Meeting Carmen Ch. 01

by gossog ©

Carmen - Library

When I lived up north, when I was 30, I used to go to the library a few

times a week. I was just starting out with pen and ink illustration, with

a lot of story ideas but not the drawing talent to flesh them out. The

library had a good selection of books on technique, as well as many

graphic novels for inspiration.

The same staff member usually worked that area, putting books back on

shelves. She was about college age, cute face, with long black hair. For a

long time, I didn't know her name. I also didn't know what she really

looked like from the neck down. She always dressed in baggy workout gear,

sweatshirts, and so on. Nothing ratty or stinky, she was always clean, but

just... shapeless.

In college, I remembered certain girls wearing more and more loose clothes

as the year progressed and they put on weight. Based on the library girl's

choice of clothes, I assumed her body was nothing noteworthy; literally

just another pretty face.

She was friendly, though usually too busy to say much beyond Hello or

Pardon Me or Can I Help You Find Anything. Even so, it was evident that

she was good-hearted and genuinely liked being around people. So running

into her was a little pleasure, making the day a tiny bit more enjoyable.

One day, as she knelt to arrange books on the bottom shelf, I noticed

something else: her sweat pants tended to ride down a little in the back,

like they were getting loose. Maybe she was losing weight; it was hard to

tell. I found myself intrigued by the inch or so of skin the lowriding

sweats exposed.

Over time, they drooped down enough to show that she was wearing, of all

things, a thong. There was the telltale "whale tail" effect as it peeked

out from under the waistline of her sweats. I was pleasantly surprised;

she hadn't seemed like the type. Her personality hadn't changed; after

giving me a cordial greeting, and satisfying herself that I needed no

help, she would turn her attention to her work.

As the days passed, she showed a rainbow of different thongs. She gave no

sign of concern that they were showing, and I had no inclination to let

her know. As for that few inches of skin I'd see exposed: she didn't seem

chubby at all. For the first time, I started wondering what she would look

like in a swimsuit. Baggy clothes can conceal a good figure as well as a

bad one.

One day there was no whale tail, even though her sweats rode down as low

as ever. The expanse of bare skin leading downward from the small of her

back looked huge. So she was either wearing extreme lowrider briefs -- or

nothing at all. For someone whose body I paid no attention to not long

ago, this ambiguity obsessed me. That night, I jerked off to her for the

first time.

I came back the very next day, a Tuesday. Was it too soon? Would it look

like I was stalking? Not long ago, I paid no attention to how often I came

in; it didn't matter. I didn't want towait. I was looking forward to no

whale tail, and imagining her bare bottom under those loose sweats.

We exchanged hellos and she went to work, starting with the low shelf. She

was wearing a dark green thong. Back to normal. I pretended to scan a

photo collection while I watched her work. Maybe this was it, as far as

anything would ever go. Last night I had constructed a fantasy where the

library had closed for the night, everyone had gone, except for she and I;

and it continued with my stripping down her pants, under which she wore no

thong, and unzipping her sweatshirt, under which she wore no bra. In

mid-day, under bright fluorescent lighting, the girl going about her usual

tasks, my fantasy seemed silly, and even shameful.

Still, she was compelling to watch. Her long black hair, corralled in a

ponytail; her pretty face, graceful brows and dark eyes, her expression

intent as she worked; and that thong, the reminder that there could be a

wild side to this girl I would never know.

She stepped up on a stool and lifted a stack of books toward the top

shelf. She must have brushed against a protruding edge or bolt; it snagged

her waistband as she stretched up. Very quickly her sweats were pulled

down over the curve of her bottom. Tension gone, the waistband relaxed,

and the sweats collapsed at her feet. She froze, realizing what had

happened, and I stared at her bared legs.

Her legs were very nice. Voluptuous. I couldn't believe what I had been

missing. And the thong made no effort at all to cover a nicely curved ass.

She gasped, but with a stack of books to handle, she couldn't reach down

and fix anything. There was no one else in the aisle, but that could

change at any minute. I would be in a situation very tough to explain.

Either I had to leave, now, or help her out, now.

I chose the second option and pulled her pants back up to her waist.

As soon as she got down, she glared at me. "What do you think you were

doing?"

"I was worried someone would see you," I said. "Just trying to help."

Famous last words, sometimes, those four.

She wasn't satisfied with this, and continued glaring, saying nothing.

Even though I really hadn't done anything wrong, I could see that this was

the end of the road for me. If she reported me, I would probably be banned

from the library. Or worse. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'd better leave." I put

my book down and walked away.

"Wait," she said. I turned around. She motioned me back. "I know it wasn't

your fault," she said, in a hushed voice. "And you did the right thing. It

was just a really embarrassing situation and my first reaction was to shoo

you away."

"I can understand that," I said. "Luckily, I don't think anyone else saw

you."

"I'm lucky it didn't happen yesterday." Now what did she mean by that?

There was just a hint of a smirk. She must have noticed I was staring at

her. Not good.

I decided to play dumb. "Why yesterday?"

She moved closer, now speaking in a whisper. "Because I didn't have

anything on underneath. As you well know. Don't even try to deny it."

This sort of trouble I didn't need at all. Hell, what if she was only 17?

My days of getting involved with girls that age was long gone. "I'm sorry

if I made you uncomfortable; I was just minding my own business. I'll

leave now. Sorry."

"Don't worry, I'm not going to get you in trouble," she said. "I'm not.

You don't have to go."

"Thanks." I was still weighing whether or not to make a tactful escape.

"But I can tell by what you read that you appreciate the feminine body.

Like these books." She pulled a couple of comic collections from the shelf

to illustrate her point.

Wally Wood's "Sally Forth", about a blonde army girl who frequently ended

up naked while saving her troops. I loved that one. Just the sheer

exuberance of a beautiful body, a gung-ho spirit and some great situations

where she loses her clothes. When I got better at it, my stories and

illustrations would have that sort of cheery naughtiness.

There were also Milo Manara's sun-drenched fantasies with many naked

women; and other books with notional plots but admittedly softcore erotic

styles. Those were the sorts of women I wanted to draw.

I didn't say anything. It still looked like she disapproved, however

mildly. There should be nothing wrong with an adult reading those books;

but interests like that were something most of us found good reasons to

keep to ourselves.

"We have some more in a storage room," she said. "More European and Asian

artists. Really too steamy to have out here in the stacks. You should take

a look."

As bizarre as that offer sounded, I needed no convincing. She had me

marked as a fan (and wannabe practitioner) of erotic art. I felt I had

nothing to hide now, and it didn't seem like she had anything bad planned

for me. I also didn't want to miss whatever treasures were locked away in

that room.

She led me by the hand into a side hallway, and into a room she had to

unlock with a key. I liked holding her hand. I wondered if any other

patron noticed this little scene.

"I'm Ken," I said as we walked in. "I don't even know your name."

"Carmen," she said, shaking my hand. She turned on the lights. Books

filled the room; stacked boxes subdividing it with new walls, loose stacks

of them overflowing counters and tables, all marked with different-colored

tags. "Sorry it's such a mess," Carmen said. "It's over here in the back

corner."

She showed me a hardcover collection by Serpieri, the Italian artist who

did "Druuna." His work was hard to find unless you special ordered. Druuna

was a raven-haired, large-breasted, big-bootied woman in a scifi-horror

arena, often having to tiptoe through creepy places partially or totally

naked. She endured lots of sex as well, at the hands of lovers, enemies,

and grotesque monsters.

"I love the Druuna stories," she said, opening to one in the middle. "In

our basement at home, I sometimes act these out with my brother and his

friends."

Oh really. This was taking a quite interesting turn. Again I wondered just

how old Carmen was. I peeked at the door, made sure it was still closed.

"That's pretty racy stuff," I said, involuntarily looking her over. I

could not hide my curiosity. "When you act these out, do you wear costumes

or just street clothes?"

She laughed. "I wear what she's wearing, of course." The implications of

that were so erotic that at first I didn't even follow through on the

meaning. "It's pretty easy. Take a look at this panel."

She showed a picture of Druuna hiding in a dark corner, trying to see if

she had been followed. She was frightened and vulnerable, for good reason:

she wore only a white dress shirt, completely unbuttoned, revealing part

of one D-cup breast and all of the other. Below the waist, she wore

nothing at all, her meaty thighs and pubic thatch painstakingly detailed.

"For this scene," Carmen said, "I just use a man's shirt and leave it

open. But a lot of the time, like over here, I'm not wearing anything."

Now it seemed like an elaborate prank. This was too over the top. "You're

making this up," I scoffed, looking her in the eye. "You mean to tell me

you get naked in front of your brother and friends."

"I am not making this up!" she said, staring straight back. "It's fun.

It's really hot. You're the only one I've told about it. I thought you

would understand." She turned to another page, where Druuna was naked, on

her back on a table, with a standing man screwing her. "So here I would

be, and his friend is the guy, and he's having sex with me."

"No way," I said. I was fighting two impulses: one, leave now, because

being alone in this room with this young woman, talking about this, was

just not right; and two, put my arm around her and see if she protested.

"I know it sounds really weird?" she said, with the upward intonation

common to younger people. "But there are some ground rules. Some things my

brother's friend can do but he can't because he's my brother."

"But he still sees you naked," I said. As fantastical as her story was, I

had become convinced she wasn't lying. She was focused and intense, like

someone obsessed with a favorite hobby. Dressing up (and undressing) as

Druuna seemed for Carmen to be exactly that.

"A little more than that," she said. "He's touched my breasts when I'm

naked, and even sucked them. Kind of strange, how my own brother can make

me come that way. And he's also touched me down below lots of times, and I

come that way too. But full intercourse is way off limits. So is kissing."

As she said this, I wondered if she noticed in my face the flush I felt

while picturing her doing this. Just freeze-frame vignettes of Carmen

laying back on a secondhand couch, legs spread, eyes closed, her brother

with a finger in her pussy and his lips around a nipple, her toes curling

as she's about to climax.

"It's a little strange," she said. "I mean, you definitely don't tell all

your friends about it. Or your parents. But it's mostly my brother's

friend instead of my brother. He even has a steady girlfriend and he

hasn't told her about me."

I was still silent. Carmen was one weird chick. To think what I had not

known this about her just 20 minutes ago. But she was fascinating. I knew

I would stay here and keep listening to her until she kicked me out.

She regarded me clinically, hands on hips. "You still don't believe me."

"Actually, it's strange enough to be true," I said, and regretted it. It

seemed weaselly, like I was trying to cover both sides of the argument.

"Here," she said, skimming through the pages, stopping at one she liked.

"You can be this guy, and I'll be Druuna." Druuna was dressed in a red

thong, sidled up against a wall, trying to hide and listen for pursuers.

"I don't have the right thong, but I'll do what I can."

"Right now?" I could hardly believe this.

"Of course." Carmen took off her sweat pants, revealing those lovely legs

again. Her skimpy green thong was slightly sheer, showing off her trimmed

bush. But I forgot about that for awhile when she pulled off her

sweatshirt.

It was criminal what that baggy sweatshirt had been hiding from the world.

She wasn't wearing a bra; perhaps she never had been. Her breasts were

amazing, C to D cups, large without being ridiculous like Dolly Parton or

something. Standing there in nothing but her green thong, she made a great

live-action Druuna. This would be the winning costume in a Halloween

contest (well, OK, just for the skin it showed.)

"You're beautiful," I said. "Just like the real thing."

"I am the real thing," she laughed. "Druuna's just a cartoon."

I was tongue-tied for a second, still staring at her breasts.

"Even though, I don't have her hair, and I don't quite have her boobs

either," she said. "But it seems to be close enough for the guys."

She had a point, though I disagreed that she lacked anything substantial

compared to Serpieri's heroine. Sure, her hair was straighter than

Druuna's impossibly wavy mane. Her breasts weren't quite as big or

buoyant, and her hips weren't as wide. But she was right: she was the real

thing, better than any cartoon.

"Nothing wrong with you at all," I insisted.

"You're so sweet," she said. "Now, back in character. You come over and

find me." She walked into the back corner of the room and posed, looking

vigilant and frightened.

I hesitantly walked closer. Looking at her in costume was fine, actually

it was great, but what would my involvement be?

