoing her shorts, letting them drop to the floor. Three sets of male eyes were riveted on her pink cotton panties, precisely the same shade as her bra. They exchanged knowing glances. Next time she lost, she'd have to do a forfeit, and each of the guys had come up with something very embarrassing for her.  
  
With some difficulty, Jeremy tore his eyes away from the stunning figure, and proceeded to shuffle the deck. Everybody drew again. This time, Bobbie Kaye was holding a king of clubs. She smiled, staring at Joe. For all the embarrassment he'd caused her over the years, it was about time for a little revenge. Just as she was about to call his name, Joe turned over his card - the ace of spades.  
  
Joe was coherent enough to understand the implications. He had actually won a hand. He glanced briefly at the other guys; there was no way he was going to ask any of them to strip. So his eyes went from Bobbie Kaye's scowl, to Gretchen's stern expression, to the subtle threat in Kristy's eyes. After a quick glance at Emily, Joe knew what he had to do. He couldn't make his beloved boss take her bra or panties off, and he feared for his danglies, should he choose one of the other girls.  
  
"Me," he said glumly, and stood to remove his own pants, revealing his white Fruit-of-the-Loom briefs, and eliciting surprised looks from everyone.

The next draw was won by Bobbie Kaye, and with a smile she pointed at Emily again. This was going to be funny. She had a really special forfeit planned for her. But to her astonishment, Emily started unhooking her bra. "No! No, Sweetie!" she shouted. "You have to do a forfeit..."  
  
Too late. With a margarita-induced giggle, Emily shrugged off her bra and tossed it onto the growing pile of clothes on the sofa.  
  
Open mouthed, the guys just stared. Not that they were complaining, mind you, but they really hadn't been expecting this. Joe managed to avert his eyes. Poor Joe. By now he realized that he and his boss had been set up. But nobody could pick on Emily, now that she was down to her panties. That most certainly left him as the next victim.  
  
For the second consecutive time, Bobbie Kaye had the high card. Her eyes did indeed fall on Little Joe.  
  
"Can't I do a forfeit?" he pleaded pitifully, faced with removing his underwear. But things had changed since Emily's bra came off. Somebody had to be naked now. Completely naked!  
  
A moment later, Joe was standing there with his hands in front of his bare essentials, as naked as a great crested shrike during molting season. He could only pray that Emily wouldn't smile at him. His unavoidable reaction to that would only serve to enhance his humiliation even further, if that were indeed possible.  
  
At this point, Kevin announced an addendum to his rules. "Once you've lost all your clothes, next draw, you have to do a forfeit."  
  
The cards were shuffled again, and Gretchen drew the high card. "For your forfeit, Little Joe," she grinned, giving Bobbie Kaye a wink, "for the rest of the evening, you will be our naked bartender."  
  
Bobbie Kaye smiled at that, waving her empty margarita glass in Joe's direction. Realizing he had no choice, he retrieved the glass, and returned it to her filled to the brim.  
  
The rest of the guys glanced knowingly at each other. Their thoughts were unspoken but clear. They had all imbibed enough of the powerful margaritas that their own inhibitions regarding their respective girlfriends' modesty were waning. This was now a no holds barred strip game. The girls were all fair game now, and they were going to be stripped naked.  
  
Joe was out of the game now, as he had nothing left to lose. The remaining players, including Emily, clad in nothing but her panties, each reached for the deck. Kevin drew the top card. He glanced back and forth between the sisters, his eyes drawn finally towards Kristy's generous top. She objected briefly, but what little reluctance she may have felt quickly faded. Her blouse was soon on the floor, allowing a clear view of her D cup bra, and a nice hint at what was inside.  
  
Jeremy suddenly felt a little protective of his girlfriend, while Alex and Kevin gawked openly. Still, they had agreed to the rules. Jeremy then drew high card and, despite the urge to see what was hiding inside Emily's panties, he knew it had to be Gretchen. She hesitated for several seconds, but seeing Kristy in her bra was eliciting an unexpected reaction from Gretchen. Unexpected, but somehow not surprising.  
  
Neither Gretchen nor Kristy had ever pursued the sexual attraction they'd long felt toward each other. Gretchen loved Bobbie Kaye with all her heart, and Kristy truly adored her big sister. So neither Beauty nor Hottie had ever responded to these lustful feelings, but they both recognized them, and the occasional look they'd exchanged eliminated any doubt that they both felt that same desire.  
  
