**Mariana**

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**Mariana Ch. 01: Shoe Shopping**

Mariana was confused, embarrassed, scared, and not just a little aroused as she sat there in the shoe shop. She was nearly shaking from the combination of so many different feelings.   
  
Derek was sitting opposite her, only a short distance away. He accepted the shoes from the VERY eager clerk, who she noticed took the opportunity AGAIN to peak up her skirt. The overt display shocked her. Her cheeks turned red as the blood rushed to them. It was not the only place blood surged towards. She could feel it down THERE. Her pussy was soaked. She would not be surprised if there were a visible wet spot. She had a hard time believing what she was doing. It had all started with a dare...  
  
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Derek was a fellow coworker that gave Mariana what she was looking for: a sense of being appreciated. He always noticed what she was wearing and gave her compliments. His comments always made her feel attractive, wanted, and she had to admit it, sexy. She would catch him looking at her as she walked by. His look would linger if she were wearing a skirt that day. It made her tingle inside. She pondered if what she was feeling was inappropriate. But, the very next day she started wearing progressively shorter skirts to work.   
  
Mariana was more than a little conflicted. Both her and Derek were in a relationship. But it felt like harmless flirtation, and the smoldering look in his eyes when she dared to where THAT skirt made her knees weak. Her panties were constantly damp, her sex drive was through the roof, and she was loving it. They started to go for walks together and the topic turned more and more often to sex. He discussed it so openly and frankly, with no embarrassment, that she could not help but respond in kind.  
  
Soon, she knew how much he loved women of all sorts. He remarked on how he loved when Spring came each year because the skirts started to appear. He confirmed what she already knew: he liked what he saw when she passed and it made her warm inside. In fact, it made her warm AND wet...  
  
Mariana started to look forward to her walks with Derek more and more. She went by his desk and he never failed to track her as she went by. The day things changed, she wore a particular cute white skirt that was as high as she could reasonably go. It had a particular flair to it. To be honest, she bought the skirt just for him after hearing what he liked: something he called "flirty." Just trying it on made her body get all flushed. She felt slightly guilty about getting it, but she could not wait to walk by his desk wearing it.   
  
On that Friday, she passed by his desk as normal. His head turned so abruptly that she thought it was going to swivel off. She gave her walk a little extra hip all the way down the hall, knowing his eyes were locked on her. As she returned, though, he stopped her. Started making small talk, asking her about this and that. She could barely follow the conversation as his eyes devoured her body. His intense gaze was everywhere and his smile and eyes were devilish. She saw hunger there and she could barely stand against its power.   
  
He asked to walk with her later and she barely gulped out a "yes." When the time came, they started out as they usually did. She changed her shoes, because although they were cute, they were not great for walking.   
  
"Those are my CFM shoes," she said.   
  
He look puzzled and she whispered in his ear "come fuck me." He laughed and they were walking. Immediately, he told her how cute she looked in her skirt. She said an embarrassed thank you and they walked in silence for a little bit.   
  
And then he dropped this on her: "Tonight when you get home, with your CFM shoes and that skirt, your husband will be ALL OVER YOU."   
  
He laughed and she laughed nervously with him. That was the sweetest compliment.   
  
"Nah, he won't even notice."   
  
Derek stopped. He shook his head, looking her up and down again.   
  
"He must be blind."   
  
She blushed about three shades of red. Mariana found herself getting more bold and talking about how she liked all the remarks and enjoyed strutting by to be complimented. He looked surprised and gave a choked "thank you" when she said she liked it. And then descended an awkward silence punctuated by their footsteps.   
  
He finally blurted out, "That skirt is awesome. It is about the shortest that is legal in this state." The joke got them both laughing and talking again.   
  
She said, "That is not the shortest one I own, you know. It's just the shortest I could possibly wear to work."  
  
Derek half laughed, half choked. "You mean, they get shorter?"   
  
He looked incredulous. She nodded, blushing.   
  
"Well, I have to see that!"   
  
She looked at him, trying to decide if he were serious. "No, sorry, I cannot do that. I do have to work here, you know."  
  
He seemed to think for a moment. "I dare you to bring it in and change into it for our walk."   
  
She pondered. "OK. But, we have to get away from here."   
  
The spark in his eye grew. He was enjoying this.   
  
"Let's go to the mall."   
  
She paused... "Hmmm, I will have to think about it."   
  
He jumped on her hesitation. "Just imagine going shoe shopping in that skirt. It will be fun!"   
  
By now, Mariana was not thinking straight. This conversation was making her nipples hard, her knees weak, and her pussy SOAKED.   
  
"Let's do it."   
  
She enjoyed the double entendre and the look on his face.  
  
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That morning, she nearly backed out. She felt a twinge of guilt and balked at, of all things, having to put on underwear that she had available. It was all so bland looking and cotton. If she was going to wear the skirt, she needed something to go under it. That is when she had the idea. And the idea was like a living thing, it started in her head and spent some time in her groin.   
  
So, she stuck her little skirt in her purse, put on a pair of cotton undies and her normal conservative skirt, and headed to work. It looked just like any other day except for her absolutely rock hard nipples. The morning seemed to both drag and fly by. She could not keep her mind on work. Every time she would get some traction, she would see his hungry look going up and down her body, and she lost track of where she was and what she was doing.   
  
Finally, a bit early for her, she gave up and asked if he wanted to go now. Of course, he gave a quick "sure" and they jumped in his car. On the way to the mall, they passed a hotel.   
  
He jokingly said, "Hey, let's stop there."   
  
She almost agreed before she realized the implications of what he just said and that he was joking. And, to be honest, she almost agreed after she understood the implications also.   
  
"What am I doing?" she thought for the millionth time. But, she was past caring and then they had arrived.  
  
They entered through the Sears, because that is where America used to shop (and where parking spaces were available). She detoured quickly to the ladies room before she could change her mind. She changed her conservative, mid-length skirt, for the ultra short mini. Looking herself over in the mirror, she looked sexy and slutty. If she bent over at the waist even a little, you could see her white cotton panties clearly from behind. Could she do this? She hesitated. And then she started feeling aroused, thinking about Derek looking at her. She left the room without looking back, her heart beating wildly in her chest.  
  
His look was worth the moderate embarrassment she felt. He pursed his lips, looked deliberately at her legs and skirt.  
  
"Nice," he said in an understated way.   
  
She was not sure, but she thought she detected a slight bulge in his pants. She was even more flustered that she looked and her mind started to disassociate just a bit. She was almost all body now, and it was on fire.   
  
"Where to?" he asked, his eyes with a mischievous glint.   
  
Her glint matched his and she said, "I have an idea."   
  
They walked through the mall, more than one head turning as they passed, every man that noticed was a flame in her belly (and, she had to admit, a little lower). She stopped, and asked, "Want to come in with me?"   
  
They were standing in front of Victoria's Secret.   
  
"Do you think I should?" he asked.   
  
"Oh yes."   
  
So they went in and she headed for the underwear section. They passed a host of cotton panties, two for $10, and arrived at thongs, lace panties, see-through panties, boy shorts, tiny ones. Just looking at them and picturing wearing them made her pulse pound.   
  
"Which ones do you think I should get?" He picked up a see-through thong with a lace pattern in front and a barely there pair.   
  
"You pick," he said.   
  
"I guess I will go try them on," she said.  
  
She entered the changing room and slipped on the see-through panties over her other panties. She could almost see her pussy through both of them: they were very sheer. The thought of having them on with nothing else under was making her crazy. The thought of HIM seeing them was just...   
  
Sigh.   
  
The pair hit the floor and the next one went on. These had just a string on the sides and back, with a tiny little triangle in the front. She was sure that if she wore them her lips would be plainly visible and her ass would basically be naked. It made her even wetter, and she slipped them off quickly before they got soaked. She was so turned on. She thought seriously of going to drag Derek into the dressing room right now and fucking right there. It was so tempting.  
  
Mariana left the dressing room and looked around for Derek. She met his eyes.   
  
"Verdict?" he asked.   
  
She looked at each, shrugged, and bought them both. As soon as they were purchased, she headed for the ladies room again.   
  
"I am going to put a pair on. Any preference?" she asked.   
  
The look on his face was half shocked and half ... hungry...   
  
"You pick," he repeated.   
  
She went into the room and was tempted to not wear any. Just the thought of it made her SO WET. If she did that, she would be totally losing control. Did she dare?  
  
She walked out with a new swagger. She met up with him and got about four feet past him before she realized he had stopped. She turned back and he was staring directly at her ass. There was no way he could see what she had on under that skirt, even as short as it was, but she felt exposed. Perhaps it was the fire that she saw in his eyes, the way that she knew, just by looking, that he was picturing what lay beneath her skirt.   
  
She gave him this look. He shrugged, gave her a mischievous smile, and joined her again.   
  
"I pick this time," he announced, and led her towards the escalator.   
  
Oh my god, she thought. I totally forgot about escalators.   
  
As she stepped on the first step, he whispered in his ear, "The teen that has been following us the entire length of the mall is about to get an eyeful."   
  
She glanced back and saw a teen behind them, about ten feet. The boy hesitated before getting on the escalator, looking up. His eyes got wide, and she realized Derek was right... he was seeing. She blushed crimson and nearly jumped when she felt Derek's hand land on her ass and give it a gentle squeeze.   
  
"Gotta give the kid something," he said.   
  
She was mortified. Secretly, though, she was the most turned on she had ever been...  
  
They went to, of all things, a high end shoe place. Suddenly, she remembered the full extent of the dare. Was she about to go into a shoe store wearing this outfit and what was underneath? She balked at the door. He waited. She was about to turn back, but her pussy nearly ached from the thought of it. So, she stepped inside, and he followed. She was running on auto-pilot now, almost in a dream.  
  
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Derek went off to find a clerk and told her to go to the boots section. She made her way there, and he met her with a young guy, maybe early twenties, geeky, a bit shy, and shocked at the sight of her.   
  
"Can you help my girlfriend find a pair of boots in size 6?" he asked.   
  
"Size 7," she corrected.   
  
He smiles and says, "Bring a few pairs and we can measure her feet."  
  
He found two chairs opposite each other. He gestured for Mariana to sit down. He sat across from her. She carefully sat, his eyes following her every move. She clamped her legs together, but did not cross them. She liked the way his gaze centered on her knee, which was fidgeting just slightly. He was staring, and it was making her nervous and her body tingly. The mood was electric, overtly sexual, getting more and more intense... and then the clerk arrived with three pairs of boots, breaking the spell.  
  
The boots were the type that needed to be laced in a fairly inconvenient way.   
  
"Help her on with those," Derek said.   
  
The clerk bent down with a pair of boots, his hands shaking a bit as he took her foot. Derek stared into her eyes. She felt her leg being pulled out from center, and realized the clerk could now see directly up her skirt. She thought of closing them and slapping the clerk for his rude behavior, but Derek's look stopped her. Her panties were totally exposed and Derek continued to lock stares with her. So, she let it happen. The clerk shakily laced the boot, doing a rather poor job of it, and his attention became increasingly obvious.  
  
After finishing the boot, she closed her legs again. Derek continued to stare into her eyes and it was like his stare was redirected to her pussy. When the clerk took her other foot, she spread her legs willingly, further apart, boldly, naughtily. The clerk actually gasped, and she spared a glance at him. His eyes were locked right THERE and when she looked up, she knew that Derek understood this too. It was making her crazy. She was fairly sure that the see-through pair she had on were completely transparent. She was so wet she would not be at all surprised.  
  
She wanted Derek's eyes on her, not the clerk's. He continued to look only at her face. Increasingly, it became not a want, but a NEED for him to see. She started to move the leg that the clerk was not holding out and back, trying to draw his gaze with the motion. She knew that the panties were being sucked into her pussy and that the clerk was seeing her lips. When Derek held her gaze, her eyes deliberately met his and then looked directly at his lap, where she could see an obvious and large erection in his pants. She looked up at him and licked her lips. He smiled and she realized that he knew it was a game and that he was winning.  
  
The clerk finished with the boots. Almost reluctantly, she closed her legs and stood up, shakily. The boots look fantastic on her. She confirmed this when she looked over at Derek and saw his approval. Derek made a walking motion with his fingers and she walked away slowly, deliberately swaying her hips so that the skirt rose up.   
  
"Those are very nice, we will be taking a pair of those," Derek said.  
  
"How about a pair of heels?"   
  
The clerk was only too eager to go off to look for some. Derek gestured for Mariana to sit down. He slowly took off each boot, running his hands up to her thigh but no higher. He still held her gaze and she looked down at him, lust slitting her eyes. After the second boot was off, he softly nudged her leg aside. She eagerly opened for him.   
  
He looked directly at her panties and said, "Very nice see-through lace, Mariana. They do appear to be wet, however."   
  
She blushed from head to toe and clamped her legs closed.  
  
The clerk was still looking for heels, and she felt Derek come up behind her. He whispered in her ear, "I dare you to take them off before he gets back."   
  
Her head started to spin. The warm breath on her ear and neck made her so aroused. The request he asked her is naughty, wanton. She cannot. He continues to stand behind her, making her feel his presence. She realizes his hard cock is just inches from her hand and she gasps.  
  
Suddenly, she stands up and walks... no... struts towards the restroom. She goes down the aisle, no one is in front of her. Looking over her shoulder, the only person behind is Derek. Her body is so alive, every nerve is tingling. Her most intimate place has nearly a mind of its own. She looks back, reaches under her skirt, and pulls her panties down, enough to have them fall right there to the floor. His surprised and enthralled look is her reward. Still facing away, she bends over at the waist, picks them up, and comes back to him. She walks back over to him and puts the pair in his hands.   
  
By the look on his face, he definitely enjoyed the show. He shoves them in his pocket and directs her to sit directly across from him. The air between them is thick with sex, and again, the clerk shows up to break the mood. Mariana was more than a little nervous now. Letting this random stranger look up her skirt with her skimpy panties was one thing, but now she had nothing on at all!   
  
She clamped her legs together, her knees touching, and nervously sat there. Derek was grinning at her when she looked up at him. His gaze kept starting at her face, traveling slowly down her body, and stopping, looking directly at her knees. Each time he did this, her head spun... she actually got light headed with the thrill.   
  
The buckles on the heeled shoes were much simpler than the boots, but the clerk was eager to help. Again he took her left foot, but this time she kept her legs tightly closed, denying him a view. Derek continued his gaze trick, each time sending a thrill directly to her mid-section. On the third traversal of her body, however, his eyes travelled slightly up, locking on the midway point of her thighs. If she spread her legs in the slightest, he would be staring directly at her pussy.   
  
His hand reached down to his lap, and he stroked his hard cock right in front of her, through his pants. Almost without thinking, she stared. His hand continued to stroke and the point of his attention did not waver. He made a parting motion with his hands that was unmistakable. She looked down, blushed, and shook her head. But she could not keep her eyes down: they traveled back to where his hand was stroking his hard cock. And again, his hands made a parting motion.   
  
Her resistance crumbled and the leg that she was holding tight swung open. The clerk gasped, but she barely noticed. Instead, her entire attention was on Derek, who continued to stroke his cock, and on seeing her bare pussy, lick his lips. The whole thing was too much for her. The clerk, the feel of her bare pussy being ogled, it just sent her over the edge. She moved her face to her shoulder, muffling her cries as she spontaneously started to cum. It wracked her body and despite trying to stay still, her hips thrust once or twice, lewdly pushing her slit almost into the clerk's face.  
  
She nearly passed out. There was definitely a small period of time when she was insensible. When she became aware of her surroundings the first thing she did was to check on Derek. His completely shocked (and not just a little smug) look was priceless. He knew what had just happened and he was enjoying it. She glanced down and the clerk was shuffling away, a notable wet spot on his pants. Derek and her both looked at each other, giggled, and got out of there as quickly as they could manage.  
  
They rejoined the mall and her brain was in hyper stimulated sex mode. The feel of walking with that skirt and no panties was almost more than she could bare (she thought of the word "bare" and it made it even worse). They headed again towards the escalator. He did a "after you" gesture and she was on it before she realized what he had just done. Now, she could not hide behind him.   
  
Everyone on the up side of the escalator had a really good shot of seeing her bare twat (yes, she used that term in her head) as they came up. She looked at the men on the up side and noticed a couple of double takes. Did they see her? She was not sure but she was on fire. It was like her entire being was just one big sex organ and it was being stroked at every turn.

They got to the bottom and the stares on the way down had her on the very edge. When Derek lightly touched her back, grazing her skin, she felt herself swelling again, and when it made contact with her ass, she had another orgasm, stopping in the middle of the hall and muffling her moans against his shoulder.  
  
She felt weak at the knees.   
  
"Get me out of here," she whispered.   
  
He understood her state and immediately went into protective mode. He guided her out of the mall without further incident. The entire trip was a blur and she found herself inside his car, still without panties.  
  
His hand brushed against her bare thigh. When she did not react, he left it just above the knee, touching the outside. He made small talk with her, never moving his hand. Her body backed away from hyper stimulated mode, but it started to climb again as she noticed his hand more and more.   
  
She closed her eyes and started to breath heavily. The hand stroked the outside, lightly, gently. It was nearly sweet, but in her state, it was a whole lot erotic. She leaned back, giving him full access to wherever he wanted to go. His hand moved from the outside to on top of her leg. She realized the car was not moving only when it started to move. The entire time he was gently feeling her up, she never even noticed. She was so turned on, she could smell it in the car and knew he could also.  
  
They drove down the road, his hand never leaving her thigh. It was gently massaging it. The hand strayed to the inside, where the massage became slow and firm. Her eyes were still closed and her breathing was labored. She did not know where this was going. Actually, she did know and did not care. Her whole body NEEDED this. The feeling was absolutely magical. When his hand touched the upper inside of her thighs, her legs spread, inviting him to explored new ground.  
  
"I think we should stop here," he said.   
  
Her eyes snapped open. Again, they were not moving, and again, she did not recall when that had happened. They were in the hotel parking lot that he jokingly said the same thing about on their trip over.   
  
She looked right in his eyes, moved his hand even higher, and whispered in his ear: "OK."   
  
He hopped out of the car, a noticeable bulge in his pants, and went around to her side. He opened the door like a gentleman. A gentleman that blatantly stared up her skirt as she got out of his car...  
  
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They got to the front desk and there was a middle aged man looking bored. Derek walked up to him and started whispering. She hung back, but he could see the man look at her once in awhile. Cash changed hands, a room card was obtained, and they were headed towards the elevator.   
  
"What was that about?" she asked him.   
  
"Oh, I just told him I needed to fuck my mistress and could he just take some cash and keep my name off the register?"   
  
A blush covered her from head to toe. Is that what she was? His mistress? The thought made her feel good somehow. Sexy.  
  
They made it to the room, and the door closed and locked behind them. She was nervous. Like, dating in high school nervous. But he continued to talk with her normally, casually, like nothing in the world unordinary was about to take place. It put her at ease. He touched her shoulder, her arm. He stood behind her and rubbed her back. Gradually, she loosened up.   
  
And as she relaxed, the other side hit her like a freight train. She needed SEX. And she needed it right FUCKING NOW! The feeling swept over her all at once. She looked at Derek and he knew. It must have been all over her face, because his look went from supportive to hunger in an instant. He closed the distance, put his hand under her chin, and lightly kissed her lips. He pulled her towards her lightly. She grabbed HIS hips and mashed herself against him, feeling his erection, surprisingly the both of them with the ferocity of her need.  
  
There was a small table in the room with a couple of chairs. He held her hand, surprising her with his gentleness, and led her over to it. He sat on a chair and invited her to sit on this thigh. She gladly sat, her naked pussy on his panted leg. They started to kiss, his hands running along the outside of her leg. She sighed and wiggled, enflaming her passion even more by rubbing her naked cunt (she actually shocked herself by that word in her mind) on him. By now, she was fairly sure she had made a wet spot, but he did not seem to care.  
  
His hand moved from the outside to the inside of her leg, creeping up her thigh. Suddenly, she was bearing down, trying to get it to make contact THERE. Every time she got close, he teased away. Again and again this pattern, each time getting closer. Finally, she could not take it... she grabbed his hand and put directly against her sopping wet pussy.   
  
His fingers went inside her, slipping in all the way with no resistance at all. His breathing got harder, his rock hard cock was obvious through his pants. She rubbed it lightly as his fingers came out and started to caress the outside of her lips, briefly teasing her slit and then moving away.   
  
"Shall we go to the bed?" she asked, her eyes slitted, her pussy enflamed.  
  
As an answer, he picked her up and moved over to the bed. He set her down on her feet next to it. He started to dance with her to his own music, his hands all over her. He caressed the sides of her breasts, her ass, her pussy, her hair... the hands seeming to visit all the right spots in turn, but then moving away so she was almost frantic to have him inside of her.   
  
He moved around behind her, kissing her neck and putting his hands on her hips, swaying her. His hands moved up to stroke her breasts and unbutton her blouse. They moved behind her to unfasten her bra. With the bra loose, his hands moved again around and pulled it away... then made contact with her nipples. Her breathing got even heavier. Her hands reached back and stroked him through his pants, grasping his hard cock and stroking it.  
  
He pushed her towards the bed until she had to reach out her hands to prevent herself from falling. He bent her over and lifted her skirt up to her waist. Reaching down, he caressed the inside of her thighs near her ass. Her legs spread almost of their own accord. She wanted him, needed him. She felt his fingers on her lips from behind, using her wetness to slide along them. A stray finger would penetrate her ever so briefly and then move back to the outside. She was nearly panting now, her ass thrusting backwards.  
  
Suddenly, she felt a warm, wet sensation. Looking back, she realized he was crouching down. She blushed, realizing her pussy was right there and that he was staring at it. The warm sensation was his tongue, running front to back. It ran along her lips, his fingers tracing her slit while it did, and then back to the space just below her pussy, and gently a little further, exploring her backdoor. All the sensations were nearly overwhelming to her and when he inserted his fingers inside of her and continued to lick, she was bucking her hips and cumming yet again.   
  
He did not stop what he was doing, but he slowed down, letting her ride her third orgasm in under an hour. Finally, he let her go and stood up. She heard his pants hit the floor, followed by his boxers.   
  
"Finger yourself," he said.   
  
She looked at him, slightly puzzled. He nodded and she nervously reached her hand down between her legs, slipping a finger inside and started to rub. At the same time, he ran his finger along her pussy, wetting it, and then slipping it inside her anus. The dual sensation drove her wild. All inhibition was lost. She started to finger fuck herself in earnest, and so did he, getting in a rhythm.  
  
She felt his cock at the entrance to her pussy. His head was teasing in and out of her hole, but no further.   
  
"Do you want me to fuck you, Mariana?" he whispered in her ear from behind.   
  
She nodded, a little shocked at the dirty language.   
  
"You are going to have to tell me what you want out loud."   
  
She reached behind her, trying to grab his cock to put it in, her need strong to have him inside. His hips remained fixed, the tip of his cock teasing her.   
  
"Yes," she said aloud.   
  
"Yes, what?" Derek whispered.  
  
She blushed a little and actually whined.   
  
"Yes, Derek, I want you to fuck me. I want you bend me over the bed and fuck me from behind. I want that hard cock to slide into my wet pussy and fuck me hard."  
  
"I always respect a lady's wishes."   
  
His hips thrust, burying his cock deep inside her. It felt just right in there. She grabbed his hands on her hips and encouraged him to continue. He started to rock in and out, each "in" a strong slap against her ass. She was riding high.   
  
"Don't stop fingering," he whispered as he rode her.   
  
Reaching between her legs, she fingered her clit while he pounded her from the back. She felt his thumb penetrate her backdoor as his cocks slid deep inside. It was incredible. She was getting close AGAIN. He smacked her ass and she went over the edge, this time bucking like a wild thing.   
  
Derek was too far gone to hold back. She felt his cock start to pulse and realized that he was cumming inside of her pussy. As high as she was, she went even higher. She rode the orgasm higher and higher until she was a quivering, sweaty mess.  
  
Both of them collapsed at the same time onto the bed, exhausted and satisfied all at the same time. Derek started to chuckle.   
  
"Well, THAT was unexpected," he said.  
  
She cannot help but laugh along. It certainly was not how she pictured spending the afternoon, but honestly, it wasn't far from what she was thinking either.  
  
"So, where do we go from here?" he asked.   
  
But that is another story...

**Mariana Ch. 02: In the Woods**

"Do you trust me?" he whispered in my ear. He was directly behind me, holding me against him. His warm breath heated my ear. I nodded... unable to speak at that moment. I was feeling fear and arousal in equal quantities. The conflict was nearly torture. "Then close your eyes and let it go..."  
  
We were outside in the woods, in broad daylight. No one was within view, but the place was one where people came and went. I looked back at him, giving him this questioning look. His expression was open and honest and full of barely contained lust. I shuddered to see the intensity. I nodded slightly again, turned my head away, and closed my eyes.  
  
His hands reached under my skirt, grabbing my panties at the waist, and slowly, ever so slowly, tugged them down to the middle of my thighs...  
  
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Let me start the story from a couple of days ago.  
  
I found myself back at work in Derek's car. We had just returned from the mall (see Chapter 1). My eyes opened, and we were parked in the garage. He looked over at me, smiling. Wow, what an adventure that was. I had gone from being a mostly conservative woman to showing my pussy to a total stranger!   
  
"Wow, you must have been exhausted. I did not expect you to take a little catnap in my car." Derek said.  
  
I was confused. "That is weird, I do not remember falling asleep."  
  
He laughed. "As soon as you got in the car and sat down, you were gone. I think you may have been sleeping before your ass hit the seat. Oh, speaking of which, I better give you these back."   
  
He handed me the see-through panties I had bought at Victoria's Secret. They were soaked.  
  
My mind was whirling. Did we really go to that hotel? Or, was it a dream? The images of his cock were so real, especially the way it slipped inside of me from behind.  
  
"I think you were having some good dreams," he said, almost as if he were reading my mind. "You made some interesting noises."  
  
"You mean, we didn't stop at the hotel?" I could not help myself from blurting out.  
  
"Hotel? What hotel?"  
  
He looked baffled. "Oh. The one I joked about. No, I do not think so."  
  
"What do we do there, Mariana?" he asked with a grin that nearly split his face.  
  
"We didn't get a room and..." I started.  
  
He looked sharply at me. I was blushing before, but now my cheeks burned.   
  
"And what, Mariana?" he asked. He was enjoying this.  
  
"Um... nothing," I muttered. I could tell he was not buying it, but he did not ask again.  
  
I needed to think. First things first, though: there was no way I could go back to work like this. I reached behind me to grab my bag. Looking inside, I saw my longer skirt. "Thank goodness," I thought.  
  
We were in the parking garage; no one was around. He was staring at me as I took the skirt out.  
  
"I better change", I said, making a little gesture with my finger.  
  
He pretended not to understand.  
  
"Turn around now, naughty boy," I said.  
  
He shook his head and closed his eyes instead.   
  
I looked suspiciously at his face. He had a very slight smile, but his eyes were tightly closed. I hesitated. Did I dare to do this?  
  
I slipped my short little skirt off. The feeling of being bottomless just a couple of feet from him excited me. I spared a glance at his face; his eyes were still shut. I paused, savoring the feeling of my exposure so close to him. It was such a naughty feeling. In fact I could not help but run my finger quickly through my slit.  
  
"Mmmm," I murmured. I looked back at his eyes. He had not peeked yet, but his slight smile had turned into a grin.  
  
And then I pulled on my skirt, twisting my body a little in the car to get it back over my ass. Have you ever tried to get dressed in a sedan? It is not as easy as it looks. I had to shimmy this way and that, and lift myself off the seat to get the skirt on. The thought of him looking at me at that moment, with my pussy arched up in the air, nearly took my breath away.  
  
I got it on, finally. When I looked up, his eyes were open again. "When did he do that?" I wondered. There was a mischievous look on his face, but I could not really tell.  
  
I gave him a very fake dirty look. He shrugged his shoulders. He did not look at all chagrined.  
  
"This should make him happy," I thought. The damp panties went into my bag with my short skirt.  
  
His look was part surprise and part pure arousal. "Aren't you going to put them back on?" he asked.  
  
"They're wet," I said smiling. I enjoyed surprising him.  
  
And we went back into the building. He trailed behind me slightly, saying that we should go in separately. I thought that made sense. I have to admit that I swayed my hips just a little bit more knowing that he was looking at my ass. "Let him look," I thought.  
  
Up the stairs, though, I wondered what he could see. He paused at the bottom of the stairwell as I continued up. I got to the top and looked back down. He was looking right up my skirt!   
  
"Could he really see?" I thought. "I want him to see," came the follow-up thought, unbidden.   
  
My own thoughts shocked me. It was all I could do to not lift my skirt up to give him a better view.   
  
My hands strayed downward, feeling along my sides. Suddenly, his gaze became intent. I felt my waist, my hips, continuing until I reached the hemline of my skirt. Then I grabbed it and started to tug it ever so slightly up. Derek watched and I had the image of lifting the skirt up to show him everything. It was almost an irresistible desire.  
  
But, I have to work here, so I hurried into the office before I decided that was a good idea. It was a close call, though!  
  
As I went through the door, my mind was completely fogged in arousal. The cool air tickled my pussy walking down the hall. It was like a lover stroking me slowly. The few men I passed turned their heads as I went by. Was I giving off vibes? Were they staring at my ass through my skirt and seeing that I had no underwear on?  
  
The walk turned into a strut. "Let them stare." I went to the kitchen to grab water, extending my walk. I received a couple more appreciative glances and the thought of those men went straight down ... there.  
  
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Derek could not believe the day he just had. "Wow, that was the hottest thing I have ever done in my life!" he thought wistfully.  
  