"No, Ken, you're my lover," Carmen/Druuna said. "You thought I was dead.

There's a lot of passion here. Now get over here and kiss me."

"I'm sorry, I gotta ask. How old are you?"

"Twenty. Don't worry."

"That's a relief. Anyway, I just turned 30."

"At this point, I could be 13 and too many guys wouldn't even care."

Here goes nothing, I thought. I quickly strode up, put my arms around her

and gave her a quick kiss. "Don't worry," she said, and clung to me,

locking her lips on mine. She had a lot more experience with this sort of

playacting and was much better about getting into character. If she was in

Druuna's head now, in the girl's body, I still felt a little awkward, not

knowing what exactly my part was. For a moment.

Having her nearly naked body squeezed against mine changed my mind. Forget

the play. She might be making out with Druuna's lover. I was making out

with Carmen, and enjoying every second.

"You're hungry for my body," she said. "Take it." I fondled her breasts

hesitantly at first, still wondering if metaphorical midnight would

strike, she would push me away, and I'd have to find another library. But

she was absolutely into this.

"The next panel," she said, "you take off my thong. Go ahead."

I peeled it all the way down. Her pussy glistened.

I tasted each breast, nibbling, caressing the nipple with my tongue, as

one hand caressed her curvaceous ass and another explored the moist slit

between her legs. My feeling of awe, of almost disbelief at the situation,

was fading away. She had her hand between my legs, cradling my dick

straining against the inside of my jeans.

"Ready for the next panel?" she said. I didn't know what was coming up,

but I had a pretty good guess.

She unbuttoned my jeans and pulled everything down to my knees; then

leaned back against the wall, legs slightly spread, arms up. She didn't

close her eyes, or lick her lips, or have this slack open-mouthed

expression that was supposed to signify passion. She looked directly at

me, with a huge smile. Come and get me.

I didn't need a comic book to show me what to do next. I shuffled forward,

pants around my ankles, crouched down a bit to get the angle right, and

held her shoulders as I plunged in.

She was wet, but still really tight, so we had to go slowly the first few

strokes. But after that it was deliciously smooth, in and out. She nibbled

on my lips and licked my chin, and I freed a hand to caress her left

breast, because I just adored the pair she had. Seeing her topless for the

first time was almost more enticing than when I stripped her thong,

leaving her naked.

"We should be quiet," she whispered. "The room's not soundproof."

"I'll cover your mouth with mine," I said.

I was nearly ready to come, and it seemed like she was also close, when

she suddenly stopped moving, and put a hand to my chest to stop me. We

froze literally mid-thrust, with my dick halfway inside.

"What's going on?" I whispered.

She put a finger to her lips. And then I heard it: someone had unlocked

the door and was opening it.

Luckily we were in the back of the room, behind a stack of boxes, and

probably couldn't be seen from the doorway. She'd be in more trouble than

I would if we were caught.

"Carmen?" a male voice asked. "You in here?"

They were looking for her! "Shit," she whispered, almost silent, making me

lip-read. "Don't. Move."

"Lights are on," a female voice said. So there were at least two people.

"Are these her clothes?" the man said.

That was one mistake we made: Carmen had tossed her sweats, top and pants,

onto a table.

"Looks like it," the woman said. "Was she changing in here?"

"Who knows."

My legs were getting cramped from my half-crouch position; I couldn't stay

motionless forever. I straightened up a bit, which forced my dick the rest

of the way in. Her eyes went really wide, as if aghast at how presumptuous

I was being. Like she was minding her own business, and then this guy

ripped off all her clothes, and now look what he was doing.

"Should we take them to lost and found?" the woman said. "Maybe she just

forgot them."

"Where would she be, then? We've looked everywhere."

Carmen's vaginal muscles contracted really tightly when I pushed in, and

it just felt awesome. So much that it was really the wrong thing to do,

but I slowly moved out and in again. She shook her head, frantic.

I knew it wasn't really fair to her at all, taking advantage like this. It

sounded like they were going to take her clothes; even if they didn't

discover her here, how would she sneak out wearing only a thong? And if

she did get caught here, completely naked, having sex...

Another person, judging from the voices, poked her head in the room.

"What's going on?"

"Looking for Carmen, her mother's on the phone," said the first woman.

I thrust out and in again, noiselessly. Carmen's eyes were a plea to stop.

"Is she on break?"

"No."

I continued thrusting slowly. Carmen closed her eyes and gritted her

teeth, breathing heavily but trying to conceal the sound. All we could do

is hope they wouldn't make a search of the room and would leave soon. But

I didn't want to stop. My dick was so hard it felt like it was going to

snap off.

The three of them were discussing Carmen's clothes when I resumed

caressing her breasts and finger-painting smaller and smaller circles

around her nipples. She started shuddering, and kept her teeth clenched,

as if trying not to scream. One final thrust, and a tweak of both engorged

nipples, and she came. That was more than enough for me and I shot too.

"Let's go," one of the women said. I guess they didn't hear us. The door

shut.

After counting to ten, I pulled out of Carmen, yanked my pants back up and

peeked around the stack of boxes. "They're gone. And your clothes are

still here."

"Thank God." She was slumped against the wall, head leaning forward, hair

cascading over.

I fetched her sweats and she quickly put everything back on.

"You're OK?"

She smiled. "More than I bargained for. You could have got me fired!"

"We've got to stop meeting like this," I joked.

"I'm serious. You took a big chance."

"You didn't have fun?"

"You know I did," she accused.

"Well, I'd like to see you again, but a better idea would be outside the

library."

"How about this weekend, we could go do something."

"How about Saturday, during the day," I suggested. This was Memorial Day

weekend. "It's supposed to be about 75 all weekend. We could do something

outside."

"There's a big crafts fair in Capital City."

"Sounds good. When and where should I pick you up?"

She shook her head. "I still live at home. No offense, but my parents

would freak if some 30-year-old guy was picking me up. So I'll meet you at

your place."

"Okay. What'll you tell them?"

"Oh, out with friends shopping or something. So how about... 10 am?"

"Perfect." I grabbed a piece of scrap paper and wrote down my address.

It was only a matter of time before the people looking for Carmen might

check our room again. She poked her head out, saw everything was clear,

and turned left toward the stacks, while I turned right toward the

bathrooms. I didn't see her again until Saturday.

(Story will continue)

Meeting Carmen Ch. 02

by gossog ©

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At 7 in the morning on the Saturday before Memorial Day, it was already

obvious this would be a beautiful day. I hadn't felt this sort of warmth

in the air since last August. In about three hours Carmen would show up,

and then we'd head over to Capital City to browse around the crafts fair.

Then hopefully back to my place, and a longer session of sex without the

danger of being walked in on. Owning my own townhouse had its advantages.

She arrived at 9:55, about five minutes early, so I was still upstairs

when the doorbell rang. My townhouse had a strange up-and-down layout, so

that more units could be packed into our complex; so at a landing halfway

down the stairs, I could actually look down through a small window to see

who was at the front door. Side view, from above, a little bit from

behind.

What I saw as I turned the corner stopped me in my tracks.

Carmen was wearing sweatpants again, just like at the library; today's set

was light gray and loose, hanging really low at her hips. Whatever undies

she wore (usually a colorful thong) couldn't be more than an inch from

poking out.

Instead of a matching sweatshirt or jacket, she had a white cotton top,

like a thin T-shirt, with a scoop neck. I craned my own neck to get a

better look. She's pretty well endowed, and the top showed a good amount

of cleavage. Even better, it was obvious she wore no bra.

I bounded down the stairs and opened the door. She looked even better from

the front. If she had dressed like this at the library, top clinging to

her curves, nipples prominent under the light fabric, she'd be out of a

job now.

"You look stunning," I said.

She smirked. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

"Yes, yes," I said, ushering her inside and shutting the door. "I don't

think I've seen the gray sweats before."

She glanced down at them. "I can't really wear these ones to the library.

They're so loose... all the bending and stretching I do at work, you'd

have to follow me around all day, pulling them back up."

"I don't think I'd mind that," I said.

"Whatever we do today, besides the craft show, I'm not dressed for

something formal," she said. "This is totally about comfort."

"Funny how you look just absolutely hot in your 'comfort' wear," I said.

On the drive to Capital City, about 30 miles, I wished I owned a

convertible. The air was now balmy, almost tropical. The entire day was

open, and I had a gorgeous girl, in a skimpy top no less, in the passenger

seat.

We had to park a few blocks away from the craft fair. Several downtown

streets were closed off so that dozens of artists, food sellers and

entertainers could set up their booths. We heard a reggae band in the

distance and could smell barbecued meat -- vendors getting ready for

lunch.

It was obvious the warm weather had brought every hot girl in the state

out of hiding, dressed in her most flattering, revealing summer wear. Most

of them left their bras, long pants, and full-length anythings at home.

Several times Carmen elbowed me in the ribs and whispered mock outrage at

the "slutty things youngsters were wearing these days." (She was more

modest than the others in one respect: she practically the only girl in

long pants.)

Some examples of the women I saw in the first ten minutes:

A blonde coed in pink hotpants and matching clingy top, with no bra. She

had the cheerleader look, and her tall, handsome boyfriend (star

quarterback, maybe) completed the picture. She was just breathtaking. She

wore a permanent "you're not in my league" simper, and I think she enjoyed

men staring at her perfect breasts, nipples poking the pink top, as that

made her all the more unattainable.

A woman of about 30 years, with long brown hair, pushing her infant in a

stroller. Passing women cooed at the cute baby while their guys were more

interested in the mother, dressed in a miniskirt and tube top.

Another woman wore a yellow bikini top sheer enough even when dry to show

her areolae and nipples, and cutoff denims skimpier than any miniskirt. A

good proportion of her firm buns were visible below the frayed, faded

denim; and to further stir up men's imaginations, she left the top button

of her cutoffs open. Certainly she wore nothing underneath, tolerating the

rough denim against her bare skin. If I had been lucky enough to see her

bend over far enough, I might have glimpsed bare pussy lips. But I never

got the chance.

Another girl, even younger than Carmen, wore only a pink bikini, very

tight, showing nipples and the "camel toe" of probably a shaved pussy. The

material was so thin it might have been underwear rather than swimwear.

Almost nothing was left to the imagination, and she looked very

vulnerable. She was probably lucky to have her three girlfriends in the

pack for protection.

Okay, one last example. A blonde girl, in a skirt with side slits all the

way up, revealing a lot of the curve of her butt as she walked; and a tank

top with very loose arm holes, providing a clear view of her braless

breasts if she bent forward. Carmen gave me a dirty look for staring at

this girl too long.

Among all this pulchritude Carmen, beautiful as she was, as revealing as

her top was, didn't stand out that much. That was probably just as well. I

could sense a little wariness in her posture at times; to go braless in

public probably took a lot of nerve. Same for the loose sweatpants. Even

though she had shown off to me and a few people her age, it had always

been in private, in the basement or in a storage room. From what I could

tell by her library attire, she preferred to be well-covered in public.

She still got her share of admiration from the guys, especially when

bending forward for a closer look at the crafts for sale. This provided

rewarding views from several angles. She asked me if I noticed any guys

checking her out. I told her that this was happening all the time.

She was tempting fate with those loose sweatpants and they eventually did

fall. The first time, I happened to be walking behind her; and her butt

was coincidentally where my gaze was focused anyway. I caught the sweats

quickly and pulled them up, so she ended up flashing for only a fraction

of a second. Long enough to see that she wore no knickers or thong at all.

"Good catch, Ken," she said.

"You're even braver than I thought," I said, lowering my voice. "Wearing

nothing at all underneath?"

"That's why I wanted to go someplace we wouldn't see anyone I know."

"Still a lot of people."

"I know," she said, her eyes bright, like they were Tuesday when she was

describing her erotic playacting of "Druuna" scenes. "I'm always thinking

about it. Half afraid I'll expose myself and half hoping it'll happen."

"I'm 100% for the second option," I said, patting her butt.

"Careful!" she said.

I walked in back for a while, enjoying the view, and making sure her

waistband didn't sink any lower. One time I thought it was too low and

gently pulled it up, but she admonished me. I was not to touch her sweats

unless they actually fell down.

OK, then. I looked forward to another flash of her bare butt.