So Gretchen removed her blouse, her gaze holding Kristy's, and dropped it on the floor at her feet. Her breasts were not as large as Hottie's, not by half, but they sat high and proud, and would continue to do so even after she lost her bra. If anyone noticed the intense looks she and Kristy were exchanging, nobody said anything.  
  
Meanwhile, Joe was looking mournfully at the others, while taking some small pride in having sacrificed his own dignity to save Emily's panties. Then he quickly hid his credentials with his free hand. Thinking about Emily always had an effect on him.  
  
The deck was shuffled again, and this time Bobbie Kaye drew the high card. She weighed her options, taking another long swallow, until she realized that none of the guys had lost anything. Except for Little Joe, who was clumsily trying to mix and pour margaritas with just one hand. Besides, he didn't count. It was clearly a choice between Kevin and Jeremy. Her sister's boyfriend. Hmm.  
  
Jeremy was now having second thoughts as he began to loosen buttons. But rules were rules, and he tossed his shirt aside. Trim and tan, with wavy brown hair and an actor's good looks, he drew the same kinds of stares from Bobbie Kaye, Gretchen and Emily that the girls had been getting from the guys. His own face beginning to color, he drew the next high card. And payback being what it was, Bobbie Kaye was soon turning red as her white satin bra came into everyone's view.  
  
Kristy drew the next ace, and she glanced briefly at each of the guys before making a surprise announcement. "Gretchen!" This was not really expected by anyone except, possibly, Gretchen herself. Gretchen dropped her jeans and stepped out of them, her eyes never leaving Kristy's. She was oblivious to the roomful of eyes taking in the gentle curves of her petite body. She was thinking about one thing only.  
  
Emily was draining another margarita, making a slight slurping sound as she tipped the glass back. But she was still very much in the game, and the high card fell her way this time. She considered only briefly before naming Alex, who seemed nearly as embarrassed as Bobbie Kaye when he had to remove his shirt. He had nothing to be embarrassed about, exposing his toned body, but that didn't keep his cheeks from turning pink.  
  
Another shuffle, and more cards were drawn. It continued this way until all four girls were down to their panties, eight breasts of varied shapes and sizes now on wanton display, while none of the guys had lost anything more than their shirts. Beauty and Hottie certainly hadn't helped each other's situation, each targeting the other one more time.  
  
Emily then drew the ace of spades. She'd won again. Which of the guys would be the first to lose his pants? She looked at each guy in turn, as they all endeavored not to catch her eye. Seeing the girls strip was one thing, but none of them wanted to be the first to expose his underwear to the group. Then Emily looked at each of the girls. She wouldn't. Surely she wouldn't.  
  
She giggled as the full effect of the margaritas took hold, with the same result alcohol generally seemed to have on her. It always seemed so right at the time, and so regrettable the next day. Still giggling, she stood and hooked her fingers in the top of her panties, pulling them down slowly, wiggling her bottom enticingly. Joe let out an audible groan at the spectacle. His noble sacrifice had been in vain.  
  
All eyes were fixed on the neatly trimmed patch of hair as blond as the rest, and Emily could feel the heat rising. Not just in her cheeks, but also her growing arousal. Her mind was coming quickly into focus again, and she silently admitted to herself that Hottie was right. For some reason, being exposed like this really did turn her on. Fully aware of fourteen eyes focused on her every move, she returned to her seat, knees held tightly together, eyes locked on Kristy's. Sweetie could see her own arousal mirrored in Hottie's face.  
  
Jeremy's card was the nine of clubs, but it was still the high card. His eyes were drawn to his girlfriend's sister, her long auburn hair, trim figure, and small but perfectly formed breasts, nipples fully erect. He knew he had to see what was inside her panties.  
  
Being seen naked in front of strangers, clients, and her company's executive officers had provided poor Bobbie Kaye with ever increasing degrees of embarrassment over the years. But this! These were the boyfriends of her dearest friend in the world, and of her sister.  
  
The blush spread downward from her face, coloring her little boobies a bright pink, as the heat continued even farther down to her most private place. The combination of exposure, the presence of both Alex and her Beauty, together with the alcohol, culminated in Cutie's high state of arousal. Unceremoniously, she pulled down her panties, bringing her bare kitty-cat, complete with the little Hello Kitty tattoo, into view for all to admire.  
  
They made her stand and turn a slow circle, hands to her sides. As she came to a stop, Cutie's eyes fell on Alex, and she wanted him so badly! Then she saw her Beauty, and she wanted her just as much! As she saw the looks on the two faces she loved most dearly in all the world, her desire turned almost to a need. She wanted them both, right then, together, in front of everyone. But she controlled herself, and quickly reclaimed her seat.  
  