Sitting at the desk was exactly where he needed to be right now. His recent memory was making his dick hard, almost painfully erect. He was not exactly in any condition to be walking around.  
  
Concentrating on work helped, but then he would have a flashback of the view up Mariana's skirt while the shoe store clerk and he stared at her bare pussy: instant, throbbing, painful erection. He rubbed it a bit and that feeling of needing to cum was becoming persistent.   
  
After futilely trying to be productive for an hour, he grabbed a notebook, hiding his obvious erection as he made his way to the bathroom. Thankfully, no one else was in there. He locked himself in a stall. He unzipped his pants and released his cock, stroking it before it was even out.  
  
Images from the day went through his mind. The pressure grew quickly. He pictured the exact moment Mariana's knees had opened and revealed her glistening, naked pussy. It was soaked. The situation was so blatantly naughty. Before he even had a chance to tear off a piece of toilet paper, he exploded. Cum went on his shirt, his boxers, and his pants. It shocked him how fast it had "come" on.  
  
"Great." He laughed to himself and cleaned up as best as he could. He felt relieved and relaxed. The rest of the day was not entirely productive, but at least he was not completely frustrated. He left the office a happy man. He glanced at where Mariana sat, but she had already gone home. He could not wait to see where this thing between them went.  
  
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I arrived home that evening, still without panties. All that pent up sexual energy seemed to leave me as the details of day-to-day living intruded. Still, I left them off, feeling myself get moist occasionally as I recalled going up the escalator, or walking through the shoe store, or the dream in the hotel.  
  
The evening passed and I changed for bed. My husband gave me a kiss, and the lights went off. Honestly, I was exhausted and fell asleep almost immediately.  
  
In my dream, I was lying on the bed in the hotel room, Derek was between my legs, kissing my inner thighs and slowly moving his way upward. I whined. I could not seem to feel him where I wanted him to be. The build-up was making me crazy.   
  
His kisses circled my inner thighs. He pulled my knees outward and up, so that I was completely spread open. I felt vulnerable, exposed, and completely turned on. He was teasing me without mercy.  
  
"Please, Derek, lick me!" I whispered.  
  
He chuckled and his kisses became licks on my hip, the crease between my body and my thigh, and then the thigh itself. He darted his tongue into my navel and made a trail down. I could sense exactly where he was going. He would not deny me this time. His tongue made contact with my pussy, my whole body arched  
  
I woke up abruptly. My heart was racing. "Oh my god, I am so wet," I thought to myself. Actually, my dirty side thought, "My pussy is dripping!"  
  
I was completely out of control. I needed sex. My whole body was quivering. I heard breathing next to me and realized what I had to do.  
  
I rolled over and started stroking my husband's cock through his pajama pants. Normally, I liked to slowly tease him to full attention, but not tonight: I did not have the patience. Reaching in, I pulled out his cock, putting it in my mouth. I licked and sucked it. I wrapped my hand around and pumping it, and he quickly became erect.   
  
And then I straddled his hips. I grabbed his cock, positioned it, and put it inside me. No foreplay, no playful teasing, just his cock in to the hilt. I started riding him for all I was worth. Almost before he was fully awake, I was fucking him at full steam.   
  
My day came back to me all at once. I pictured Derek's eyes, his lips and especially how his cock looked fully erect inside his pants. My pace quickened, my pussy squeezing in a rhythmic way.   
  
All of a sudden, a fantasy filled my mind. I was in the shoe store, and Derek was rubbing his obvious erection through his pants. In my fantasy, I reached over and placed my hand on top of his, helping him rub it. Our fingers meshed and the two switched sides, with my hand rubbing his cock.  
  
And then I was on my knees in front of him. Right there in plain view I unzipped his pants. I pleaded with my eyes for permission to take it out and his gesture said that would be just fine. So, I pulled him out, planting a kiss on his head as soon as it was free.  
  
My lips surrounded his cock. And then I started to suck him: long, slow, deep thrusts of his dick into my mouth. I even deep throated him, something I have never done before. The clerk looked on in astonishment. People passed by.   
  
I felt like the star of an adult film. My tongue slowly went from the base of his balls to his head, my brown eyes looking up at him. The manager turned the corner and I thought we were in trouble, but he merely joined the steadily growing set of onlookers.  
  
At this point, I worried that things were getting out of hand. Maybe we should finish somewhere more private?   
  
Except, the onlookers were spurring me on. Their intense attention was making me bold. I even reached between my legs and started to touch myself!  
  
Derek saw where my hand was and I could sense he was close to cumming. He was breathing hard. I reached down with my other hand and stroked his balls through his pants as I sucked.   
  
He gave me a tap on the shoulder. I knew what that warning was for and I just sucked harder in response. My other hand picked up speed also. He closed his eyes and started to fuck my face. I could feel him erupt and I desperately swallowed to avoid drowning. It felt like a great deal of cum went down my throat.  
  
As Derek started cumming in my dream,   
  
I was surprised that the thought of everyone watching didn't embarrass me: it turned me on. The looks just sent me over the edge.   
  
In real life, I was riding my husband hard, rubbing my clit on his shaft. I moaned and nearly cried out, "Oh, Derek!" but managed to turn it into a mumble-just in time. I had the most explosive orgasm.  
  
"Wow," I heard my husband say in the dark. "Where did that come from?"  
  
I had cum so quickly that he did not even have a chance to finish. So, I pulled his cock into my mouth, sucking him feverishly, feeling his balls. In my imagination, I was doing this to Derek. Soon, he exploded, and I swallowed his load, savoring how I had pleased him.   
  
I rolled over and went back to sleep, satisfied, but not completely. A thought came to me just before I nodded off. "I do not feel the slightest bit guilty."   
  
Nothing had really happened yet between Derek and me yet, so there still was time to put the brakes on before it crossed the line. Or at least that's what I told myself.  
  
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The next morning Mariana woke up and her behavior yesterday seemed nearly unreal to her. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before, and she vowed to herself to rein it in before things got out of hand. The line had not been crossed...  
  
So, instead of wearing one of her (now) many skirts, she grabbed a pair of pants. Granted, they were tight pants. She went through her underwear drawer and saw the tiny set of panties she had bought yesterday.   
  
"It cannot hurt to wear them," she thought.   
  
She spent most of the day avoiding Derek. Where before she would deliberately pass by his desk, today she detoured. Still, she saw him a bit. And he did not fail to stare at her ass when she walked by. She did not linger as usual, but his looks turned her on anyway.  
  
"Calm, Mariana, calm," she muttered to herself.  
  
The panties she was wearing did NOT help. They constantly rode up, wedging themselves deeply inside, making her pull them back down. The back and forth was rubbing her, and she enjoyed the sensation. The next time they rode up, she walked by Derek's desk almost unconsciously.   
  
The panties rubbing her in just the right spot were making her incredibly aroused. His appreciative look as she went by made the feeling more intense. By the time she reached the restroom, her panties were saturated and she worried that her pants would show it. She thought briefly about touching herself right in the bathroom.  
  
"No way," she thought, "I would never do that."  
  
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Derek noticed how Mariana seemed to avoid him all day. He did not fully understand the reasoning, but he respected her need to have a little space.   
  
"I guess it has been kinda crazy," he thought to himself, shaking his head.  
  
When she finally walked by mid-afternoon, she was wearing tight white pants. This was a break from her pattern lately of wearing cute skirts that showed off her legs. These pants were nice in their own way, though. They were especially tight on her ass and they even hugged her front, outlining her crack. He could not help but watch the play of the fabric as she walked.  
  
He broke from his reverie when her stride faltered slightly as she approached. He looked up at her and realized she knew exactly where he was focused. He felt a little embarrassed to be so caught.   
  
She continued past him and he swore she swung her hips just a little more. The look over her shoulder confirmed that she knew he would be staring at her ass. He grinned as he was bagged and just shrugged. Her return grin assured him that everything would eventually be ok.  
  
Time passed. Derek was absorbed in work, but he noticed that Mariana had not returned to her desk for a while. He thought maybe he had just missed her or she went off to a meeting.   
  
Finally, he saw her return. He looked at her face and she met his eyes briefly. Her cheeks got very red and she looked down as she hurried past.   
  
"What was that about?" he wondered. "Was that a wet spot on her pants?"  
  
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"I am in trouble," Mariana thought as she departed work. "All I can think about is how horny he makes me feel. I could change my panties ten times a day and they would still be soaked."  
  
Her entire ride home was filled with these thoughts. She struggled with her angel and demon on each shoulder. The angel reminded her that she had been married a very long time and faithful for the entire stretch. The devil on her shoulder whispered about the lack of caring lately from her spouse. It seemed the only thing they shared was sex, and even that felt empty.  
  
She realized her feelings for Derek were reflections of desires that had been there for a while. The naughtiness, the excitement, the compliments and attention all fed her ailing ego. She needed them. And in a weird way, they would help her marriage by filling that need. The devil was definitely winning...  
  
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The next morning, I told myself, "You only get one chance at this life, Mariana. Enjoy it!"  
  
I dove into the deep part of my closet and pulled out the shortest skirt I dared to wear to work. I rummaged through my lingerie drawer and came up with lacy stockings that ended just above the hemline. And I picked a pair of black silk panties that made me feel sexy. Combined with the lacy black bra and the button-down shirt, it was a great complete outfit.   
  
I looked in the mirror and said out loud: "Looking hot, Mariana."   
  
And for once, I believed it. When I thought what Derek would think of this outfit, I became aroused.   
  
"This should be an interesting day,"   
  
I thought, laughing to myself. I grabbed my keys and my laptop, and headed out the door. On the way, the wind blew my skirt, exposing my undergarments to whoever was watching (which honestly appeared to be nobody). I did not even bother to hold it down. I liked the feeling of exposure. My only regret was that Derek was not there to enjoy it.   
  
And I could not help but think, "Very interesting, indeed!" as I pulled out of the driveway and went to work.   
  
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When I arrived at this office this morning, I was feeling self-conscious. There was basically no one there, which gave me the courage to hurry to my desk and sit down. I was very aware how short my skirt was, how when I walked fast my underwear most likely showed, and I was nervous.   
  
People started to arrive. I worked and kept smoothing my skirt down, covering as much of my thighs as I could. It was making me mental.   
  
"Calm down," I said to myself. "Just picture the look on his face when he sees you."   
  
I stopped worrying. I just let it go. And I realized that my bladder was basically going to burst.   
  
So, I walked to the bathroom and drew stares from everyone I passed, even some of the women. Heather even said, "looking awesome today, Mariana." And it made me feel good and just a bit more relaxed.   
  
My walk back to my desk was confident. My skirt swayed from side to side, flouncing dangerously as I passed one gawker after another. The feeling of being watched and appreciated was making my pussy juice up. I caught my breath in anticipation as I passed by Derek's desk... but he was not there.

"Bummer," I thought.   
  
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Derek was late to arrive for work. He was rushing to get to this problem and that meeting and just feeling a bit frazzled. So, he barely had time to breathe, never mind wonder if Mariana was going to avoid him all day again today. He saw her for the first time just before lunch. His jaw nearly dropped to the floor. Her outfit was just off the hook today. Through her tight, button down shirt he could see the hint of popped nipples.   
  
But it was her skirt that was fascinating. It was short, no longer than mid thigh if that, and what is more, it was not tight at all. There is this rule about skirts. Either it is super short and tight as hell, or it is longer and "floofy". When a skirt is short and floofy, it is almost certain that the person will be exposed more than they want, especially on a windy day.   
  
He basically stared as she came towards him and resigned himself to watching her go by. Instead, she stopped at his desk.   
  
"Walk this afternoon?" she asked, revealing an odd smile on her face.  
  
"What was that smile?" Derek wondered.   
  
"Um, sure," he said, "regular time with crew?"  
  
"I was thinking a little later, is that OK?" she said, her smile getting broader and even harder to read.  
  
"I am free all afternoon," Derek said.   
  
She leaned forward, getting close. "I look forward to it," she said in a low, sexy voice. And then she walked away.   
  
He thought he caught a glimpse of her bare ass as she walked away, and perhaps something black and lacy. "She is wearing a thong with that?" he asked himself incredulously.   
  
At that moment, a coworker came over with a question. "Help can computer work something you?"   
  
Derek shook his head, "can you repeat that?" His thoughts were not exactly coherent at that moment. He helped with the issue, but his mind was not much into it.   
  
The day could not go fast enough for Derek's sake. At the regular walk time, he saw Mariana and crew go by. "Oh, I guess she is going without me." He was disappointed and confused.   
  
The next hour or so dragged. When everyone returned from the walk, he barely even looked at her as she passed.   
  
"I suppose it is back to wondering what the heck is going on", he thought.  
  
He started to go through all the things that had happened, examining his actions and her responses for clues. Did he make her angry somehow? Was she feeling guilty? Was this flirtation over?   
  
He was so absorbed in thought that he did not even notice when she showed up at his desk. It was almost as if she manifested out of thin air.   
  
"Walk?" she asked.   
  
He basically stared open mouthed for like two seconds. He tried once, unsuccessfully to form an English sentence. And then he gathered himself. "Yes," he said, feeling relieved and foolish all at the same time. But, still confused.   
  
They walked out, just the two of them. It was the beginning of fall and quite breezy out. Derek had this vision of that skirt in this weather and perked up.   
  
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I grabbed Derek for my second walk, this time just the two of us. He looked surprised. "Maybe he thought I was going to blow him off?"   
  
"I saw you go for a walk earlier and thought you had forgotten about me," Derek said.  
  
I paused, getting close. "That was just a cover walk. You know, so we could go with just us."  
  
"Good idea," he said, sounding relieved.  
  
We made small talk as we got some distance from work. Soon, I could feel the wind lift my skirt in the back. My thong was basically wedged between my ass cheeks, so I knew there was quite the view.   
  
Derek stopped and stared. "Very nice," he said, not quite under his breath. I blushed, but I only made a feigned attempt to smooth it back down.   
  
We continued on, my skirt still blowing in the wind, my hips swaying to music only I could hear. Derek looked on for a few seconds and then hurried to catch up.   
  
"Sorry, I got distracted," he said. His grin showed how much he appreciated the show.   
  
Our talk naturally turned towards sex again. It was so easy to talk to him, I found myself being open and honest. I even chatted briefly about how dissatisfied I was lately in bed with my husband. I could not believe I was talking about this.  
  
Derek looked down as he walked. He took a deep breath. "You know, I had a sexy dream about us," he said. That certainly got my attention.   
  
"Oh really?" I encouraged him to continue.   
  
"Ya," he said, hesitating, "we were lying on my bed talking. You were wearing that pair of tight white pants you had on yesterday. I had my hand..." he stopped.   
  
"Not a skirt?" I asked, surprised.   
  
He shook his head.   
  
"Go on. Your hand was where exactly?" I said with a smile.   
  
He blushed. I did not think Derek was capable of blushing!  
  
"Actually, it was my arm. We were lying opposite each other, your head at the bottom of the bed, mine at the top, we were each on our side facing one another. My arm was between your legs."   
  
I listened intently. The thought of his arm between my legs was exciting.  
  
Derek continued, "You had my bicep trapped between your thighs just above the knee. My hand was through, feeling the upper part of your butt. I was slowly stroking it, and my arm was inching upward."   
  
I could see the image in my mind.   
  
Derek went on. "I was frustrated. I could see 'you' clearly through your tight pants and I wanted to touch you."  
  
I interrupted. "What do you mean, see 'you'?"  
  
Derek paused. "I mean that I could see your pussy outlined through your tight jeans."  
  
The thought made me "mmmm" under my breath.  
  
And then he said, "Just as I was about to give up, you reached down and started to stroke me through my pants. Yet you pretended that nothing was going on. Your hand was pressed firmly palm down on my erection."   
  
The thought of stroking him just like that flashed through my mind. For about ten full seconds, I did not see my surroundings as we strolled. Instead, I had a fantasy of Derek's dream and it turned me on.   
  
"Mmmm," I murmured, this time out loud.   
  
Derek looked at me and smiled.   
  
"And then what?" I asked, wondering where how far this dream went.   
  
"You continued to stroke me, I continued to struggle to touch you. I woke up with a throbbing erection. I was both frustrated and turned on."   
  
Instead of being disturbed or uncomfortable about him having a sex dream, I felt complimented by it. It was a huge ego boost.   
  
"So, that's it? We did not do anything else?" I was deliberately teasing him.  
  
He looked briefly over at me. There was that blush again!  
  
"What do you think it means?" I wanted to hear his thoughts.   
  
He again looked down, taking his time before responding. I could tell he was taking the question seriously.   
  
"I think my mind was telling me something. It was saying that I was attracted to you and that you were throwing up stop signs. But, just when I was about to give up, you continued to encourage me. I think it is a fairly accurate parallel to what is going on between us."   
  
"Wow," I thought. That was way deeper than expected... and entirely accurate.   
  
"You are right," I said. "Until now, we have been playing, flirting, and although some of the stuff we have done is out there," I said. "We have not really DONE anything."   
  
"Right," he said.   
  
"I am not sure if I am ready to cross that line," I admitted. "Part of me," I glanced down, "really wants to. I mean REALLY wants to."   
  
He looked surprised at the admission and the tone I used.   
  
"Part of me has for quite some time now," I said.  
  
He was shocked. I don't think he understood how attracted to him I had been or for how long I had been feeling it.  
  
"But, I have never done this before," I admitted. I chewed my lip.   
  
And then he shocked me back. "I don't know either. We are good friends, we work together, and we each have our own thing. I do not want to do anything that impacts any of that."   
  
We strode in silence for a while, each lost in our own thoughts. I started to feel a little sad.  
  
"How about this?" he started. I could tell he was being careful.   
  
"How about we cross the line together, each with our eyes open. I really want you, Mariana. It would be a shame to stop here. If either of us decides that it's affecting our friendship, our job, or families, then we stop. It will be difficult, but at least we will not have the regret of not trying."   
  
I thought about this, again in silence. Did I really want to do this, I wondered? And then I remembered the hotel dream.   
  
So, instead of telling him yes or no, I started to tell him the dream. How we had checked into a hotel, him calling me his mistress. How he had fucked me from behind. I could not look at him as I recalled the dream, but I could tell he was listening intently. The retelling of it was affecting me. My nipples were rock hard, my pussy was similarly engorged, and my heart was racing.   
  
When I glanced at Derek, I could tell he was aroused. There was a noticeable bulge in his jeans and little hitch to his stride. I felt proud for turning him on again.   
  
"Interesting," was all he managed.   
  
We walked in silence a bit more. And then I made the decision I knew I would make for quite some time. I took a deep breath.   
  
"OK," I said, in barely a whisper.   
  
"OK, what?" he asked. He was smiling.   
  
I had a feeling he knew exactly what I meant.   
  
"OK, let's do it. Let's cross that line and see what happens."   
  
He looked excited, eager.   
  
"But, Derek, I want to go slow."   
  
His eagerness was so obvious it was funny. It was like a puppy with a new toy. It cracked slightly when I mentioned "slow".   
  
"I can do that," he said.   
  
We had made the turn and had started back towards work.   
  
I examined my feelings. I felt... elated. The spring in my step flounced my skirt. The wind blew it even more. I was riding so high I did not even care. I was probably mooning half the houses we passed.   
  
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Derek took my hand and led me to a path into the woods. I looked a question at him, and he just smiled at me.   
  
"Where are we going?" I asked.   
  
"Oh, I wanted to show you this place I found the other day. It is quiet and mostly private," he answered.   
  
I started to worry just a little. Did Derek understand the concept of going slow? Would he push me further than I wanted to go? Was I ready for what he had in mind? He continued to talk with me about normal things.   
  
His voice was quiet and comforting.   
  
I relaxed. At times the path narrowed to one person wide, and he ushered me forward. I thought this was sweet and gentlemanly, and then I realized he was staring at my ass. The third time he did this, I paused and he came right up behind me.   
  
His hands lightly touched my sides. His chest pressed against my back. I could hear his heavy breathing in my ear and his heart beating rapidly. I could not help it; I leaned back against him.   
  
"Mmmm," I moaned.   
  
Part of me was still wary, still in control.   
  
His hands started to rub my hips over my skirt. He pulled into me and I could feel his hard cock press against me through both our clothes. My breathing got a bit ragged. I closed my eyes.   
  
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His hot breath tickled my ear. He kissed my neck.   
  
"Do you trust me, Mariana?" he said as he continued to rub his hand over my skirt, tugging it slightly upward.   
  
I examined my feelings. I nodded.   
  
"Then close your eyes and let it go..."   
  
His hands continued to grasp me, pull him into me. All of a sudden, I could feel his hands under my skirt. I gasped, but kept my eyes closed. He grabbed my panties and tugged.   
  
"Oh my god," I thought.   
  
Before I really could react, he had pulled them down to mid- thigh, below the level of my skirt.   
  
"You are so sexy," he breathed in my ear.   
  
My mind was a whirl. On one hand, I wanted to go slow. On the other, I felt out of control. But, I trusted Derek and his hands were making me crazy, so I continued to let him take the lead.   
  
I was starting to get this itch deep inside me. I had a deep, burning, yearning to have his cock buried deep to scratch that itch.   
  
I was shocked at my thoughts. "Slow, Mariana, slow."   
  
He lifted my skirt, exposing my butt. And then his hands were on my bare ass, massaging it.   
  
"I think I crossed the line, Mariana," he whispered in my ear.   
  
"Is that OK?" he asked, without stopping.   
  
I breathed heavily, barely able to answer, "Yes."   
  
My eyes were still closed and his right hand reached around, slipping under my skirt and resting on my thigh. It was a scant inch from my throbbing pussy. His fingers tickled me as he used the tips, moving them back and forth, with each pass closer and closer...   
  
I was panting at this point, and my right hand reached back to rest on his thigh. He "mmmmed" in encouragement. His other hand caressed my side. It played on the outside on my breast, giving me goose bumps as it went up and down.  
  
"Can I touch you, Mariana?" he whispered. "Can I put my fingers in your pussy, get them wet, caress your clit?"   
  
That last word was said with almost a hiss. I gasped. My eyes briefly opened, the bright day making me squint. I looked down and my skirt was lifted above my waist. I knew my pussy and ass were in plain view.   
  
His words just before we entered the woods were clear in my mind. He had said these were "mostly private". That meant that people came through them sometimes. I was feeling a bit nervous.  
  
But I was too far past the point of stopping. Closing my eyes again, I nodded.   
  
"What was that?" he asked, pretending not to understand.   
  
I nodded, blushing.   
  
He waited.   
  
"But that would be crossing the line, Mariana. I am not sure. Perhaps we should go slowly. Are you certain?" he asked.   
  
"Yes, Derek! I want your fingers inside of me. Put your fingers in me. Please!" I was not in control any more. My need was great.   
  
His fingers moved slightly inward, making contact with my outer lips. His fingers slid easily on my lips, tracing the outside. I hissed. He continued to tease me, not putting them inside where I wanted them. His other hand remained on my hip, pulling his erection into me.   
  
I heard a rustling in the bush. Was that an animal? Was somebody watching? I kept my eyes closed, but I could picture a couple peering at us. I imagined that they stopped and watched and that they were enjoying the show. I was not used to the feeling, but ever since the shoe store, the thought of being watched got me quite aroused.  
  
I could not resist, I reached back and grasped Derek's hard cock through his pants. His groan of appreciation spurred me on. I stroked it through his jeans. In my mind, the couple in the bushes mirrored what we were doing.  
  
The tip of his fingers darted in, moving my clit. I was melting under his touch. I no longer wanted to go slow. My need was building.  
  
A branch snapped off to my right somewhere. "What was that?" I thought, but I did not look over. Instead, I pictured a man looking from behind a tree, his cock in his hand, stroking as he watched.  
  
My shirt was being tugged. One by one, each button was opened, Derek's whispered words filling my head. "Your breasts are amazing, Mariana," he said, "I cannot wait to see them."  
  
Derek unfastened my bra. I moaned when I felt it release. His hand pulled it up over my breasts, and they were out, feeling the kiss of the wind. And then the kisses became wet and I realized he was sucking my left tit into his mouth.  
  
"Oh my god, Derek," I said.   
  
His fingers continued to work their magic down below. They worked inside of me, but not deep inside. I wanted something deep... very deep.   
  
I wanted Derek to lift my skirt, bend me down, and fuck me right here in the woods. The need to expose myself was urgent, needful. I actually bent over slightly, imagining the onlookers were now seeing my pussy from behind. His fingers moved from my clit, curling inside and feeling under my pelvic bone.   
  
"That feels amazing," I said out loud. Finally, he was touching exactly where I was most sensitive.  
  
Meanwhile, his other hand took advantage of my slightly bent posture, reaching from behind and penetrating me.   
  
My mind went blank for a second. The pleasure was incredible.   
  
And then I had a vision of myself, in the woods. My shirt was open and my breasts exposed. My ass and pussy were also plainly visible. I was bent over slightly and Derek was finger fucking me from the front and from the back: I was getting double teamed!   
  
The vision drove me to new heights. Especially when I saw the people watching me.  
  
"Mmmm," I moaned.   
  
My heart was beating faster and faster. My moan was just a little louder than normal. I was playing to the watchers and loved the attention.   
  
Another rustling of bushes in the other direction and my imagination started to conjure an audience. I could see in my mind's eye these onlookers surrounding us, cheering us on. They were all stroking themselves.  
  
I imagined the couple in the woods had started to have sex. The picture was so clear in my mind. It made me want Derek to be inside of me. I wanted his cock to penetrate me. "Derek, I want you to fuck me," I said.   
  
"Are you sure, Mariana?" he said. The pace of his fingers increased.   
  
"Yes, Derek, please fuck me." I was desperate. The pressure was getting intense. Our imaginary audience continued to urge us on; "suck his dick", "fuck her doggy style", and even "fuck her in the ass" they chanted. Each utterance made me pulse with renewed lust.  
  
He put a second finger inside of me from the front and pumped in faster. I was getting fucked, all right, but it was his with his fingers, not his cock. The cock that I was now grasping through his pants. I started to unzip him.   
  
"All in good time, Mariana."   
  
I was urging him closer, trying to entice his cock to come out and play. He turned his hips so that it was difficult for me to get him out. I was so close to cumming.  
  
"I am going to do everything a man can do to a woman... to you, Mariana," He whispered in my ear.   
  
Pictures of him doing EVERYTHING flashed through my mind.   
  
Suddenly, I was over the edge and crying out my pleasure. I made little effort to be quiet and Derek only increased his pace, sending me higher and higher. My body shuddered and shook and the feeling of being watched was strong.  
  
Derek continued to stroke me for a while. It was amazing and sensual. His stroke went fully in, paused, fully out, paused, and then repeated. And then his fingers were gone.   
  
I was satisfied partially, but also frustrated to not have him inside of me. But, I also had to admit, I was glad that he had resisted my request. I was not completely in control when I asked him to fuck me, and I am not sure I was quite ready for that yet.  
  
Finally, I opened my eyes and looked all around. No one was within sight. There were only trees, no audience. I felt relief that we had not been caught. Oddly, I also felt a little disappointment.   
  
"Am I becoming an exhibitionist, I wondered?" The thought both frightened and excited me.  
  
I could see Derek's cock tenting his pants. It did not look comfortable. I reached over to finish unzipping him, take it out, and suck it. I wanted to make him feel the way he had just made me feel.  
  
Instead he stepped slightly to the side, around me. He pressed in from the back again.   
  
"I want to go slow, too. I want to enjoy each step on our journey. Yes, I would love for my cock to come out right now, for you to blow me," his whisper was turning me on again. "But, for now, I am going to stay on this side of the line."   
  
His hands reached under my skirt again to my naked hips. They traced down to my thighs. He grabbed my panties by the sides, and I expected him to pull them back up.   
  
Teasingly, he tugged them just a little bit. And then he pulled downward and took them completely off. I actually stumbled just a bit lifting my foot, and he caught me nicely.   
  
I was bewildered. He wanted to wait and he took off my panties? Maybe he could not resist? What the heck?

"That's better," he said, and he started to walk back the way we came, out of the woods.   
  
I stood there in shock for a couple of seconds. I watched him go without understanding. Then I quickly buttoned my blouse, not even bothering to refasten my bra. He walked out of view.  
  
I hurried after him. The air caressed my bare pussy as I did.   
  
About a hundred yards outside the woods and back onto the street, I finally I caught up to him. My skirt kept flying everywhere as both the wind and the rushed pace sent it upward.  
  
I matched his pace. "Um... panties?" I asked, nearly frantic.  
  
He continued to walk. His hand still held them in a ball. He reached up with the panties inside, and I felt momentary relief. Instead of giving them over, though, he held them to his nose and sniffed.   
  
"Mmmmm, you smell delicious."  
  
I blushed. I made a grab for them. He held them out of reach. I gave a little foot stamp, pouting. He grinned and stuffed them in his pocket.   
  
"Trust me, Mariana," he said.   
  
I looked at his face closely. He was serious.   
  
"I don't know," I said.  
  
What could I do? I trusted him. I let him keep them.   
  
I continued to walk, barely keeping up with his pace as we approached the office. Each step was a struggle with the skirt and the wind.   
  
"Who would see?" I thought as we got closer to the office.   
  
Just when I started to insist he give them back, my skirt flew up again. My pussy and ass were revealed. The wind touched my skin everywhere. The feeling was amazing. I nearly had another orgasm right then and there. It was so amazingly naughty, like an x-rated Marilyn Monroe moment.   
  
So, I let him lead me back with that tiny skirt and no panties. I trusted him. Each blow of the wind would show a bit of my ass, my bare pussy. That along with my erect nipples, and I was ready to step right into a porn as the lead actress.   
  