When we reached the end of one block, she took me in her arms and gave me

a big wet kiss. "This whole thing is such a turn-on," she said, still

hugging me tight. "It's so dangerous. I'm really tempted to just run back

to the car and make out in the back seat."

"I'm not the guy to dissuade you there." Just having her in my arms, her

body against mine, her beautiful face so close to mine, was making my cock

stir. She looked in my eyes and suddenly I didn't care about anything else

at all, and we started making out right there at the street corner, people

filing around us.

"I think we're making a scene," she said, swaying against me. "I-"

She let out a small shriek. "They're down, they fell!" She gripped me

tight, as if I was saving her from drowning. It was the same panic

response she'd shown in the library storage room, when we were almost

caught. We stood there for a moment, her anxious and me unable to do much

with her clinging to me.

I reached down, felt her bare bottom, and looked over her shoulder. It was

true. Her movement must have wriggled her sweats loose. She was naked from

the waist down.

"I'll let you go, just pick them up," I said.

"Are you kidding? I can't bend over like this! And I don't want people

seeing in front either!"

"Okay, let go and I'll drop down." I guess she had a point: but the more

we debated this the longer she would stay exposed. Already guys were

pointing her way, nudging their friends and grinning.

I squatted down and took just the quickest moment to marvel at her lovely

legs. Her pubic area I took a little longer to gaze at; her black bush and

her slit that I swear looked already moist. I briefly thought that if I

started licking her, she'd change her mind about getting her pants back

on, never mind the crowds.

"Come on!" she cried, and I yanked her sweats up. It was like a curtain

closing on an act I wanted to continue. I glanced around; we had a bit of

an audience, even if they tried to avoid eye contact with me.

"We'd better scoot," I said, and took her hand. I didn't want the

onlookers following us around all day. "You okay?" We walked briskly

across to another aisle of booths, trying to lose ourselves in the crowd.

"I'll be okay. I just have never felt that petrified before," she said,

her voice shaky. "I don't know why I didn't expect it to be like that.

What I was thinking. Pretty stupid." She was folding her arms over her

breasts, something she hadn't done all day. Not to keep warm, but to

conceal what her shirt showed off.

"Should I take you home, and you can change clothes?"

"Yeah, we should probably head back," she said. "I wish I didn't have to

worry about these sweatpants anymore."

"Can't you do the drawstring tighter?"

"I took it out," she said sheepishly. "Looser and more comfy that way."

"I'll keep a close watch," I said, placing my hand at her hip. Tempting as

it was to slip my hand under her waistband and feel nothing but bare skin

underneath.

We didn't head directly to the car. Enough interesting booths were around

that we settled back into browsing. Framed watercolors, wooden toys,

homemade salsas, all kinds of stuff. My attention was mainly on Carmen.

After a while she was more at ease, no longer shivering, and had dropped

her arms to her sides.

"It's so weird," she whispered to me as we admired a bronze statuary. "I

was totally scared out of my wits back there, but it was also really hot.

Especially when you waited to pull my sweats up and I knew you were

looking at me. Every second that went by, where I knew everyone could see

me, it was like more... I don't know. Part of me wanted you to take even

more time."

"I think you're definitely a thrill-seeker."

"I've gotta be the most chicken thrill-seeker there is! Everytime I ride a

roller-coaster, all the time I'm in line or even when we're going up the

incline, I'm fighting off a panic attack. I think, no way will I ever do

this again. But after the ride is done, I'm like, 'who's ready to ride it

again?'"

"Would you let your pants drop again?"

"Not for a while. But yes, I'm already thinking about when will it happen

again."

I could hardly believe my good luck. A gorgeous, enthusiastic girl like

Carmen, and on top of that a budding exhibitionist. Right now my dick was

in heaven and writing postcards.

I took a look around, scoping the crowd. It didn't seem like anyone who

had seen her bottomless episode had followed us closely. She was getting

the usual attention, but no more. Her accidental exposure wouldn't have

any long-lasting consequences.

At the end of our aisle was a collection of bohemian clothing that caught

Carmen's eye, and she tugged my arm. Running the booth was a younger guy,

probably Carmen's age; he was obviously as attracted to her as she was to

the clothes. To him, the two or three other women shopping might as well

have blinked out of existence.

"Hi, can I help you find something?" the seller said. He was reasonably

handsome, with the callow enthusiasm and brashness of a freshman rushing a

frat.

"I don't know," Carmen said, scanning the selection. Racks lined the edges

of the booth and a central divider right behind the seller. Skirts and

tops were splashed with earth tones and some tie dyes. "What do you think

I would look good in?"

He shrugged. "Honestly, you'd look good in anything. I don't know if our

clothing would make much of a difference."

Carmen looked at me, almost laughing, and I said to him, "Aren't you one

smooth-talking dude."

He faced me and put his palms up, conciliatory. "Didn't mean to be a jerk

about it. You just have good taste in women."

So he was a little smarter than he looked. "That's cool," I said.

"Thanks."

He turned to her. "As for what would look best... one of the darker

skirts, I think. Goes well with your skin tone and hair color."

We introduced ourselves. His name was Stu. (I'm Ken.)

Carmen explored a bit and found a couple skirts that looked interesting.

"You wanna get those?" I asked. She had left her purse at my house.

She thought this over for a minute, and I waited for an answer. Instead,

she asked Stu, "Is there any place I can try these on?" in as guileless a

manner as she could muster.

Of course there wasn't; these were 12-foot open-air booths, collapsible

canopies on stilts. No fitting rooms. Stu furrowed his brow, obviously

wanting to accommodate her. "The best place is probably on the other side

of this rack," he said, pointing behind him. "In the back corner you're

pretty much hidden in three directions by hanging clothes. If Ken stands

guard, you might have enough privacy there."

We went around back. Stu was right -- hanging clothes mostly obstructed

the view from anywhere outside the booth -- but not all the way to the

ground. Instead, there was a gap of about two or three feet, like a

dressing room with curtains that didn't hang down far enough. Anyone

happening to look our direction would get a decent view of Carmen's legs,

to at least mid-thigh. Certainly something that would pique a man's

interest. If he was really perverted and dropped to the ground, peering

up, that view would be really indecent.

She looked at the gap and seemed hesitant at first, but convinced herself

it would be OK. I stood in front, quite close to her, forming the fourth

wall.

"Let's do the long skirt first." She pushed her sweats down, stepped out

of them and bent over quickly from the waist to grab them. Stooping down

would have meant flashing her bare bottom to those outside. Even so, I was

surprised at how erotic the situation was. She was bottomless, nearly

naked, not far from a whole lot of people.

She shimmied into the skirt, back to some degree of decency. She checked

herself out and frowned.

"You don't like it?" I said. I wasn't a fan either; the skirt was a dowdy,

homely brown. But Stu was right: Carmen looked beautiful in anything.

"It's not that... I just would never wear it with this top. So I can't

tell."

"I could get you another top," I said, but she waved me off. Instead, she

pulled off her own top and handed it to me. This ensemble was more than

fine with me. Large, shapely bare breasts go with just about anything.

"Cute", I said, giving one breast a light squeeze.

"Stop that!" she said, slapping my hand. "If you get me excited, we'll be

in real trouble."

She turned around, checking herself out from several angles. "I wish there

was a mirror here." I enjoyed the view as she dithered a bit more, and

eventually decided against the skirt.

She didn't ask for her top back; instead, she took off the skirt and now

stood there naked. The close quarters provided enough privacy that she

felt well at ease, as far as I could tell. Still, the situation was very

hot, and she was nearly irresistible. I folded my hands behind my back,

which seemed to help.

I guess I stared at her too long; she put her hands on her hips and said,

"Were you planning to give me the other skirt?" I guess I have a weakness

for naked women showing some attitude, because she looked hotter than

ever.

"Sorry," I said, and handed her the mini.

It slipped out of her fingers, and I wonder if that was deliberate. It

landed at her feet. To pick it up, she didn't bend from the waist this

time, but instead squatted down. She peeked outside, now well underneath

the hanging clothes that served for walls, and froze there. For a second,

maybe two, she stayed bent over, on her tiptoes, leaning forward, her

breasts nearly touching her thighs, down toward the knees; and then she

shot up straight, like a jack-in-the-box, holding the skirt.

"Whoops," she said, looking nervous, breathing heavily. "I think about 50

people saw me naked."

"Fifty-one," I joked. "And this one wants to take you home."

"I've never been so exposed," she said. "I'm hot already."

It showed. There seemed to be a slight flush in her face, and her nipples

were hard. "Here, feel me," she whispered, and took my hand between her

legs. "Feel how wet I am?"

"It feels awesome," I said, reaching out to caress her breast.

At this she froze, probably realizing she was close to getting into

trouble. "We have to stop," she said, giggling. "You can wait. Be

patient."

She put on the skirt, unfortunately hiding her lovely bush once again. But

this skirt was nothing like the matronly knee-length brown one she had

rejected. It was a black micro-mini, just long enough to cover her butt.

About as long as my outstretched hand, little finger to thumb. I know

because I checked.

"I think this violates some city ordinance," she joked. It wasn't the kind

of skirt in which she could sit down. Or bend over. Or any number of

reasonable-sounding activities. She turned around slowly, showing me a

360-degree view. It occurred to me that going topless with the skirt was a

great idea. Showing off up top, while the skirt always threatened to

reveal what was below. Some sort of balance.

"Find anything you like?" said Stu, from behind the rack of clothes. At

least he didn't push them aside and poke his head through.

"Maybe," Carmen said.

"Why not show him?" I whispered.

Her eyes sparkled. She thought about this for a long time, and nodded.

With one arm, she covered both breasts as well as she could and slowly

backed around the corner toward Stu. I hopped around her to the front, to

get a good view of both Carmen and his reaction.

She kept her back turned to him, peeking over her shoulder. "How do you

think it looks?"

He looked stunned, but still brazenly looked her up and down, seeing her

bare legs for the first time, and bare back, separated by a small band of

material. As a bonus, he probably got a partial side view of her right

breast, depending on the angle, as it was only covered in front by her

fingertips.

"It looks fabulous," Stu said. "Do you plan to wear it just like that?"

Wise guy, huh.

"A lot of the parties I go to, I might not walk in like this, but it's

usually not that long before I leave my top somewhere," she said, and I

had an idea this was made up, but both Stu and I were eating it up.

"There is one problem," she said, frowning. "The material really itches."

She pretended to scratch her bottom, in the process lifting the skirt to

reveal the lower halves of her cheeks. "I don't know how long I could

stand to keep it on." It was obvious to both Stu and I that she wore

nothing underneath.

Meeting Carmen Ch. 02

by gossog ©

"I guess it depends on the party," Stu said. Sweat was beading on his

forehead.

"Yeah," she said. "Some places it's cool to just have everything off.

Others it doesn't matter, because guys are always reaching underneath

anyway. But some parties, if you're completely naked, you're just prey.

It's kind of scary."

She scratched again, raising the skirt to flash most of her bottom, and we

were speechless.

She let it drop, and shook her head. "Sorry, Stu; I didn't see anything I

liked today. Will you have anything new tomorrow?"

"Sure will," Stu said. "I'll be here Monday also."

"Let's go get changed," she said, and returned to the back corner.

She stripped off the skirt, and this time I couldn't resist her, taking

her in my arms and kissing her. She was fine with this and we made out for

as long as we dared.

"Nice party story," I whispered. "Do those sorts of things really happen?"

"No," she laughed. "All for his benefit."

"You've probably given him jerk-off material for a month."

"Not to mention everyone who's peeked under, seen my bare legs, and is

wondering what's going on."

"Ready to head home?"

"If we can't finish up right here, I suppose we must," she said. She got

back into her sweatpants and top. We walked out and thanked Stu, who

almost begged us to come back tomorrow. However, we later agreed that we

didn't want to do the craft fair two days in a row.

At home we fooled around, had sex, watched a DVD, didn't finish it, sent

out for dinner, etc. All great fun, but not as interesting to the reader

as what happened earlier in the day.

At 10 pm she had to head home. As for the Sunday, her day was clear, and I

begged out of a casual friends' BBQ picnic. There would be about 40 people

there. I wouldn't be that sorely missed.

I walked her to her car. "See you in 12 hours," I said as she stepped in.