Both Kristy and Gretchen soon joined her in a state of total nudity. The guys held a quick conference, while four fairly drunk and very naked girls waited anxiously.  
  
Kevin explained the next part of this traditional, age-old game, which he was still inventing on the spot. "Okay, the rules say that when all members of one sex are naked, the forfeits will begin immediately."  
  
Gretchen started to object, but to her inebriated mind, her boyfriend's new rule raised her curiosity long enough to delay her response.  
  
"You know guys like watching girls kiss," Kevin continued. "Well, we're no different."  
  
Four pairs of eyes lit up at this, although none of the guys seemed to notice. Sweetie and Hottie exchanged knowing smiles, while Cutie and Beauty did the same. This wasn't going to be so bad after all, Emily was thinking. She was going to get the chance to kiss her Hottie, and she really didn't care if everybody was watching.  
  
"We've discussed who we'd like to see kissing who." This was Alex speaking, all eyes focused on him. "Now, Bobbie Kaye obviously can't kiss Kristy..."  
  
Jeremy's turn. "So as your forfeits, first we want to see Bobbie Kaye and Emily making out. One full minute of real French kissing. Lots of tongue, and no being shy!"  
  
Cutie's heart sank. She glanced at her Beauty, who gave her a helpless look. Then she looked into Emily's eyes, and saw the same hesitation that she was feeling. Bobbie Kaye had never decided whether she was truly bisexual, not really. It was just that she had fallen for her Beauty so long ago. She always reasoned that she would have fallen for Gretchen, regardless of her gender. It was just the special person she was inside that made her so attractive to Cutie.  
  
Meantime, Sweetie was having similar thoughts. The only woman she'd ever been with in her life was Hottie. She adored men, but something had attracted her to Kristy. That first time, it was very likely the combination of vodka and being seen naked by dozens of people. But while she'd fallen hard for Hottie, she still thought of herself as a heterosexual woman. And even though she very much loved Bobbie Kaye, it was as a friend.  
  
Still, both girls were honorable, and always tried to play fair. Facing each other, they slowly drew nearer, until Bobbie Kaye's little boobies and hard nipples were nearly pressed up against Emily's much larger breasts and equally erect nipples. They slowly embraced, pulling each other closer, until their lips came together. Tongues slowly searched for each other, as they proceeded to fulfill their forfeit.  
  
The guys were transfixed as they watched the two girls going at it. Despite their reluctance, Bobbie Kaye and Emily were putting everything into it. And the kiss wasn't unpleasant, not really. In fact, it was extremely erotic for all, participants and observers alike. Cutie was surprised at her own reaction, the growing wetness she could sense in her most private place. But when Kevin announced that a minute had passed, the pair separated immediately, each returning to her chair. The strong scent of arousal was beginning to fill the room.  
  
Kristy and Gretchen were next, but they needed no encouragement. Before Jeremy had a chance to look at his watch to begin timing the minute, Hottie and Beauty were already pressed together, arms holding each other tight. Bare legs intertwined as they engaged in a passionate liplock, tongues eagerly exploring new, previously forbidden places. The guys could only stare in disbelief, as the two girls put on a show almost suitable for an adult Website.  
  
Jeremy eventually tore his eyes away from the lust filled spectacle long enough to glance at his watch. He informed them that the required minute had long since passed, but Beauty and Hottie were oblivious to their surroundings. The desire for this kiss had been building inside both of them for so long, and actually experiencing it was beyond their wildest and most erotic dreams.  
  
Cutie and Sweetie exchanged glances that were somewhere between amusement and annoyance. These were the women they both loved, and it was plainly obvious that they were enjoying each other perhaps a little too much.  
  
Finally, several minutes later, Jeremy put his hands around Kristy's naked waist, while Kevin took hold of Gretchen, and they both pulled. The two girls were literally all but impossible to pry apart. And as soon as Kristy broke contact with Gretchen, she was all over Jeremy.  
  
At the same time, Gretchen was already pulling Kevin in the direction of the door. She paid no mind to her own nudity as they made a beeline for their bungalow. They barely made it inside before Kevin found himself the object of her unbridled passion, the intensity of which made his head spin. He had never before seen Gretchen this turned on.  
  
Kristy hauled Jeremy out the door next, equally unconcerned with her own state of undress. Bobbie Kaye grabbed the first shirt she saw and, throwing it around her shoulders, she grabbed Alex from behind. She pushed him towards the exit, glancing only briefly from side to side before they made a dash to their own room.  
  