When we reached the back door of the office, I was again horny as hell and wondering how far this would go. Derek did his "after you" gesture and I went inside. His hand reached under my skirt as I went in through the door, squeezing my ass.   
  
My pulse was pounding. I did not know if I could go through with this. I was really scared. Unbelievably, however, I was also incredibly turned on. Just the thought of doing this was like a key opening in my mind, letting out all the dirty little fantasies I had buried there.   
  
He stopped me just inside the door, pressing against me. I could feel his hand briefly take mine and squeeze. It was a caring, reassuring squeeze. I looked down at my hand. My panties were inside them. I stood there, looking down at them in disbelief.   
  
His eyes were bright. He walked ahead. I watched him go and then headed towards the ladies' room. As I entered and reflected on the day's events, I did not have any regrets. All I could think of was what would come next and how far I would go in my newfound hobby of exhibitionism.   
  
I looked down at the panties in my hand. I had a brief struggle with myself. This time, the angel did not have a chance.   
  
"Screw it, I only have an hour left."   
  
And I left to strut back to my desk, swaying my hips as I went. I saw a couple of my male coworkers double take as I went by. I wondered if they could see my bare ass as I flounced by, my skirt swaying. I even saw a man staring at my chest, at the nipples threatening to make holes in my shirt.   
  
My bra was not quite fastened and I was completely bare under my skirt. It felt amazing...

**Mariana Ch. 03: New York City**

After the experience in the mall (see Chapter 1) and a hot visit to the woods (Chapter 2), Derek and Mariana found themselves frustrated by wanting to spend more time together and push the relationship further. But, they basically had nowhere to go that would not raise suspicion from their co-workers or families. They were trying to be discrete at work, so the opportunities for them to spend time alone together were few and far between.   
  
They made the best of it that they could, stealing time away by going for walks. But, to reduce suspicion, they could not do this often, and even when they did, the most they could do was a bit of heavy petting. Even a trip to the nearby woods seemed dangerous now.  
  
They were both sick of logistics when Mariana mentioned her impending conference away to New York City. It came with a hotel room.   
  
"Maybe I could come," Derek joked.  
  
"That would be awesome," Mariana said. "Just think, we'd could be in a city where no one knows us. We could walk down the street holding hands. Anything could happen."  
  
Her eyes sparked. Derek could tell that she wanted to make the joke into reality.  
  
"Let me see what I can do," he said.  
  
Two days later, Derek passed Mariana in the hallway.   
  
"Let's go to New York," he said. "I have the green light."  
  
He enjoyed seeing the surprise and excitement on Mariana's face. She was a bit apprehensive about going too fast, but it certainly beat being frustrated constantly by circumstance!  
  
They promised to meet up in the city. He got her cell phone number. Mariana thought of how much fun they could have and was genuinely excited. The trip could not come soon enough.  
  
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That fateful morning, while Mariana was packing for the trip, she received a text that from Derek at home.  
  
"School girl outfit, stockings, buttons. Shave. No panties"  
  
The text was so stark. Her heart started beating faster. She was not sure she could pull such an outfit off. And did he just ask her to shave?  
  
"Shave what?" she texted back. She could play coy when she wanted.  
  
"Shave EVERYTHING."   
  
It was not like Mariana had never shaved her privates before. But the thought of Derek seeing her completely bare sent a shiver through her whole body. And what he planned to do with her if she complied...   
  
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Mariana had to search for an outfit that would match "school girl". She had a pleated skirt that was in the pile for when she lost weight. Trying it on, she found that it fit, with even a little room to spare. Woot!   
  
The top was more of a problem. What qualified? She went through a few sexy blouses, but they just did not seem right. She closed her eyes, trying to form a mental picture. And then it came to her.   
  
A white, button down, plain shirt was the answer. She appraised herself in the mirror. It was cute, in a safe sort of way. She cupped her bra, raising up her breasts. "Maybe if I wore a push-up," she thought.  
  
She unfastened her bra and removed it without taking off the shirt. One bra after another was rejected before she even tried them on. She was getting discouraged when her reflection in the mirror caught her eye. The shirt was pretty tame with a bra under it, but without, it was a fetishist's wet dream. It was somewhat transparent in just the right light. When her nipples got hard, as they were now, you could clearly see them. You could even see a hint of her dark areola.  
  
"Can I really wear that?"   
  
She grabbed a vest from her closet and pulled it on. With it on, it was not too bad.  
  
"Mmmm," she purred as she ran her hands down her sides, feeling how her breasts felt in the shirt. "Definitely a keeper."  
  
"And now for the legs," she said to herself.  
  
The lingerie drawer had just the right pair of nylons she was searching for. They were white and partially see through, ending high up on her thigh. The top was lacy. Putting them on made her feel sexy.   
  
Appraising herself in the mirror, Mariana almost did not recognize the woman staring back at her. She was hot! The combination of innocent and naughty definitely added to the allure.   
  
And now for Derek's text request. Mariana took off each piece of clothing and placed it on the bed. She did it slowly, sensually, like a strip tease. She imagined Derek watching her. It was like a little preview of things to come, she thought.  
  
Entering the bathroom, she turned on the water for a steamy shower. She turned up the temperature to just below scalding level. Shaving with hot water reduced the incidence of ingrown hairs, she found. Plus, The hot water felt good against her skin. It was almost like she needed it to match her internal temperature, and right now she was running a bit hot.  
  
She spent the better part of the next thirty minutes shaving her legs, her vagina, and even her ass. It aroused her to feel the shaving cream slide over her skin. The slick sensation of her bare privates was incredible. And it was just so ... naughty.  
  
It was difficult to not wildly masturbate in the shower. She was so incredibly horny by the time she was finished that she could honestly use another one immediately!   
  
When she glanced down, she could clearly see her puffy lips. The slit running down was completely visible. It was nearly obscene how exposed it felt. She could not deny that it also turned her on. She was impatient to "field test" it. She giggled to herself.  
  
Putting on the outfit was easier now that she was "en fuego". In fact, she decided not to include the vest at all. She talked herself into thinking the shirt was not so revealing. But part of her knew exactly what she was showing and it made her nipples stiff and hard, straining against the thin material.  
  
The skirt was not long, about mid-thigh. She still had not put any panties on, and her newly shaved pubis felt exposed. Looking over her shoulder in the mirror, she bent down, trying to tell if someone would see her ass. It was difficult to be sure, but it was probably covered.   
  
Mariana breathed deeply. "I can do this," she said to the sex kitten in the mirror. She grabbed her bag and headed out to catch her train to New York.   
  
As she waited on the platform for the train to arrive, Mariana was constantly smoothing down her skirt. It was nerve wracking with the outfit she was wearing. When it arrived, she found a nice spot in the quiet car, read a novel, and tried to relax.   
  
During the trip, she and Derek exchanged texts to arrange for a spot to meet when she arrived in the city. It helped settle her down a little and get excited about the time away.   
  
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Mariana waited anxiously under the clock at Grand Central Station. He had sent her a text for them to meet at the station. She felt sexy as she stood there noticing all the businessmen giving her an extra glance as they rushed to catch their trains.   
  
One particular man approached with dark sunglasses. Even behind the eyewear, she could tell he was staring. She was getting a little uncomfortable when he stopped and continued looking directly at her. Then he approached again and she recognized him.   
  
It was Derek. He stopped about ten feet away and checked her out, quite overtly. His eyes paused at her breasts and hard nipples, his eyebrows raising. They continued their journey down to her pleated skirt and lacy stockings. His expression revealed distinct approval.  
  
His appraisal made her feel a little flushed and already a little wet between her legs. He gave her a nice hug and a kiss, telling her how much he liked what she was wearing. She smiled up at him. He took her by the hand and headed for the entrance to the subway.  
  
They boarded the number 6 train, heading downtown. It was Saturday, fairly early, and yet it was still pretty crowded. Derek and Mariana had to stand up as there were no two seats that were together.   
  
Derek stood close to her, and just a touch behind. He felt her back, scratching it lightly. Mariana arched it like a cat and made a mock "purring" noise. It got a smile out him.  
  
As Mariana stared off in the distance, Derek's hand strayed downward-feeling her ass over her skirt. The action was just slightly over the line in public, but her anonymity made her feel more secure. Besides, it was still well within acceptable behavior.  
  
At the next stop, even more people crowded in and barely anyone got off the train. Mariana was forced to get closer to him, though she did not mind much. He wrapped his arms around her from behind and held her close. Anyone observing them would have just seen two people enjoying each other's company.   
  
"Just three more stops until Union Square," Derek murmured in her ear.  
  
As the train slowed for the next stop, Mariana leaned back against him. She felt his hips press into her from behind lightly. He was hard, very hard. He pressed his erection between her ass cheeks through her skirt.   
  
Mariana was nervous, yet extremely turned on at the same time. As the train stopped and the doors opened, she realized that no one was paying any attention to them. Everyone around them was a stranger. It made her relax. Anonymity definitely has its privileges.  
  
She turned her head, kissed him, and said "mmm." Only he could hear her.  
  
Derek started to ease his grip on her, but Mariana actually pushed her ass backwards into him-signaling that she was completely OK with what he was doing.  
  
He wrapped his arms firmly around her and held her tight. Mariana soaked in the warm embrace. He just held her, making her feel safe and warm. It felt nice.   
  
The train lurched awkwardly at the next stop. Mariana stumbled a bit and fell into Derek. He caught her, moving his hands down to her hips to keep her steady. Using the opportunity to his full advantage, she could feel Derek's hand slide under her skirt and squeeze her hip and then her ass! It was so fast that she barely noticed the grope and it was gone. Oddly, she was disappointed that it disappeared instead of worrying about what people might have seen.  
  
They continued riding along in a sexually charged silence. Each knew that uttering a word would break the spell. She felt his hand on her waist, lightly stroking. All the energy from the morning shower slammed into Mariana all at once. She wanted more. She took Derek's hand and moved it back under her skirt on her hip... holding it there. They swayed together to the rhythm of the train.  
  
Derek was momentarily taken aback by her actions. But, the subway train was so crowded that it gave them a measure of privacy. People were packed in enough to shield the action below the waist. He ground his pelvis firmly into her.  
  
He whispered in her ear, "I should fuck you on this train in front of the whole world."  
  
Her breath caught. Her body froze.  
  
"Oh my..." she said back, shivering.  
  
He pulled Mariana toward him tighter. She wondered if he was serious. Was their first time doing "it" going to be on a train? Was she ready for that?   
  
Examining her feelings, she was not sure that is what she wanted. But the part of her that had started to drip fluid down her thigh certainly thought it was a fine idea. She was just trying to decide what to say...  
  
"But, I don't feel like getting arrested today," he said, rescuing her from her thoughts.  
  
They both chuckled. She felt just a little sense of loss. She really was quite horny!  
  
"It would be so easy, though." Derek continued after a slight pause. "I could slip my cock out through my zipper, lift your skirt just enough, and slide in to your warm..."  
  
Derek moved his hand inward on her hip.  
  
"Wet."  
  
He moved his hand closer.  
  
"Pussy," he hissed and his fingered stroked her lightly. It actually made contact with her pussy under the skirt.   
  
The sensation was incredible. Mariana was caught up in the moment. Her body rocked side to side. She was starting to lose control.  
  
The Union Square, 14th St. station call echoed over the loud speaker. Derek's hand withdrew from under her skirt. Again, Mariana had this inner conflict. She wanted his hand to stay! This was their destination, though.   
  
Mariana broke herself from the sexual trance. Derek put his hand on the small of her back and they shuffled forward with the crowd to the open train door.  
  
The wink of a stranger caught her attention. The man was standing on the other side of the doorway where they had stood during their ride. His smirk revealed that he had witnessed much of what they had done, despite the crowd. Mariana felt her cheeks burn as they exited the train. Still, the thought of him watching also made her feel even more tingly.  
  
They climbed the stairs upward and out to Union Square.   
  
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The station exit from the subway left them on the southeast corner of Union Square Park. Mariana noticed that the park sported a small amount of greenery clustered along one side of a gritty urban plaza. It reminded her of the piazzas in Italy.   
  
Derek held her hand and led her into the Park, walking almost due north past the large central fountain. There were tons of people everywhere. On their left, there were some dog walkers exercising their pets and socializing with one another. To their right, were kids playing in a tiny playground. They continued walking, passing endless rows of benches. Each bench was occupied, some by the ever present homeless population, another by a hipster couple enjoying a coffee and a sandwich.   
  
Mariana felt Derek stroke her hand. It was a sensual touch that kept her warm. She was still turned on from the subway ride over, so it did not take much to maintain that feeling.   
  
They were just about half way through the park. They saw kids playing off in a tiny playground. Both her and Derek enjoyed the true city experience of watching the mad cross-section of people: there were people of all ages, nationalities, genders, incomes, and interests.   
  
The artists were out in force. Several of dubious talent had set up stalls. One man has some painted works that were not half bad though. They browsed, but did not stop. Toward the north end of the park, they noticed one extraordinary artist using chalk to create a fairly realistic 3-D rendering of a pit into hell on the sidewalk. It was the best rendering of sidewalk art that Derek had ever seen, so he stopped to watch for a little while, joining the crowd.  
  
Mariana happily held Derek's hand and watched the man work. He put his arm around her waist and it felt wonderful. There was no worry at all that a coworker or mutual acquaintance would walk around the corner and catch them. The artist put his finishing touches on his rendering, and peered up at the crowd, receiving applause. He put out a box to collect tip money.  
  
As change and dollar bills went into the box, Mariana noticed the man giving her the once over. She was sincerely flattered. He was a young man, maybe early twenties, quite fit and tan from being outside. His smile confirmed what she thought, that he was checking her out. And then she calculated the angle from where he was sitting on the sidewalk and realized he could see up her skirt!  
  
She whispered something to Derek, who just smiled and shook his head. He pulled out his wallet and sauntered over to the box. He made eye contact with the artist, tossed in a five dollar bill, and kept walking. Mariana quickly followed, but noticed the man tracking her as she went by. Then she heard an intake of breath. Glancing down, his face was only a foot away peering directly upward. She knew he could see her bare, hairless pussy.  
  
She stumbled slightly and nearly fell. Derek came back for her and held her hand again. Mariana was so strongly aroused by the encounter she felt slightly light-headed. Her juices were definitely flowing!  
  
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They walked out of the northern side of the park. Derek steered Mariana towards the Barnes & Noble bookstore.   
  
"Shall we go in and have a latte," he asked.  
  
Ever since Derek had introduced her to this foamy coffee drink, she found herself loving it. She quickly nodded. He opened the door for her. As she passed through, his hand patted her behind and touched her hip. The touches sent thrills through her body. All this stimulation was making her crazy.  
  
They browsed around the store for a bit, with Derek continuing to sneak feels. When his hands grazed the side of her breasts, she could not help but moan slightly. It was nearly obscene how much her nipples shown through the thin white fabric.  
  
They stopped at the Romance section. He chose a novel for her: one of those bodice ripping stories. When she looked inquisitively at him, he just shrugged and smiled.  
  
Derek excused himself, saying he needed to use the restroom. He handed her the book and walked to the left of the cafe.  
  
"Please order two and I will meet you," he said.  
  
Mariana stepped into the cafe. Several people gave her a once (or twice) over as she strutted by. The attention was definitely going to her head.   
  
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When Derek returned, he picked up one of the drinks off the table and sat down two tables away, just a bit off to the side but facing her. Mariana did not understand what was going on. Did he not like the table she chose?  
  
She was just gathering her stuff to go sit with him when she got a text.  
  
"Stay right there," the text read. His line of sight was slightly past her. He nodded, acknowledging what he had just sent.  
  
She settled back down at the table. "What is he doing?" she wondered.  
  
"Do as I ask, Mariana." Another text from Derek read. "Or I will go over there, bend you over my knee, and spank your bare bottom."  
  
Mariana could imagine Derek doing just that in her mind's eye. It made her blush, deeply. It also started a tingling down below.  
  
"You would like that, wouldn't you?" she responded.  
  
His smile as he read his phone was her answer.  
  
She heard the "ding" of an incoming text.  
  
"Spread your legs, just a little. Like you are tired of holding them together and think the table provides cover."  
  
Mariana started to get the sense of what Derek wanted. She glanced around. Plenty of people were nearby. Some lonely men with a book in front of them, some couples, and an assortment of others.  
  
She was willing to play his game for a little while.   
  
"Do I spread my legs wide enough for you to see everything?"  
  
"Mmmm hmmm... eventually," Derek responded.  
  
She shook her head slightly. She saw him frown.  
  
"Now, now, Mariana, play along like a good girl. Or would you like to be a NAUGHTY girl instead?"  
  
Mariana was conflicted. She was embarrassed, wary of receiving the wrong type of attention. But, she was also extremely turned on. "What could it hurt to show him?" she thought.  
  
So, she twisted her legs directly in line with him and them, giving Derek a clear view up her skirt.  
  
"Ding." Her cheeks flamed. She was reluctant to read the message that he had just sent her. But, her curiosity got the best of her.  
  
"I see your bald pussy. If I am not mistaken, the slit is glistening."  
  
She glanced down at her lap and across to where he sat. Did he really see her? The expression on his face said that he did. "That is hot," she thought.  
  
The novel she was supposedly reading was propped in front of her. It may as well have been written in Chinese, her focus was elsewhere and the words just did not penetrate. She felt her temperature rise, the heat seeming to radiate out from her, especially from between her legs.  
  
"I think others see you too. It makes me very hard."  
  
Her legs snapped shut. She glanced around, trying to confirm what he had just told her. There were a few eyes that quickly averted themselves away from her. Perhaps he was telling the truth.  
  
Her breath quickened. Part of her wanted to stop this right now. It was nearly a panicked flight response. Showing Derek was one thing, but she was nervous about everyone else.  
  
A conversation started to form in her mind. She was going to explain to Derek how this had been fun and exciting up to this point, but it had gone far enough. The whole thing was getting firmed up in her mind. She made eye contact with him... and what she was going to say was just gone.

Derek stared at her with a heat and intensity that was palpable. His entire being seemed poised. It was like a predator that gets still just before leaping on the prey. She was that deer. Except, she wanted him to catch her, to jump her, to eat her...  
  
She muttered a barely audible "oh" as that image ran through her mind. The itch between her legs grew. The desire to show was overwhelming her reluctance. Her entire adult life had been spent preventing the perverts from getting a peak. But, now she was deliberately overriding that defense.  
  
Her mind and her pussy had a war. She shifted from side to side in her seat, a reflection of the inner struggle. The movement made for some interesting reveals of what lay underneath.  
  
Finally, she decided to trust Derek. He had taken her this far. Each step along the way was difficult, but traversing it always was wonderful in retrospect.  
  
Mariana texted back, "Sweet. Mmmm."  
  
Her nipples were painfully erect. Each breath moved her shirt and seemed to stroke them. Her areola actually showed slightly through the thin white cloth. She bowed her head quickly to narrow her world to a small bubble.  
  
Ding!  
  
"Your tits are amazing. Your pussy is edible," Derek texted. "I'm pretty sure fatty at your 7 oâ€™clock is going to mess his pants."  
  
She spared a quick peek that way and saw the man. His eyes were locked on her legs. He was sporting a considerable bulge in his pants. The confirmation of an onlooker should have stopped her right there. Instead, she started to feel the impulse to expose everything, to get even higher...  
  
Mariana texted back, "Lol. I just want YOU to mess your pants. Does turning everyone on when they look at me turn you on?"  
  
A smile lit Derek's face as he nodded. His grin was infectious. What nervousness she felt faded with that smile.  
  
Derek sent, "Look around, avoiding everyone's stares. Then nervously move your hands down to your lap. Pretend to read."  
  
Mariana shifted, sending her eyes around the cafe, deliberately skipping over the man she had seen earlier. She noted, even with the poor scan, that she had snagged the attention of two others. One man who was sitting with his wife, pretending to read a magazine, but instead gazing past it at her. The other was a young boy, maybe 18, glasses... your classic nerd that was playing with his smart phone. Was he taking her picture?  
  
"Oh my god, this is crazy," Mariana thought.  
  
"Since you have your head down, everyone can enjoy the show without fear of getting caught," the incoming text read.   
  
Mariana closed her eyes briefly, picturing how she must appear to them. Her braless breasts straining the buttons on her shirt, the little pleated skirt reaching to mid-thigh, the stockings ending in lace. The words that matched her mind's image were: slut, trollop, whore. Saying each of these words to herself made her pussy pulse in response. It was throbbing.  
  
The last of her reluctance left her. Her only thoughts now were purely sexual. She wondered when she could drag Derek somewhere private and fuck him.   
  
Derek was relentless with his texts: "Rub yourself through your skirt, sneaky like."  
  
Mariana received the text.   
  
The novel she was supposedly reading was a trashy hard-cover romance, complete with a picture of a half-naked woman embracing a bare chested adonis. She pretended to read it, seemingly turned on by the contents inside. Her hand gingerly rubbed herself through her skirt on the outside.  
  
"MMmmm," she sent to Derek.  
  
She was being careful, sneaking the feels, moving slowly so as not to draw attention. Her glance at the married man caught him staring intently at the hand on her lap.  
  
"You think you are being all slick, but I can see you." Derek sent.  
  
Her cheeks briefly turned red. And that blush faded to be replaced by a flush. She could not believe how horny she was...   
  
"Check out the area around you one more time. Do a bad job of it. You're going to win an Oscar for this." Derek's text made her laugh. He knew how to put her at ease.  
  
Mariana smiled down and texted, "LOL."  
  
A movement to her right caught her eye. She noticed the married man that had been voyeuring her chasing after his wife, who was angrily walking away. It did not take a detective to deduce that he had been caught staring. Mariana was amused by the side show.  
  
Derek sent, "Then sneak your hand under the skirt. Caress it."  
  
Even knowing that she had other spectators, Mariana did not hesitate this time.  
  
"I'de love to."  
  
Her hand that had been on the outside played with the edge of her skirt lying on her thighs. She slowly moved her hand from her bare thigh, up over her hip, up to the top and back. The second time it made this trip, her hand moved to the waistband. Her fingers traced along the hemline, from her right hip to just below her navel.  
  
Peering around again, deliberately missing everyone actually watching, her hand followed her fingers into her skirt. Her palm flattened, slipping inside. Extending her arm an inch at a time, she made contact with the top of her shaved mound. Slowly, deliberately, she slid her middle finger between her lips.  
  
Derek texted her, "You are clearly turned on now."  
  
Mariana grinned, "Shocking."  
  
"It feels so good," she texted, "warm and wet and so, so, smooth."  
  
The surprise on Derek's face when he read her text made her chuckle.   
  
"I bet he was not expecting that," she thought.  
  
The finger stroked her clitoris with just the tip. Her juices were dripping down her thighs enough for to have a slight worry in the back of her mind about leaving a puddle!  
  
"Fiddle with your shirt buttons," Derek ordered.  
  
Her finger was still stroking, making her not care about anyone around her. She just wanted to go higher... and higher...  
  
"Mmmmm, ok." The text broke her slightly out of her trance.   
  
She really did not want to let go of her pussy. So instead, her other hand stood the hard-cover open and then released it. It managed to stay open. For some reason, it was important for her to maintain the illusion of having the novel be the source of her behavior to the spectators.  
  
Marianna self-consciously played with the buttons as instructed. Her hand brushed against her nipple, and she could not resist giving it a little squeeze. Almost without realizing it she unbuttoned first one, and then two buttons. More and more of her cleavage was revealed.  
  
"I can see you breathing hard," read his message.  
  
"Yes... I am," Marianna replied.  
  
She read his next text message twice, not fully able to absorb it the first time.  
  
"You have quite the appreciative audience. Lots of erections."  
  
She texted back, "Lol." The last thing on her mind was laughter, though. She was the center of attention. And she was loving it. She spared a glance at Derek. He had his hand on his lap, deliberately stroking his hard cock where she could see.  
  
"Can you see me rubbing my cock? How far will you go? Will you put a finger inside?" He asked.  
  
Her mouth watered. The urge to suck his cock right there was ... wow...   
  
"I can see you and it's making me want to touch myself more," she answered.  
  
The incoming text came in an instant. "Do it. Touch yourself."  
  
It was like Mariana was in a dream. In fact, she started to convince herself that is exactly what this was. It was a necessary mental defense to protect her from embarrassment. She need not be shy in her dreams.  
  
Mariana sent him, "Sliding my fingers ever so slightly along my lips." Her actions soon gave truth to this message. Derek could see her wetness clearly through her slightly parted legs.  
  
Derek coaxed her on, "Mmmm... I see. Can you see how I had to adjust? My head is poking up out of the top of my pants."  
  
She looked past her book to Derek's table. He was sitting slightly slouched. It was clear that he was fully erect. She wondered if others were watching him? And yes, there at the top of his pants, she could see just the slightest bit of pink.  
  
"Yes... makes me hotter," she sent him. She was having trouble forming coherent sentences. Just texting while touching herself was a challenge.  
  
She saw him shift, unsnapping his pants. He unzipped just a little. His cock head appeared briefly, plus a bit of his shaft. The shirt he was wearing quickly covered it.  
  
"Just my shirt hides it from everyone." Derek sent her.  
  
The thought of his erection so close to being out in the open made her wild. Also, it made her want to top his behavior. Her hand went just a little further.   
  
Surveying the audience, she noticed the boy with the glasses abandoning the pretext of not watching her. They made eye contact. He was like a deer stuck in the headlights, his eyes got really big. She held up her wet finger to her lips and made a "ssshh" gesture. Her attention moved away before she scared him off.  
  
Her hand returned to her lap, the tip of her middle finger caressing the outer lips. She took her index and ring finger and spread herself. What a naughty feeling that was!  
  
"Parting my lips to give you a better view."   
  
Derek was rubbing his cock discretely through his shirt. His hand wrapped around it and pumped.  
  
"I can't quite see... I think you'll have to open your legs a little more," he sent.  
  
"Okay.. let me spread myself open to you," Mariana said.  
  
She started to adjust her legs, preparing to give him an even more unobstructed view.  
  
"To us," Derek sent. At first, Mariana thought he meant her and Derek. That did not make any sense. And then she realized it was Derek and the anonymous audience. "He wants me to show everyone!"   
  
This was it. This was the moment. Was she ready to show the world? She wondered how it would feel. She had come this far.  
  
Again her other hand reached up and squeezed her breast. Her third button was unfastened. Only one poor overworked button remained. Her cleavage was so open now, you could see the underside of her breasts.  
  
She texted him, "Blushing." And she was.   
  
Her legs spread open. She went as wide as she dared, and then just a little wider. The cool air hitting her pussy was like an electric current. It made her whole body shudder.  
  
"Wow, I can see pink. You are flooded." Derek sent her.  
  
She could tell. "Mmmm," she sent back.  
  
Derek was locked onto the sight of Mariana's hairless vagina, her lips clearly visible and her slit slightly parted. Even from a couple tables away, she was obviously wet. A slight shine on her lips and thighs confirmed that. His mouth watered. He continued to slowly stroke his cock. He spared a glance up to her eyes to confirm that she was watching him.  
  
Derek sent another text. "Close your eyes... count to twenty... in that time, touch yourself, forgetting that we are all watching... leering..."   
  
Mariana read the message. Each word hammered into her brain. Especially the choice of the word "leering". She hesitated. Her pulse beat faster.  
  
Derek's heart also was racing as he watched Mariana. He wondered if she would shut him down right here, right now. Her hand came out of her skirt at the top. Derek felt a moment of disappointment, but understood. He started to adjust himself, preparing to stand.  
  
He figured she would stop. Instead, he saw her close her eyes. Her mouth was forming silent words. He could not quite make out what she was saying, and then he understood: she was counting.  
  
"One ... two... three...," she said. The hand that was inside her skirt moved under it instead. The fabric pulled high up her thigh, nearly revealing her most private area to any who glanced her way. Derek saw a few more men that had noticed Mariana and were watching.  
  
"Four, five, six," he saw her mouth the words. Her spread legs revealed here slick lips. Mariana stroked the outside between the "five" and "six" or her silent count.  
  
Her fingers dove into the top of her pussy, making contact where her clit. Her chest arched, her breasts straining against the last button in her shirt. Derek could actually see the side of her nipple through the opening. He started to rub his erection faster.  
  
"Nine, ten, eleven..." Derek had been so engrossed in what she was doing with her hands that he missed some numbers. Her fingers were moving faster. She was breathing heavily. Derek could not believe it.  
  
"Twelve, thirteen, fourteen..." Mariana continued, her left hand reaching up to gently squeeze her breast.   
  
"Fifteen," gasp.  
  
"Sixteen," gasp.  
  
Each step towards twenty was a struggle for her.  
  
"Eighteen," she barely could form the word.  
  
Mariana's body started to shudder. Her right hand held her clitoris in a death grip, frozen while she shook. The left one was actually under her shirt and grasping her nipple! The orgasm washed over her in waves. She had the most difficult time not making any noise. It was probably the hardest thing she ever had done. Even so, her gasps were not fully inaudible.  
  
She did not quite make twenty. Her eyes remained closed, her body slowly relaxing. Her fingers were buried in her pussy still. She slowly released herself, bringing her hand back onto the table.  
  
"Ding" she heard her phone.  
  
"Oh my, did you just cum?" she read, opening her eyes. Quite a few people were openly gawking at her. Mostly men, but also a couple of women. One was even an old lady who had the cutest shocked expression.  
  
She nodded, still looking down. She was mortified. They had to get out of here.  
  
Derek texted her, "You are so hot. Fatty came in his pants five minutes ago and I am worried about the geek's heart."   
  