"I wish you could stay."

"I do, too," she said. "But I'll be back before you know it."

Another kiss, and she drove off.

(Story will continue; at least 3 more chapters)

Meeting Carmen Ch. 03

by gossog ©

We had an excellent time yesterday, a sunny Saturday with many, many cute

women wearing revealing clothing, Carmen most of all. To my delight, she

looked forward to doing the same sort of thing today. Not a complete rerun

of yesterday, not the craft fair all over again; but still meet in the

morning, spend the day outdoors, and head back to my house for some

fooling around.

At 9:45, I set up camp on the landing of my stairway, that perfect spot

where I can gaze through the small window to see who's at the door before

she even knocks. I'll agree that's a little voyeuristic, but then Carmen

proved to be an eager supplier for that sort of demand. Anyway, I wanted a

glimpse of her as soon as she arrived.

At about five minutes to 10, she walked up to the door, but didn't ring

right away. She wore a cute pink outfit, her trademark sweatpants riding

low on the hip, and a skimpy top, showing her midriff. She wore no bra.

Very similar getup to yesterday's, but I didn't mind at all.

I was thinking how lucky I was to be with a girl who considered this to be

casual wear, and anticipating seeing her loose sweats give in to gravity

again, when she raised the stakes. She glanced behind her, hooked her

thumbs in the waistband, and pushed her sweats down. She wore nothing

underneath. Only afterward did she ring the doorbell.

That took bravery on her part. She was the kind of girl who would attract

attention fully clothed. Now she stood bare-assed on my front step, which

faced a public street.

I must have been staring at her awhile. She rang again, rousing me out of

my reverie, and I came downstairs. I opened the door and feigned surprise

at her half-naked state. "Uh, what's going on?"

"About time!" she said. "I was standing out here in the open like this!"

"But how..." I said, looking down.

"Oh. They slipped off after I rang," she explained. "I thought you'd be

here in a few seconds anyway."

I didn't mind that she was fibbing to justify her dare; I thought it was

even charming. I was also keeping a secret, and to point out hers would

have meant revealing mine.

"Aren't you going to offer any sort of help?" She was acting distressed

about the situation, but her smile was a giveaway.

"Sure, I'll help," I said, and reached toward her chest.

She grabbed my forearms, laughing. "That is not helping!"

"Sorry." I pulled up her sweats without any further mischief. I scanned

the street to see if anyone was watching; I didn't see anyone. That didn't

guarantee no one saw her.

I took her inside. Her hair was a little damp, with the scent of shampoo;

her skin, dry, warm and clean. When you have a gorgeous woman in your

arms, you know what a turn-on these ordinary sensations can become.

"I changed my mind about going out today," I said. "Let's get these

clothes off you and just stay in."

"You never want to wait," she scolded. "It'll be much more fun if you

wait. I promise."

We drove back to Capital City, this time planning to visit Hillside Park.

There was a river walk, flower garden, and scenic overlooks; great for a

sunny afternoon. We had lunch at a bistro across the river from the park.

Afterward, I ran into Gary, a friend from a few years back. I hadn't seen

him since New Year's. He was hand in hand with a woman I didn't know;

their body language cried out "brand new couple."

Gary had done quite well for himself. His new woman, Lynn, was small,

about five-three, Chinese, with very light skin, and an incredibly cute

face. She wore petite red satin shorts, and a matching collarless

short-sleeve shirt. She had a shapely yet modest pair of breasts, but to

my dismay she wore a bra. (I knew Carmen's wardrobe was spoiling me, but I

still felt cheated.) She also wore a red OU baseball cap, with her long

ponytail pouring out the back. I love that cute tomboy look.

Her voice was lower than I expected. Not a James Earl Jones bass, of

course, but the smooth, reserved, precise tones of a documentary narrator.

Lynn seemed a little aloof at first, particularly when she raised an

eyebrow at Carmen's attire. I tried to figure out why. Disdainful of

Gary's choice of friends? Culturally conservative? Or maybe jealous of

another woman who might attract Gary's wandering eye?

Gary and Lynn had no big plans for the day, so they joined us. Within a

few minutes I saw my fears about Lynn were unfounded. She warmed up to us

quickly, and had an appealing, offbeat sense of humor.

We sat around a small table at an organic juice bar, sipping our drinks.

Gary and I got caught up on his new job, and then I popped the big

question: "So how did you two meet?"

Gary chuckled. "I'll let Lynn take this one."

Lynn took a moment to compose herself, as if preparing for a piano

recital.

"I was at Borders when I noticed this guy at the magazine rack. He was

kind of cute, in a goofy sort of way. I was curious to see what he was

reading, so I came over to take a look. I was kind of shocked at what I

saw."

"Better Homes and Gardens?" I joked.

"No," she said, grinning. "Any other guesses?"

Carmen shrugged.

Lyn said: "Playboy's Exotic Asians."

Carmen laughed and I groaned. "Aw, bad timing, Gary."

Gary shrugged, sheepish. It looked like he had sat through this story a

few times.

Lynn said, "He picks it up, puts it underneath his stack of other books,

and sneaks off to another section. And I'm so dismayed by this that I

follow him. I go up to him and say point blank, 'What's that magazine you

have?'"

"Busted," I said, chuckling.

"I was expecting," Lynn said, "that he'd be all defensive, or pretend he

got it by accident, that sort of thing. I wanted to give him a hard time

and watch him slink away with his tail between his legs. Instead, he's got

this guilty look, but otherwise he's just totally honest about it."

"Well, he could have bought it for the articles," I ventured.

"There are no articles," she said. "Just pictures. Naked chicks, cover to

cover. So much for that excuse."

"What did you say after that?"

"I was still pissed off. I mean, page after page of naked 'exotic' Asian

women, how am I supposed to feel? The other stereotypes are bad enough.

But having people who look like me, all submissive, with their clothes

off, just pisses me off."

"I see your point," I said. "But how, after all that, did you end up

together? Did he just start hitting on you?"

She smirked. "Worse. I guess I was charmed by his honesty or something,

because instead of making him crawl away I said, 'Why don't you put that

thing back on the shelf and meet me in the cafe.' And he did."

That was just like Gary. Always getting up shit creek but at the last

second finding a paddle.

"So he buys me a coffee and we sit down, and I grill him some more. Do you

have a girlfriend? Do you have an Asian fetish? And so on."

"And I'm looking a little wistfully back at the magazine rack," Gary

joked.

Lynn shot him a cross look. It lasted only a second, and she smiled

afterward, but I hoped she'd never send her evil eye my way.

"So what were your answers?" I said.

Gary said, "No, no girlfriend; broke up two months back. And no, no yellow

fever. I like all hot women. I don't discriminate."

"More of this disarming candor and I stop the interrogation," Lynn said.

"So we're just talking about all sorts of things, and all of a sudden it's

six o'clock. I say I'd better get going, nice to meet you, blah blah blah.

And then he asks me out. And I'm surprised to hear myself answering yes."

"That's so romantic!" said Carmen.

"Really?" said Gary.

"Of course. All the classic movies start out with the man and woman not

liking each other. Philadelphia Story, Pride and Prejudice..."

"That's a good point," said Lynn. "I never thought of it that way."

"How was the first date?" I said.

"Gary was pretty smart about it. He called his friend Rick, who was on the

second date with his own girlfriend Stacey, and set up a double date at

the comedy club. We have a few drinks, we're laughing, and we don't have

to sit across from each other and make small talk. By the time we do have

dinner everybody's warmed up and we have a good time. That ends at about

10, and Gary invites us all back to his hot tub."

"Just like 'Blind Date'," Carmen laughed.

"If it was just Gary, on the first date, I would have never gone," Lynn

said. "But with another couple, it seemed OK. Gary took me back to my

place to pick up a swimsuit. By that time I'm feeling brave enough to take

something a little daring. Back at his house, when everyone else is

already in the tub, I change inside and walk out in this skimpy little

black bikini. Both guys' jaws basically dislocate and just hang there."

"You'd have to see it to believe it," Gary said.

"I'm not like those big boobs centerfolds in those magazine Gary is so

fond of," she said, passing him a stern look, "but I look pretty good in

the right suit. And that black one just does everything right.

"So we hang out for another hour or so, drinking wine and relaxing. We're

all feeling good, but no naughty stuff. You can kind of tell that Rick and

Stacey are going to spend the night together. At about midnight, we all

dry off, and they say goodbye. Three nights later, I go out with Gary

again, and... now, we're an item."

"Good for you," I said. "I'm glad you guys hit it off."

Gary said, "Lynn, aren't you going to tell Part Two?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. No."

"What's Part Two?" said Carmen.

"It's kind of personal." Now Lynn was looking a little embarrassed.

"Come on, we're all adults," Gary said. "They're good friends. Afterward,

they can tell us their story."

Lynn relented. "Okay. Um, 'Part Two' starts when Rick and Stacey are

saying goodbye. I don't feel like leaving yet, so I ask Gary if we can

stay a little longer in the tub. We've all had some wine, and I'm feeling

pretty good."

She paused and looked at each of us, but she easily had our rapt

attention. Part Two was looking pretty promising.

"He climbs back in the tub, and I'm about to. I'm standing there on the

rim, he's looking up at me, and I can tell he really likes what he sees.

Then I convince myself, and gather up the nerve, to take off my top. For a

while, I'm just standing there, with him staring at me. Staring at my, you

know, boobs. I'm feeling a little lightheaded, nervous, but still

excited."

I confess I've had a very vivid image of this scene in my mind, well after

the telling. If only I had been there...

"I finally," she continued, "gather up the courage to climb in with him.

Then one thing leads to another, two plus two is four, etc. etc."

"That takes guts," I said. "Especially for a guy you just met. Especially

that guy."

She laughed. "Well, in one way it was a sure thing. I'm Asian, I was

topless; I knew that was his thing."

"You may want to end the story there," Gary said.

"Yes, long story short -- there is no Part Three -- we spent the night."

"A cute story!" Carmen said. "I like it."

"Thanks," Lynn said. "So how did you two meet?"

I let Carmen handle that one. She recounted everything that happened in

the stacks, up to and including my pulling her sweatpants back up. She

left out the Druuna playacting, both with me and with her brother. For

good reason. But she did include almost getting caught in the library

storage room: we had sex on our first date, too. She might not have said

so if Lynn had not already admitted the same thing.

"Our stories have a lot in common," Lynn said.

"You're right, come to think of it," said Carmen. "Both guys with an

interest in the, uh, naked female form; both of us sort of catch them at

it; and then both of us following a hunch and doing something really

daring."

"You took a bigger chance than I did. I can't imagine how frightened I'd

be. Naked, having sex with your guy, hiding in the corner while people are

trying to decide if they should take your clothes away? That's extreme."

"Yeah, there was more risk of being seen. But taking off your top and

climbing into a spa with a guy you met that day -- that takes guts too."

"Glad things didn't get out of hand!"

There was a lull in the conversation for a bit, Lynn looking pensive,

until she faced Carmen as if conducting a TV interview. "Are you doing a

dare right now?"

"Oh, what I'm wearing?" Carmen said. "Yeah. Two, I guess. One is go

without a bra; and the other is these loose sweatpants."

"See how low you can let them go?"

"Sometimes they fall all the way off. And I don't have anything on

underneath."

"No way!" Gary exclaimed.

"Easy there, honey," Lynn said, palm toward Gary. To Carmen: "You're not

kidding? No undergarments of any kind?"

"No, I'm not." Carmen hopped off her stool, stood in front of Lynn.

"Here's proof." She pulled out her waistband just enough to show Lynn.

Lynn's eyebrows perked up. "You are braver than I am."

Gary said, "I need to verify this too. With my own eyes."

Lynn picked up her glass, which had some melting cubes and very diluted

juice. "Gary, I think you need cooling down."

She was half joking, though. He raised his hands in mock surrender.

We finished our drinks and walked toward the park. Gary was sneaking peeks

at Carmen's chest, irritating Lynn, but who could blame him. The top clung

to her breasts, outlining every curve, its V-neck showing a few inches of

cleavage. Slight shadows suggested her dark areolae through the pink

material, and the telltale bumps of her nipples implied that Carmen was a

little excited about showing off like this.