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Emily just stood there, contemplating the sudden stillness of her cabin. Only moments before, the room had been filled with life and laughter. The abrupt silence following several hours of partying was rather disconcerting. And the room had been left an ungodly mess, as well. Empty glasses littered every surface, discarded clothing was strewn about the room. By this time, the effects the alcohol had on Emily had largely dissipated. The entire evening's experience had left her overwhelmingly aroused, and yet once again, she knew she'd be sleeping alone.  
  
Joe had passed out on the floor, still quite naked. She was surprised at this, for it seemed he'd been drinking very little. She'd never seen him even a little tipsy before. She knew Joe hated the thought of losing his inhibitions, of losing control.  
  
Emily stared at his naked body for a few lingering moments. He was actually rather a good looking fellow, she was thinking. He was slim and handsome, and despite his silly nickname, perfectly well endowed. A swell of affection for him passed over her then. She wondered why he didn't have a girlfriend. But she knew why. Girls just didn't think of him in that way. He was there to be teased, not to be... well, not to be loved, not that way. As aroused as she was, the idea of taking advantage of Joe was simply unthinkable.  
  
She wanted to be angry with him, but she couldn't justify it. Besides, he looked so peaceful lying there. She felt a little twinge of guilt over the way they all treated him, but it was such fun teasing him, and he did seem to enjoy the attention.  
  
Sweetie was feeling sorry for herself, too. The only thing she wanted was to be with her Hottie, and she was denied even that one small wish. Refusing to cry, she stood under an icy shower until the last trace of arousal was gone. Then she crawled into her lonely bed, and waited for sleep to find her.  
  
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When he heard the shower come on, Joe opened his eyes. Good. Emily was gone. He'd been so afraid she'd want to have sex with him, and he didn't think it would be right. He might fantasize every night about sleeping with his beautiful boss, but he feared it would ruin the wonderful professional relationship they had developed. That would be too great a price to pay for a single night of passion.  
  
So he pretended he'd passed out. And now he allowed himself a little smile. Through his long, lonely holidays tramping over the moors of Northern England, before he'd ever met Emily Talbot, Joe had dreamed of holidays like this one. He was here on a Caribbean island, and he was with friends. So what if they teased him! He didn't mind that. He knew that deep down, they really cared for him, even Bobbie Kaye. Joe knew he was truly with friends.  
  
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Bright and early the next morning, a brilliant sun shone down from an azure sky. The air was warm, not hot, and a light breeze coaxed the palm trees into a gentle swaying dance. The soothing rhythm of rolling waves filled the air, while seabirds hovered over the surf in search of breakfast. The scent of sizzling bacon wafted down from the restaurant, and sounds of merriment could be heard from other guests of The Beach Club.  
  
But not one of Bobbie Kaye's friends was outside yet to experience this glorious morning. The festivities of the previous night hadn't ended until almost four in the morning, and it was nearly noon before any one of them had recovered sufficiently to stumble out the door, into the blinding sunshine.  
  
Jeremy dragged himself outside first, squinting against the morning sunshine, with Kristy right on his heels. Gretchen and Kevin soon emerged, followed shortly by Alex and a sheepish Bobbie Kaye. A light knock on Emily's door was answered by Joe, carrying a bag of garbage with him.  
  
"She's still sleeping," Joe replied to the unspoken question as he stepped outside. Kristy slipped past him into the room, locking the door behind her.  
  
Emily awakened to a tender kiss, though she thought she might still be dreaming. A vision of her beloved Hottie was smiling down at her, and her melancholy lifted as she gazed into loving brown eyes. She took Kristy into an embrace, one filled not with passion or lust, but with pure love. "I said it before, Hottie," smiled Sweetie. "I've missed you so much! But never more than last night."  
  
Shame washed over Kristy at that moment, as realization took hold. "Oh my God, Sweetie! I've been so wrapped up in my own good time, I've been totally ignoring you!" Hottie's eyes were suddenly filled with tears. "I've been so busy with Jeremy, and then last night with..." Kristy turned away, unable to finish the sentence.  
  
Sweetie smiled. "You've been wanting to kiss Beauty for as long as I've known you. It's always been so obvious, whenever you look at her. It's okay with me, really. I'm glad you finally got the chance."  
  
Hottie wanted to hide under the bed. "I... I..." she stammered, not wanting to own up to the truth. Her eyes met Sweetie's again, and she admitted what they both already knew. "You're right. I do understand what my sister sees in her. I love Beauty. She's one of my very dearest friends, and..."  
  