She gathered her purse quickly and stood up. The romance book remained on the table. There was no way she was going to wait in line to buy it! Not after putting on that show.  
  
The geek was glassy eyed when she dared to check on him. When they made eye contact, she smiled at him. His head ducked down with embarrassment, like a kid caught doing something naughty. Mariana detoured past him and paused at his chair. She bent down and whispered in his ear, running her hand onto his shoulder, and then quickly moving away.  
  
The young man grinned and headed for the men's room. Derek suspected that he needed to relieve some built up pressure.  
  
"What was that about?" Derek asked when she joined him. Multiple people watched them leave. Derek almost expected a spontaneous ovation for her as she left the stage.  
  
He held the door for her to the outside. Mariana exited the bookstore. "I told him 'Thank you for being such an appreciative audience.'" She laughed.  
  
Derek laughed with her, holding her hand as they walked along the sidewalk. Even the mild skin-to-skin contact made her start to feel aroused again. It was amazing his hold over her. He lifted their hands to his mouth, kissing hers. It was sweet. And then he put her finger in his mouth and sucked on it.  
  
"That was incredible, Mariana. You taste amazing. I cannot wait until I get my next taste." Derek told her. He pulled her hand to the top of his pants, where his cock was still sticking out, covered only by his shirt. "You did that."  
  
She felt proud. And then all the mortification was gone. She no longer cared what those people thought of her. This trip was going to fun and exciting. In fact, she lifted up the back of her skirt and showed a couple of college students her ass.  
  
"Nice," she heard as they walked away, holding hands.

**Mariana Ch. 04: NYC Park and Hotel**

Derek thought of the scene he had just witnessed in the Barnes & Noble cafe. The expression on Mariana's face as she had touched herself and the visage of her hairless pussy were burned into his memory. Even years later, he would recall both and get hard. At this moment, with the act just behind them, he was aroused like he had never been before.  
  
Derek walked uptown on Broadway, holding Mariana's hand lightly. His fingers caressed her palm and slid in and out slightly. He glanced down at her face as they walked, and she smiled up at him. He adjusted his cock so that he could zip his pants, which he had unfastened in the cafe. Still, the tip of his penis poked out slightly. If not for his long shirt, there would definitely be a problem.  
  
The shirt rubbing on his bare cock head, the subtle play of their hands, and remembering all those men staring at Mariana was putting Derek at the razor edge of cumming. He felt that the slightest touch could set him off. There was no way his erection was going away anytime soon, so he resigned himself to being slightly exposed until he could properly position it.  
  
Even walking in Derek's state was sexually charged. He checked out women of all shapes, sizes, and hotness as they came from the other direction. Although he appreciated the variety, Mariana was definitely the hottest in her outfit. He noticed how men would peer at her, some obviously, some just a glance. The fact that she was being undressed by these men's eyes only pushed Derek higher. He was so proud that this little sex kitten was his for the weekend.  
  
They walked six city blocks, passing movie theaters, dance studios, and various small shops. There were hoards of people moving at various speeds. Mariana and Derek often had to get close together to maintain their handhold and work their way through the crowds. Each time they smashed together like this, he would cop a feel of her ass or a braless breast (through the shirt, of course).   
  
Each touch stoked the fire that was already simmering in Mariana's loins. No one touch was all that significant, but taken as a whole, they were making her exceedingly horny.   
  
"Wow," she thought. "I can't believe how much he gets me going."  
  
They continued to walk the streets of New York. When they crossed East 19th St, he saw in the distance Victoria's Secret at the corner of 5th Avenue. Wicked thoughts of trying on lingerie filled his mind. He could imagine her trying them on and parading just outside the dressing room with whatever lacy nothing he picked. It was tempting.  
  
But, he was also hungry for food, and the lunch he packed in his backpack was calling his name. One hunger would have to wait. They entered Madison Square Park and he scanned the area for a place to settle for a picnic.  
  
There were an unreal number of dogs carousing off to the left. Derek read a sign, "James Dog Run". He decided against going that way.  
  
"Let's walk over there," he gestured to his right, "and see if we can find a bench or a patch of free lawn," he said to Mariana.  
  
She smiled up at him.  
  
"I'm all yours. We can do anything you want." She replied.  
  
Did she just put a special emphasis on the word "anything"? He thought she had. It made his cock twitch to think what the set of anything could include.  
  
They walked for a while in silence. Derek could tell something was on her mind, but waited for her to speak first.   
  
"That was crazy," Mariana finally said to Derek in a low voice. "Back there in the bookstore, that was nuts." She kept her head down as she talked, looking pensive and unsure.  
  
Derek thought a moment before responding. "It may have been a little crazy. But it was the hottest thing I have seen in my life, Mariana." He was also speaking quietly, matching her.  
  
She chewed her lip. "I don't know. I have never done anything like that before."  
  
"Honestly, Mariana," Derek said, "I have never been so hard for so long." He took the hand that he was holding and pressed it firmly on his throbbing erection.  
  
She hissed and gave an almost involuntary, "mmmm". Her hand withdrew as they passed a pair of power walkers going the other way. She was thinking it through as they walked.  
  
Her hand strayed to grab him again. She stroked him through his jeans.   
  
"That's nice," Derek said. "You definitely know how to keep a guy 'up'."  
  
Mariana's smile grew. Her hand shifting, rubbing his shaft. She noticed that his shirt was covering the top of his pants. Her fingers traced along his cock and found that his head was actually poking out the top. Her troubled expression was clearing, replaced with a more playful one.   
  
Derek composed his thoughts. It was getting difficult. "Those people will have a fantastic story to tell. They will tell their friend or their lover about the sexy lady with the school girl outfit touching herself in a Barnes & Noble. Maybe they will have noticed how your pussy was completely shaved."   
  
"They most likely noticed how your shirt was barely able to contain your heaving breasts. Or how your nipples were clearly visible, even through the thin white material."  
  
Mariana seemed entranced by his words. Her hips swayed, her skirt playfully swished to the left and right. It flounced again, rising high up on her thighs and nearly revealing her bare ass. Derek could tell that she was aroused again.  
  
They veered off across the lawn, through a sparse set of park trees. They found a spot of grass that was somewhat secluded, a bit off the pavement and dirt paths carved through the park. Derek set down his backpack and unzipped it. He pulled out a tupperware container, a blanket, two little sandwich bags, and two bottled waters.  
  
She shrugged her shoulders. "I guess it was pretty hot. I like doing things for you that stretch my boundaries. You expand my horizons."  
  
Her voice was silky, drawing out each word. Derek grinned.  
  
"Really?" he asked. He continued, knowing the answer. "That is great. I am a boundary pusher. I like to find that line of reluctance and push against it. I think we are going to have an 'interesting' time." He raised his eyebrows at her.  
  
Derek spread the blanket out on the lawn, smoothing it out as much as possible. Mariana watched him, admiring his ass in those sexy jeans. She just wanted to push him over and climb on top, grinding her pussy down on him. Her mind formed a picture of it, the look of surprise, his jeans rubbing against her bare pussy.  
  
"Mmmmm."  
  
It was an audible "mmmm" and Derek peered to the side and up, smiling as he finished setting out the blanket. He sat down on the blanket, reaching over to the tupperware and popping the lid. Reaching in, he pulled two sandwiches out and handed one to her, plus a bottled water. He patted the blanket beside him.  
  
Mariana sat down, executing this elaborate series of moves that kept her skirt in place, her treasures underneath hidden from view, despite having her hands full. Derek was impressed. Still, he saw flashes of bare thigh from his vantage point and it made his penis throb in response.  
  
They each ate a bit of their lunch. The plastic bags contained potato chips. Derek took a chip out and fed it to Mariana. She accepted it, her hands staying down, making him put it in her mouth. She grabbed his finger and sucked it, smiling seductively.   
  
"Mmmmm," Derek said, an unconscious echo of her earlier murmur.  
  
She set down the sandwich and the water. Her hands moved over to his lap. She began to touch him through his pants. Her stroke was affecting him. His breathing quickened. He closed his eyes, and the images of her sitting in the cafe came back to him. She licked her lips as she became a bit more insistent in her stroking.   
  
Derek continued their conversation from their walk. He was intentionally fanning the flames of her lust.  
  
"Some of those guys who were watching will take out their cocks and jerk off. They will remember how the sexy lady put her fingers inside herself and masturbated right there in the cafe. I bet they will come all over themselves. Big stringy loads of it."   
  
Mariana's nipples became extremely hard. Her hand that was not palming his erection played with her skirt, almost as if it wanted to dive under again. He knew that she was aroused by the thoughts of those young men touching themselves while thinking about her.  
  
Her hand darted under his shirt and grasped his bare cock head. The other hand still stroking his shaft from the outside of his jeans. Her touch was a bit more urgent than a mere flirtation. Derek started to go deeper into that state of mind ruled by his lower head.  
  
Every once in a while Mariana would look around to see if anyone was watching, but people were mostly focused on their own thing. So, she would nuzzle his crotch and give him small kisses. Then she would pretend like everything was normal and that they were just having an ordinary picnic.  
  
With the hand that was not supporting her head, Mariana reached under Derek's shirt and unsnapped his jeans. She found his zipper and pulled it down. Since he had gone commando his cock bobbed briefly into the open.  
  
"No underwear, Derek?"  
  
"Well," he answered, "I did not think it was fair to ask you to go without and wear some myself."  
  
Mariana took a moment to admire his cock.  
  
"It is big and beautiful," she said.   
  
"Um... thank you?" He sounded unsure of her sincerity.  
  
She made eye contact with him. "Really. Has anyone ever told you how good your, um, anatomy is? It is a perfect size and shape. Not too big, not too small. Straight so that we can try different things." She stopped, blushing furiously.  
  
"What did you have in mind, Mariana?" He asked her.   
  
Her cheeks turned even redder if possible. "Maybe we can explore new things together." She was distinctly embarrassed. Derek wondered if she was thinking about THAT and then she changed the subject abruptly.  
  
"Did you shave?" She asked, moving her face closer.  
  
Derek answered, "Sure. Again, seemed only fair."  
  
Mariana was touched. "Wow, that is so nice. I never expected you to do that. I appreciate that you cared enough."  
  
"I'm glad you like it. That makes it worth the fact that my balls itch like hell."  
  
Mariana rolled her eyes. "I know \*exactly\* what you mean. It has been quite awhile since I shaved myself. It itches like crazy! Maybe I can get someone to scratch it?" She glanced up at him with her gorgeous brown eyes.  
  
"I'm sure I can scare someone up to help," Derek said, laughing.  
  
She sighed and draped his shirt over his exposed member so that they would not attract too much attention. She seemed disappointed that it was out of view. Her hand continued to stroke his bare skin under the concealment.  
  
Derek watched as she shifted the lower part of her body, her knees now towards him. When she was not manipulating his cock under cover, she would play with her skirt, giving him teasing glimpses underneath. The combination of her hand manipulation and the peeks was making him crazy.  
  
"Mmmm, that is nice," he said, "but if you keep that up, I am going to cum." Derek expected her to stop. He prepared himself to experience that wash of hormones as his arousal crashed.  
  
Instead of stopping, however, the hand that supported her head moved to the outside of his left thigh. Her head rested on this lap just below his cock. She lifted his shirt just a little and Derek felt hot breath tickle his balls.  
  
It was amazing. Technically, he was still covered, but the air touched his skin down there. He closed his eyes and appreciated the sensation. It was both arousing and relaxing. The sun warmed his body, the action below made him very cozy.  
  
A warm and wet sensation made him snap his eyes open. Mariana had his cock firmly in hand and she was kissing the place where his balls met his shaft. He could see just an inch of skin exposed.   
  
"Nice," Derek said.   
  
Her tongue traced the side of his cock from the base nearly to his head. Derek was not sure it was the best idea to be doing this with so many people close by, but it was getting more and more difficult to care as her hand stroked him. Mariana's eyes showed how turned on she was and she had the most mischievous smile.   
  
Mariana kissed his cock head, using her tongue to lick just below his ridge. He was in heaven. Or so he thought, and then she wrapped her sumptuous lips around his head and pushed his cock slowly into her mouth.  
  
"Oh my god," he said, "that is incredible."  
  
He smoothed her hair, reveling in how she was making him feel. He could not quite believe this was happening to him. In his wildest dreams, he never thought that he would be getting a blow job in the middle of a New York City park!  
  
The worry about getting caught was almost completely gone. He was in the moment and the pressure was starting to build deep in his balls. The warmth and wetness of her mouth was complemented by the friction of her hand as she continued to stroke him. Her other hand stroked his sac and he was getting very close to cumming.  
  
A movement to his right drew his attention. A female jogger was cutting across the park and she was approaching them. Derek tapped Mariana on the shoulder. She pulled her head up, releasing his cock from her mouth. She also saw the woman, who had slowed down as she got closer.  
  
When Mariana did not release his cock from her hand, Derek thought they were in trouble. He braced himself to run for it should this woman call out. Instead, the woman merely stopped and looked over at them curiously. He was not sure she could see his cock from that distance, but he was pretty sure she had an inkling of what was going on.  
  
Mariana took a few seconds to evaluate the situation. She then shrugged her shoulders and lowered herself back onto Derek's lap. Her mouth enveloped his cock once more, bobbing quickly up and down in an unmistakable motion.   
  
"Wow!" Derek thought. He hissed at all the sensations emanating from his groin. Her attention was sending him over the edge.   
  
Derek kept an eye on the onlooker. She walked a little closer, vectoring towards a small tree that was not far from their position. Her eyes were glued to them, but she did not seem to be freaked out. In fact, Derek thought that she rather enjoyed it. She stood partially behind the tree, watching. Mariana kept her eyes up, meeting his, using her hand and mouth with gusto. It was almost like she was performing for this woman.   
  
Derek watched the woman, in turn. She was staring at his cock going in and out of Mariana's mouth. He found it exciting, especially when she licked her lips suggestively. There was an intense desire to allow her to see more, so he moved Mariana's hair out of her face. At the same time, he moved his shirt, so that his penis was now in plain view. The woman raised her eyebrows and covered her mouth, which had opened in the shape of an "O".  
  
His breathing increased dramatically.  
  
"I'm going to cum," Derek said.  
  
Mariana increased her pace, sucking on his head hard and using her hand to press down on his balls. The skin of his penis stretched, making it extremely sensitive. That combined with her sucking vigorously sent him screaming over the edge. His hips thrust and he started to erupt.  
  
When he saw she was still sucking, it made it even sexier. He said loud enough for the woman to hear, "Suck that cock, Mariana. I am cumming in your mouth. Swallow it all like a good girl."  
  
He was now sucking in air in gasps, trying to do breathing exercises as she continued to suck him even as he came. It was so much pleasure that it was nearly painful. His nervous system was overloaded. When she pushed his cock deep into her mouth one last time, he threw his head back and groaned, spurting the last of his seed directly into her throat.  
  
The observing woman watched with wide eyes. Her hand discreetly palmed her opposite breast, giving it several small squeezes.   
  
Derek collapsed back on the blanket. Mariana finally released him from her mouth and covered him up again with the shirt. She scooted up and snuggled against his chest.  
  
"That was amazing," they said, nearly simultaneously. And they laughed.  
  
"That was amazing, Mariana. You have talent." Derek said. "You enjoyed that, too?"  
  
"I did!" She assured him. "That was so sexy. I am on fire. I loved doing that for you. I could suck you all day."  
  
His hand reached over and felt her pussy under her skirt. She parted her legs to make it easy for him. She was not lying, her juices were overflowing onto her inner thighs. He slipped a finger inside her briefly without even trying.  
  
Derek chuckled. "I might get worn out."  
  
She smiled at him. "We can always take breaks."  
  
When he thought to check on her, he found that their woman observer was gone. She must have jogged away when he was recovering. Derek hoped that she would go home and finger herself furiously picturing what just happened. He sent her a silent "thanks for watching" in his thoughts.   
  
They ate the rest of their lunch. Derek was finally able to properly tuck his penis back into his pants and zip up. He enjoyed the post-orgasmic glow. He basked in the sunlight, warm all over. It nearly sent him off to sleep.  
  
Mariana's head rested against his chest, listening to his heart go from a fast pace down to a languid beat. They lay like that for what seemed like a long time, but was probably only a couple of minutes.   
  
Finishing up their lunch, Derek and Mariana packed up their stuff and headed north through the park. She started by holding his hand, but he pulled her in, wrapping his arm around her waist. They walked like this all the way to the edge of the park, passing a statue of an obscure President.   
  
Derek pressed into Mariana as they passed the statue, leaning her against the base and giving her a hug. She turned her head and held him tight. It was a wonderful feeling of contentment.  
  
They exited the park near Park Ave and soon walked along it, continuing to head up town. After about five blocks, Mariana asked, "Are we walking the entire way?"  
  
Derek continued to walk. "Only nine more blocks. Think you can make it?" He smiled at her.  
  
Mariana increased her pace. She could move pretty fast for someone so short. "Fun sized" she liked to say. Derek had to chase her a little to catch up. By the time they reached 38th St, he was a bit winded.   
  
"You ok, old man?" she asked.  
  
"I'll give you old man," he said, playfully slapping her ass.  
  
They stopped in front of the 70 Park Ave Hotel under a cloth awning. He held the door for her and she stepped into the lobby. Mariana headed for the elevator, but Derek tugged her towards the stairs. She gave a fake sigh and opened the door to the stairwell.   
  
They walked up the steps. The room was on the fourth floor, and each level had about a dozen steps, a landing, then a dozen more going the opposite direction. On the landing of the second floor Derek deliberately let Mariana go ahead. He quite obviously craned his head, peering up her skirt as she climbed. She gave a little extra hip sway.  
  
When she had nearly reached the third floor, Derek could see it all, even her shaved pussy. He rubbed his erection openly. She smiled at him, stopping and letting him soak in the view. And then he bounded up the stairs after her.   
  
He caught her from behind, wrapping his arms around her waist. He pressed his pelvis against her. She leaned her head back, closing her eyes and sighing. His hand released her waist, moving up to grasp the breast crossways across her body. He took advantage of her exposed neck, kissing from her ear downward. Her sigh became a moan.  
  
Derek's other hand lifted the left side of her skirt upward. Her eyes remained closed and her breathing became heavy. He toyed with the fabric, swishing it back and forth, and especially up. Mariana could feel the breeze touch her pussy and bare ass. Her sigh climbed in pitch, but low in volume.

Mariana heard a distinct zipping sound. Her breathing went into overdrive. The indistinct lump that had been rubbing through her skirt resolved into an obvious naked hard cock. Her hand found it and gave it a squeeze.   
  
The hand holding her skirt lifted it briefly and suddenly his bare skin was touching her bare ass. Derek started to do a slow dance with her, grinding his cock between her ass cheeks, kissing her neck, and moving his fingers towards her pussy. She felt like she was going to explode again.  
  
"Oh Derek," she sighed.  
  
He led her towards the wall and the railing. His touch strayed into her wetness, which was substantial.   
  
"I don't know if I can wait to fuck you, Mariana," he said in a low whisper directly into her ear. He continued to kiss her neck. His right hand was unbuttoning her blouse.  
  
He gently pushed her the top half of her body downward, until she was holding the rail. His cock continued to rub against her from behind. He pulled back slightly more, and when he returned this time, his penis slid directly through her lips. But, it did not penetrate into her hole, it slipped between and nudged her clit.  
  
Mariana gasped. "Mmmm."   
  
Derek was losing control. All it would take was a simple change of angle and he would slide right inside her. It was severely tempting and he nearly gave in.  
  
They heard a door open above them, followed by footsteps heading downward. Derek continued his rocking motion, sliding his cock along her.   
  
As the steps got closer, Mariana wondered if Derek was going to stop. She was way past that point, only wanting him inside of her. In her mind, Derek was in control, which made her even hornier. The steps seemed almost on top of them now. Derek quickly stood up and put his cock away. Just in time, because the woman turned the corner and headed down towards them.   
  
The approaching stranger was stunning. She was wearing a red dress, with a deeply cut neckline to display her ample breasts nicely. It was complimented by a matching pearl necklace and earring set. She appeared elegant at first glance, but then Derek noticed her hair was slightly mussed and her gait a bit uneven in her four-inch stilettos.   
  
As she passed, the woman gave them a knowing grin. The two felt like a guilty pair of teenagers caught by their parents. Mariana was distinctly sheepish. The woman shook her head, and then continued on her way.  
  
Derek thought, "I wonder what THAT was about." He made a mental note to keep a lookout for the woman in red later.  
  
Derek took Mariana's hand and whispered in her ear as they climbed more steps, "That's OK, I want to fuck you nice and proper the first time."  
  
They reached the fourth floor. Derek held the door for Mariana, watching her proceed through and shaking his head. "If this is a dream, please don't wake me," he thought. It was unbelievable how he was seeing all this action. He never applied the label "ladies' man" or "stud" to himself. Mariana was giving him a new confidence and boldness that he never had before.  
  
"Which room are we in?" Mariana asked. She seemed a bit impatient. Her whole body tense with barely suppressed sexual desire.  
  
Derek read the number on the keycard. "423," he said. The sign "400-425" pointed them to the right. The first one they passed was 400. It was a long walk. In contrast to the stark white concrete walls were in the stairwell, the hall was tastefully decorated. The burgundy rug featured a diamond pattern. Inlay panelling covered the bottom half of the walls, and a classy gold leaf wallpaper covered the top.  
  
Derek stopped them and gave Mariana a deep hug. He grasped her ass and pulled her close. She was nearly breathless as she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. Derek squatted down slightly and tensing his arms, he picked Mariana off the floor. She held on with her arms and wrapped her legs around him for additional support. Her bare pussy brushed against his jeans. They started to walk slowly down the hall like this, him carrying her wrapped around him.  
  
The rooms between them and 423 became an indistinct blur. They had only attention enough for each other with the world around them only barely registering. The fancy decor was completely lost on them at the moment. Derek was holding Mariana in his arms. He managed to carry her all the way to 420 before having to set her down. Her balance was a bit unsteady, he let her lean against him.  
  
Finally, 423 was in front of them. Derek handed Mariana the keycard and stood behind her. As she held it her hand, trying to figure out exactly how it fit into the locking mechanism, Derek started to unbutton her blouse. Each button released made Mariana suck in a gasp of air.   
  
"Am I distracting you?" Derek asked rhetorically.  
  
Mariana fumbled with the card, desperate to open the door and drag him inside. Derek was good with buttons, though. Her first attempt at putting the card in the slot was a complete miss. She examined it one more time, finally making out a distinct arrow. "How did I miss that before?" she asked herself, but she knew the answer.  
  
Derek took full advantage of the miss, unfastening her last button. He pushed down the shoulders of her blouse, kissing the bare shoulders. The front gaped open. He grasped both breasts and massaged them. She leaned back against him, momentarily forgetting the key. His sexy chuckle sounded in her ear.  
  
Mariana fumbled, orienting the card using the arrow. Derek pulled down her shirt down to her waist, pinning her arms momentarily. She was standing topless out in the hall. No one was currently in view, but the possibility of someone coming at that moment was making her heart beat fast. But, it was not exactly in fright that sent her pulse racing. It was the excitement of being caught, of having someone \*see\* her.  
  
While she was working to free her arms, Derek cupped her pubis under the skirt. She was literally soaking his palm as he slid from front to back. His fingers fanned out, touching as much area as he could. Her breathing became erratic.   
  
Mariana concentrated, momentarily shutting out most of the need coursing through her hormone-ridden body. His touch was making her mind hazy, but the card went properly into the slot this time. Derek lifted her skirt up high, exposing her bottom half also. Mariana withdrew the card, a red light appeared.   
  
"Damn," she said.  
  
A rustle of fabric made her turn her head. Derek's shirt was laying on the floor beside their room. He was grinning at her. His hand reached down and started to unsnap his pants. Mariana turned back to the door and swiftly pushed the key in and out. She heard a distinctly pleasant beep sound and it flashed green. The handle pushed down and she opened the door.  
  
Derek pulled his pants off, getting it over his sneakers with a strong tug. He met her in the doorway. He pushed her against it, propping it open, pressing his naked body into her and continuing to kiss her. Mariana sighed and moved her hands down his back, grasping his ass.  
  
"You have a great ass," Mariana said to him.  
  
"Really?" Derek said.  
  
She gave it a squeeze. "Definitely."  
  
Derek felt proud. He grasped her skirt and pulled it down to her ankles. She stepped out of it. They stood there naked in the doorway, kissing and feeling each other's bodies. It became a sort of slow dance, with Mariana following Derek's lead. He started a slow, rotating, swaying that led them into the room.   
  
The door closed behind them. They were finally alone with as much time as they wanted.  
  
Derek admired this beauty in his arms, delighting in the feel of her skin against his as they continued to dance. As urgent as their need was in the hall, he deliberately was slowing down the pace now. He wanted this to be special for her, and even for him. He even felt a bit nervous. This was a big deal and he desperately needed for it to go well.  
  
Mariana enjoyed the swaying slow dance, letting Derek lead her around the room. She closed her eyes and pressed the side of her face against his chest. It was a comforting feeling. The sensation of his hard cock against her stomach was building up an itch that would have to be scratched soon.   
  
Their path led past a large curtained window. Sunlight peeked around the edges, illuminating it enough for them not to need a light. Derek opened it up, letting the sun brighten the room. They stood naked in each others arms with nothing between them and the outside word except for a glass door that led to a small balcony. Derek had his back to the window.  
  
Mariana grasped Derek's cock and started to pump it gently through her hand. She kissed him urgently, pulling him, positioning him close to her pussy. Derek knew what she wanted, and yet continued to playfully sway. He did grab her ass and massage her cheeks, spreading them in a circle pattern. Mariana's tugging became more urgent. She rubbed his cock between her vagina lips and Derek could feel how ready she was for him.  
  
"I have to tell you something, Mariana," Derek said as he pushed her backwards towards the bed.   
  
Mariana practically dragged him back towards the bed. "What?" she asked.  
  
He pushed her back onto the covers, not bothering to remove them. "I'm a cake eater." He said.  
  
"What the fuck does that mean?" Mariana asked.  
  
"It means that I like to have my cake and eat it too. But in this case, I think I am going to reverse that order."   
  
Derek dove between Mariana's legs. He lifted her a bit more onto the bed, spreading her knees, exposing her bare pussy fully. And then, just when she anticipated him teasing her without mercy, he put his tongue directly on her clit and started licking.   
  
"I really like how your skin," he licked the skin at the top of her mound, "is so smooth. I have wanted to do this ALL DAY."  
  
His tongue moved to trace the outside of her lips. Her breasts were heaving, the nipples fully erect. She massaged one, her eyes closed, as he kissed the inside of her thigh.  
  
"Your pussy," he paused to lick her, covering a wide swath from just above her anus to her clit, "is so edible," he wagged his tongue on her sensitive nub, making her clutch the covers.  
  
He put his hands under her ass, spreading her cheeks wide. His tongue flirted again below her pussy and then penetrated her vagina. His finger soon followed, and another, and soon his tongue and two fingers were playing in and out. His tongue traveled upward and he fondled her g-spot while sucking on her clit. He sucked on it hard. Her breathing went crazy and he felt her muscles all tense at once.   
  
The sexual tension broke like a damn bursting. She thrashed as she had a most glorious orgasm. The covers moved, still clutched in her hands. Her moans rang out in the room. She rode it for a few seconds and then pushed him away as her system overloaded. He continued to kiss her thighs and stomach.  
  
Her hands flew down and again grasped his cock.  
  
"I want you inside me, Derek. Fuck me." It seemed that her orgasm had made her need even stronger. Derek marveled at her energy.  
  
He pulled her all the way out to the edge of the bed, her ass hanging off just slightly. Her legs rested on his shoulders. He was staring straight down at her freshly shaven pussy. His cock was laying on top of her mound. He rocked his hips back and forth, and the tip of his penis nudged her clit.  
  
Mariana thrust her hips up, trying to get him inside of her. "Fuck me, Derek. Fuck me." She repeated it like a mantra.   
  
Derek watched her gaping pussy and could hold out no longer. He grasped his cock and moved his head downward. He thrust forward, just a little, getting just the tip inside. Mariana went wild, bucking her hips upward and pushing him in slightly further.  
  
His body leaned back, withdrawing his penis completely. Mariana whined, feeling around with her hands for it so that she could shove it back in. He grabbed the base and whipped the rest down, smacking the bulk of his cock on her exposed clit. Mariana shuddered in pleasure. By the time her hands reached the area, though, it had disappeared again.   
  
Derek paused one more time and then found her opening and shoved himself deep inside. It was a long, fluid motion. He pulled with his arms at the same time so that there was an audible smacking sound, along with a squishing one. She really was quite drenched from the combination of her own juices and his saliva. He pulled back quickly and repeated, giving her several quick thrusts as deep as he could go.  
  
Mariana moaned. She was already on that knife edge leading to another orgasm. He knew exactly when to tease her and when to pound her hard. She was again lying back and enjoying it.  
  
Derek placed her hand down near his shaft. She ran her fingers along his skin, wet with her juices, as he rocked his body.   
  
"You have a wonderful touch, Mariana," Derek said. "But, I put your hand down there so that you can finger your clit while I fuck you. I cannot do ALL the work."  
  
Derek pushed his arms out and locked them fully outstretched. This created a space between their midsections. They met at their pelvis, but there was room for Mariana to lay her hand across her hip down to her pussy.   
  
With her index finger, Mariana slowly began to stroke her clit with a circular motion. There was enough space between them that Derek could see his fingers play. Her actions were particularly sexy given how her skin moved and stretched. Her shaved pussy was shiny from all the wetness. He started to whisper in her ear.  
  