I think Lynn was determined to hold her tongue, and not get riled up by

his gawking. She certainly seemed to enjoy Carmen's company, and soon they

were chatting about mutual interests, leaving the guys to themselves.

Hillside Park overlooks the city, and perched on one hill is a botanical

garden, free to the public and supported by donations. It was one of those

places none of us had visited, even after living here for years.

We let the girls walk ahead as we ascended the wide path, one perk being

the view we had.

From the back, Lynn was firm and compact, her butt just curvy enough to be

feminine. I found myself comparing the shape and flow of her slender legs

to the proportions and lines I study when drawing a figure: the subtle

curve of the calves, the way the muscles in the thigh blend and define its

shape. If only I could see her in something more revealing, such as the

maroon underwear/bikini the young woman was wearing the day before. More

and more, I was finding myself quite taken with Lynn.

Not that I was any less appreciative of Carmen; I have plenty of lust to

go around. All our walking had caused the waistline of her sweats to inch

down even farther than I thought was possible while still staying on. She

had a little bit of "plumber's butt" showing, though she'd be the sexiest

plumber anyone had ever seen. Gary was also following this development

like the final reel of a whodunit film.

Our patience was rewarded when friction gave way to gravity, and her

sweats fell down. "Uh oh!" she cried, kneeling down to grab them, and the

pulled them back up as she straightened.

Possibly Gary regretted walking behind Carmen at that point. He saw a

flash of her bare bottom, very nice in itself, but Lynn got a glimpse of

her dark bush. So did a young couple approaching us. The guy looked our

way for while, as if waiting for instant replay, while his woman took his

arm and glared straight ahead.

Lynn laughed. "I can't believe I just saw that."

"That's part of the dare," Carmen said. "It happened a couple times

yesterday, too."

"You didn't say anything about yesterday," Lynn said. "So you did the same

dare?"

"Yeah, a few people got a good look."

"I think you should increase the dare today."

Carmen arched an eyebrow. "I don't think I will. I'm new at this, but I

think that changing it midway might get me into trouble. I'll work up my

own dares, thanks."

"Well, this isn't really a new one. You could do the same dare, but... a

little more daring."

"How would you do that?"

"Next time, let me pull them up instead of you. I'll do it whenever you

say so. But you should try to postpone saying so as long as possible."

"No, sorry," Carmen said. "That's too much control in someone else's

hands."

"That's the fun part. I mean, I'm not going to get you in trouble. I'm on

your side. But in your mind, there'll be that lingering sense of doubt;

that feeling of 'do you really trust her?'"

"Why would I do that?"

"It's like a roller coaster," Lynn said, by coincidence using the analogy

Carmen did yesterday. "You know you'll get through the ride without even a

scratch. But when you first get to the very top and look down, there's

still that instinctive feeling you have about five seconds to live. That's

the thrill."

Carmen thought this over. "Okay. But you have to do a dare too."

"That depends. What do you propose?"

"This one's simple. You are wearing knickers, right?" said Carmen.

"At least someone is," Lynn joked, to which Carmen stuck out her tongue.

"Your dare," Carmen said, "is to take off your shorts and put them in my

bag. You get them at the end of the day."

Lynn looked down, picturing herself in her knickers. "I don't know."

"Come on, I've already shown a lot more than you will! It's just like

wearing a bikini bottom. Lots of girls are doing that today!"

Meanwhile, the image came to my mind of the blonde, stacked girl we saw

yesterday in the denim cutoffs and the sheer yellow bikini top. What was

she doing today? Maybe wearing the matching bikini bottom as well, her

bush and butt easily visible, tinted yellow? So many girls you see only

once in passing, and would love to find again.

Lynn accepted the deal. "Okay. But I get to change in the bathroom."

"Okay," Carmen conceded. It was a deal.

We found a set of restrooms. The girls went inside while the guys waited.

It gave us a chance to compare some notes.

"Carmen is a fox!" Gary said. "I can't believe you found somebody like

that at the freaking library!"

"Don't sell yourself short," I said. "Lynn is really cute, too. You scored

big time."

"They get along well. I guess we should take up tennis or something."

"I don't think either of us would mind mixed doubles," I said.

"Too bad they don't hate each other," he said. "Wouldn't mind seeing a

knock-down, drag-out-"

We had to stop there because the girls came back out. This was apparently

a magic bathroom. Lynn had transformed from attractive, refined girl to

innocent-looking sex object. She looked hesitant about appearing in public

like this, but reluctant to back down on her word.

Her knickers were red (like everything in her wardrobe?) and small, just

like bikini bottoms with spaghetti straps. An inch or two of skin was

exposed between the waistband and the hem of her now-loose shirt. There

was the slightest curve in her slim belly. Her legs looked long now, even

at her height.

She had taken off her baseball cap and untied her ponytail. Glossy

straight hair hung down to her shoulder blades.

Carmen explained that she had stepped up Lynn's dare, and taken her bra as

well. Lynn's nipples made gumdrop-size bumps under her shirt.

"You feel okay, Lynn?" I asked.

"Really overexposed," she said. "Carmen says not to cross my arms or try

to hide myself, but it's hard not to do that."

"I have some more dares for you two," Gary joked.

"No, Gary," they said in unison; and then joked about the effectiveness of

stereo "No, Gary's" versus mono.

The garden wasn't crowded, but there were usually enough people around so

that we knew the next "Carmen event" would have probably have an audience.

However nervous she might have been, she didn't once touch her waistband,

to hang onto it or lift it up.

Lynn at first did not at all appreciate the attention she was getting. I

could see her stiffen up whenever someone passed, trying to act natural

but wishing the person would just scoot by without looking. After a while

she seemed to realize that it wasn't that dangerous, going braless and in

bikini bottoms in public, but with three friends and in a progressive,

tolerant area of the country. Nobody was going to throw holy water on her.

As for me, I was getting a little obsessed with her, imagining her slim

body and small breasts underneath her shirt. She was halfway to being

naked. Just two items of clothing left to go.

In a garden aisle, we were examining a blossom of deep red that could have

matched Lynn's outfit when Carmen's sweats dropped.

"Wait," Lynn cautioned. "Nobody around but us right now." Carmen quickly

did a full 360-degree survey; Lynn was right. Gary got a good look at her

butt and her bush, and probably wanted to pinch himself, see if he was

really awake.

"Let's go back up," Carmen said. "Someone's going to come any minute."

"Not yet," Lynn said. "Just keep an eye out." For his sake, Gary couldn't

stop staring.

Good thing it wasn't chilly out; Carmen had almost nothing to keep her

warm. The aisle we were in was still clear. Lynn kept a lookout, back and

forth along the grass pathway. Carmen did the same. I mused that if she

really wanted to put her trust in Lynn, she'd close her eyes, and let Lynn

dress her when she decided to.

"Do you want to take off your top?" Lynn whispered.

"No!"

A family of five turned the corner, in loud summer attire, two kids on

foot and another in a stroller. Coming this way.

"Up, now!" Carmen said.

Lynn tugged upward, but Carmen was standing on her sweats. She must have

stepped out while she was looking around. "Get your feet inside!" Lynn

said.

"Help me!" Carmen said, trying to find the leg holes.

"No time. Step back a little."

"What?" she said, incredulous.

"There's no time. Step back, pick them up, and hold them in front."

Carmen did so, and yanked up the sweats, holding them in front as if in

the aisle of a clothing store, checking them for length. The family seemed

to take an eternity to walk past, the mother scowling and herding the kids

to her opposite side, the father sneaking glances. Carmen pivoted with

them like a compass needle, her sweats hanging like drapes, obscuring from

sight but not concealing the fact that her legs and bottom were bare.

Meanwhile her breasts and nipples were as conspicuous as, well, high

beams.

I imagined how she would look if Lynn had convinced her to take her top

off as well, and realized my jeans had been partially hiding a boner for

some time now. I gently laid a hand on Carmen's bare bottom, startling

her, and I had to apologize.

"Coast is clear," Lynn said.

Carmen practically jumped into her sweats. She surveyed the walkway like a

hawk hunting fieldmice.

"I'm sorry how that turned out," Lynn said. "I didn't mean to expose you

like that."

"No, it was my fault," Carmen said. "I shouldn't have moved. Anyway, I

think I'll pull up my own pants from now on."

"That sounds wise."

"I can give you your clothes back if you want."

Lynn shook her head. "I'd have to walk all the way down to put them on.

Besides, I've gotten used to it now."

In a higher terrace, there was a railing overlooking Capital City, the

river, and more aisles of flowers. "We should get a picture," Lynn said,

pulling a small camera out of her purse.

"Let's get one of all of us. Find someone to take it," Carmen said.

A trio of 20-something men, holding bottles of beer, had already noticed

the women and were scoping them out, no doubt resenting Gary and I for

being there at all.

"Maybe those guys?" Lynn asked, reluctantly. But there was no one else

around at the moment.

"Can you go ask them?" Carmen said. "I don't want to flash them while I'm

walking over there."

"You know, I could have a little fun with this," Lynn smiled. "You guys

will watch out for me, right?" We would. Nothing would get out of hand.

She flipped her hair back and sauntered over to the men.

"Wow," said Carmen. "She was nervous at first, but now she's eating it

up."

"You're a good influence on her," said Gary.

What she said to the guys was too far for us to hear, but they

enthusiastically followed her back to us. "The four of us against the

railing," she instructed, handing the camera to a blond guy.

He took a couple shots of us standing at the rail, guys in back, Lynn and

Carmen in front.

"Good?" Lynn asked.

"Looks great," the guy said.

"Thank you so much," she said, walking forward.

"You'll send us copies?"

"We're flattered, but no."

"How about one more with your shirts off?" his friend said.

Lynn's polite smile vanished. "Okay. Thanks a bunch. Bye now."

"You're sure?" the guy said, not getting the point.

I stood up and joined Lynn, matching her sternness. "Bye bye. Thanks.

Enjoy the rest of your day."

"Geez," one said. "Chill out." They slunk off. "Dressed like that," I

heard one mutter.

"Some guys can't take a hint," Lynn said.

The bad vibe didn't last long. "This is beautiful," Carmen said, gazing

out over the railing. We could see terraces beneath us and trails leading

back to the river crossing. On the other side were shops and restaurants,

the outskirts of the city center. Between our overlook and the river was

also a wide slope of lawn, where several people had spread out towels and

were sunbathing.

We stood there quietly for a while, letting gentle sounds swirl around us.

The occasional light breeze; people playing and talking in the distance;

even the hum of traffic in the city. We might have stayed fifteen minutes

there, almost in a meditative state.

"Carmen?" said Lynn, as if to gently rouse her from sleep.

"Yeah?"

"You ready for another dare?"

Carmen looked at her suspiciously. "If we both do it, sure. What's your

part?"

"We're both doing the same thing. It'll be fun!"

"Which is..."

"We both stand here and take off our shirts."

Carmen looked ready to protest, but Lynn cut her off. "It's not as bad as

you think. We stand with our hands on the railing, looking out over

everything. People from far off can see us, but there's not much we can do

about that. But we do keep an eye on people close by."

Carmen's eyes widened, and I already knew she was hooked.

"Even better," Lynn continued, "Ken stands in back of you and Gary in back

of me. When you or I say 'cover,' he has to cover our breasts with his

hands. Then you say 'uncover' when the coast is clear, and he takes his

hands away."

"So it's to see how long you can go..."

"Right. Are you game?"

She was. Certainly there was no objection from the guys. We waited until

no one was nearby, and then the girls removed their tops. Lynn's chest

looked about one-third the size of Carmen's, but of course I still savored

the quick peek. Her A-cup breasts almost disappeared as her arms stretched

skyward to take the shirt off, but her nipples were as breathtaking as

ever. It's funny how a guy can have a girl with a heavenly body like

Carmen's, really out of his league, he's lucky to be with her -- but see

another cute woman's boobs, and he's instantly imagining one in his mouth.

The girls stood in position, looking resolutely into the distance. Carmen

was appealingly half-dressed, but now Lynn was wearing hardly anything at

all, just the bikini knickers. Now I was imagining her naked in my bed.

"If somebody comes, you'd better let us know," Lynn warned.

"Of course," I said. I stood in back of Carmen, waiting for her signal.