"We all love Beauty," Sweetie interrupted, putting on a brave smile. "I understand why you wanted to pash her."  
  
Hottie put a finger to Sweetie's lips. "And I love my sister, too, I was trying to say." She replaced the finger with a brief, tender kiss. "But Sweetie," she continued, "I'm in love with you."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Ever since college, I've liked both guys and girls," Hottie explained. "But I really want to have a normal home some day, with a husband and babies. I don't know yet, but I think Jeremy might be the guy to provide those things for me."  
  
Sweetie made herself smile, despite the sadness tugging at the corners of her mouth.  
  
"But there's one thing, one person, I'm not willing to give up." She kissed Sweetie again, a little longer, a little deeper than before. "And that's you."

Sweetie's smile brightened at that. "Are you fair dinkum about that?" she asked hopefully.  
  
"I don't think Jeremy has a clue that I like girls too. It's never really come up. But today's the day he's going to find out. And he's going to have to accept it, because you're a part of my life, a very precious part. I'm not willing to give you up for him, or any other man."  
  
The smile that brightened Sweetie's face rivaled the sunshine outside, as she took Hottie into a tight embrace, pulling her down on the bed on top of her. "Oh, I love you too, Hottie! I'm in love with you too!"  
  
Hottie eventually wriggled free of Sweetie's grasp, and said "Now I'm starved! Let's go get some breakfast." Glancing at her watch, she added "Or brunch. Or lunch. Whatever they're serving now, let's go eat some of it!"  
  
Emily dressed, and she and Kristy joined their patiently waiting friends, and they all headed for the restaurant together.  
  
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This was their last full day on the island, and the guys wanted to play another round of golf. Kristy took Jeremy aside for a bit, and asked if he would take her for a little walk first, just the two of them. She said she had something really important to tell him, and that golf would have to wait just a little while.  
  
Everyone else waited patiently on the veranda outside the restaurant until the couple came back down the trail a little while later, arm in arm. Kissing his girlfriend goodbye, Jeremy grabbed his golf clubs and said "Come on, guys! Ten bucks a hole!"  
  
Joe, carrying his favorite camera, started up a different trail than the ones he'd previously explored. Meanwhile, Kristy was whispering something into her sister's ear, leaving a broad smile on Bobbie Kaye's face.  
  
"Come on, Beauty," Cutie said. "You and I are going to the beach alone for a little while."  
  
Hottie led Sweetie by the hand to her own room. Once they were inside, Kristy engaged the deadbolt, and they sat down on the bed. "I had a really nice conversation with Jeremy," she said. "I told him about me, and the fact that I like girls. Then I told him about us, and what I have planned for you and me, right now."  
  
Sweetie just gazed into big brown eyes. "And what did he say?" she asked hopefully.  
  
"He thought about it for a minute, then said just three little words."  
  
"And? What did he say? Tell me!"  
  
"He just said..." Dramatic pause. "'Can I watch?'"  
  
"Oh my God!" giggled Emily. "What did you tell him?"  
  
"Maybe next time!"  
  
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Hottie and a glowing Emily caught up with the other girls a couple of hours later. After a refreshing dip in the sea to cool off, they joined Cutie and Beauty on the sun-baked sand. Hottie explained what she'd told Jeremy, that this was who she was, and that if he loved her, he had to love all of her. He had readily accepted her declaration, with the suggestion that he might be allowed to watch some time. She'd told him she would let him know.  
  
Following the round of golf, the guys found Joe and invited him to join the group down at the beach. A game of volleyball filled part of the afternoon, during which Kristy announced that she was taking her top off. After the previous night, the few objections raised by Emily and Bobbie Kaye seemed quite insignificant. Gretchen soon had her top off too, and an imploring look from Kristy convinced Emily to join them.  
  
Bobbie Kaye looked around and, realizing she was the only one with a top on, let out a sigh. "What the heck!" she said and, ignoring the heat coloring her cheeks, she bared her own boobies for all her friends to see.  
  
As shy as Cutie normally was, it somehow felt liberating to be running around the beach topless. And with the guys around, too. She blushed whenever she saw Jeremy or Kevin looking at her, but those looks were always accompanied by friendly smiles. She certainly wasn't embarrassed about her little 34A boobies. She knew enough women who had saved their money for breast enhancements, but not Cutie. She was proud of what she had, and nobody had better tease her about them, either.  
  