"I love the way my shaved cock feels inside your shaved pussy. It's all so smooth and warm and wet." Derek pounded a quick bang bang, driving her into the bed.  
  
Mariana whispered back, "Derek, I want you deep inside me."  
  
"You have been driving me wild all day. First, in the cafe, showing off to those men. Does it make you proud to think that they are jerking off right at this very moment, picturing the trollop in the cafe?" Again, a quick double bang. He actually moved her a couple inches away on the bed. She had to hold on to not lose more ground.  
  
"It turned me on that you got so turned on," she told him. "When you started stroking yourself under your shirt, I wanted to go over there and suck your cock." Her breathing got faster as she said this. Derek continued to fuck her in long, strong, deep strokes.  
  
"Right there out in the open?" Derek said.  
  
"Yes," she hissed, picturing it in her mind. "It makes me so..." and Mariana started to thrash under him. Derek realized she was having yet another orgasm. It felt wonderful how her pussy pulsated around him. If he had not already come so few hours ago, he would have lost it right there and spurted his load.  
  
Derek slowed down his pace, giving her a chance to recover and getting a breather himself. He was sweating from the workout. As he fucked her slowly and sensually, Mariana started to recall her dream on the way back from the mall after their hot shoe shopping session. It felt so real. Her mind conjured up images of it, how he pounded her from behind, getting deep. She craved for it to become a reality. She whispered in Derek's ear, suddenly, "Can you fuck me from behind?"  
  
Her request lined up perfectly with Derek's thinking. He stood up and she rotated around, climbing on the bed, supporting herself with her elbows, her back slightly arched so that her ass was lined up. He grabbed her hips firmly, rubbing himself between her exposed cheeks.   
  
"Actually, I have a better idea" He tugged Mariana's hand until she stood up and he led her across the room. She looked confused, and curious.   
  
He led her to the big plate glass door. Both of them stood in front of it naked. And then Derek opened it. They were on the south side of the hotel, so there was another building across a narrow gap. A balcony, only about 2 feet deep and barely wider than the door, jutted out. Derek took Mariana's hand and laid it firmly on the outside railing. He then let go of her hand and circled behind her. The wind whistled between the two buildings, touching her skin. Then he pulled her feet back, and she leaned over the railing, her naked breasts actually hanging over.  
  
Mariana moved her eyes back and forth, up and down. There were so many windows in plain view and she was over a narrow alley. Anyone looking up from below would get quite an eyeful. She was scared, but as Derek entered her pussy, she was also tremendously excited. The danger of getting caught only made it that much more erotic.  
  
"I'm fucking you," Derek said, "for all the world to see. I want everyone to know how sexy you are." He started to pant heavily. Despite only cumming a few hours earlier, Derek knew he was close again.  
  
Mariana said her shoulder at him, "fuck me, Derek," she cried, perhaps louder than she normally would. She was enjoying the performance, for that is what it felt like. Hearing how close he was, she reached between her legs and massaged his balls while he pounded faster and faster. He started to groan. First it was a low sound, almost a growl, and then it became a panting roar as his hips became a blur.   
  
The oscillation of Mariana's tits would have made been quite the sight had anyone even glanced up from the alley. The wind teased her nipples like an invisible lover. It enhanced the wonderful feeling of Derek's cock buried within her.  
  
Her body started to shudder through a series of orgasms. She lost count of them at five. It was really difficult to count anyway, as they seemed to stack one on top of another. Mariana was shocked about how her exhibitionism was affecting her. Being exposed out in the opening like this, with the potential for people to observe them fucking, was like an electrical current leading directly to her pussy.  
  
Derek was also feeling exhilarated by the danger and blatant naughtiness of there coupling on the balcony. His excitement added to Mariana's, and they fed back on each other. Her shuddering orgasms were working like a sucking action on his penis. It felt great, he did not want it to end, he was holding out, but not for long.  
  
He suddenly tensed and yelled, "Oh god!" He filled her pussy with more cum than he would have thought possible. At first he barely could move, and then he continued to rock in and out, spurting more seed within. He did not stop until his penis slipped out of her pussy.  
  
Derek stepped back and admired how the sunlight fell on Mariana's naked body. "Stay right there," he said. He retrieved his phone out of his pants, which were discarded on the floor. It took probably just a minute for him, but it seemed like forever to Mariana, who was nude outside.  
  
Finally, Derek pointed the phone towards her, making sure to get close enough to see some detail, but far away enough to get both her soaked shaved pussy and the rest of her sunlit skin. "Say 'sexy!'"   
  
She twisted her torso so that he even got a portion of her breasts. It was an unbelievable sight. "Sexy," she said, smiling into the camera. The expression on her face, the light on her skin, the brazenness of her shaved pussy made for a glorious picture. It was a photo he would treasure long after.  
  
Mariana let go of the railing and swayed back inside the room. She was not particularly in a hurry. In fact, she did not close the curtains behind her, just the door. She hugged Derek and he returned the hug eagerly. They fell into bed, intertwined naked bodies.  
  
Derek put his fingers inside her again, pistoning them in and out fast and furious. Mariana sighed and took hold of his hand, stopping him. "No more. I cannot take any more. "   
  
"Who's old now?" Derek chuckled, proud to have worn her out for once!  
  
They fell asleep. By the time they both woke up, the sun was starting to set. The feeling of waking up next to such a glorious nude woman filled Derek with pride and happiness. Mariana kissed Derek and gave him one of her fantastic smiles.  
  
"So, what's next?" asked Mariana, a sparkle in her eye.

"Good question," Derek answered, laughing.

**Mariana Ch. 05: NYC Massage**

"What's next?" Mariana asked.  
  
"Good question," Derek answered. He felt no rush to go anywhere. The bask of his pleasure washed over him in gentle waves. Each was just an echo of the delight from earlier in the afternoon. Mariana was snuggled against him and all was right with the world.  
  
They lay like that, just chatting about nothing in particular, for the better part of the hour. The sun had set and the room was dimly lit by the outside lights coming in through the balcony glass doors.   
  
Mariana suddenly asked Derek, "What time is it?"  
  
Derek was loathe to look at his watch. It would involve releasing her from his arms. He tried to roll her over enough to see the time, but he had to let her go. He sighed.  
  
"It's 5:30," Derek said.  
  
"Crap," she said. Mariana rolled over, fully releasing herself. Derek watched her naked form with admiration. He had not yet taken this sight for granted. It made his erection spring to life again. He reached for her arm and tugged her, willing her to lay back down again.  
  
"Do you remember that dinner I told you about? The one for the conference? That's tonight." Mariana said.  
  
"Oh," Derek said, still trying to get her to come lay back down. "When does that start?"  
  
Mariana appeared torn. Her face betrayed her temptation to crawl back into bed with him. The biting of her lip as she worked though the conflict was very cute. She sighed, "It starts at 6:30. I have to get ready and grab a cab. Sorry, cutie, but you are going to have to let me go."   
  
He released her arm.   
  
Mariana said, "You cannot come to dinner. I have known some of these people for years. They know me and my situation. A couple are even friends with my husband. It would not do to have you fingering me under the table while eating with them." She grinned.  
  
"Would I do that?" Derek said, an innocent expression on his face.   
  
"Oh, please," she laughed, "of course you would."  
  
"Sigh, I guess I will just hang out in the hotel," Derek said.  
  
She bent down and kissed him gently on the lips. "But, I promise to make it up to you later," she said.  
  
"Oh?" Derek said, his eyebrows raising.  
  
"Yes..." Mariana said, her voice dropping in pitch. "Think of something we can do that fulfills one of your fantasies. I'll do WHATEVER you like."  
  
Derek's cock twitched. "That's giving me a whole lot of rope, Mariana. Are you sure you can handle what I come up with?"  
  
She met his eyes and gave him a naughty smile. "I trust you, sweetie."  
  
Derek rose from the bed and gave her a deep hug. His erection jutted out from his body, smashing into her as he pulled her close. "Mmmm, let me think about that."  
  
Mariana strutted towards the bathroom, her naked ass swaying from side-to-side. Derek wolf whistled at her and the sway became even more pronounced. She turned on the water for the shower, not closing the door between them.   
  
She called out, "You do that." And then she stopped into the shower.  
  
Derek watched as she washed herself. She seemed to spend extra time lathering her breasts and pussy. The steam from the hot water was wafting through the air. It made the sight even hotter in Derek's eyes, as lingerie often does by concealing just enough to whet the appetite.   
  
Mariana stepped out of the shower and dried herself off. She was concentrating on the task so did not see Derek's gaze. He watched as her breasts bounced lightly when she dried her back and hair. It was like he was a peeping her and it made him horny again.  
  
She went to the closet and pulled out her outfit. It was a conservative blouse and long skirt. It was a professional outfit. She grabbed a pair of underwear and her bra and soon was dressed. A quick brush and a blow dry of her hair, and she was ready to roll out. She walked past Derek and picked up the hotel phone, dialing 0.  
  
"Can you call a cab for me?" She paused. "Thank you," and she hung up the phone.  
  
He nuzzled her neck as she hung up the phone. She closed her eyes and let him hug her from behind. He started whispering in her ear.  
  
"You are going to think about me through the ENTIRE dinner," he felt up her ass through her skirt. Her heart fluttered with the touch.  
  
He rotated around her, keeping his hands on her ass. "In fact, I think it will drive you," he knelt down in front of her, pausing slightly, "to distraction."  
  
Mariana watched as Derek lifted her skirt. She tussled his brown hair and said, "Derek, I have to go."  
  
He ignored her. Mariana read her watch, she only had a few minutes to get downstairs. But she momentarily lost her awareness of time altogether as she felt a caress of her clit with something slightly rough and wet. It was an amazing feeling. A realization hit her: Derek was licking her through her panties, his tongue pushing the cotton material against her clit. It was so deliciously naughty and delightful that she closed her eyes and let him.  
  
Her eyes snapped open when she felt his tongue trace the line of fabric for her panties. She crouched down, breaking the contact and tugging him upward. She grabbed him in a deep hug, craning her head and giving him a deep kiss. Her juices were all over him.  
  
"Ugh, that feels incredible," Mariana said. "But I really have to go." She walked across the room and grabbed her purse off the nightstand. Her panties were soaked. The cotton had absorbed his saliva and her juices. It was no use, she had to change.   
  
Mariana reached under her skirt and pulled her panties off. Derek gave her a curious smile. "They are drenched, I have to put on new ones."  
  
She walked toward her luggage, but Derek intercepted her. "That skirt is long enough, just go without."  
  
Mariana was already running late now and he was right, the skirt was pretty long. But, there were people she knew at this dinner practically all of her adult life. Women she had gone to college with and a host of others. The idea of going into that situation without underwear was scary.   
  
She peered at Derek. He was giving her his best fuck-me eyes.   
  
"That would turn you on?" she asked.  
  
"Mmmm hmmm," Derek said, "especially when I imagine you sitting at dinner, no panties, shaved pussy, thinking about our day so far."  
  
Her nipples hardened under her shirt. Still she hesitated. Her imagination started to get the best of her though. The naughty sensation of sitting there, knowing her dirty secret.   
  
Derek came closer, wrapping his arms around her one last time. He kissed from her shoulder, up her neck, and breathed in her ear, "Tonight you are going to think about me. You will imagine me doing all sorts of dirty things to you, and it will make this," his hand strayed down to pet her down below through the thin fabric, "wet. You will find yourself longing for it, needing it. Maybe you will even secretly rub yourself before the night was over."  
  
The thought made her nearly breathless. She knew she longed for it right now. But she really had to go! She gave Derek a small peck on the cheek and literally jogged out the door, breaking contact and leaving before she had a chance to change her mind.  
  
She left with a huge grin on her face. "Besides, compared to the bookstore, this is nothing," she thought.  
  
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As Derek watched Mariana leave the hotel room, he was sorely tempted to run down the hall after her and drag her back to bed, but he resisted the thought. Instead, he gathered his clothing and started to wonder where he was going to eat tonight. There are so many good options in New York, but he was tired from traveling into the city and the vigorous exercise.   
  
He walked down the same stairwell that he and Mariana had used coming up. He grinned when he passed the spot where he had pinned her against the wall. His walk became just a bit stilted as he remembered the feel of her pussy against his hand, how his fingers slipped so easily inside her.   
  
When he reached the hotel lobby, he saw a bar / restaurant that hung off the other side. He was not in the mood to go out for food, so that seemed perfect for his purposes. He entered and noticed it was fairly crowded. The host quoted him a fifteen minute wait or gave him the option of sitting at the bar immediately. Since Derek was alone and hungry, he chose the latter. He found a few empty stools at the end and planted himself at the end.  
  
The bartender eventually noticed Derek and provided a menu upon request. He took his order, a simple burger and fries plus a soda. Derek people watched for a bit, living in the moment for once rather than burying himself in Facebook or Words with Friends on his smart phone.  
  
A flash of long auburn hair caught his attention. The long hair, the elegant blue dress, the heels... Derek racked his brain, trying to remember where he saw her. He must have been staring, as she caught his eye and approached him. Suddenly, Derek pictured the woman in a red dress and he knew. She was the same hot chick that had been in the stairwell earlier today. Did she recognize him? Is that why she was coming this way?  
  
The woman strutted. She oozed sex appeal. The dress was tight and the material thin, showing off a fantastic body underneath. Her arms went up to her hair and tossed it briefly. She knew the effect she was having on the men she passed and clearly enjoyed it.  
  
She stopped and climbed onto the adjacent stool. The bartender seemed to materialize from thin air and a glass of wine was pressed her way. Clearly, she was known here. Her lips opened and she took a small sip of her drink, it was all very sexy somehow.   
  
"Do I know you?" She asked Derek, turning her head towards him and acknowledging his appreciative gaze. Her voice was low and silky. Derek's cock twitched hearing it.  
  
"Umm...," he said, smoothly.  
  
She leaned in a little, getting a good look at his face. The view from Derek's angle was fantastic. He tried not to ogle her breasts as her neckline gaped open. From the knowing grin growing on the woman's face, he failed.  
  
"Ah ha!" she said, leaning back, her voice full of triumph. "I saw you on the stairs this afternoon at the end of my..." Her voice trailed off and she sipped her drink. She did not continue her interrupted sentence. Derek's curiosity grew.  
  
Derek sighed. "Yep, that was me." He would normally be embarrassed at such a revelation, but the smell of her perfume, her sexy form, her voice, were all combining to throw him completely off his game.  
  
"Kara," she said, holding out her hand. Derek shook it and introduced himself.  
  
She seemed to pause in thought for a moment. And then she nodded, coming to some inner decision. "Derek," she purred, making her voice even lower and sexier, if that were possible, "I can fit you into my schedule tonight if you need more company. That is, if you are 'up' for it."  
  
Derek was caught completely flat-footed. His mouth hung open and his mind raced. Did she just propose what he thought she proposed? It sounded blatantly obvious to him, but he did not want to jump to conclusions. "I'm not exactly sure what you mean."  
  
Kara leaned into him, her breast pressing into his bicep and her voice dropping. "I mean," she said, "that we can go up to your room and fuck. Is that clear enough for you?"  
  
Derek was floored. He had never met someone so bold before. A certain growing pride filled him. This woman wanted him. Maybe he was giving off sexy vibes! He sipped his coke and nearly choked, coughing a bit before recovering enough to answer.  
  
"I don't know what to say," he began. "I'm flattered, really, but I am with someone this weekend. Plus, I don't even know you."  
  
Kara appeared confused for a second. "That girl you were pawing in the stairwell. She was not a working girl?"  
  
Derek stared. A working girl? And then suddenly it dawned on him. The outfit, the sex appeal, the come on, the mussed hair earlier... This woman was a prostitute! And she thought that Mariana was also. Remembering Mariana's outfit yesterday, Derek could understand why.  
  
"No," Derek said, chuckling a bit, "Mariana is not a working girl, though I take it that you are." His chuckling turned into a silent laughter as he fully grasped the scope of the mixup. When he thought how proud he felt that this sexy woman wanted to fuck him, his laughter gathered steam.  
  
Kara did not quite know what to make of Derek's behavior. But his laughter was infectious and she started to chuckle also. When Derek told her between laughing fits about his utter confusion, she started to laugh with him. They both guffawed until their sides hurt and tears streamed down Derek's face.  
  
Derek recovered first. "Let me buy you a drink, Kara. If that is your real name."  
  
She shook her head, "Nope." And they both started to laugh again.   
  
Derek's food arrived and he ate while Kara sipped her second glass of wine. They each grinned at each other, not daring to meet each other's eyes for fear of cracking up again. An idea started to form in his mind. He recalled that Marianna had given him a lot of rope in making one of his fantasies come true. He really liked this woman, she was fun and sexy. He practiced what he was going to ask, running over in his mind, until he was satisfied.  
  
"Kara, what are you doing tomorrow morning?"   
  
Kara grinned knowingly at Derek. "My schedule is free in the morning. What did you have in mind?"  
  
Derek told her. Her eyes lit up a bit. He went on for a good ten minutes and she gave him her full attention.   
  
Kara beamed her pearly whites at him. "Sounds like fun to me. Just so you know, I am tested every two weeks and always insist my clients practice safe sex. That means no intercourse without a condom. That may not be an issue this time," she grinned at Derek, "but you never know what could happen if you change the plan."  
  
Derek agreed. "And you have no problem with all parts of the plan?"  
  
"Absolutely none," she touched his arm, stroking his skin down to his hand. Just that touch made his erection throb inside his pants. "In fact, I look forward to it."  
  
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Mariana waited just inside the hotel lobby doors. She paced just a bit nervously waiting for the cab to arrive. Second thoughts started to creep in to her thinking. "Today was pretty hot," she thought, "but that was like living in a little fantasy bubble. I know these people. What would they think if they found out?"   
  
Her pacing increased speed, the cab was late. She glanced over at the bank of elevators. A couple of them were sitting open. "OK, I'll just go up and grab a pair of panties. I can always stuff them in my pocket and put them on if I get freaked."  
  
She took a tentative step back toward their room. She heard a beep behind her. A yellow cab had pulled level with the hotel, double parked. Mariana paused a fraction of a second, thinking of going back upstairs. But, cabs in New York wait for no one. It would leave and she would be horribly late waiting for another. So she ran to the hotel door, and as the bellman opened it, she stepped outside.  
  
A brisk wind blew by, whipped up to a reasonable fraction of a small gale by the closeness of the buildings. Her skirt flew up, the light material catching the breeze and billowing outward. Mariana had to grab the material quickly to prevent it from revealing everything underneath. She saw a tall gentleman watch her struggle with her skirt, a grin on his face.   
  
Quickly, she entered the cab, gathering her skirt under her as she climbed in the back. It surprised her to realize she was wet down there. Had her near accidental exposure to the tall stranger turned her on? She played back her memory and she had to admit that it did. When she managed to get her skirt under control with the wind, the temptation was to lift it deliberately.   
  
"What has gotten into me?" Mariana thought, but she had to direct the cab driver to her destination, so she did not dwell on the changes that had driven her to expose more of herself. Once again she wondered where it would lead, but the thought excited her more than the worry.  
  
It was not a long drive in terms of distance. Barely two miles. If she had not been running late and dressed up, she would have walked it. In a blink, they reached their destination.   
  
The taxi arrived at a small Italian restaurant. Considering the size of the party they were having, they must have the entire establishment for the night. She was impressed. She paid the cab driver his money. He was a handsome darker man, with a Middle Eastern accent of some variety. His manner was professional and courteous. In fact, after she tipped him generously, he came around to her door and opened it for her.  
  
"What a nice guy," she thought.  
  
Mariana exited the cab, taking care to gather her skirt again. The driver stared at her exposed legs, bare only below the knee. She felt complimented by his gaze and strutted just a little, holding her skirt fabric tighter than she needed to make it hug her ass. The actions made her feel sexy, especially when she checked back over her shoulder and saw him watching, his mouth hanging open.  
  
She started to wonder what would happen if she hiked the fabric up when she heard a familiar voice. "Mariana!" she heard her name called out, and she saw a woman she went to school with. They hugged and each started talking at the same time, making a jumble of conversation. Mariana glanced back and noticed the cab departing. The buzz she felt from the driver's obvious appreciation had eradicated the nervousness she had felt earlier.  
  
The restaurant was quite charming. It was an establishment with most of the staff hired from a large extended family of Italian immigrants. The couple that started it, a middle-aged pair, was still actively involved in the cooking and workings, even though it was clearly successful enough to hire whoever they wanted to run it. Since the conference had the entire place tonight, the matron spent a lot of time asking people if there was anything special they could do for us.   
  
Mariana spent some time searching for old friends, talking with some she had not encountered in years. There were quite a few powerful people in the group. Some that were at the executive level in their companies, a few running their own small businesses, and the occasional person of inherited wealth. It was great to find so much success. The women in the group that had risen to the top made Mariana especially proud.  
  
It was a wonderful dinner, a meal with lots of pasta and red sauce followed by classic Italian desserts such as cannoli and tiramisu. Mariana enjoyed it quite a bit, but found herself wistfully thinking about her day. Just as Derek predicted, it made her moisten again, especially when she remembered how she was going commando tonight. She had trouble concentrating on conversation after that, constantly daydreaming about returning to the hotel. Her hand even strayed down to her lap and pushed gently downward. It was an exhilarating feeling.   
  
People started to leave and the promises to keep in touch were made, although no one actually expected they would be kept. Mariana hustled to catch a taxi back to the hotel, longing to extract as much time with Derek as possible. Normally, she would have perhaps hung out a bit longer, but she was anxious to get back.  
  
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Mariana returned to the hotel late. She climbed the stairs, stopping to smile at "their" landing. When she arrived at the room, she slid the keycard into the lock, no problem doing so this time, and walked inside. A light was on to the left of the bed and Derek was sitting under the covers reading a novel. He put a bookmark in and laid it on the nightstand.  
  
Derek said, "It has been a long day. Get ready for bed and come in. I have a surprise for you tomorrow morning." He grinned at her. "How was dinner?"   
  
"It was OK," Mariana replied. "Tiring." She stretched, lifting her arms and covering her mouth as she suppressed a yawn.  
  
"Did you think about me while you were gone?" Derek asked.

Mariana's eyes sparkled, "Of course I did. I was sitting in a crowded restaurant, full of old friends, wearing nothing under my skirt. When the conversation lulled for any reason, I remembered our day. I got so wet that I worried about a stain on the back."   
  
She pulled off her clothes, not a strip tease, just a matter-of-fact undressing. A short camisole went over her naked body, barely reaching down to cover her ass. Derek watched her the entire way and she grinned at him, letting him know that she appreciated his admiration. A quick brushing of the teeth and a trip to the bathroom, and she was in bed with him, snuggling up against his body. She noticed immediately he was wearing nothing under the covers.  
  
"So, what is this surprise?" Mariana asked him, stroking his erect penis.  
  
"If I told you, that would not be much of a surprise, would it?" He laughed.  
  
They lay like that for a good long while, her listening to his heart beat. He would occasionally run his fingers down her back and grab her naked ass. It was cozy so they each nodded off. Derek woke up just enough to wish her a good night and to turn off the lamp.  
  
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Mariana slept on her side, facing away from Derek. She was sleeping soundly when she felt a hand reach between her legs, cupping her pussy. The fingers spread her lips and dipped inside, first landing on her clit and then reaching down and penetrating her vagina. Before she was fully awake, her body was on fire. And then she felt something blunt and thick at the opening and suddenly it was inside of her.   
  
Derek breathed in her ear, "You are so warm and inviting, I could not resist." And then he was fucking her. Long, slow strokes, in and out. It was a languid, sleepy feeling for both of them. He was not going fast and furious, but slow and deep. Mariana's sleepiness was quickly evaporating.  
  
His hands spread her cheeks, when he slapped against her this time, she could feel his balls against her bare lips. It was a lovely feeling and she pushed her ass backward each time. His pace increased, his breathing coming faster.   
  
Derek hugged her hard and stopped, leaving himself buried inside of her. A couple of short strokes followed. It was a half-hearted thrusting and the warmth of their bodies made them comfortable. They stayed like that until he lost his erection, slipping out of her. Neither had come, but they both felt satisfied anyway. Still, his arms engulfed her and they managed to sleep in that position.  
  
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The day dawned, the sun streaming into the room. Mariana was the first to wake up, releasing herself from Derek's grasp reluctantly so that she could take care of business. When she returned, Derek was standing up, holding out his arms. She gladly stepped into them, getting the nice firm hug she adored.  
  
She remembered the action in the middle of the night. It seems they now had unfinished business to take care of. She started to kneel on the bed, thinking to work on that right away.  
  
Mariana was disappointed when there was a knock at the door. She walked to her dresser and grabbed a robe. Derek went into the bathroom, his cock swinging back and forth, sporting a bit of a strut and wiggle.   
  
She opened the door when she saw the bathroom door close. A beautiful redhead with a curvaceous body answered. Mariana could not help it, she checked her out from head to toe. Cute brownish red shoes with a modest inch heal, a tight pair of yoga pants that hugged her, a sporty blouse with a zipper running down the front. And wow, this woman had it going! Mariana met the woman's eyes again.   
  
"Um, may I help you?" Mariana asked. She was a bit flustered.  
  
"Hi, I'm Kara," she paused, almost like she was expecting that to mean something. "Oh, do I have the right room?" Mariana watched as Kara gave her the once over. The penetrating way she did so made Mariana close the robe just a little tighter.  
  
Derek walked out wearing just a bath towel. "Yes, Kara, you are in the right place."  
  
Kara was relieved. "Oh good. Please hold the door for a second."   
  
She walked out into the hall and grabbed a good sized bag. She picked it up, displaying more strength than looked possible for such a small woman. Mariana held the door as she came into the room and set the bag down.  
  
Mariana was watching this wondering "What the heck?"   
  
Kara unzipped the large duffel, bending over to start pulling things out. Her ass was plush and the pants were tight. "So, who is first?" Kara asked, glancing over her shoulder and catching Mariana eyeing her butt. Mariana got red in the face.  
  
Derek let Mariana off the hook. "Mariana, this is my surprise. Kara is a massage therapist that does house calls. I met her at the bar last night and arranged for us both to have one."  
  
Mariana finally understood. That was really sweet. She watched as Kara set up the table (so that what was in the huge bag), unfolding it and extracting a set of oils, a small speaker, and even a couple of scented candles, which she lit and set near the table. With a tap of her phone, placid music played through the speakers. It was all done very professionally.   
  
Mariana caught Derek checking out the hot redhead. When he smiled at her, she felt a twinge of jealousy. "He's a big flirt," she thought.  
  
Derek spoke up, "I'll go first. Let me jump in the shower." He dumped the towel on the floor and walked naked to the bathroom.   
  
Mariana enjoyed the walk and checked to make sure Kara was OK with Derek's behavior. Kara was still setting up her space. If she had seen Derek walk across the room naked, she gave no indication. He did not close the door as he entered the shower and was clearly visible through the shower door.   
  
After showering, Derek toweled off and sauntered back over, wearing only a towel. By this time, Kara was ready with the table. She rolled down the blanket and told him to face downward, politely turning her head as he dropped the towel and climbed in.  
  
She then moved around to his head and massaged his scalp, oiling his hair. Derek relaxed visibly. When her hands started working his tight shoulders and neck, he groaned in appreciation. Mariana watched her work, propping herself up on the bed. "This is a good surprise," she thought.  
  
Kara worked Derek's whole back now, leaning her body over his, using her slick hands to slide down the length of his body. Mariana relaxed just watching it. Somehow her hands were sensual, her touch charged. Secretly, Mariana started to get turned on watching Derek's naked body, although covered, getting rubbed.  
  
Working her way around, Kara circled to Derek's legs and feet. He was somewhat ticklish, so she had to use a lot of pressure to keep him from bursting out in laughter. Her hands massaged from the outside of his legs, across the back, and to inside, each hand working independently, but meeting in a well practiced dance.  
  
From Mariana's vantage point, she could see nearly up the blanket covering Derek. When Kara mirrored the long strokes she had done on his back, they started from his ankles and ended just below his ass. Each stroke pushed the cover further, until it was barely covering it. Mariana wondered if Kara could see his balls at this point, but trusted in the woman's professionalism.  
  
Kara reached over and squirted more oil onto her hands. They ducked under the blanket and massaged his upper thighs and even some of his ass. Derek had his eyes closed, but his grin was wide. The touch was so sensual, nearly erotic, especially when on her return strokes Kara twisted her hand inward and down, dipping between his upper thighs.   
  
Mariana was watching intently, finding herself feeling two emotions simultaneously. The first one was jealousy, there was no denying it. She recognized the beginnings of arousal on Derek's face and it was not her that was doing it. The second was her own arousal, which was much more difficult to admit. If it were not for Derek's constant expansion of what she accepted as sexy, she could never have admitted it to herself.  
  
The massage paused for a moment as Kara took hold of the blanket, turned her head, and asked Derek to turn onto his back. Derek flipped over, scooting down so that he was not hanging off. Kara draped the covering back over him, but it was obvious from Mariana's viewpoint that he had an erection.   
  
Kara, to her credit, ignored it. She massaged his shoulders and chest, using a generous amount of lightly scented oil. Derek relaxed and his erection subsided slightly. But when Kara moved again to his legs, it grew again. Mariana could not help but stare at it, watching as it actually twitched a couple of times.  
  
The touch of this sexy redhead was electric now. Whereas before Mariana detected a latent sexuality from the woman, it was now oozing from her. Mariana checked Kara's chest again, and thought she saw two hard nubs. Each stroke of the woman's hands brought her chest further down towards the table and towards his throbbing erection. The hands climbed, reaching the top of his thighs and the woman was nearly horizontal, her head a scant few inches from his crotch. There was no way she could miss what her touch was doing.  
  