Gary tapped me on the shoulder, put a finger to his lips, and motioned for

us to switch places. Had he read my mind? Or was he just scheming for a

way to fondle my girl? In any case, I considered it a win-win, and I

nodded my head. Silently I stood behind Lynn. As long as neither girl

turned around, and neither of us said anything, they might not be the

wiser.

"You OK, Lynn?" Carmen said.

"I'm good... how about you guys? Anyone watching us?"

Gary quickly leaned over so his voice would come from behind Lynn. "Still

clear."

I gazed at Lynn's bare shoulders. Unfortunately the nape of her neck, a

part of a woman I consider beautiful, was concealed behind a curtain of

perfect, glossy black hair. The red triangle of her knickers covered the

most sensitive areas in back, but still suggested the supple shape of her

bottom.

Carmen happened to glance sideways, and noticed that I, not Gary, stood

behind Lynn. She looked just long enough to be sure, then returned her

gaze forward, without saying anything. So she was OK with Gary touching

her, and with me touching Lynn. Was she the perfect woman or what?

Then the moment came. A man rounded the corner of a lower terrace, walking

our direction, but 15 feet down. "Hold on..." Lynn said, waiting. He

ambled closer, taking his time, looking at flowers. He was pretty close

now. As soon as he gazed up, Lynn said "cover!", followed by Carmen a

moment later. I pressed my hands against Lynn's breasts, my fingers

resting on her erect nipples. It was all I could do to resist fondling

her.

The guy looked straight up at us, but by then there was little to see. He

shook his head, unable to make sense of the scene, and wandered off.

Lynn noticed the different hands right away. "My god, you switched!" She

spun around to face Gary and I let go.

Carmen laughed. "That was unexpected." Gary continued to cup her ample

breasts.

"Did you notice? Or weren't you going to say anything?"

"Fine with me," Carmen said. "Kind of kinky. Makes the dare have higher

stakes."

"People are watching, Lynn," Gary said. "Let Ken cover you up. It's just

for fun anyway."

"Whose idea was this?"

"Mine," I lied, not wanting Gary to be in more trouble. Carmen bit her

lip, trying not to smile too broadly.

As I had guessed, the idea that I had masterminded this to cop a feel was

apparently not as bad as having her own boyfriend suggest it. "OK, fine,"

Lynn said. "I just got really freaked out. You didn't tell us."

"Wanna switch back?" Carmen said.

Lynn mulled this over. "No. The cat's out of the bag. And it is kind of

more daring this way." She faced forward again. Gary still had Carmen's

breasts in his hands. I noticed her sweats had inched down a little.

"Cover," Lynn said, and I put my hands back. She squirmed a little bit,

but got used to my touch. I let one nipple, then the other, poke between

my slightly spread fingers. "Watch it," she warned. "You're enjoying this

way too much."

Gary, on the other hand, was getting no such defensiveness from Carmen. He

was very slowly and deliberately caressing her breasts as he covered them,

and there were subtle signs in her posture that she was enjoying the

attention. She glanced back at me with a half-grin, to show she was cool

with it, but was I okay?

I nodded back. I suppose I should have been jealous if another man was

feeling up my girl right in front of me. But with Carmen it was different.

I had no sense of her taking from me by sharing with him. Too bad Lynn

wasn't in the same mood. It seemed she was avoiding looking over at

Carmen, so she wouldn't have to watch what her boyfriend was doing.

Gary grew bolder, and he started openly fondling Carmen, leaving the

nipples exposed instead of covering them, tweaking them even more erect.

She only invited his touch as she swayed and moved with his hands. I was

starting to feel left out.

When Carmen sighed, Lynn looked over, noticed what was going on, and

barked, "Uncover!" She sighed and shook her head in resignation. "Just...

be a gentleman, Gary. Don't do what she doesn't want."

"He's fine," Carmen reassured. "Is this going too far?"

"Well, I don't want Ken doing the same thing. Nothing personal."

"No problem," I said, though privately I thought this was highly unfair.

"If anyone's not having fun, I think we should stop."

"Just a little while longer," Lynn said, daring herself.

"When we're not covering," Carmen said, "where should the boys put their

hands?" Perhaps she thought Gary needed a little reining in.

"The butt," Gary said.

"No way," Lynn said. "My butt's off limits. How about hands at your

sides?"

"Okay," I said.

"My butt's okay," Carmen offered. Gary grabbed a sweatpant-clad cheek in

each palm and squeezed, getting a squeal from her. "Touch, not squeeze!"

I enjoyed what I could of the rear view of Lynn, topless as she was, look

but don't touch. My hands were itching. Wasn't it time to cover her up

again? Where were all the other people?

Gary let his hands roam back to Carmen's breasts, until she admonished, "I

didn't say cover!" He returned to her hips and her bottom, letting his

fingers play over the waistline of her pink sweatpants. It seemed he was

going to keep testing his limits. I didn't blame him.

Come on, Lynn, I thought. Look how much fun she's having! You can get in

on that, too. A man's hands on your nearly nude body, no danger involved,

just a friend, even though this friend wants you naked, wants to fuck you

silly? What's not to like about that?

Gary slipped a hand under Carmen's waistband, fondling her bottom,

eliciting an "Oh!" and a giggle. Oh man. I envied him, not for his doing

this with "my girl", but for not being able to do the same with Lynn.

"Watch those hands," Carmen warned, though clearly signaling all systems

go.

Gary slipped his other hand in, cupping both cheeks now. Carmen protested,

but was clearly delighted. Lynn tensed up, not favoring this turn of

events. Carmen's sweats were pushed halfway down her butt, and the

stretching from his hands was probably the only thing keeping them up. She

kept her hands on the railing, but now was swaying her hips a few inches

side to side, back and forth.

"Cover," Lynn said, and I cupped her breasts again. If people were looking

at us, I wasn't paying attention. Against my better judgment I started

gently caressing her, letting her nipples play between my fingers. She

sighed. "You boys are just going to do whatever you want, huh?" If that

were true, I thought, you'd no longer be clothed.

Gary had the same idea. He pushed down Carmen's sweats to mid-thigh, and

for a while aimlessly fondled bare skin everywhere he could. She was doing

a sinuous slow dance, her body swaying while her feet and hands were

still.

Lynn was moving too, but it seemed mainly a result of my fondling her

breasts too enthusiastically. As if fighting an impulse to recoil from my

touch. But she might be starting to respond as well. I had to keep in mind

not to step in too close; if my growing erection poked her in the back,

she'd probably go off like a fire alarm and leap over the fence.

Gary pulled Carmen's sweats all the way down. If she had any reservations

about being stripped completely, she didn't voice them. Instead, she

kicked out of her shoes, and then out of her sweats, now naked head to

toe. Her delicious butt jiggled just a bit as she did this; her lovely

breasts quivered a bit more. He stood there, shaking his head in near

disbelief, until she peered over her shoulder to see what he was up to.

If anyone was looking her way now, he'd see a full-frontal view, and I

don't think that bothered her now. She and Gary were no longer playing the

cover-up game anyway.

He stepped in close behind her, thrusting, dry humping, his crotch against

her bare bottom. It probably wouldn't be long before he dropped his own

pants. They were in a zone, and the outside world had receded. He kneaded

her breasts, pushed them together, lifted them, squeezed them, tweaking

her already-hard nipples. She sighed and writhed and shook her head, no

longer caring who was watching. She shivered when he removed his hands

from her breasts, and slid them down to her waist. There was an expectant

moment as she knew where he was going next.

I couldn't see in front of Carmen; my view was to the left and behind. Her

gasp was confirmation enough of what was hidden from view: Gary had

slipped a finger inside her wet pussy. "Hey, can we trade?" I wanted to

ask, but I didn't want to ruin the moment.

Moments later, Lynn did. Looking back, the cause might have been my own

right hand, on a mission of its own, baring her right breast and heading

down toward her bikini knickers. Or it might have simply been seeing her

boyfriend sticking his finger in a naked woman's pussy. I have to admit

either one justified what she did next.

Lynn spun out of my grip and glared at Gary, livid. "That's enough, that's

enough, that's enough, stop stopstop!" He dropped his hands. Both he and

Carmen turned our way.

"You filthy pig," Lynn said. "Each time I thought you would have the

decency to stop, to pull back, to show a little respect, you kept going.

You just couldn't help yourself."

Gary evidently thought he could talk his way out of this. "Hey, Lynn, she

was having some fun. This whole thing was basically your idea anyway."

"Well, I'm sorry, then, Carmen, for bringing you into this." Carmen shook

her head, starting to say it wasn't Lynn's fault, but Lynn continued. "I'm

sorry about the whole thing. It's just way more than I can take."

I had moved to Carmen's side by this time, so it looked like a

three-on-one confrontation. This was my first good look at Lynn topless

from the front, but now was not the time to be visibly appreciating how

beautiful she was, dressed in only those skimpy bikini knickers. I kept my

gaze eye-to-eye or to the side.

"If you feel that way..." Gary said.

"Of course I feel that way!" Lynn snapped. "Carmen, can I have my

clothes?"

Carmen reached for her handbag to retrieve her shorts, shirt and bra.

Meanwhile, Gary strolled behind Lynn, glanced at her butt, and suddenly

yanked her knickers down to the ankles.

Yes! I wanted to cheer, surprised at how exuberant I was feeling. Finally

I had the grand prize: a peek at Lynn completely naked. How selfish was

that? But I realized that ever since we were introduced, even though she

was at the time fully clothed, I had been hoping for and looking forward

to this moment.

She was more furious than I had ever seen any woman, ever, and I suppose

the sheer wrath emanating from her face could have marred her beauty

somewhat. I was still infatuated. Her breasts were just the right size for

her slender frame. Her nipples, encircled by very small areolae, seemed to

invite the tongue. Her waist flared gently into elegant hips, and her

pubic hair was trimmed to the same neat triangle that Carmen's was.

She turned to Gary, raging, and I enjoyed the view of her gorgeous ass.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" she yelled. "I told you I was done!"

Gary raised his hands in supplication, apologizing profusely, but she

wouldn't be cooled down that easily. She started toward him and stumbled,

because the knickers were still around her ankles. Instead of getting

dressed, she growled, kicked everything away, knickers and sandals, and

started smacking Gary in the arms and chest. He slowly backed away,

leading her from us and her clothes.

Call me a cad, but seeing Lynn barefoot and naked, screaming and hitting a

guy, was great entertainment. My dick, which has no conscience at all, was

straining against my zipper. The make-up sex after an argument like that

would have to be spectacular.

Carmen was transfixed for a while too, and then suggested that we get away

while the getting was good. She was still naked, too, and I stood there

dumbly while she fetched her things and got dressed.

They were still fighting when we walked away. I planned to call up Gary

later and see how they were doing.

We walked downhill, toward the river and the city. "Sure you didn't mind

Gary feeling me up?" Carmen said.

"Not at all. In fact, it was kind of hot."

"Plus you got to frisk Lynn."

"Not as much. Hardly fair at all."

"Well, you can frisk me later." She hugged me. "Not right here, though."

"What do you want to do now?" I said. "Walk along the river?"

"It's so warm today... What I'd really like to do is lay out, down on the

grass. But we didn't bring anything," she said, disappointed. We had

neither the towel nor the bikini needed for her to best soak up the rays.

"There are probably some shops in town," I offered. I wouldn't mind seeing

Carmen in one of those skimpy microbikinis, with about the total surface

area of a postcard. In fact, there were all sorts of sexy outfits I'd like

to dress her up in.

"Yeah..." she said, not sold on the idea. Maybe she didn't want to spend

the money. "I could treat you," I said, but that didn't seem to be what

she had in mind. She gazed wistfully down at the people, mainly girls her

age, sunbathing downhill from us.

A few minutes passed by and she said, "I don't need to buy anything. I'll

just go like this."

"Sounds good," I said. Damn, no bikini. Just the crop top and bulky

sweats.

We were closer to some of the sunbathers now. Carmen pointed to a blonde

coed lying prone next to a friend reading a paperback. Her top was untied,

opening a graceful expanse of bare back, and she wore a black thong. Not

much of her skin was hidden at all.

"You know, I could lay on my stomach with my top off, just like her," she

said in a low voice.

I loved it when she had ideas like this. "It's the same thing, really," I

agreed.