It was completely by accident, though, that when she emerged from a quick dip in the surf, her bikini bottoms failed to make the return trip. She didn't notice at first, as she trod back up to the spot where she'd left her towel. As she stepped over a large piece of driftwood, she realized that everyone was staring at her. She followed their eyes, and realized that she was stark naked!  
  
With her trademark shriek, Cutie tried to cover herself as she backed away from her grinning friends. Back towards the cover of the water. Back towards that piece of driftwood she'd so gracefully stepped across only moments before. That piece of driftwood she'd completely forgotten about.  
  
"Cutie! Look out for that..." was all her Beauty had time to say before Bobbie Kaye tumbled backwards, landing on her back with a thud.  
  
Alex, Jeremy and Kevin were there in an instant, offering to help her up. They were greeted by a pair of wildly kicking legs, and a completely unobstructed view of Cutie's little Hello Kitty tattoo, waving merrily from a place so very private, they'd even been denied such an intimate view during their escapades the night before.  
  
Kevin dashed into the surf then, having spied the wayward bikini bottoms floating just beyond the breakers. Alex and Jeremy helped Bobbie Kaye to her feet, Alex trying to provide some cover for his red-faced girlfriend. But surprisingly enough, Cutie stepped aside, and for the second time that day, said simply "What the heck!" Even as she stepped into the bottoms Kevin had recovered, she didn't try to hide.  
  
Was this a new Cutie? Had she finally overcome her shyness? Was she no longer going to be so embarrassed when people saw her naked?  
  
Now what do you suppose?  
  
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The girls caucused in Cutie's cabin that afternoon as the guys headed off for nine more holes before dinner. Hottie had broken the news about her sexual identity to Jeremy, and he'd accepted it almost without question. Would Kevin be so open to the idea? Would Alex? Hottie certainly felt relieved. Did Beauty and Cutie want to take the same risk?  
  
"Sis, you think Alex might be a keeper, right?" asked Kristy.  
  
"Yeah, I do," she replied. "I love him, and I'm sure he loves me." She pondered a moment. "And I don't think he cheats when I'm away on business, either. In fact, I'm sure of it. He's always so ready for me when I get home." A pink glow spread across her cheeks.  
  
"How about you, Beauty?" Hottie asked.  
  
"Well, based on last night," she pondered, "he's obviously got no objections in principle to seeing me with another girl."  
  
"You think you might marry him?" Hottie continued.  
  
"We've never discussed it. We're not at that point yet."  
  
Sweetie spoke up then. "Beauty, if Kevin told you he couldn't handle you loving Cutie, what would you do?"  
  
Beauty smiled lovingly at her Cutie for several moments. "If Kevin ever told me that," she said softly, "he'd be history in two seconds."  
  
"Sis, same question, you and Alex," said Kristy.  
  
"That's so difficult to think about." Bobbie Kaye looked into Gretchen's eyes for a little while, seeing her own love reflected there. "No, I know exactly how I feel. I'm not giving up my Beauty." They shared a brief kiss. "My Beauty and me? We're forever."  
  
"That's right, Cutie," Gretchen replied lovingly. "Forever, you and me." Another kiss. "But you know what that means, don't you?"  
  
"We have to tell them, don't we?"  
  
"Yeah. And right away. Today. We can't put it off any longer."  
  
"And if Alex can't handle it, what will I do?" Tears shone in Cutie's eyes, even at the prospect. What would happen if Alex couldn't accept this part of her?  
  
"Better to find out now, than six months from now," reasoned Beauty.  
  
Cutie took a deep breath. "After dinner?"  
  
Beauty shook her head. "As soon as they get back from golf."  
  
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When the guys returned, Beauty invited Kevin for a walk along one of the island's nature trails, and Cutie led Alex up another. Warm sunshine filtered through swaying palm fronds as they began a gentle ascent, the light breeze like cotton candy against bare skin. Hand in hand, Alex and Bobbie Kaye climbed higher up the gently sloping path. The ground was dappled with shadows as sunlight passed through the leaves of myriad fruit bearing trees. Tropical birds filled the air with music, enhancing the romantic setting, while Bobbie Kaye gathered the courage to say what she knew needed to be said.  
  
"There's something you have to know about me, Alex," she hesitantly began.  
  
Alex studied his girlfriend's worried face. "You look so serious," he teased, failing to evoke even a little smile. He could see that something was up. "Everything I know about you, I already love," he said reassuringly. "Cutie!" he added, a playful smile teasing the corners of his mouth. "I doubt if anything you tell me now is going to change that."  
  