Mariana's two emotions flamed within her. Jealousy was winning out, however, and she was just about to object, especially when Kara's fingers traced the edge of the blanket, appearing to be about to dive under. The pattern was a large semi circle that started from his outer thigh, ran upward towards his cock, and then back again. Each iteration of this brought her closer, until there was a inch of fabric barely containing what was an obvious raging hard-on.  
  
Mariana was frozen, watching the action as if paralyzed. She was curious to see how far this would go, but she was also building up heat from both anger and arousal. "Umm," she began.  
  
Derek hopped onto the floor, his erection bobbing up and down. He made eye contact with Mariana and gave her a wink. He then walked across the room into the bathroom. Mariana watched him, her mouth hanging open.   
  
"Your turn," Derek said from the other room.  
  
Mariana checked Kara, who was arranging the table and oils again, not paying attention to her. She took a deep breath, calming down. The heat she felt started to fade and she was no longer angry. "It was probably my imagination anyway," she thought.  
  
Thinking back to how Derek acted, Mariana wanted to be as bold as him. She shrugged off her nightie and walked naked across the room. It felt exhilarating, especially when she felt Kara's eyes track her.   
  
She met Derek going back out of the bathroom, another towel wrapped around him. She kissed him and started to pass. Derek whispered, "Leave the door open, I want to watch." She blushed and headed into the bathroom and turned on the shower.   
  
Mariana could see that Derek was watching her lathering up her body. She washed slowly and seductively so that he would get a bit of a show. She fingered herself a little to get him turned on. Just then she noticed that Kara was also watching her, though she was not as obvious about it. She felt a combination of embarrassment and excitement.  
  
The water turned off, and Mariana emerged from the bathroom. She was completely naked, not even a towel covered her form as she strutted across the room. Derek had moved to the couch, still wearing a towel. His erection was tenting the fabric. The approval and lust in his eyes were rewards for her exhibition.  
  
Mariana hopped onto the table and slipped under the sheet. Kara moved over to her side. As with Derek, Kara slowly massaged Mariana's neck, shoulders, arms, and back. She had a steady rhythm that was very relaxing and Mariana started to doze.   
  
She must have drifted off a bit, for when Mariana next became aware of her surroundings, she could vaguely feel Kara rubbing the soles of her feet. Since Kara understood reflexology, as she pressed on the various parts, Mariana could feel tingling sensations in other parts of her body. It was strange, yet powerful. Kara worked her way up her calves and to her thighs. Mariana could feel her hands concentrate on the area where her ass met her thigh and slip down in between her thighs. Her fingers actually made contact briefly with her outer lips. It felt nice and made her quiver slightly, but also a little uncomfortable.   
  
Kara spent some more time on her legs, working her hands high up towards her ass. Twice more Mariana felt her ass being massaged and light contact on her shaved labia. Each time the contact was fleeting. Mariana was aroused and confused, wondering if she should be outraged or disappointed.  
  
"I need to use the bathroom," Kara announced.   
  
Mariana motioned Derek over as soon as the door closed. She kept her voice low. "Derek, she touched me twice... down there..." Mariana pointed towards her blanket covered behind.   
  
Derek ran his fingers under the fabric. "Here?," he asked, fondling her cute ass.   
  
"No, you know," she reddened slightly, "lower."  
  
His fingers dipped lower, sliding between her soaked lips. "You mean here?" he asked, with a special emphasis on the last word.  
  
The sensation of his touch made her momentarily forget what he was asking. "Um... oh...  
  
mmm... yes, exactly."  
  
Derek's touch lasted for a couple more seconds, driving Mariana to distraction.  
  
"I am sure it was just a mistake." He grinned at her. He lowered his voice even more. "Did you like it?"  
  
Mariana was just about to answer an emphatic, "no!" But, then she thought back and examined what she really felt, and she had to admit it was kind of hot. She looked down and nodded. Derek smiled broadly.  
  
Just then, Kara returned from the bathroom.  
  
"Sorry about that," she said. "Now, where were we? Oh yes." She held the blanket up again for Mariana, but did not turn her head. "Please turn over."  
  
Mariana flipped over and the blanket was smoothed back over her. Derek gave her hand one last parting squeeze and returned to the couch, but further down towards Mariana's feet. Meanwhile, Kara was massaging her shoulders and upper chest. The circles started small and then expanded to her shoulders, her neck, and the area just above her nipples. Mariana felt them get involuntarily hard. She closed her eyes and let herself relax, enjoying rather than fighting it.  
  
The touching stopped and then she felt the front of her calves being rubbed. Kara's hands worked their elaborate dance again, reaching up her thighs and downward and back again. Mariana felt her legs being tugged outward and she spread them slightly. Glancing over at Derek, she saw him crane his head and try to peer up her blanket dress. It made her chuckle to herself.  
  
The pressure of Kara's hands moved her legs apart enough for Mariana to wonder if her pussy was in view. That added to how the massage got higher and higher on her legs was making her head spin. Derek was watching intently, and she focused on him, which made her juices start to flow in earnest. She hoped Kara did not notice.   
  
When Kara switched to the other leg, she moved around so that her back was towards Derek. Mariana watched as he moved aside his towel and started stroking his rock hard erection. She raised her eyebrows at him, moving her eyes up towards Kara as if to say, "we are not alone", but he merely put his finger to his lips in a "shhh" gesture. Mariana briefly tensed, but Kara was still working her magic, and she melted with her touch.  
  
In fact, knowing Derek had his cock exposed combined with Kara's hands moving up her thigh was making Mariana extremely turned on. She started to anticipate when Kara left and they could be alone so that she could suck that cock. Licking her lips, she could picture it fully in her mind, her kneeling in front of the couch, taking it into her mouth... She sighed, picturing it vividly.  
  
Mariana felt a draft. She glanced down and the blanket was barely covering her pussy, her hips and upper thighs completely exposed. Her recollections of past therapists were always careful to drape the covering to avoid exposure. But, the sensation of her bare thighs being rubbed at the hips was exhilarating in her state. When Kara's hands pushed on her skin and moved up and outward, she could actually feel her pussy open slightly, and then close on the round trip. From the shave, that area was extremely sensitive, so it was quite a strong sensation.  
  
Mariana's covering was being tugged, until she felt her nipples exposed to the air. Normally, they were sensitive anyway, but now they were literally throbbing. She glanced down to confirm, and saw Kara glance at them also, then get back to business. As a frequent customer of massages, this had never occurred to Mariana: the therapist was always careful to keep all the naughty bits covered. It started a nagging worry in the back of her mind.  
  
That small worry exploded into a large one when the back of Kara's hand brushed against her pussy lips from the front. She could not be sure, but Mariana suspected that her bare vagina was no longer draped. That combined with how closely the oil soaked hands were to her sex started to panic Mariana slightly, and also to rev her arousal to the next level.  
  
Derek saw Mariana's near panicked expression and closed the distance between them, talking in a low voice near her ear. "It's OK, Mariana." Just these words made her relax enough to avoid a panic attack.  
  
He continued after a slight pause. "Before you left for you dinner, you promised to fulfill a fantasy of mine."  
  
Mariana nodded. She remembered.  
  
"Well, the one I chose is to watch a sexy woman get you off." Mariana looked between Derek and Kara, who did not seem perturbed by his words.  
  
"Do you still want to go through with it? Kara is more than willing. She does not take on many woman clients, but she said, and I quote, 'She's hot, I'd play along'."  
  
Mariana's heart raced. Kara continued her massage while she thought. The stroking felt just a bit more sexually charged, but she was not out of bounds.  
  
"I said I trust you, Derek," Mariana said. She was at eye level with Derek's midsection, so she saw his cock twitch in response. It was standing at attention. "I meant it."  
  
Derek gave a flourish to Kara as if to say "she is all yours", and returned to his spot on the couch, no longer bothering to hide his turgid state. Kara removed the blanket altogether and walked to her bag. She pulled out two objects, one which was clearly a vibrator, and one that looked like a small egg. She unzipped her top to her stomach, revealing that she wore nothing underneath, her breasts nearly bursting from the top. Squirting fresh oil onto her hands, she moved to Mariana's side, opposite Derek so that he had a full view.  
  
Mariana felt Kara take her breasts in her hand, which were slick with the oil. When she reached the sensitive nubs at the end, Mariana arched her back, gasping at how awesome that felt. At the same time, she was watching Derek, who was fisting his cock, pumping it up and down. The hands ran in large circles that spiraled inward, pulling at her nipples each time the fingers reached them. Kara's top also was struggling to contain her breasts as she did this, and Mariana could not help but stare at them.  
  
She felt rather than saw the vibrator turn on and touch her hip. Kara spread her legs even further. She started using the toy on the inside of Mariana's thighs and then slowly moved up and down the lips of her pussy and all the way back to the crack of her ass. This went on for a little while and she started to moan. Mariana felt her lips part and the very tip of the vibrator touch her clit, which made her thrash and grab the table. By now, her breathing was coming in swift gasps between loud "mmmm" and "aaa" noises. Watching Kara, she could see a bit of areola now as her top lost containment.   
  
Mariana could feel how wet she was and how her pussy lips were swelling with pleasure. Kara kept the vibrator moving from her clit to the opening of her cunt and back to the opening in her ass, and then back again. Another buzzing sensation, and Mariana noticed the egg shaped object was also a smaller vibrator. As the larger dildo vibrator started to enter her pussy, starting a distinct fucking sensation, the other one rested in that sensitive spot just below her pussy lips.

Kara's motions were precise, the vibrator moving in and out as the egg pressed against what must be a nerve cluster. Mariana could barely withstand the pleasure of the combination. And then she felt the egg against the opening of her anus. It was such a sensitive spot! The fucking of the large dildo continued and it started to pulse faster as Kara kicked it up a notch. Mariana was close now to orgasm. One of Kara's breasts had fallen out of the top, her erect nipple pointing downward, close to her hand. She had the impulse to grab and feel it, but resisted. Derek, however, brought her palm up, and she felt the plush mound in her hand.  
  
The breast she held was a surprising turn on to Mariana. When the small vibrator actually penetrated Mariana's ass and entered it, she start to cry out in pleasure. Derek stood up and moved closer, his hand now a blur on his cock. Mariana came hard, her whole body convulsing with the force of it. And then she was cumming again, and maybe another time as Kara held the dildo against Maria's clit, prolonging the sensation.  
  
Derek was grunting and said, "I'm going to cum." Mariana reached over and shoved his cock into her mouth as burst after burst exploded into her mouth. Derek whistled breath in and out, laboring to control the heights of his pleasure as Mariana sucked on his sensitive cock head. It was just at the edge of nerve overload and he marveled at how she swallowed every last drop.  
  
After Mariana came, Kara methodically zipped back up and packed up her things. Mariana watched as the sexy woman moved. She wondered what it would be like to take her to bed and touch her, maybe even lick her pussy. The images were highly erotic and turned her on, especially when she imagined Derek watching the action.   
  
"Am I bi?" she thought. She tried to picture what would happen if she were alone with Kara, and it did practically nothing for her. But as soon as she added Derek to the mix in her fantasy, it was a virtual meltdown between her legs. She realized that it was all about making his fantasy come true and how much that turned her on. So, she was not bisexual: she was just open to new experiences with him.  
  
But, she was tired and Derek was spent, so she let the immediate opportunity pass, feeling disappointed, but also relieved. There had been a lot of ground covered just now, no need to rush headlong into more!   
  
Kara opened the door and, looking back, and said, "That was fun! Anytime you guys are in town and want to spend more time together, give me a call. In fact, I will give you a discount next time."  
  
"Maybe I will," Mariana thought.  
  
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Derek and Mariana rode out of New York separately, parting at Grand Central where they had initially met less than twenty-four hours ago. It was hard to believe that so much had happened in such a short amount of time. They hugged and Derek playfully cupped Mariana's ass. She smiled up at him, waved, and watched him go, enjoying the departing view of him in his tight jeans.  
  
Mariana wondered what new adventures awaited them. Instead of dreading whether or not she could handle his crazy ideas, she actively looked forward to hearing what he came up with next and expanding her horizons.

**Mariana Ch. 06: Dangerous Liaisons**

Derek thought back wistfully to the weekend he had spent with Mariana in New York. It was like remembering a dream. From the cafe to the park to the hotel, it bad been one long wet dream. That had been over a week ago now. He sat at his desk remembering and hoping no one needed anything at that moment, for his cock was at full mast.  
  
The time away had been excellent, but it made the time after difficult. Derek found himself yearning for the freedom that the city had offered. Things had been so much easier away from the "real world". The encounters that happened after were a result of desperation and desire. None of them were particularly safe, but perhaps that was part of the appeal.  
  
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Derek and Mariana found that they did not have many opportunities to be alone with each other. Even a quick hug proved to be quite the challenge for them, especially during the work week. They each started to rack their brains trying to think of safe places to go. The woods was an attractive option, but the winter cold dissuaded them, and the close proximity to the building made them nervous to attempt it too often.  
  
One day while exploring the building, Derek saw a door with a badge reader attached to it. Curious, he pressed his wallet to it, and the green light flashed. He was in a hallway that led outside to the rear entrance of the building and the door revealed a staircase going upward and a hall that was a sharp turn back the other way. He followed the latter and it led immediately to stairs going downward. The more that Derek followed the maze of hallways, the more it peaked his interest.   
  
The stairs doubled back at the halfway point and ended at another door. He opened it and found a short four foot hall and another door. Finally, upon opening this one he discovered that it led to the parking garage, to a little used spot towards the back. The entrance had another badge access, but when he tried it, he got a red blinking light and it did not open.  
  
An idea started to form in Derek's mind. He did not even know this stairwell existed and it had limited access from the garage, so it was probably a safe place. He went back into the building and asked Mariana to go for a walk. She agreed readily.  
  
On the way back from their rather tame stroll, in which they again did not feel comfortable being too affectionate, he buzzed her into the new spot that he had found. She did not know about it either, so was curious where he was leading her. Going down the stairs, they stopped on the midway landing. Derek gave her a deep and thorough embrace.   
  
"Mmmm," she sighed, pressing herself against him.  
  
Derek held her just like that for a couple of seconds. They each heard the click of a door opening and other ambient noises, but none that seemed close. Still, it was nerve wracking how much the place echoed, so Derek said, "I'll go down through the garage and you can go back up the stairs." This advice made a lot of sense to her, and she felt content for once that they could have at least a small moment together alone.  
  
He kissed her, giving her a brief squeeze under her skirt, and they went off separately and reentered the office through completely different routes and times. For Derek, it was a complete and unprecedented success and he felt that it could work going forward for a brief periods of alone time.  
  
Derek felt the need to cease the opportunity. He would be away with his family on vacation next week and it was Thursday afternoon. Just a little bit of time together could hold him over for the duration.  
  
The next day Derek sent Mariana a text early in the morning while she was in the shower.   
  
"I have no intention of being good today."  
  
She read this and changed her mind immediately what she was going to wear. Fishing her short black skirt out of the "spring" pile, she shimmied it on, along with a frilly pair of lace see through panties. And then she took off her blouse and bra, replacing them with a matching black lace bra and a button down red shirt. It was chilly out, so she contemplated panty hose, but rejected them in favor of easy access.  
  
It was hardly mid-morning before Derek started to text her. The conversation went:  
  
*D: Hello, beautiful. I like your outfit M: Hi handsome. Ty D: No, I \*really\* lick... er... like it :) M: Mmmmm hmmm D: Pink, that's my guess M: Excuse me? D: Your panties. I picture pink and lacy under that cute short skirt M: Maybe I don't have any D: Ha! M: Anyway, you are half right D: Hmmm... black? M: Ding ding ding. Correct. What do you want for you prize? D: I want to bring you out back, have you spread your legs for me, and prove it M: Oh my D: Maybe I will verify the lace part with my hands D: or my tongue M: Getting a little breathless D: It would not take a lot to lift that cute black thing, pull down your panties, and have my way with you. M: sigh M: Maybe I'll let you do just that D: Mmmm M: You thinking that place we went yesterday? D: Ya. It's our place now M: I don't know. We can try D: After lunch, let's at least get a hug D: \*grin\* M: ok*  
  
At the end of this exchange, Mariana was holding her phone, staring down but not seeing it. Instead, she had this image of Derek doing the things he said. Her chair leaned back and she closed her eyes, making the images crystalize. Her whole being buzzed with an energy that seemed palpable. It was difficult working; her mind kept going back to that place where he was watching her spread her legs.  
  
A bit before the normal walk time, Derek sent her a message to meet in "their spot". Her heart thumped as she walked the hall. By now, the attention of her male coworkers was normal and anticipated, but seeing their eyes on her still made her feel sexy.   
  
She arrived at the back door, buzzing herself in and relieved when it flashed green. Walking down the stairs, she noticed Derek about halfway down the lower steps, gazing directly up her skirt as she descended. It made her slow down, letting him enjoy the view. His low whistle echoed off the concrete walls.  
  
He climbed the four stairs to meet her on the midway landing. His arms immediately wrapped around her and his head leaned down for a kiss. Her lips parted, letting his tongue swirl around. He pressed his groin into her. By being one step down when he did this, they were nearly the same height and she could feel his rock hard cock against her pussy. It was frustrating to have the layers of clothing between them.  
  
Derek slipped his hands under her skirt and grabbed her ass. She could not believe how enflamed he was and it was making her reach the same level. When he felt her breast through her shirt, she gasped at his sexual energy. It was a rougher grip than usual, but not bad rough. The word that came to mind was "urgent".   
  
He took her hand and led her down the stairs. Turning her around, he hugged her once more and then gently pushed her shoulders down. She sat on the step, a questioning expression on her face.  
  
"Mariana, I want you to show me how you touch yourself," he kept his voice low but it seemed louder in this echoing space.  
  
His eyes told her he was serious. Mariana paused, listening to the ambient noise. There were a lot of random bang and clank noises. The sounds made her skittish, and she kept her legs mostly closed while building up her coverage. She took a deep breath.  
  
Nervously, she slowly opened her legs, showing Derek her silky black thong. He sat on the floor and pulled his cock out of his pants, stroking as he watched. Her cheeks were burning, but she was also literally dripping as she thought of Derek staring at her. It was so naughty to have her legs spread so. And his cock was out in the open!   
  
The scene was nearly surreal. She could not believe she was doing this. And she scarcely believe what she was about to do. Did she dare?  
  
Derek saw Mariana's hand reach under her skirt. She broke eye contact as she reached her panties and pulled them over to the side. He saw her pubic hair first, then her lips, as she tugged the undergarment completely over. And then she used her index finger to touch her clit lightly. It was one of the most erotic things Derek had ever seen. Especially when she met his gaze again. The playful sexy look she gave him was amazing.  
  
Rising quickly, Derek crossed the distance between Mariana and himself in barely a moment. He helped her rise, standing a step down from her. His fingers plunged into her panties from the side, pulling them to the side urgently. Again that word, "urgent". He fumbled with his penis, but managed to slip it into the opening he made. Without barely a transition, his cock was inside of her. She was so lubricated that it slid in easily. All the while, Mariana was beyond caring where they were, giving into the moment as she felt him start to fuck her.  
  
"I really enjoyed watching you touch yourself," Derek said in her ear. "And I am going to thoroughly enjoy cumming inside you too."   
  
Mariana gasped, realizing that Derek was serious. The need to have him cum inside her was also urgent, and she pressed herself closer, making his penis go even deeper. She grabbed him, resting her head on his shoulder and feeling his penis start to pulse inside. Her leg was pulled upward and he quietly groaned as he shot his semen deep within.  
  
Derek held her for a couple of seconds and then became aware of how dangerous their current situation could be. He quickly put himself back in his pants. He gave Mariana one last hug and kiss.   
  
"Same thing as last time," he said, and they each went their separate ways.   
  
Two days after, they met again in "their spot" for a quick hug, as they were both craving one. As soon as Derek embraced her, he heard voices close at hand. Suddenly, he heard a beep and a door opening. He froze for a half second. Then, he left her standing there and bounded up the stairs.  
  
Mariana started climbing also, seeing Derek turn the corner just as the door opened. Two men entered and paused as they saw her strut upwards, her heels echoing. They did not seem in any hurry, and she swayed her ass just a little extra so all of their attention was on her. When the upper door open and closed, and she was sure that Derek was safely away, she smiled, letting them gaze up her skirt.  
  
Derek's hands were sweating. They were so close to be being caught that time. If the same thing had happened two days ago, he would have literally been caught with his pants down. Their spot was clearly not so safe. It took quite awhile for him to calm down and chuckle about it.  
  
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After the scare, Derek took it easy for awhile. Even though no one had noticed, it did not hurt to lay low. This meant not being with Mariana as often, sometimes only seeing her in passing for an entire day. It was a necessary precaution, but one that neither of them particularly liked. But, it did build up the anticipation of what they would do next. After a steamy session of texting that left Derek frustrated, he decided he needed to take a risk and try something that had been rumbling around in his imagination.  
  
The next morning, Mariana arrived at work, feeling a little down from not seeing Derek for quite some time. Her thoughts swirled to various scenarios, but no good solution came to mind. By the time she saw Derek arrive later, she was just a bit depressed. Thus, when he came by unexpectedly to visit and propose a walk to Starbucks, she jumped on it.  
  
Mariana immediately felt better as she and Derek made small talk and climbed the hill towards a double order of latte. Winter had arrived with a cold vengeance, but she did not perceive the cold. In fact, just his presence was enough to warm her deep, deep inside. When he held her hand away from the office, she found it sweet. It could not last long due to the weather.   
  
Feeling something small and hard in her palm, Mariana opened her hand. It was a small circular object with a band attached to it, almost like a sling shot. Turning it over, she saw a small lightning bolt, but no other clue presented itself.  
  
"What's this?" she asked.  
  
Derek put his arm around her, drawing her closer. He kept his voice low.  
  
"It's a vibrator," he said, enjoying when her eyes got wide. "You place it under you underwear, against your clit. It vibrates," he withdrew something that looked like a remote car door opener from his pocket, "and this remote in my pocket controls it."  
  
Mariana held the device in her hand tentatively. She flipped it over in her hand again and imagined how it would fit. She nearly dropped it as it begin to pulse in a slow rhythm. Derek was holding the remote and laughing.  
  
"Cute," she said, sarcastically, but she was smiling and able to make fun of herself.  
  
"Mmmm hmmm," Derek said. "And this strap," Derek stroked it in her hand, causing an immediate increase of her heart rate, "is for you to wear without panties. It holds it in place." His grin was threatening to break his face by now.   
  
"Oh, is that right?" She asked with a low sexy voice. "I suppose you have an idea for this thing already."  
  
His nod and infectious grin answered her.  
  
"I want you to go into the Starbuck's bathroom and put it on. I want you to wear it \*all day\*," his hand strayed to her waist and gripped her briefly. "You will have to trust me with the remote. You can try it with or without panties, I don't mind."  
  
She chuckled softly, "I bet." She was thinking as they approached their destination. He let her consider it.   
  
"You will use your power wisely, I hope?" she asked.  
  
"Oh, you know me," Derek said.  
  
"Yes. That's what I am afraid of," her banter was feisty and Derek knew she would agree. As they entered the coffee shop, she detoured to the restroom as he ordered the usual for her. He admired the way the skirt swished around her ass as he watched her go.  
  
Mariana locked the single person bathroom. Once again, she wondered if she was going along with this crazy idea. But, as she imagined the day going forward, with Derek sending her sexual pleasure at his whim, the appeal was too much to resist. Despite the dangers, she pulled down her silky panties and placed the device firmly against her clit. It was a perfect fit, nestling in between her lips. She had not noticed how it curved slightly to allow for a comfortable resting place, but she appreciated it.  
  
By the time she returned, her latte was waiting for her. Derek removed the remote from his pocket and examined the settings. She watched him curiously, smoothing down her skirt and wondering what he was thinking. He grabbed his drink, and opened the door for them to return, placing the remote back in his pocket. Despite being in public, she felt disappointed that he had not turned it on. She realized he was building anticipation and between that and the rubbing of the device on her clit, she was profoundly turned on.  
  
They walked back, still chatting. She watched as he fumbled with his hand inside his pocket, bracing herself, but they returned without incident. Near the end of the walk, they both had to pick up the pace as there was a company wide meeting and they wanted to get seats.  
  
There were two rooms that were used to hold all the people attending the meeting. By the time they arrived, the number of unoccupied chairs were few and far between. Mariana found one near the front and Derek managed to score one towards the middle, both at the end of the row. The noise at these things was always a dull roar as people had conversations. The AV guy was still getting set, so Mariana stood and surveyed the room.  
  
Derek was sitting with a bunch of coworkers. His smile acknowledged that he saw her also, and she saw his hand deliberately move in his pocket. A delicious sensation started in her groin and she realized that he had clicked the vibrator on. His little grin widened when she momentarily stopped in mid step. She gave him a sharp look, but her face was happy, not angry. And then the sensation was gone, the vibrator momentarily turned off.   
  
Her skirt pocket dinged. Her phone showed a text message from Derek.  
  
*D: Oh. I forgot to tell you. M: Hmmm? D: Yes, your toy is \*very\* quiet. It claims to be the most discrete that exists. M: Uh*  
  
Mariana quickly sat down. The vibration immediately started again. She was having serious concentration problems. She was at the end of the row, so no one sat to her left, but there was a man sitting to her right. His head was turned the other way. Glancing behind her, most people were either talking with their neighbor or buried in their smart phones. Meanwhile, the pulsing vibration was slowly working over her clit. Her heart beat fast and furious from being aroused in such a crowded room.  
  
All sorts of emotions played through her head: embarrassment, arousal, fear, excitement. She was embarrassed at being horny in the midst of so many people that she worked with every day. The arousal was a constant these days when around Derek, but this new ability of his to literally stroke her whenever he wanted was another level. She had the natural fear of losing control and being caught. And she was also excited at all the possibilities. Derek had ways of making her grow without getting her into trouble, and she trusted him to keep doing that.  
  
*D: How does it feel? M: It is amazing. You are so naughty D: Should I stop?*  
  
The pulsing below her belt was suddenly gone. The sudden stop made Mariana cough. Her pussy was flooded, she was just getting used to how intense it was, and its absence made her softly curse.  
  
*M: No... D: Mmmm. I can watch you from where I am. Have a fun meeting*  
  
She fidgeted as the buzzing commenced again. First, she crossed her legs, but the direct pressure of the device on her clit made it so she literally could not sit still. When she closed her legs, it was again too powerful, and thus she was stuck between two different positions. The only thing that made the vibrations bearable was to have her legs slightly apart. Between how flooded her pussy had become and the sheer material of her panties, it was a dubious solution in a crowded meeting.  
  
Mariana pressed the skirt fabric between her legs, hoping it covered her enough. Being at the end and near the front helped, as there were not as many people that could possible see her. As the pulsating rhythm made her hornier, she almost wished that the young man in front of her would turn around.   
  
"Get a hold of yourself," Mariana admonished in her thoughts.  
  
Derek noticed Mariana struggling to get comfortable and took pity on her. With a flick of his remote, he released her from the inner pleasurable torment. When she glanced back over her shoulder and made eye contact, he saw a mixture of relief and intense arousal. His cock throbbed in response and he started to plan his next move.  
  
The meeting ended and Mariana scurried to the women's restroom. Pulling down her panties removed the device temporarily and she could think. She could not believe how horny she was and that Derek had toyed with her in the meeting. But, she had to admit, it felt great and intensely dirty to have this secret. Her red panties were soaked, and when she pulled them back up, they plastered themselves to her lips.   
  
She stood up in the stall, holding the device in her hand. Flipping it over, she again found the lightning bolt with a radio like symbol radiating from it. She understood what that meant now. It was about to go into her pocket, but her hand seemed to move to the waistband of her underwear of its own accord. The rogue appendage pulled the fabric outward away from her body, and the other conspirator turned the device back over and wedged it firmly between her lips. A snap, and it was again held in place. Mariana gasped in pleasure to feel it rub against her again.  
  
"Oh my," she thought, "I guess I am continuing with this little experiment after all."  
  
The day passed slowly, Mariana wondering when Derek would torture her again. She was afraid at first, but as the day went by and nothing happened, her desire grew. This opportunity was too juicy to waste. Fortunately, she did have some work to do, and the distraction made it so that she did not just watch the minutes tick away.

She was just figuring out a particularly tricky piece of logic when the vibrator kicked on again, totally shattering her concentration. Her back arched slightly and leaned against her office chair. Glancing around, she noted that most of her coworkers were elsewhere, so she closed her eyes and enjoyed it. Images of Derek fucking her in the stairwell popped into her mind, and she felt that unique pressure start to build deep down.  
  
Since the device was directly against her clit, she constantly had to twist her hips in order to avoid a nerve overload. The pleasure was manageable as her body got used to it and the moving around helped. That is, until it kicked up a notch, and not only was it vibrating faster, but there was a slight pulse.  
  
*D: Oh, I probably should have told you about the different speeds D: and the various modes*  
  
The mode changed again and the vibration started slow and increased intensity, ending in a pulse and then repeating again. Mariana had to bite her lips it was so powerful. Her hands gripped the chair and her hips twisted, trying to find a position that made it bearable. Either she was going to cum hard or go into shock. The thought made her giggle.  
  
*M: Oh god. It's too much D: Is it?*  
  
The device went into a wild vibrating dance where it buzzed at extreme frequency. Mariana's eyes rolled upward and her legs kicked outward. Her entire world around her receded as the sensation continued for a mere few seconds. Those moments felt like eternity to Mariana, and then it was gone. She shook her head, quivering slightly as she gripped her phone and shakily traced a message to Derek.  
  