"But she has the thong, while I only have these sweatpants."

"A lot more sun she's getting. That thong is barely there."

A light bulb went off over her head. "Yeah! I could simply not wear the

thong. It's basically the same as her!"

"You'll sunbathe nude?" I asked. Dumb question, but I just had to be sure.

It was that important.

"Yes. You'll be right there. If you help me strip down, nobody will get a

chance to see anything except my bare butt. And they'll probably walk by,

assuming I have a thong, and then do a double-take when they see I don't."

"There is nothing I don't like about this plan."

"I didn't think so. Let's go pick a spot."

We sat down on the far end of the lawn from the trail. It wasn't crowded

at all; our neighbors were probably 30 feet away, and paid no attention to

us. Still, we were in view of a lot of people, potentially a very big

audience for what Carmen was about to do.

"Uh oh," she said, peeking in her handbag. "I still have Lynn's clothes."

"I'll bring them to Gary's later. Just in case they haven't broken up yet.

I don't want to go back up there right now." Probably having us return

might make things worse.

Carmen took off her sneakers by herself; the rest of her clothing she

needed my help with, to expose as little as possible before lying down.

She wanted to tease watchers with her nude backside, rather than showing

them full frontal.

She kneeled, leaning forward, facing uphill and away from the sun. I

lifted off her top over her upstretched arms, causing an unavoidable flash

of her breasts. I wasn't sure if anyone noticed. She lay down on her

tummy, head turned to face me.

"It feels a little funny, just laying here in the grass," she said.

"Uncomfortable?"

"Well, there are parts of me that have never touched grass. It's kind of

refreshing, though. I'm just thinking I'll get some grass stains that are

hard to explain."

"You can shower back at my place. I'll personally check every square

inch."

"Oh no!" she laughed. "Okay, ready for the pants?"

She lifted her butt a little, and I pulled down her sweats as she wriggled

out of them. And that was that: everything was off. Just like the topless

thong girl on her stomach, but without the thong.

I was glad she didn't have a bikini with her. It was much better to have

her naked, even prone like this, her best parts hidden. Her backside had

beautiful, gentle curves, from her shoulders to her waist, up again over

her bottom, then along those gorgeous legs to end at her feet. I traced

some of these curves with a finger until she swatted me away.

A nerdy looking guy walked about 20 feet in front of us, checking out the

girls laid out, and then caught sight of Carmen. Like she predicted, he

took a second look and his eyes widened. Then he caught my gaze and moved

on.

"Well, you had your first spectator," I said.

"What did he do?"

"Pretty much - oh, here's some more." Three girls in bikinis strolled by.

One pointed out Carmen to the others and they all giggled, looking

shocked. The first girl glared at me for a moment, as if I had put her up

to this, and then they walked off.

"Maybe there's more traffic here than I thought," I said.

"I can't move now anyway."

"I guess to get you dressed, we should just do everything in reverse."

"You aren't going to take my clothes away, are you?"

"Maybe. No, of course not."

She twisted a little to face me, her left shoulder rising, giving me a

great view of her left breast which now hung free. "You don't mind if I

take a nap?" She was sounding a little sleepy.

"No, I'll keep watch."

"Okay." She lay back down. "Good night."

Probably 20 people walked by while she slept before I quit counting. I

could tell some were offended, many more were titillated, and many

probably wondered what the story was behind all this: how I had this naked

woman at my side, like some dude in a rap video, in the middle of Capital

Park.

But no one harassed us, no one stuck around to stare for a long time, and

no one called the cops. That's one of the things I liked about this area.

People weren't busybodies. A naked woman on her stomach on a summer

afternoon was really no harm to anyone. Except kids, and I saw some

parents steer theirs away. I wanted to apologize each time that happened.

But there wasn't a big family crowd here, because the attractions for

children were elsewhere.

She shifted a bit in her sleep, spreading her legs a little. I tiptoed up

to check out what the view would be. It was great. Just a little hint of

her pussy lips were visible, enough to make it obvious she wore no sort of

thong. The sides of her breasts were visible, squished a little. Her head

and spill of black hair rested on her folded arms.

After an hour I noticed her breathing a bit more heavily, and shifting

around a bit; not turning over by any means, but it made me concerned she

was having a nightmare. Who knows how the strange feeling of sleeping

naked in the grass might manifest itself in dreams.

I laid a hand on her shoulder and gently woke her up. "Carmen? Are you

okay?"

"I'm fine," she said, a little groggy. "I was having this big dream. Very

erotic. You shouldn't have woken me up."

"You can go back to sleep."

"Will you stay? Or did you go walk around?" Still sleepy, she was pairing

separate questions.

"I stayed the whole time. Never left your side. But if you'd like, I could

ditch you after you go back to sleep," I teased.

"No way. You'd take my clothes and everything?" She understood I wasn't

really going to carry out that threat.

"You'd be all by yourself."

"And everybody staring at me, and I'd have no place to go... How would I

get home?"

"Don't know. Somebody would have to help you."

"Even being here like this, naked, alone, asleep..." This was getting her

turned on.

"You could get in big trouble."

"You would really do this to me?" She turned again slightly to face me,

partially showing her breasts. I wanted to reach over and start fondling

them.

"First I would make you turn over. Hands at your side, everything

showing."

"Oh my god..."

"And your legs spread, just enough to show everyone your wet pussy. You

would have to sleep, or pretend you were asleep. And whatever anyone did

to you, you would not be allowed to open your eyes."

"That's it," she said, and got up on all fours. She straddled me, her

breasts just inches from my face.

"Aren't you worried people will-"

"Just a side view," she said. "We're just going to make out."

So I was on my back, and Carmen (nude, for those of you not keeping track)

was on top, her body pressing against mine, her lips against mine, her

hair dangling over my face. She had thrown caution to the wind; from the

side, her hanging breasts were visible, and from above, her shimmying

butt, spread thighs and the treasure between them.

This was heaven. My hands roamed over her shoulders, back and butt. I

could have stayed like this forever except for one pressing problem.

"Whoa, Carmen, we gotta stop," I said.

"Too much woman for you?" she teased.

"Actually, yes," I said. "I don't want to go off in my pants."

"We can fix that," she said, with a wicked smile. She crouched up, and

undid my button fly.

"Oh, no, no, no," I protested.

"Yes, yes, yes," she said, and yanked my pants down to my knees. My member

sprang up like the flagpole at Iwo Jima.

"You can't be serious," I said. She wasn't listening.

She lowered herself back down onto me, leaning forward a bit but mainly

sitting up. So much for concealing the goods. Her breasts jiggled

deliciously as we thrusted. Her pussy was sopping wet and it felt like her

body temperature was about 140 degrees.

I guess it was good in a way that I didn't last long at all. Part of me

was terrified about getting caught. Sunbathing nude is one thing. Sex in

public might have gotten us arrested. Luckily, that didn't happen.

After we were done, Carmen had the same idea. "We'd better get dressed and

skedaddle!" That silly choice of words set me laughing out loud as I

pulled up my jeans. I was disappointed as always to see her putting

clothes back on, but I knew it was for our own good.

I don't know who saw us out there. Certainly some people had to. We slunk

out of there pretty fast, avoiding eye contact.

We stayed in town until dinner, then went back to my place for some

conventional yet enjoyable between-the-sheets sex. All too soon, it was

time to take her home.

"You up for another day of this?" she asked.

"Absolutely. Hell, I wouldn't mind an exact rerun of today."

"No, no reruns," she said. "Let's do something at least a little bit

different."

"How are we going to top this?" I asked.

"That's our challenge," she said. "Same time tomorrow?"

Heck yeah. I had a feeling I'd blow off my own wedding for another day

outdoors with her. We decided to defer till tomorrow what the day's

activities would be.

After Carmen left for the night, I called Gary. He wasn't in. Hopefully

they had made up, or he was otherwise having fun. For my part, I hoped

they'd stay together so I could see Lynn again. I know: selfish.

I left a message, asking him to call back, with no further details. I

didn't want to jinx any possible detente with a badly worded phone message

played on speaker.

Carmen was due to return in less than twelve hours. How could we top what

happened today, I wondered. Would today, only our second date, be our best

ever?

(story will continue!)

Meeting Carmen Ch. 04

by gossog ©

On Monday morning, Memorial Day, I woke up with an erection of patriotic

proportions. Not the coda to an erotic dream, but anticipation of the day

to come. "Easy there, boy," I said as I hopped out of bed.

Yesterday had been intense. Two gorgeous women -- Carmen, and Gary's

girlfriend Lynn -- dared each other to show off more skin in an outdoor

garden. This accelerated delightfully out of control, leading to both

girls naked, Gary getting to second base with Carmen, and Lynn screaming

and punching him. To cap off the afternoon, Carmen sunbathed nude in the

park, and then climbed on top and fucked me silly. (See previous chapter.)

Before she left for home last night, she wondered how we could possibly

top that for today. I had no idea. It hardly seemed possible.

As I showered and dressed, a fiendish idea bloomed. I called Carmen's cell

phone. Voice mail picked up, and I left the following message: I would be

upstairs working with some music files, and might not hear the doorbell;

so just call my cell (which I'll have in my pocket) when you arrive.

Thanks, see you in a bit.

The truth was, she wouldn't need to call at all. My townhouse has a

stairway leading up to the bedrooms. At a landing halfway up, a small

window provides a view of the front step and anyone standing there. I

would spot her as soon as she arrived. About ten minutes early, I settled

on the landing and waited.

She didn't know about this vantage point, which I had also used the two

previous days she visited. Yesterday, she had pushed down her own

sweatpants while she waited at the front step, wearing nothing underneath,

a daring herself to stand bottomless in public. Onlookers would have only

seen her bare bottom, but that was a glorious sight indeed.

Today, I wanted to see as soon as possible what she was wearing. I watched

the sidewalk like a sniper. The minutes crawled by.

When she arrived, my heart nearly stopped. She walked briskly, eyes

straight ahead, willing herself to be brave. Her sweatpants were already

off. The only thing she wore was the skimpiest top I had ever seen:

robin's egg blue, scoop neck, and hand-cropped nearly to the point of

disappearing. It extended a mere inch or two below her nipples. The lower

swells of her breasts hung invitingly below. My fingertips twitched in

anticipation.

She carried a small shopping bag; inside was a folded pair of light-blue

sweats. Had she stripped them off in the car, or on the way to my door?

Had she driven from home wearing only that top? I admired her creativity.

She was absolutely finding ways to outdo what she had done yesterday.

I watched her reach in the bag and fish out her cell. I answered on the

second ring.

"Hey, Carmen. I'll be right down."

"Hurry, It's a little chilly out." Just by chance, she turned my way,

though she couldn't see me through the small window. The frontal view was

spectacular: beautiful thighs, dark trimmed pubic hair, slightest

roundness in her tummy, and bountiful breasts barely concealed by that

crop top. Her nipples, poking defiantly against the blue fabric, so close

to being in open air, made my mouth water. Clearly she was also excited by

the situation.

"Why, what are you wearing?" I said innocently, trying to keep my voice

steady.

She laughed. "Not much! My sweats were just falling down so often, I took

them off. So all I have on is this dainty little top that hardly covers

anything."

I smiled. She made it sound accidental, but it was clearly deliberate. "I

can't wait to see it. You're actually bottomless?"

"Yep."

"Is anyone looking?"

She turned toward the street and shaded her eyes. The act of raising her

arm to do this lifted her top just enough to expose the nipple on that

side. A dizzying expanse of bare skin fell away from there to her sandals.

"Not that I can see." When she lowered her arm, the top wrinkled a bit and

stayed in place instead of sliding back down. She noticed this, smirked,

gently pinched her nipple between thumb and forefinger, and tugged the top

into place.

I briefly thought about a notional fourth date, where she could wear this

top, but with another two inches cropped, so no matter what she did, she

would be exposed.

But there was plenty of fun to be had today. "While I'm coming down," I

said causally, "how about you take off your top?"

"No way!" she exclaimed. "It's the only thing I have on! It's scary enough

just like this!"

"It would be a bigger thrill. Completely naked, standing there, where

anyone could see you."

"No. I need at least something."