"I really hope you're right." Bobbie Kaye took a deep breath. "You know, Alex, I've known Gretchen for a lot of years now. She and I are extremely close."  
  
"I know that. She's your best friend."  
  
Staring at her feet, Bobbie Kaye softly said "Even closer than that, Alex."  
  
"What do you... oh!" Alex took a deep breath of his own, flashing back to the previous evening. "Are you saying that you and... you and Gretchen..."  
  
"We're lovers."  
  
They both walked in silence as Alex digested what he was hearing. He certainly hadn't been expecting to hear this.  
  
"How... um... is... is there anybody else?"  
  
"Oh, no!" exclaimed Bobbie Kaye. "There's no other man for me but you. And no other girl except for Gretchen. My Beauty."  
  
Alex shook his head. "I never dreamed that you were bisexual." She still couldn't read his thoughts. Was he angry? Disgusted? Disappointed? She wasn't sure.  
  
"That's the thing, Alex." Cutie needed to make him understand. "I... I don't even know if I'm truly bi. There's never been another girl in my life. Not that way."  
  
"But if you and Gretchen..."  
  
"Can't you see what an amazing person she really is?"  
  
"Sure. She's bright and she's beautiful and she's lots of fun."  
  
"And she's kind, and she's generous, and she has so much to give. So much love, and so much of herself. I think I would have fallen for her whether she was a man or a woman. It never really mattered."  
  
"Are you in love with her?"  
  
A very long pause, as they walked slowly along the secluded hiking trail. Bobbie Kaye's hand squeezed Alex's a little tighter, as though she were fearful he might run away. She considered the question he'd just asked. She knew the answer, of course, and she would tell him. But she was trying to steel herself against possible rejection.  
  
"Yes, Alex. I am in love with her." She met his eyes. "And I'm in love with you, too. Both of you."  
  
They walked on a little farther. "Can you be in love with two people at the same time?"  
  
"Yes I can," with no hesitation, "and I am. And as far as being bisexual, I don't really know if I am. What I do know is that I'm Gretchen-sexual."  
  
Alex laughed out loud, then took Bobbie Kaye into a warm, loving embrace. "I can live with that!" he exclaimed, laughing some more.  
  
Bobbie Kaye kissed him deeply then. "I love you, Alex!"  
  
"Oh, I love you too, Bobbie Kaye! My Little Miss Cutie!"  
  
As they started back down the trail, fingers still intertwined, he added "Just one thing, though."  
  
"What's that, Alex?"  
  
"Some time when the two of you are together..."  
  
"Go on."  
  
"Can I watch?"  
  
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When they returned to the cabins to get ready for dinner, Beauty pulled Cutie aside. "How did it go with Alex?"  
  
Her eyes moist, but smiling brightly, Cutie gave her Beauty a big hug. She choked back a few happy tears as she gave an overview of the conversation she'd just had with Alex. Beauty then recounted a very similar exchange with Kevin.  
  
"And you know the last thing Kevin said to me?"  
  
"Let me guess. He asked if he could watch, right?"  
  
They both almost fell on the floor with laughter.  
  
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Bobbie Kaye felt as though a great weight had been lifted from around her neck. She had told Alex about her Beauty, and he'd accepted it without question. If she was in love with him before, and she was, that love had multiplied several times over today. Alex was the most wonderful man she'd ever known, and Gretchen the most wonderful woman, and Alex was all right about Gretchen, and they both loved her, and the world was a beautiful place!  
  
Dinner and more dancing filled the next several hours. Joe did his best, but he had learned very little two nights before, so again they spent the evening trading partners. Later, after they had returned to their bungalows, Kevin, Alex and Jeremy found themselves playing poker with Joe. They'd decided to allow their girlfriends some private time. For this, the girls were grateful, Emily most of all.  
  
The guys had wanted to watch, of course, but none of the girls was ready for that. Not yet, anyway. So while the guys played poker, for cash, not clothes, the girls enjoyed some time alone, Cutie with Beauty, and Hottie with Sweetie. The guys found it a little difficult to concentrate on their card game, though. The girls were not making any effort to be quiet, and no one had told the guys about the time-honored technique of keeping their fingers in their ears.  
  
Everyone was up with the sun the next morning. The boat wasn't leaving until four that afternoon, so they still had half a day to enjoy this tropical paradise. They had been invited to a private lunch with their host, the Indian Outlaw at one o'clock, but that left the morning free for other pursuits. They decided on some tennis early, then one last visit to the beach. While there, all four girls proceeded to remove their tops, even Cutie and Sweetie. This vacation had been so completely relaxing, even their inhibitions were gone.  
  