*M: Totally. D: I have an offer for you M: O really?*  
  
She was having trouble forming words.   
  
*D: Yes. If you lose your panties, and put the device back on, I will relent M: k*  
  
Derek was surprised at how readily Mariana agreed to his request. He did not know how much the device was putting her on the edge. She strutted by his desk a few seconds later, though her swaying was just a bit off balanced, as if she were drunk.  
  
The stall door was barely closed and Mariana was ripping down her panties. She even forgot to check the neighboring stalls before she executed the maneuver, but fortunately they were unoccupied. She could breath a moment and regain some of her composure. The strap seemed fairly straight forward. She did not even think of going back on her deal; she simply stepped through the loop, pulling it up and placing it again. The combination of being commando and the clit vibrator were making her nearly frantic with desire.  
  
When Mariana returned, her walk was more steady. The way she moved, the sway of her hips, her body language: they all spoke of raw sex. It was like an aura surrounded her. People noticed, swiveling their head as she passed. Derek got rock hard just from observing her from afar.  
  
Derek grabbed his cup, got water, and circled back around to visit at her desk. The coworkers in the area were still gone, so in all probability they had already gone home for the day. He sat in the half cube next to her, nothing but air between them and half height walls all around. He backed up his chair to give him a better view and started a conversation, his hand fiddling in his pocket.  
  
Mariana typically enjoyed the rare occasions when Derek came to chat with her during the day. At this moment, there was an obvious sexual tension between them as Derek made conversation that she responded to and had no recollection moments later of what they said. His hand playing in his pocket plus the obvious hunger in his eyes as he stared at her legs were both making it impossible to focus.  
  
After a particularly long and obvious gaze at her skirt covered lap, Derek flicked on the vibrator. His smile told the tale of how much he was enjoying this. Mariana's part of the conversation faltered, but Derek picked it up.   
  
"It's a bit nippy out today," he said, deliberately directing his attention to her rock hard nipples.  
  
Mariana nodded, gulping out a "ya" and shifting her legs.  
  
Derek seemed to stare out the window for a few moments. "It looks like it is going to stay wet."  
  
Mariana stared at Derek open-mouthed. Her blush grew as her mind struggled for a work appropriate response.  
  
"I hope the rain ends soon," Derek said, a quiet chuckle coloring his remark.   
  
Her hips twisted again as Mariana struggled to sit still. She again leaned back and spread her legs, which gave her some respite from the direct contact. A low hiss and her gaze found Derek's full attention was directed at her lap. She realized he was seeing up her skirt and remembered that she was no longer wearing any panties.  
  
Derek casually rubbed the erection growing in his pants. His arm created a partial barrier so that only she saw him trace his shaft with his palm. It was making her crave pulling it out, her need growing with each moment.  
  
"In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if it flooded," Derek spoke almost directly to her yearning pussy.   
  
"I think you are right," Mariana said, glancing left and right, and then deliberately opening her legs. She licked her fingers suggestively and flipped her skirt briefly upward, giving Derek a brief glimpse of her pubis and bare vagina. In that glimpse, Derek saw the device held in place with just a thin strap.  
  
The hand that was stroking Derek's cock through his pants closed partially. He pulled the jeans tight around it. Mariana's eyes could not break free. She saw his cock head clearly. Derek surrounded it with his fingers. Her stance widened just a bit more, the action of the device and Derek combining to make her bolder.  
  
Derek reluctantly moved his eyes upward, meeting hers. She knew he was no longer fully in control. The erection in his pants twitched without him touching it and Mariana had a nearly undeniable urge to suck his cock right here, right now.  
  
Most people had left for the evening. Derek stood up. He gestured for Mariana to follow him. The bulge in his pants was distinctly obvious to Mariana, but he made no moved to cover it. Instead, he quickly walked to a nearby conference room with frosted glass and a wooden door. She followed him curiously, wondering what he was doing.  
  
As soon as she entered the door, Derek closed it and pressed against her, pinning her against it. Withdrawing the remote, he thumbed it twice, setting it to the highest intensity pulse that nearly overloaded her last time. This time, however, his fingers found her flooded opening and grasped her vagina firmly.   
  
Mariana pushed her head into Derek's chest, putting her mouth flat against his shirt. Her mouth was open and she was whisper screaming into his body, using the fabric to muffle her moans. Her hand grabbed his cock through his jeans, rubbing it intently. She was going over the edge hard, and she needed to feel him.  
  
The orgasm hit her like a hammer. Her whole body quivered. She was dizzy from it. She clutched at him, actually using him to restore her balance. The continuing vibration was too much, she mutely gestured for Derek to stop. He thumbed the control and it cut out.  
  
Mariana grabbed Derek in a vice grip hug, her body still shaking, but calming down as he held her in his arms. He kissed the top of her head and rubbed her back until the shaking subsided. Giving her one last squeeze, Derek opened the door, peering around before signaling the "all clear". They snuck out, Mariana lagging behind slightly to be safe and to ensure that she was in order. She could not help thinking to herself how insane they both were, but at the moment she was riding high on the post orgasmic rush.  
  
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The memory of their incredibly dangerous and hot encounter at work helped to bridge the gap between a longer span of inactivity. They both decided that work games were just a bit too crazy. Like many of their ideas, it was to be a one time deal. Still, they wished for more time together and that meant a certain exposure to risk. Honestly, the danger was part of the appeal for Derek, and that is when he formulated his next idea.  
  
Mariana was just cleaning up from dinner when she felt her phone vibrate on her hip. She glanced down and saw it was from Derek. He was filed under a convenient female alias. Just getting a message from her made her heart (and other things) flutter. They exchanged texts:  
  
*D: Do you want to go to the movies tonight? M: One second.*  
  
She checked to make sure she could get away. Everyone was doing their own thing anyway, so why not?   
  
*M: OK. What's the plan? D: How about we meet at the small theater and see Theory of Everything M: Isn't that the Steven Hawking biography movie? D: Yep M: Whatever. It's not like the story matters. D: Actually, I want to see it. Looks like a good flick. M: Sounds good. Where do you want to meet? D: Let's meet at the parking lot in the shopping center near your place. I'll drive us over. M: OK D: What are you going to wear? M: What do you want me to wear? D: Wear something that makes me say "mmmmm" D: That's 5m's M: lol D: I look forward to it. M: me too, see you then*  
  
Mariana organized her thoughts. She had a lot to take care of before she could pull this off. The first thing was to pick out an outfit. There was a problem, however, as she knew Derek loved skirts but she had on a pair of tight fitting black jeans. Moving to her closet, she found a skirt and a pair of hose. Her blouse was actually pretty clingy, so she decided to keep it. However, she grabbed a cloth halter top and thought "perfect".   
  
When she arrived at the parking lot, she was deliberately early. It was a dark lot with not a ton of activity. She turned off the car and waited until the interior lights dimmed. Then, she scooted off her pants, shuffling them down and then off. Underneath were the hose she had switched out earlier. For a full minute she made herself sit there and enjoy the sensation of being essentially bottomless in her car. As more cars went back and forth, their lights shining in the car, she thought to herself, "if only they knew." She slipped the skirt over her legs and pulled them over her ass, the skirt just barely covering it.  
  
Derek pulled in beside her not long after. He motioned to her through the passenger side window, and she jumped out of her car and entered his. As she entered, her leg swung just a bit wider then she normally allowed, and Derek did not miss the movement. He reached over to her and gave her a small hug and kiss, and then he wended his car back out of the lot.  
  
Mariana smiled, her eyes lighting up, her teeth gleaming. Derek glanced over to her as he drove, laying his hand on her hose covered thigh. She made no move to stop him. Instead, she rested her hand on his bicep and stroked his hair, running her touch around his ear. It was a surprising sensation, and one that was oddly erotic. Meanwhile, his hand glided along the hose, moving upward.  
  
There was a moment of confusion as Derek's hand reached the junction of her thighs. His hand continued to encounter a silky fabric sensation, but it was different somehow. In the dark, it was hard to see and he was driving, so he used his sense of touch to try to figure it out. He hooked his hand under where he felt the transition and felt wetness. Mariana groaned in appreciation as his fingers found her smooth pussy. She had again freshly shaved it.  
  
Derek remained baffled, his thoughts fogged by arousal, especially when Mariana reached down and grasped his cock through his jeans. Finally, they exited the highway and stopped at a red light. Not being able to resist his curiosity any longer, he flipped up her skirt to discover that Mariana had cut her hose at the crotch and had on black, flimsy, silk panties that had, as she put it, "easy access".  
  
"Nice," he said.  
  
"I thought you would like that."  
  
Not being able to resist, he plunged his fingers in. When the light turned green, he did not even notice. A polite honk reminded him that he needed to drive.   
  
They arrived at the small theater, more of an art house than a cinema, and bought tickets. There were a few people already seated, but since Derek and Mariana were on the late side, they were nearly the last to sit. Derek looked around and directed Mariana to the back left side, where no one was sitting at all. He sat in the last seat and had her hold the popcorn and soda as he pulled off his jacket and sat down. Mariana laid her jacket on the seat beside her and joined him.  
  
The last preview was shown and the movie started. Derek started to caress Mariana's thigh in the semi-dark. He reached across his body with his left hand to get popcorn, and used the opportunity to lean in and caress the side of her breast. When his thumb encountered her hard nipple, it moved it slowly from side to side. Derek at first thought that she was not wearing a bra because of the smooth feel of her breast, but he decided that was not correct.  
  
Mariana sighed as his hands moved. She let them wander wherever he dared reach. Soon she felt fingers moving aside her panties and caressing her clit. It was so incredibly sexy and naughty, she munched popcorn and enjoyed the sensations traveling from the region through her body. The thong was nearly soaked already, and the film had just started.   
  
"Theory of Everything" was perhaps a quarter through when Derek whispered in her ear. "Every time that the movie mentions physics, I am going to put my fingers in your pussy." The characters on screen were discussing something about spacetime, and his touch proved his threat. Mariana gasped quietly when she heard this and she leaned into him, pressing herself against his side.  
  
As the movie progressed, Mariana anticipated his touch each time she saw a classroom or a conference. The thrills as Derek's hand dipped below her skirt and moved aside her panties built on top of each other. Her pussy became drenched. She whispered in his ear, "I'm melting," and saw his smile in the flickering light. He was tugging on her panties as if to trying to remove them, but the hose made that impossible.  
  
He paused touching her during a part of the film that explored Hawking's relationship with his wife. Derek unbuckled his belt slowly, first unfastening the buckle. He pulled the belt out, all the while trying to keep his movements controlled to avoid notice. He unsnapped and half unzipped his pants.  
  
Mariana could not help noticing Derek's movements. Her hand stroked his shaft through the tight jeans and even dipped down and gripped his balls lightly. She pulled her jacket onto her lap and bunched it just a little, providing them a modicum of privacy. Derek immediately pulled her panties to the side completely and inserted not one, but two fingers deep inside her, pumping them in and out.   
  
Mariana was only half-watching the movie, she was feeling so many things all at once. She was excited and extremely turned on, because she had never pictured herself doing anything like this. But, she was also strangely content: reveling in their quiet time together. Every once in a while, she would rest her head against his shoulder and think about how lucky they were to be here. And, then her thoughts returned to their game and she once agin got wet with anticipation about what would come next.  
  
Meanwhile, Derek adjusted his cock so that is was pointing up and to the left. It was the perfect angle for him to put Mariana's hand inside his pants. She felt his bare skin and rubbed. He was going commando tonight, something which turned her on. The combination of his fingering and feeling his bare cock drove her towards orgasm. Quietly, she had her first of the night, Derek appearing surprised but proud when he realized.  
  
The scene in the film suddenly was of a bright summer day. The theater was bathed in a brief moment of white light. Derek flipped up her skirt and glimpsed her bare, shaved pussy. His bare cock was also visible, though everyone else in the theater was focused forward.  
  
They drove each other crazy with touches. Derek grabbed Mariana's breast firmly in hand and felt it, still trying to figure out what lay beneath. He toyed briefly with lifting her shirt, but decided against it. The end of the film was fast approaching and they each spent time composing their clothing back to normal.   
  
As soon as the end credits started to show, Derek led her out of the theater. His cock was so hard he walked stilted and the bulge in his pants was distinctly noticeable. He watched again as she swung her legs into the car.   
  
He headed back to her car a different way then he came. A quick flick of his hand and his cock was standing at attention through his zipper. Mariana at first did not notice, but her eyes got big when her hand brushed against it. Her hand automatically wrapped around it and they merged onto the highway traffic. As they drove down the highway, Derek enjoyed the feeling of her stroking him.   
  
Mariana was enflamed by Derek's boldness. She did not feel comfortable unbuckling her seatbelt and blowing him at highway speeds, but it was tempting. Her touch alternated between finger tip caresses and a tight grip. His rough breathing told her all she needed. As soon as they pulled up next to her car, even before the car was in park, she removed her seat belt, knelt on the passenger seat, and started to suck Derek's cock in earnest.  
  
"Um, I should put this in park," Derek chuckled.  
  
She twisted her body so that he could push the lever forward, not releasing his cock for a second. A bit of a tug and his pants were down to just below his ass. Her mouth and hand worked in a steady rhythm. Derek ran his hands through her hair and made appreciative "mmm'ing" noises.  
  
"Where can we go so that I can fuck you?" Derek asked.  
  
Mariana released him from her mouth reluctantly. Licking his shaft from top to bottom as she said, "I know a spot, but you probably should not leave your car here. It would be bad if you got towed."  
  
"Ya think?"  
  
Before she left the car, Derek rolled down her hose. He then tugged at her panties and she gave them willingly. He could not resist fingering her on his seat. She was still insanely drenched. He could hear moist squishing noises as his hand moved. They both were lost in the moment, making "ooo" and "mmm" sounds.  
  
Mariana opened her door and moved to her car. She drove off and Derek following closely behind in his car since he did not know their destination. When they arrived at the spot she had in mind, a public wooded trail, they could see headlights not too far away. It seemed the spot was not as private as they thought. He pulled his car along side hers. "What now?"  
  
"I am not sure."  
  
"Let's park again, I'll jump in your car, and we will figure it out."  
  
"OK, I know a spot where you can put it," she smiled at the deliberate entendre.   
  
Derek grinned, "Oh, I can think of a few spots."  
  
Mariana's eyes got wide and she blushed. The windows went up and they drove not too far away. Derek completely unfastened his pants, letting his cock "get some air" as they drove. When they arrived at that parking lot, an old woman was fiddling in the back of her truck with something. Derek's plan to walk over with his pants open to Mariana's car did not seem wise. But, he wanted to be daring, so he zipped up just a little, pulled down his shirt, and walked around Mariana's car to enter the passenger side door.  
  
The old woman stared at him curiously. Perhaps it was the odd way he walked to make sure that his pants did not fall around his ankles. Or maybe she was wondering at these two people that met at a parking lot and got in one car. Derek ignored her. When he sat down, Derek turned his head and noticed that the seats were already down in Mariana's wagon. He grinned at her.  
  
As they exited the parking lot, Derek unzipped his pants again and pulled them down to mid thigh. He fisted his erect cock. Mariana kept glancing over and sighing, joining his hand with hers.

"You are making it distinctly difficult to concentrate," she said.  
  
"Oh?" He flipped up her skirt and pulled it above her waist. Her bare shaved pussy begged to be touched. Derek did not resist, stroking her clit and running his finger down the center of her slit as far as he could reach. "Is that better?"  
  
Mariana considered the question for a few seconds. "Mmmmm." Her grin was wider, if that was possible. "Sure," she said sarcastically, "much better."  
  
They drove in silence for a few minutes, each stroking the other. Derek made sure to watch as cars passed by, the headlights momentarily lighting up her cute ass and pussy. Mariana slowed her breathing despite his touch, obviously thinking.  
  
"I have an idea," she said.  
  
Not too far away, she pulled into a place that was only open for the summer. It had a sizable parking lot, including a side portion surrounded by a shoulder high wooden fence. Her car safely parked, she again knelt on the seat, this time the driver side, and put his cock in her mouth. Derek reached around and felt her ass, penetrating her pussy from behind with his middle digit.  
  
He tugged her shirt and she let him pull it off her. For the first time, he saw the fabric halter top bra thing and understood why it felt so different. It was easy to pull it over her head, and he did so. Now, the only thing she was wearing was her skirt. He tugged his shirt off in one long pull and removed his jeans. The only clothing he wore now were his socks.  
  
"I think it's time to go into the back, so that I can fuck you nice and proper," Derek said.  
  
Mariana nodded and went to crawl between the front seats into the back. Derek stopped her.   
  
"No, let's go out the door," he opened his side, the cold winter air rushing in. Padding over to the driver side, he opened her door. She was scared and cold, the breeze touching her skin. Quickly, she moved to the back, but he stopped her before she could reenter the vehicle. He embraced her, the two of them kissing. His hand grasped his cock and moved it through her lips. He thrust his cock forward and it slid through, not penetrating, but close. The cold did not seem to bother her anymore.  
  
Derek continued to move his cock along her on the outside, grasping her breasts and feeling her rock hard nipples. She did not even protest when he reached around her waist and dropped her skirt to her ankles. They held each other, naked under the dark sky, for a couple of minutes and then Derek ushered her into the car.  
  
Being outside in the cold did nothing to cool Mariana's passion. The thought of being completely exposed, even in an abandoned parking lot, made her even hornier. She worked to pull the blanket around them, so that they could warm up. Derek patiently waited for a couple of seconds and then lay her down on her back, his naked body covering hers.  
  
Mariana was surprised and thrilled to feel Derek move her. Her legs opened and his cock went deep inside, his pelvis pressing into hers. The lack of any foreplay was jarring, but the entire night had been a form of teasing, so it made sense. The unexpectedness of it made her body climb to orgasm quickly. She could feel her pussy pulsate around him.  
  
"Fuck me hard," she whispered. It was hard to break the habit of keeping their voices down even though no one could possibly hear them.  
  
Derek slammed her hard and fast. "Do you like that, Mariana?" he asked, punctuating his question with a smack of his skin against hers.  
  
"Yes, Derek, I love how your cock feels inside me. I love everything you do."  
  
"Mmmm. I love how your shaved pussy feels against me. In fact, it makes my mouth water. It makes me want to taste you." His mouth moved down to her breast, sucking her nipple as he fucked her. Withdrawing his cock, he kissed down her stomach. She whined when it came out, craving more, but soon anticipated him licking her.   
  
His first contact with her pussy was to pull her clit into his mouth and suck it hard. She gasped as the already sensitive organ was directly stimulated. Her hands grabbed the fabric of the blanket and clenched. When his tongue pressed inside of her vagina, she had her third orgasm of the night. And then she was having rolling orgasms and it became difficult to count.  
  
Derek pulled himself back on top of her, kissing her deeply. She could taste herself on his tongue and it only made her gasp in delight. She could tell he was on fire, his grip strong, his hips thrusting. He entered her again, driving long and hard, but not fast. Each stroke was a full length where his head would come out, bump her clit, and then be pushed back in.  
  
She felt him pause, as if to gather himself, and she knew he was close to cumming but holding back. Pulsing her pussy around him, she was delighted to see the raw animal lust and surprise. Suddenly, he was pistoning himself within her, no longer able to hold back. He grunted and squirted his load deep inside.   
  
"I'm cumming," he said, grinding his hips against her. Knowing how his seed filled her pussy and the friction against her pubis from the grinding sent her over again, what she jokingly liked to call a "VentiO" He continued to work his cock in and out of her until it became too flaccid.  
  
Then Derek put his hand over her pussy, touching her. He grasped his now soft cock and used it to touch her, slipping it in her lips. Mariana arched her back in pleasure. "Oh my god, Derek, that is so sexy."   
  
He continued, whispering in her ear, "I am fingering your shaved pussy, using my cum, my cock is rubbing against your clit," he moved his cock to do so in time with the words. Unbelievably, Mariana felt an orgasm building. When it hit, it was going to be like a tidal wave. Derek's hand spread out and his palm grabbed the top of her mound, squeezing it as his fingers worked their magic. He spanked his hand down.  
  
"Can you feel that?" Derek asked.  
  
She nodded.  
  
"That's me, slamming into you." It felt incredibly realistic, especially with his two fingers moving in and out. He curled them and massaged her g-spot. She was very close, her breath coming fast.  
  
"I cannot wait to claim this," his fingers stayed buried inside her and she felt his thumb play at the opening of her anus and then enter it. Just the thought of him doing THAT sent her screaming over the edge. She clutched at him as wave after wave of orgasm rushed through her body.   
  
"Oh Derek," she said through quiet cumming noises.   
  
They lay in the back of her car, intertwined for a while. It was a good feeling, her listening to his heart beat as she lay on his chest. After some time, they went searching for their clothes, which were all over the place. They laughed as they each exchanged clothing items, feeling like a couple of high school students. It was great to feel young.   
  
Thinking back, Derek remembered the encounters with fondness. They were incredibly risky at times, but it was the heat of their relationship that drove them to such extremes. Each time he thought that it could not get any better, it did. His mind already started working on what was next...

**Mariana Ch. 07: Dolls**

Derek and Mariana had settled into a time where they were together most of the time. The sex between them was frequent and hot. Still, the adventures naturally stopped. Although every night they were together ended in at least naked play, Derek started to feel that itch for something naughty.   
  
Derek came up with an idea to go to a strip club. And after some internet searches and a few discrete calls, his plan was formed.   
  
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Mariana was skeptical about going to a place where other women got naked and guys cheered them on. It was not exactly the place she normally thought about. Yet, as the day got closer, she could see that Derek was getting more excited. Plus, he had this glint in his eye she knew too well. There was an edge to his smile and it was rubbing off on her. The day arrived and Derek was acting like a kid on Christmas morning. He was constantly touching her, stroking her skin, kissing her neck, patting her ass through her jeans. It was endearing and arousing all at the same time. She was apprehensive, but curious what the night would bring.  
  
On the way out of the house, Derek grabbed a bag and tossed it into the car with them. "What's in the bag," she asked. When he did not answer, she raised her eyebrows and he just blinked with a fake innocent smile. Shaking her head, she giggled and they were under way.   
  
"You may as well settle in, I found this nice place in Providence, RI, and it's going to take an hour to get there," Derek said.  
  
Mariana squeezed his hand. She was just a little nervous.  
  
He squeezed her hand back, "Don't worry, Mariana. We will go and have a good time. If at anytime you want to bail, we will leave, no questions asked." Derek's eyes were serious.  
  
"You won't be disappointed?" Mariana asked.  
  
Derek grinned. "Of course I will be disappointed. But, I see this as a long term thing. If we only get our noses in the door and you hate it, we can try again. Maybe somewhere else, maybe not. It does not really matter. The point is for us \*both\* of us to have fun."  
  
Mariana was visibly relieved, "ok," she nearly whispered.  
  
"OK!" Derek said loudly.  
  
She laughed.  
  
They traveled to the highway, settling into a relaxing ride.  
  
Derek, reached behind him and pulled the bag from the backseat. He plopped it onto her lap. "Open it up and put the contents on," he said.  
  
Mariana unzipped the bag and peered inside. It was dark in the car, so she reached up and tapped the light on. She saw white lace, plaid, and silk. The white lace was a pair of sheer hose that ran up to mid thigh. The plaid was a short skirt, frilly and pleated. The silk was a thin buttoned down shirt. Underneath these were a garter belt and a set of garters. Notably absent was a pair of panties. Since Mariana never wore them under her jeans, she gave the contents one more search to make sure.   
  
"You want me to wear all this?" she asked.  
  
Derek nodded. "It's up to you. But I think we can have more fun if you give it a go."  
  
Mariana glanced around, checking the neighboring traffic, which was relatively clear. She turned off the dome light, making it dark in the car. She unsnapped her jeans and tugged them off. Derek glanced over as she stripped below the waist. He caught glimpses of her completely hairless pussy. He could not be sure, but he thought he detected a fair bit of moisture. Reaching over, his finger grazed her swollen lips and he confirmed that, indeed, Mariana was quite wet.  
  
She continued to undress for him. Tugging off her shirt, unhooking her bra. Before she reached into the bag, she was completely naked beside him, except for a pair of dainty socks. Although he was quite familiar with her naked form, somehow having it exposed this way in a semi-public setting made him super hard. She could tell he was watching, so she slid a finger through her lower lips and sucked on her finger.  
  
Derek chuckled, "Naughty, naughty."  
  
She blinked her eyes and smiled.  
  
Mariana retrieved each item from the bag and laid them out carefully. Derek could tell she was drawing this out a little and his cock was twitching in his pants. He was commando tonight, so the bulge in his jeans was quite obvious. She reached over and gave it a little squeeze.  
  
"Hi," she said, as if speaking directly to his throbbing cock.  
  
Slowly, carefully, she slipped the garter belt on and pulled it up to her waist. Hooking the garters on was next. There was something extremely sexy in her framing her sex that way. Although she was completely naked just moments before, this outfit was making him even more crazy. Grabbing a lace stocking, she sensually unrolled it onto her foot, giving Derek an unobstructed view into her inner pink folds. Derek was concentrating will all his might to keep his eyes on the road. Another stocking unrolled. She was using the back of her hand to stroke her skin, teasing him as she attached each garter. It was super erotic and her smile told him she knew it.  
  
She pulled on her shirt next. It was a thin shirt, so she glanced over at her bra. Yet, the excitement growing down below made her bold. She donned the shirt and dive a reverse strip tease with the buttons, slowly fastening each one from the bottom to the top. Soon, her breasts were no longer in view, but her hard nipples were plainly outlined. And she was still bottomless. Derek could not resist, he put the edge of his palm between her legs. They parted readily and the outside of his hand got soaked by her juices. She was a puddle. Her eyes were slitted, her chest stretched outward. "Mmmm".  
  
The last item was the skirt, and she took her sweet time putting it on. As she moved it above her knees, she was startled by a deep horn beside her. A trucker had matched speeds with them and had clearly seen a lot of Marianna as she pulled her ass off the seat to tug her skirt up. Marianna was blushing. Derek reached over and gave her a squeeze under her skirt and the trucker gave a quick "honk" in appreciation. Derek's smile made it impossible for her to be angry at him. She just shrugged and they raced ahead a bit. Marianna chuckled thinking what the truck driver would say about the encounter later.  
  
Having completed getting dressed, they were nearly to their destination. Marianna nervously tugged her skirt down. It was awfully short and she was not wearing much underneath! Derek saw that she was fidgeting and squeezed her knee. "Are you ok?" he asked.  
  
Mariana looked down, "I don't know. This skirt is a little short."  
  
Derek grinned. "Mmmm, it is."  
  
She giggled.  
  
"I just... I don't mind being sexy, I just do not want to be trashy," she kept her head down. Her eyes were downcast.  
  
Derek glanced over and lifted her chin back up. "Look in the glove compartment," Derek said.  
  
Mariana opened it, and found a pair of skimpy white lace panties. They clearly were a match to the lace stockings and garter. They were not quite a shoe string thong, but it was close.  
  
"I anticipated this problem. Go ahead, put them on."   
  
The expression of adoration directed at Derek was palpable. "I love you," she said. She squeezed his hand.  
  
He smiled.  
  
She got the panties on. They did not cover much, and she suspected they would be completely sheer when they got wet, but it was something. It was like all her nervousness went away. Mariana was so grateful.   
  
"Thank you," she said, with tears in her eyes.  
  
Derek nodded and continued to watch the road. It was difficult not to stare at her. The outfit she now wore was mouth watering. His hand was roving all over her body through the cloth.   
  
They arrived at their destination.  
  
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The building they stopped at had a bunch of cars parked out front. Besides the bright "Dolls" sign above the door, there was not much light escaping the building. All the windows were blackened out, with only a dim pulsing visible around the edges.   
  
Derek paid the cover charge to the bouncer and entered. There were two stages, and one of them was occupied by a hot blonde strutting around in four inch heels and twirling around a pole. Surrounding her off the stage were a handful of guys. Contrary to Mariana's expectations, most of the men looked respectable. She saw polo shirts and even one guy wearing a colored shirt with a tie. And there were even a few women sprinkled around.   
  
The loud music made it a bit difficult to carry a conversation, but Derek leaned into her and said, "It is couple's night tonight. You may not have noticed, but I didn't have to pay to get you in. I guess being a hot chick has it's advantages." He smiled at her, the light dancing in his eyes.  
  
They stood awkwardly in the aisle for a few moments, peering around.   
  
"So, what do we do now?" Mariana asked.  
  
Derek chuckled. "Um... You know, I have never been to one of these places. Let's take a walk around and get a feel for the place."  
  
Mariana did not catch all of that response, but she got the gist. He reached over and held her hand lightly. She squeezed it thankfully. They started to explore. For a little club, there were lots of nooks and crannies tucked away. The left side was just the active stage, where the blond was now wearing nothing more than a g-string. There was a door past the stage on the side that had a "VIP" sigh above it. Derek guessed that is where higher end clients got private shows.  
  
The right side had another stage with a couple of poles and a chair. It was dark and unoccupied at the moment. There was a bar where several people were having a drink. There were more couples here, and some of them were being quite "friendly" with each other. Derek say one couple continually touching each other. Even if they were not together when they came in, Derek was pretty sure they would be leaving together.   
  
Mariana's outfit was sexy as hell. The swish of her skirt as she walked was enticing. He let her get ahead of him just slightly and she exaggerated the sway even more. At the top of the swish, her garters would briefly flash. Just seeing this made him incredibly hard. When Derek looked back up, their eyes met, and he knew she was doing it all for him.  
  
Between the bar and the stage was an open door. They stepped through and saw a few benches and some lockers. Mariana spotted the Rest Room sign. She always had to go, and since they had been in the car for over an hour and he had been playing with her for part of it, it was a huge relief.  
  
When she came back out, the expression on Derek's face stopped her momentarily. It made her breathless. Her pussy got wet just from thinking of all the things they did together in the past after his eyes had that look.   
  
"What?" she asked, because literally her mind had gone blank.  
  
Derek stepped behind and pressed himself into her. She felt his erection pushing into her ass, separated by only a few thin layers of clothing. She hissed and pushed herself back into him.  
  
"See that couple walking away over there?" Derek asked, pointing at a woman in a short skirt and a man in a business suit.  
  
Mariana nodded.  
  
"Well, they were flirting pretty heavily with each other at the bar," Derek had slipped his hand from her hip down partway onto her ass. It was the hand that was hidden from view by their bodies.   
  
"The guy kept on getting bolder, putting his hand on her knee, touching the top of her arm, leaning in close and brushing himself against her. She was eating it up. She had her hand on this thigh, just the back of it. But it kept moving slightly, and I could tell the guy was getting a bit excited."  
  
Mariana pressed more against him. She felt his hand on her bare skin under her skirt. It was flirting with her garter, moving down and up. On the up stroke, he even squeezed her nearly bare ass.  
  
Derek pressed even closer against her, "And then, I saw it."  
  
Mariana waited. And she waited just a little more. Finally, she said, "Saw what?"  
  
Derek knew he had her hooked on this story. His hand played with her panties under her skirt, slipping inside the waist band. Again he pulled a garter away from her leg and let it snap back into place. All the interaction was getting her turned on.  
  
"As his hand on her knee got just a bit higher, she spread her legs for him. It was definitely not very lady-like."  
  
Mariana giggled.  
  
"I was not sure at first, as the club is not that well lit. But, then his hand went just a bit higher and I could see... the woman did not have any panties on. I could see her pussy from where I was. And it was completely bare, like yours." In perfect time with his last words, Derek expertly infiltrated her panties, reaching around quickly and giving her hairless pussy a quick squeeze.  
  
"Oh my," Mariana said breathlessly. She nervously turned her head, but no one was paying any attention to them.  
  
"And that wasn't even the hottest part." Derek whispered.   
  
He loved building suspense.  
  
"His hand continued to go up her thigh and you could see that he was discovering first hand what was beneath that skirt. I wish I had a camera to capture that moment." Derek chuckled.  
  
Derek's hand again traced up her thigh, this time the back of it on the inside. It continued until it was resting against her panties.  
  
"He fingered her pussy for a little bit and she was clearly manipulating his cock through the trousers. "  
  
His fingers traced her sex through the panties, running his index finger between her lips. Mariana put her hand on his hip and gave his cock a quick squeeze.  
  
"They were getting hot and heavy when they decided to take a walk. I would suspect they are going somewhere to fuck each other's brains out."  
  
Mariana was picturing the scene in her head. It made her slightly dizzy and extremely wet. Derek's touching and his words were affecting her. He turned her around and gave her a big, close embrace, pressing his erection into her again.  
  
"Let's go get a drink," Derek suggested and headed to the bar. The bulge in his jeans was obvious to the extreme as he walked towards it. And the wicked gleam in his eye was off the hook. Mariana managed to follow without staggering somehow.  
  
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They settled down on bar stools. Derek ordered a couple non-alcoholic drinks. The bartender did not seem pleased, but she provided them and then went to the other customers at the other end of the bar. They were separated a bit and Derek leaned in to shout whisper in Mariana's ear.  
  
"The outfits in here are crazy. Over there...," he pointed with his hand that was between them so as not to be obvious. Mariana turned her head. There was a woman in an extremely short red dress that was just plastered on her. It could not get any shorter or tighter. The woman had a fantastic ass too, a plumper one for sure, but just perfect for her body.  
  
"That is quite the look," Mariana said.  
  
Derek nodded. "And check the school girl over in the corner."  
  
Mariana turned slightly and saw her. The woman had gone all out. She had the pigtails, the thigh high stockings, the short plaid skirt, and a tied shirt. And when she walked, she strutted. The guys around her did not even try to hide their interest. The heads turned as she went by.  
  
"I am pretty sure she works here, Derek."  
  
He laughed. "You're probably right."  
  
As if she heard them, the woman walked directly towards them. Derek was not sure until she was directly in front, but she was definitely going specially for them. She stopped and said, "Hi, I am Danielle, I work here. Welcome to the club. You two are new to this place, aren't you?"  
  
Both nodded. Mariana mouthed, "I told you so," to Derek.  
  
"Well, I hope your first experience is a good one. Do you want a quick run-down?"  
  
"Of course," Derek said. His eyes kept roving over the woman's body. She didn't even flinch. Danielle was used to the attention.  
  
"OK. Oh, by the way, your outfit is super cute. We nearly match."  
  
Mariana blushed and thanked her. We were both standing at this point. She leaned against me, wrapping her hand around my waist.  
  
"I guess you found the bar. Our bartenders are all trained to cut people off if they have had too much to drink, so fair warning." She started walking.  
  
"As you can see, we have dancers going fairly continuously. It is still early, so we only have one going right now. We get a lot of business men, high powered executives, and couples, especially this night. Our dancers are all clean, beautiful, fantastic dancers. We protect them, so any touching from the guys will get you thrown out."  
  
She paused and they watched a beautiful Asian girl in school girl outfit start to undress. "It must be a school night," she joked. Danielle twirled so that her skirt flaired up when the Asian girl did the same. The girl on stage gave a thumbs up. To Derek's surprise, Mariana did a cute little twirl on one foot, spinning her skirt around also. The top of her stockings, her garters, and even her panties came into view briefly. The stripper actually paused and gave her a little clap. Mariana's face got a bit red.  
  
Danielle led them to the VIP door and opened it. There was a hall with a bunch of doorways. They passed the first one, and there was a gentleman getting a lap dance. The second had a couple sitting on the couch getting an up close and personal strip show. The third and forth were empty.  
  
"This is the VIP area. If you want a lap dance or a private show, this is where you come." Danielle smirked, knowing what Derek was thinking.  
  
"The lap dance is $60 for one person, $100 per couple. Every stripper is happy to work with a woman, so don't be shy." Danielle circled back towards the main club.  
  
"Private dances can be arranged also. Price depends on the number of women and length. Since you are new here, I doubt you will be doing that tonight, but keep it in mind for the future."  
  
They came back around to the right side stage and the bar area.  
  
"This stage opens up in about 30 minutes. We invite amateurs to use it. The locker room just past the bar contains costumes and you can store your street clothes in them." Danielle gave Mariana an appraisal. "But, I think you already have the perfect outfit, so if you want to get out there..." she let the thought trail off.  
  
Mariana quickly shook her head. Derek was grinning from ear to ear.  
  
"Rules for this stage, just in case. You are allowed to take off all your clothes, including your bottoms. I am assuming you are wearing some, but that's a bold assumption in this place." She giggled.  
  
Danielle continued, "You are allowed to simulate sex and masturbation, but actual of either will get us in trouble, so it's a no-no. And that is basically it. When the stage opens, the girls that work here will get things started. Tonight is 'no strings attached' night on this stage, so if completely naked women bother you, stay over to the left."  
  
Derek did not seem to be bothered. Mariana gave him a playful punch to his shoulder.  
  
"Have fun," Danielle said, walking away and swishing her hips. Turning her head and looking over her shoulder, she blew Derek a little kiss to let him know she knew exactly where his eyes were.  
  
Derek got another playful punch, "Ow!" He playfully wiggled his shoulder like it was severely damaged.  
  
They walked hand in hand to the active stage and sat down. They had a front row seat. There were tables behind the front row, and a few groups were sitting down. Most of the groups were just chatting and mostly ignoring the stage, only glancing over once in awhile. It even seemed actual business meetings were taking place. It blew Derek's mind.  
  
The stripper on stage was just taking off her shirt. She had tall cowboy boots, an extremely short, a low rise pair of shorts, and a halter top. The hat completed the outfit and it soon was the only thing she was wearing from the waist up.  
  
"What do you think about her tits?" Derek said in Mariana's ear.  
  
Mariana took her time to appraise. "A bit on the small side, but nice and perky. I would give them a B+."

"I agree."   
  
They watched as the woman peeled off her shorts. Underneath was a cute g-string with a small triangle in the front. It was tight, hugging the woman's pussy lips. She clearly was shaved.  
  
"Mmmm, I like that," Derek said.  
  
Mariana grinned, "I knew you would."  
  
The woman strutted across the stage. Not knowing the protocol, Derek hung back and watched the other men. One had a fist full of one dollar bills. She stopped in front of him, pulled the g-string on her waist to the side, and he pushed one in.  
  
"Hey, in a completely unrelated topic, do you happen to have any small bills?" Derek asked.   
  
Mariana rolled her eyes. "Oh you!"  
  
Derek chuckled and reached into his pants, pulling out a fist full of ones. Mariana gave him a knowing smirk and he shrugged. He split the money roughly into three stacks and handed her one, "One for you, two for me."  
  
She just shook her head.  
  
The stripper meanwhile had worked herself over towards them. She did a full split onto the stage from back to front. It was an impressive feat of flexibility. There was a roll of her hip and a swivel of her waist and she turned the split sideways, pushing her scantily cladded pussy directly in front of Derek. He leaned in almost without realizing and Mariana took turns staring at the him and then the stripper. It was clear that the stripper was angling for a tip, but suddenly Derek was shy.  
  
Mariana had a flash of jealousy go through her as Derek stared at this nearly naked chick with only a skimpy pair of panties saving her from revealing to Derek her inner secrets, so to speak. But, the expression of awkwardness on Derek melted that emotion quickly and it was replaced with an affection for the naughty man she knew so well. Stepping forward, she placed a one into her hand. The stripper swiveled towards her and held out her g-string to the side. Mariana got a fairly unobstructed of her shaved labia for just a brief second as she put the dollar bill inside.  
  
"No wonder men are eager to do that!" Mariana chuckled to herself.  
  
Derek was shaking his head and smiling like a maniac. "She never fails to shock me," he thought to himself. "I am a lucky man."  
  
Oddly, Mariana felt arousal as a result of what she had just done. The whole atmosphere was so sexually charged and her mind could not help but imagine stripping for Derek. "I suspect Derek is going to get quite the private show tonight," she thought. Plus the outfit Mariana herself was wearing was so off the hook. She felt sexy just wearing it.  
  
The stripper was pushing her ass towards them, and this time Derek stepped forward and sheepishly put a dollar bill into the side of her g-string. The stripper wiggled her posterior at him appreciatively, and both Mariana and he laughed. She then strutted off the stage with a handful of bills and a smattering of applause. Derek and Mariana clapped for her.  
  
Glancing down at her chest, Derek said, "Wow, Mariana, I think you are turned on."  
  
Mariana saw her nipples protruding quite obviously. Her arms automatically started to cover them up, and then she stopped herself. She thrust out her breasts and wiggled just a bit, giving Derek an eyeful. "I am not the only one who is aroused," she quipped, staring directly at the obvious bulge in his pants.  
  
The red in his cheeks was all the indication that Mariana needed. "Score a point for me," she smiled.  
  
He playfully smacked her ass and squeezed her bare cheek below the skirt.  
  
"Getting a bit bold, are you?" Mariana asked, Stepping into him and making no effort whatsoever to remove his hands.  
  
Derek hugged her close and kissed her lightly on the lips. She melted against him, pressing into his erection and, in return, making sure that her hard nips were against his chest. "Mmmm hmmm," he said, putting both of this hands under the skirt and squeezing her bare ass.  
  
"Mmmm," she murmured and reluctantly broke the embrace. She noticed a few heads quickly turn in another direction and assumed that they had attracted just a bit of attention.  
  
Mariana was now wildly turned on. She could feel how wet her pussy had become. Her nipples were so painfully erect that every movement brought fresh explosions of pleasure as they slid over the silky fabric of her shirt. She knew how obvious her nipples were right now and she strutted away, letting her boobs bounce freely. Many a head turned to follow her. Derek's pants were painfully tight just watching her.  
  
She walked all the way to the other side of the club and stopped at the bar. Derek watched her go and felt pride as men, and even a couple of women, stared at her. The skirt she was wearing was short enough that each of her steps bounced it, revealing a tiny bit of her ass. Since the panties were so skimpy in back, it had the effect of making it look like she was wearing nothing but a garter belt underneath. Derek was hard as a rock as he angled towards her.  
  
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The second stage became active. Derek grabbed a couple of seats close to the bar. "Let's check this out and see how it is," he said.  
  
Mariana gave a fake sigh and settled into a chair. Many men who had previously been at the tables behind stage one moved over and sat in the seats. She guessed that they had been waiting for this. Smoothing her crazy short skirt down over her lap, she crossed her legs and watched as a dark skinned woman in a flowing red dress came on stage. The contrast between the dress color and her skin was amazing. The woman was beautiful and she could move! A sultry dance started and Derek cupped his hand and nearly shouted, "What do you think about her?"  
  
Mariana heard "What... think... her". The music was a bit too loud. She did a long appraisal. "I love the outfit. Tight tight body. I give her a solid A."  
  
Derek nodded, agreeing with every word. His head was fixed forward watching the action.   
  
The woman unzipped the dress on the side. Everything was in slow motion as she did a rhythmic dance. She was not showy like the other girls, but just tremendously sexy. The top came off first, revealing a matching lace red bra. Unhooking it, the stripper put her hands over the cups and pulled the bra away. Her nipples were revealed and then quickly covered, pulling the dress back up, but without the bra. It clung to her quite nicely and her nipples were obvious underneath. Next, she reached under her dress and pulled off a lacy pair of panties. Twirling them around, she tossed them into the audience. Unfortunately, not towards them.  
  
It did not seem possible, but her dance got even more sensuous. The woman ran her hands over her body through the fabric. Over her tits, which were proudly standing at attention, over her ass, her hips, her thighs. And she twisted down, swaying. The bottom of her dress opened as she did so, but she was teasing the guys by going down just the right amount to almost reveal everything. Turning around, she bent down, letting the dress ride up on her ass. A few more inches higher and she would definitely be showing everything she had.  
  
Mariana was watching the stripper. When she turned her heads back toward Derek, Mariana saw that Derek was watching her instead of the stripper. He mouthed, "I love you," to her. She said, "awwww" out loud.  
  
The woman strutted around the stage and then took of her dress, unzipping it from the side all the way down. All at once, a beautiful, completely naked woman was walking on stage. Derek had to close his mouth: it had opened involuntarily. The moves she was doing now were positively electrifying. Mariana could sense how wet she herself was getting watching the stripper.  
  
They each watched, mesmerized by the pure sexuality. Holding hands, they had to briefly let go to clap for the woman as the song ended. The stripper was off the stage and Mariana was flush. "Pretty interesting," Derek said, in a vast understatement.  
  
A man came on stage with a microphone, "Give it up for Latashia everyone."  
  
There was a round of applause, with Derek and Mariana joining in enthusiastically.   
  
"Latashia has been working here for just over six months now. She started stripping right on this very stage during an amateur night. She certainly has come a long way since then." The crowd politely clapped.  
  
"She will be coming around and signing anyone up that wants to dance tonight. I must remind everyone that we have a strict no camera policy in the club to protect both our girls and our customers. Yes, this includes cell phones. Enjoy the show!"  
  
The beautiful stripper pushed the red dress back over her head, neglecting her undergarments, and made her way off the stage. She chatted with the announcer.  
  
Derek had this childlike grin on his face and Mariana mouthed, "no way." He shrugged, presenting his lower lip to her in a pout. But the pout could not last long.   
  
Mariana was tugged aside by Danielle. Derek watched them curiously from about three feet away. Despite the music not blaring at the moment, the noise level still was enough that he could hear none of their conversation. Mariana was shaking her head and putting up her hands. Derek had a suspicion what that was about. And then the two of them were giggling and peeking over at him. They were scheming something. Mariana nodded a lot and then Danielle walked away.  
  
"What the heck was that all about?" Derek asked.  
  
"Danielle asked me if I was taking off my clothes tonight. I told her I was indeed, just not on stage."  
  
Derek laughed.  
  
"That could not have been the entire conversation: you girls were chatting it up."  
  
"Well... there was some comparing of outfits and her making sure we were having a good time." She was stretching this out and they both knew it.  
  
"And?"  
  
"She offered a free lap dance to you," Mariana said.  
  
"Really? And she asked you?" Derek asked.  
  
Mariana nodded. "Some women get jealous. I was on the fence, but she suggested we pay the difference for a couple's lap dance, and I thought that was perfect. That way I can be there and not have to imagine what you may be doing."  
  
Derek hugged her. "That is sweet."  
  
Mariana made him lean down. "I love you," she whispered into his ear. He cupped her ass in response and they both walked towards the VIP area. Danielle greeted them just outside the entrance and led them inside. It was quiet. All the rooms were unoccupied, but she skipped a room before settling into one that had a couch and a separate chair off to the side.  
  
They stood awkwardly in the room while Danielle fiddled with a tablet attached to the wall. Light music started to play. A bluesy music that was slow and sensual. Danielle moved her hips to it, swishing the skirt. They stared and she came back to them.  
  
"You first," she put her finger in the middle of Derek's chest and lightly pushed him back into the chair. She took Mariana by the hand and sat her on the far end of the couch. She bent over at the waist and hugged her. Mariana felt touched by the sweet gesture and most of her anxiety diminished. Danielle was such a young hot woman that Mariana had started to worry about the comparison. It seemed Danielle understood.  
  
Derek was watching the two. When Danielle hugged Mariana, the skirt had risen above her panties, revealing her round tight ass. Derek was already a bit hard. Danielle did a slow sexy dance over to him, keeping in time to music. It was not just timing, her moves were an expression of the tone. Derek thought that Danielle probably spent time as a classically trained dancer before this career.   
  
He had a raging erection even before she straddled his lap and lowered herself down, pushing her scantily covered breasts nearly into his face. His hands gripped the chair so that he would not be tempted to touch her as her ass made contact with his groin. She wrapped her arms around his neck and ground her pelvis forward. And then she put his face right in the middle of her chest and wiggled side to side. Derek got a face full of soft flesh. His cock was so hard. It was almost painful.   
  
Danielle got to her feet and turned around. Derek quickly adjusted his erection so that it was pointing up, giving it some room. And then she shimmied her ass down, bending over so that he got an eyeful of thong covered ass. When her ass made contact with his lap, she was perfectly centered over his erect cock. The grinding of her ass commenced and it was highly erotic knowing that she was putting her pussy directly on him. If it were not for the clothing, he was sure he could be inside her. And she leaned back and caressed his hair. Taking his hands, she rested this on her waist. She squeezed and he held on as the grinding got even more aggressive. It felt fantastic and Derek actually started to get that pressure that told him he was not far away from cumming.  
  
Suddenly it was over and Derek was just a bit frustrated. He did not want it to end. Danielle went over to Mariana and whispered in her ear. They talked like that and Derek was starting to wonder what was going on. Mariana kept shaking her head and Danielle was clearly insistent on something.   
  
Finally, Derek saw Mariana given an embarrassed nod. She stood up and Danielle lay back down on the couch, effectively swapping places. Mariana bent from the waist just as Danielle had done and gave her a hug. Wagging her ass, she signaled to Derek that she knew he was checking it out.  
  
And then Mariana strutted over to Derek. "My turn to do a lap dance," she said.   
  
"But," he started. She put a finger to his mouth, shushing him. Then she lowered herself onto him and planted a huge kiss on his lips.  
  
Mariana pressed down against Derek's rock hard erection, sliding her thinly covered pussy directly on it. The sensations coming from down below made her arch her back. Mariana mimicked Danielle's movements by pushing his face directly between her tits and then twisting her torso so that he got a face full of flesh. With a sly smile, she unfastened the first two buttons of her shirt. Her nipples were barely contained. Derek was smiling like a maniac and passively enjoying the entire thing.  
  
Danielle watched the lap dance and clapped lightly when Mariana would do a particular move. "You are a natural, Mariana. You should consider dancing for a living."  
  
A giggle was the only response. Mariana stood up and turned around. Bending all the way over, she nearly touched her toes and wiggled her ass. Derek could see her ass clearly. Her panties were completely wet and translucent and they clung to her lips like a second skin. The thigh high stockings and garters completed the look. She stayed bent over and Derek ran his hands under her skirt, giving her pussy a quick pet.  
  
"Hey, Mister, watch the touching," she said playfully. Derek's face had a complete lack of chagrin.  
  
She spread his legs and sat down on his lap lightly. Holding on to the chair arms, she slowly lowered her body so that her ass went from the top of his cock all the way to his base and even ground lightly against his balls. Derek hissed his breath in appreciation. His hands lightly held her waist and she made no move to stop him this time, even playfully.   
  
Danielle got quiet and Mariana and Derek lost themselves in the dance. When Derek thought to peer over Mariana's shoulder, he saw Danielle slouched down on the couch with her hand between her closed legs. He was not sure, but he suspected she was petting herself while watching.   
  
Just as Danielle had done, Mariana stood up and left Derek in a frustrated state of arousal. Except this time it was a deep burning need. Mariana grabbed his cock briefly through his pants, giving it a squeeze. She knew what was going on and it helped him calm enough down to not get surly.  
  
Danielle rose and stretched, but not before flashing Derek her panties. The massive wet spot proved that she was turned on by the action.   
  
"Derek, do you mind giving me the $40 that you owe now?" she asked.  
  
Derek shrugged and handed her two twenties. Danielle took them in hand and stepped outside the room. She walked down the hall and Derek and Mariana heard some muffled voices. Mariana had a puzzled expression too.   
  
Danielle returned and stepped inside the room. Turning around, she pulled a curtain from the wall and stretched it across the opening. The money was no longer in her hand.  
  
"Sorry. I just had to give the bouncer some money and tell him to go for a walk. It's your turn for the lap dance Mariana."  
  
Derek's confusion was in full steam, "But, why have the bouncer take a walk?"  
  
Danielle stepped over to Mariana. She kissed her lightly on the lips, putting Mariana's hands on her shoulders. Breaking the kiss, she turned to Derek and said, "So that I could do this," and she reached under Mariana's skirt and hooked her panties. Mariana tensed. Danielle waited patiently, gazing into her eyes.  
  
After a bit of thought, Mariana closed her eyes and kissed Danielle back. Taking this as a clear signal, the stripper pulled first Mariana's and then her own panties to the floor. Derek's mouth dropped open as he realized the two of them were now basically naked from the waist down except for tiny skirts.  
  
"What's going on?" Derek asked.  
  
"Of course." The stripper nodded to herself. "You are looking for my angle. Hmmm."  
  
She ran her hands over herself, using the fingertips along her body. It was completely subconscious and deeply distracting.  
  
"This my be surprising, but," she paused, as if embarrassed. "I have been single for over a year now. It is extremely difficult to keep a relationship while working here. Many of us girls, including myself, have not had sex in quite a while."  
  
The touching of her body continued. "I first saw you two immediately after you entered the club. You can tell a newcomer from a mile away. I watched you playing near the bar."  
  
Mariana flashed Derek her narrowed eyes. His lip twitched.  
  
"You guys are great together. I can tell. And then later, I enjoyed seeing you watch the dancers. It got me a bit hot and bothered. So, I decided to make up a free lap dance and have some fun with you. I hope you don't mind."  
  
Derek put up his hands. "Completely fine with me."  
  
She grinned. "And you?"  
  
Mariana put her hand under her chin. After a couple of moments, she nodded. "Sure. But, Derek is mine. As long as you are good with that, we have no problems."  
  
"Of course," she said.  
  
Almost as if to bely her own words, Danielle made a come hither gesture to Derek. He stepped closer. She pulled him into a group hug. Derek was in heaven pressed in between these two hot women. "I could not leave Derek in this state," she smiled. She placed Mariana's hand firmly on Derek's erection through his pants and moved her hand. Taking the non subtle hint, Mariana started to rub him, eliciting a hiss from his direction.  
  
"Mmmm," he said.  
  
"Come sit," Danielle suggested, sitting them side by side on the couch.  
  
Starting up some music, she danced and swayed. Derek caught tantalizing glimpses of her ass, but she seemed adept at lifting her leg just the right way to keep her pussy just out of sight. And when she untied her shirt, he was treated to the sight of two lovely perky breasts that lifted his gaze to a higher level. They were a perfect size and watching them sway was wonderful.   
  
Topless, wearing nothing more than an extremely short skirt, she straddled Mariana's legs. With a wicked grin, she continued the unfastening of Mariana's shirt that she had begun, opening her shirt fully. Suddenly, the two pair of breasts were rubbing against each other and the women were making out in earnest. Derek watched them. Mariana had forgotten for just a moment, but she resumed handling his cock through his pants.   
  
"I find it interesting that you only laid restrictions on Derek, not yourself," Danielle said.   
  
Danielle placed her hand over Mariana's, mingling her fingers so that Derek felt many sensations on his cock. And then she found his zipper and pulled it down. Hand over hand, she maneuvered Mariana so that she snaked out Derek's cock through the hole. It stood at attention and both their hands daintily covered it. Even though she was directing the action, it was clear that she respected Mariana's claim on her man.

The girls turned towards him and Danielle tugged up both their skirts so that Derek was treated to the sight of twin bare wet slits. She was grinding her ass down into Mariana's lap and you could see the moisture left behind. Mariana must be soaked! Each time she pushed down, her lips opened and Derek got a glimpse of pink.   
  
Derek started to openly fondle his cock watching them. Mariana had her hands delicately on the other girl's hips. Danielle took one of her hands and moved it to her bare breast. The other she pressed between her open thighs. Mariana was stunned for just a second, and then her hands were moving, caressing her breasts, pinching her nipple. And the other hand touched briefly Danielle's pussy. When she arched her breast in response, Mariana got more bold and touched her from bottom to top, splitting the lips and dancing over her clit.  
  
The two sat like that as Derek stroked himself. He could tell that Danielle was breathing heavy. Her chest thrust upward, her hips did interesting up and down movements. The two of them exuded sex and the hunger that Derek felt was shouting at him in his head. Suddenly, Danielle arched and gave out low moans, clearly orgasming as Mariana's fingers plunged in and out of her.  
  
It was more than Derek could take. Mariana saw the pleading in his eyes. She tapped Danielle, who shifted so that Mariana could squeeze over to Derek. Locking her gaze with his she slowly lowered herself onto his lap. His cock was sticking straight up. Her pussy juices made it slick. Once she rubbed her outer lips on his member, and then it was inside of her. She smirked, pumping her little fist in the air, "No hands!"  
  
Derek was grinning, both from her words and from the glorious grip around his throbbing cock. Mariana was raising and lowering herself and then grinding her hips forward. Danielle caressed her hair and breasts, kissing her neck. The combination made Mariana crazy and Derek saw her ride out her first orgasm.   
  
Danielle was rubbing herself to another orgasm as Mariana came. Mariana attacked Derek, kissing his neck. The grind of her pussy on him got insistent. Glancing once more at Danielle, he saw her fingers disappearing inside of her pussy as she pinched her nipple with the other hand. It was all too much. He groaned and exploded inside Mariana. She sensed him cumming inside her and pressed even harder down, which made her cum again. Danielle just sat back and smiled, watching them get off together. She rode out another orgasm herself.  
  
Mariana pulled herself off of Derek. "Ooo," she murmured as his penis pulled out.  
  
It was awkward for a few moments, and then Danielle pulled each of them into a another group hug. Derek remembered distinctly after how warm and soft it was having all those breasts pressed against him.   
  
They gathered their stuff, but Mariana kept looking around. "Where are my panties," she asked.  
  
Danielle help them up, shoulder height, with her finger extended so that they hung behind her shoulder. "Looking for these?" she asked.   
  
Mariana's face loosened. "Thank goodness."  
  
"Walk though the club without them," Daniella said.  
  
The response was a quick shake of her head.  
  
"Trust me," Danielle said. She handed Mariana a pair of pink dental floss that might be considered panties if one squinted. "You can hold mine."  
  
Mariana was reluctant. Derek pressed himself against her from behind, holding her with his arms. He did not say a word. His grip on her felt reassuring. She knew whatever she decided, he would support her.  
  
She barely nodded, keeping her eyes on the floor.  
  
Danielle grabbed her hand and led her out, opening the curtain. They exited the VIP area and every man near them tracked them as they walked. Danielle swished her skirt outrageously. Mariana forced herself to lift her head and she could not believe all the lust she observed towards them. It made her uncomfortable at first, but Danielle's hand and Derek behind her kept her safe.  
  
About halt way to the door she decided "What the hell" and swished her skirt along with her new friend. The thrill as her ass was exposed was unreal. And the breeze on her pussy was exciting. A warm wetness was flowing down her thigh. She knew it was Derek's cum. Derek patted her ass playfully and it was just pure sexual energy all around them.  
  
Reaching the door, Danielle handed her panties to Mariana and she traded Danielle's back. They gave each other a quick embrace.  
  
"Thank you," Mariana said, sincerely.  
  
"Oh, it was my pleasure," Danielle said. "And later tonight when I masturbate, it will be again."   
  
Derek laughed along with them.  
  
"I hope you ask for me the next time you are here."  
  
Mariana was quick to answer, "Definitely. See you next time!"  
  
Derek took her hand back from Danielle and walked towards the car. "Next time, eh?" he asked.   
  
"Did you want to put those back on," he said, pointing to the scrunched up pair of underwear in her hand.  
  
Mariana shook her head, "Nah, it will make the ride home go by faster."  
  
He grinned so hard his face felt like it may split. They got back in the car. He reached over, raised her chin, and tenderly kissed her lips. "I love you so much."  
  
"Awww," was her reply.