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Early that afternoon, they were gathering the last of their things and packing them away. It had been a magnificent vacation, and utterly liberating for the girls. Everyone donned some nice island wear, and they all headed for the restaurant to enjoy their last meal in paradise. They were greeted by the Indian Outlaw, who escorted them into his luxurious private dining room.  
  
They'd barely stepped through the door when Emily let out an unexpected squeal. She'd glanced down, and suddenly realized she was stark naked! Everybody responded by looking at her, but it was only an instant later that Bobbie Kaye, Gretchen and Kristy all realized that they were naked too.  
  
"What happened to our clothes?" shrieked Bobbie Kaye.  
  
Ignoring her little outburst, the suave Indian Outlaw simply said "I hope you have enjoyed your stay here at my modest little island."  
  
Kristy was bouncing her boobies with both hands, smiling, seemingly unconcerned with her abrupt state of undress. Gretchen just stood with her hands on her hips, trying to figure out what had happened. Clothing doesn't just vanish. Does it?  
  
Meanwhile, Emily was trying to cover everything at once, while Bobbie Kaye endeavored to hide behind Alex. The guys were still fully dressed, and were taking in the sight of four very lovely, very embarrassed, and very naked women.  
  
"There is no need for embarrassment," calmly announced the Indian Outlaw, and suddenly, mysteriously, all four girls relaxed. No longer showing the slightest concern for their lack of clothing, the ladies were shown to their places at the table.  
  
"I have never received a single complaint from a dissatisfied guest," their host was explaining. "My island resort is the finest vacation spot in the world," he boasted. "The fees are surprisingly modest, but there is one small surcharge I may have neglected to mention earlier."  
  
"And that would be...?" asked Jeremy.  
  
"It is tradition that I host a special luncheon, in honor of the loveliest guests of my little resort. As part of the invitation, I always request that those ladies dine with me in the nude. And these fair maidens here today," he smiled at each of the girls in turn, "are by far the most beautiful visitors I've had in many years."  
  
The guys couldn't disagree with the Indian Outlaw's assessment of the girls. Still, they were wondering how the girls had ended up so naked, so suddenly, and why not a one of them was screaming or trying to cover herself. Especially Emily and Bobbie Kaye.   
  
The eight guests took their places around an antique oak dining table. The place settings were of fine china, accompanied by what appeared to be real sterling silverware. Several bottles of white wine were bathing in silver ice canisters. Even the tablecloth looked to be very old, yet flawless in appearance.  
  
The girls, while not exactly oblivious to their nudity, seemed entirely unconcerned. But as the first of several courses was served, their nakedness fell to a lower level of priority among the guys. A seafood bisque, salad, freshly baked bread, lobster and crab, a fine chardonnay, everything offered was nothing less than exquisite.  
  
Following the superb meal, everyone said their goodbyes to the Indian Outlaw, and they headed out the private exit and started down toward the bungalows, where they would ensure that nothing was left behind. But as they emerged into the sunlight, the reality of their nudity hit the girls hard. Employees and other guests alike were given a visual treat of four nude and embarrassed women, each now in some degree of panic. At this point, even Kristy was trying to cover herself. With a shriek, they all made a mad dash, stark naked, back to their cabins, the guys following at a casual pace.  
  
As he watched their rapid retreat, the Indian Outlaw shook his head. Making their clothes vanish is so easy, he was thinking, as is helping the girls temporarily overcome any shyness they might be feeling. "I really need to figure out how to make their clothes reappear when they leave, though," he mumbled to himself. Smiling at the anterior view of four naked and embarrassed girls running across his island, he just shook his head and said "Oh well."  
  
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The return voyage to Martinique was uneventful, and as they approached civilization, Gretchen couldn't resist peeking at her iPhone. She wouldn't have received a signal at The Beach Club, not that she'd ever bothered to check. But now she found a text message from her assistant manager at the Beverly Center Hotel. The message asked that she call the hotel at her earliest convenience, and was marked "Urgent!"  
  
She made the call to California. "Yes Henry? How has everything... what? I can't... photos? Photos of a beach?" The connection wasn't very good, and she was having a lot of trouble understanding him. "Of me on a beach? What?" She switched to the other ear. "Naked? I can't... what? A screensaver?" She let out an audible groan. "Oh, no. Not again!"  
  
The end