"It's just for a few moments, until I let you in." I had to stop myself

from pleading with her. At that moment, I was just obsessed with getting

her to stand there nude.

"Well, if I stand with my back to the street..." Good, she was being sold

on the dare.

"I'll be down really quick."

"Um... um... okay. I'll take it off now." She pulled the mini-top over her

head, stooped down, and folded it on top of the sweatpants in her bag.

"Okay, it's off."

"I'll be down in a sec." I switched off and stayed on the landing for as

long as I dared, gazing at the nude girl through the window. She

occasionally peeked over her shoulder to see if she had an audience. This

was obviously heating her up; her erect nipples were probably visible from

low-flying aircraft. She had to be getting moist as well. I should be

getting down soon.

She shivered: cold outside, in the shaded doorway; or fear (or hope) of

getting caught? She checked for peeping toms again, then faced the

doorway, expectantly. She folded her arms over her breasts, but left her

lower body uncovered.

I waited, counting to ten. Maybe I could get her to play with herself,

stick one finger in that gorgeous pussy while she waited? Or would that be

pushing my luck? I didn't want to goad her into things she wasn't into.

She checked her phone again; not irritated yet, but I figured it was past

time to come down and welcome her in. I opened the door and hugged her in

the doorway, my hands roaming her bare back as we kissed.

"What took you so long?" she said between smooches. "What if somebody saw

me?"

"That's a risk you take. Wasn't it fun, though?"

"Yes... But do I have to keep standing here? Aren't you going to invite me

in?"

"Of course. I've got big plans for you."

I took her inside, shut the door with my foot as I held her in one arm and

started fondling a breast with the other hand.

"Hey, patience, Rocket Man," she said, giggling as she pushed my hand

away. "Youuu have to wait."

"You're killing me here," I protested. "Just one little romp. I promise it

won't take more than ten minutes."

She reached for her clothes. "Patience," she said, wriggling into her top.

"When we get back. Anticipation is much more fun." She smirked. "I can't

believe after only three days I'm showing up on your doorstep naked."

"So what do you want to do while I spend the day undressing you with my

eyes?" Damn, she was putting on pants now.

"Let's go back to the craft show. I think I want to try on more things at

Stu's booth." His was the clothing booth we had visited Saturday, where

she modeled the miniskirt for Stu and I. A repeat of that show? Or

something more?

As we walked to my car, I let her go ahead, in order to get a better view

of those pastel blue sweats, hanging precariously off her hips. How could

they be loose enough to slip off in a slight breeze, yet still show off

the shape of her curvaceous caboose? Shut up, brain, I thought. Don't

question such things.

Her top was driving me crazy. The light fabric showed her nipples and

areolae easily, and even then it didn't completely cover what it was

supposed to. I wished there were a way she could walk around topless. But

that was probably too deliberate and would get her in trouble. For an

"accidental" showing, she had to be wearing some kind of top and bottom.

These pleasant thoughts occupied me as I drove down the freeway, resting

my right hand on her thigh.

At the fair, the weather was just as warm as Saturday, and the women were

just as scantily dressed. If only it could be summer all year round: a

wish that the state of Wisconsin was probably not inclined to fulfill. But

who knows: maybe all those months of cold weather helped create this

display of pent-up, provocative sun worship when summer finally arrived.

Year-round summer might just lead to year-round plain shorts and T-shirts.

Today, it was like a fireworks show: one amazing sight after another.

Today, in her skimpier top, Carmen was more conspicuous than on Saturday.

No one overlooked her. There seemed to be a few more people that changed

their itinerary to match ours, hanging on the periphery, almost stalking.

"How're you doing?" I asked, in a whisper.

She sighed. "Wound up. It's... hard to describe. Like I'm drunk, and had

too much coffee, and finished a marathon, and about to bungee jump...

naked, in front of my parents, everyone I've known in school, the

church..."

I chuckled. "That's fairly eloquent, for being hard to describe."

She gritted her teeth. "I am trying to convince myself not to chicken out.

All the time." She took a deep breath, as if about to dive underwater, and

leaned forward to inspect a ceramic reindeer. Her top gaped forward,

lifting off her breasts. I could have kneeled underneath, faced upward and

kissed her nipples without touching any fabric. She picked up another

animal, taking her time, and then looked at another on a lower shelf. Her

sweats, which had been riding low, passed the point of no return and slid

down. For a moment she stayed there, basically wearing nothing at all,

before exclaiming "Ooh!", standing up, and putting her clothes back

together.

I glanced around us for reactions. Some guys looked as astonished as if

they had seen Elvis step out of a UFO.

She bit her lip, then smiled at me. "That was pretty good."

"You kidding? That was sublime," I said. "Can we go home now?"

She scowled. "No!" She took my arm. "You guys are all alike; you never

want to go shopping."

I put a hand above her hip. Her warm, smooth skin felt awesome. She threw

an arm around me and we walked like that for a while.

Scarlett's Scrunchies caught her eye. To a guy, the booth seemed overly

specialized, offering only hairbows: little elasticized fabric rings to

corral an impromptu ponytail. About every color and style you could think

of was arranged on three rotating racks with small mirrors at eye level.

Carmen ducked inside, pulling me along. Scarlett noticed her outfit and

eyed her suspiciously from her perch in the corner. We stood in the back;

the racks partially blocked the view from the outside.

Carmen tried on several bows, one at a time, checking over her shoulder in

the mirror, and asking me what I liked. I found it impossible to give a

meaningful answer. To put each bow on, she needed to reach over her

shoulders, gather her hair, stretch the bow with her fingers, and pull the

hair through. During this whole process, her top was pulled up well over

her nipples, basically exposing her entire breasts, made even more

prominent with her arched back. She knew all this, of course.

After trying on the first bow, her top wasn't able to drop down all the

way, caught, as you can imagine, on her hard, dark nipples. She feigned

annoyance at this, and pulled the top back down.

After the second bow, she didn't bother, so her nipples stayed out.

Unconcerned, she scanned the rack, looking for another bow to try. I knew

by now if I touched her she would brush me off, wanting to prolong the

tease. So I hung back.

I actually would have had no problem with her continuing like this until

sunset. But Carmen was building up to something. While trying on bow five

or six, she was facing away from me, arms upraised, what was left of her

top basically covering only the shoulders. I remember this moment, hoping

she would turn back around, when she gave her hips the slightest wiggle.

Her sweatpants, to which I hadn't been paying much attention, slid down

over her delectable ass and drifted to the ground. From the narrow

light-blue fabric of her micro-top down to her ankles, there was nothing

but bare skin. Turn around, turn around, I thought.

She finally did, arms still up, adjusting her scrunchie. "Having problems

with this one," she said, with an impish grin. That ridiculous top

exposing most of her breasts made the scene even more erotic than if she

had simply been nude. "How do I look?"

I said nothing, walking toward her. My predatory intent must have been

clear, as well as her vulnerable state. Her eyes widened and she put both

palms forward, to fend me off. "No! No, Ken, you have to wait!"

I busted up laughing. It was like she was a circus trainer, and I was a

tiger cub, still feral but mainly harmless. I guess I looked a little

downcast afterward, and she gave me a quick hug, contrite about the mood

being broken. Then she got dressed. As well as she could.

We returned to Stu's booth. Fortunately, he was there; if his mom or

someone else was running things, we wouldn't have bothered stopping in.

He was quite happy to see Carmen, practically wagging his tail. "Hi guys!

Glad to see you back! We've got some new items in today."

"Cool!" Carmen said. "And I promise I'll buy something today."

"I have just the thing for you," he said, pulling something out of a small

wicker box. It didn't look like anything at first: a thin brass ring,

about four inches in diameter, atop a small pile of gauzy dark material.

"What is it?" Carmen said.

"It's a skirt," Stu said. "Material is silk. Put the ring at your hip,

wrap the material around, and tuck each end through, underneath. It needs

to be tight enough on the ring to stay up."

I understood now. It was diabolical. Only friction would keep the skirt

where it was supposed to; if the smooth silk started to slip at all

against the brass ring, everything would quickly come apart. In a way, it

was similar to the sweatpants Carmen was wearing.

"Can I try it on?" she said.

"I was hoping you would," Stu said.

We went back to the back corner where she had tried on skirts two days

earlier.

"It's less private here today," she said, looking around. She was right.

There were fewer clothes hanging along the sides to block the view from

outside. I tried to rearrange them to make an uninterrupted wall, but

couldn't avoid leaving a few peepholes. Perhaps Stu, anticipating a return

visit, had hung the clothes higher. From most angles outsiders would able

to see Carmen from the waist down. Imagine a shower curtain that only hung

down to a girl's navel. Not much privacy there.

Carmen was not deterred. She took off her top, evidently planning to model

for Stu topless again, covering her breasts with her hands. With the

miniskirt on Saturday, this was quite a show for him; I had a feeling the

wraparound skirt he devised for her, even if it didn't fall apart, would

reveal even more. There wasn't a lot of material there.

She stripped out of her sweats, well aware that even though she couldn't

see anyone outside, they could see a lot of her. She stepped out of her

shoes, and now wore nothing at all.

I couldn't wait any longer; I at least had to have her in my arms. She

didn't protest this time, and we kissed for a little while, not long

enough. My hands roamed along her back, from her shoulders down to her

butt. She moved in closer, pressing against me.

"How about right here?" I said.

"Mmm-mmm," she said, shaking her head. "I have a skirt to try on."

By this time my balls were navy blue. There's only so much a man can

endure! I reluctantly let her go.

It took a few tries to get the wraparound skirt set so it would stay up.

Even then, its hold was tenuous. She set the ring low on her right hip,

and wrapped the thin fabric around. There wasn't much coverage: barely

enough for her pubic area, top to bottom, and a valiant but failed effort

to completely cover her butt. Almost the lower third of her cheeks were

exposed under the swath of fabric gently climbing from left to right. It

was completely impractical, and not suited for wearing in public.

"Ready to show Stu?" I said.

She nodded and covered a breast with the fingertips of each hand. We

walked around to the front.

Stu's eyes nearly popped out of his head. "That looks fantastic! How do

you like it?"

Carmen slowly turned around, showing him front and back. Stu looked her up

and down, pleased with what the skirt revealed, and probably irked that

she was once again covering her bare breasts. "It's very daring," she

said, peeking down, making sure the skirt was still there. "But I love it.

How much is it?"

Stu shrugged. "There's a tag somewhere on it. Probably on one of the ends,

tucked inside."

We knew that was bullshit; if Carmen hadn't returned today, Stu's

improvised skirt would probably have never left its box. There was no

price tag. There was no price.

"I'll go in back and change out, then," Carmen said.

"Actually, if you stand right here, I can just reach under and find it."

Carmen eyed him warily. "I'm not so sure about that. Can I trust you?"

"Sure," he said, his expression blatantly contradicting this. "Just step

closer." He sat on the edge of his chair while Carmen stood in front of

him. She leaned back a bit and shook her head, to move her hair off her

shoulders. She couldn't use her hands to do this. She wouldn't be able to

use her hands to prevent anything Stu might do.

"Let's try here," he said, holding her right leg above the knee with both

hands, as if to steady her. I saw Carmen tense up as he slid his hands

upward, milking this opportunity for all it was worth. She deliberately

made herself vulnerable to his advances. As his fingers reached under the

skirt, they also pushed it up, exposing her pussy and some of her bush.

Her feet were shoulder width apart; she was already sexually excited. No

doubt it was a spectacular view. He paused for a second, staring, his

brain locked up.

He remembered he was supposed to pretend to be searching for a tag, and

continued that charade. "Not here," he said. His fingers probed near the

ring, then slowly navigated forward along her hip and pelvis, like

climbers inching along sheer cliffs. They stayed beneath the curtain of

dark silk, intimate in their touch. "Can you turn a little to your right?"

He reached around to place a hand on her bare bottom, guiding her.

She slowly turned, cupping her breasts in her hands, covering not much

more than the nipples, letting Stu explore below more and more freely. He

meticulously searched for the tag which we all knew was not there. When

she faced me, and he was openly caressing her hips and ass, she looked at

me with a tight grin, wide eyes and arched brows: Can you believe this?

I smiled. It was all cool.

Stu fondled her buttocks with both hands. He seemed to be looking for the

right time to be really impudent and finger her pussy, no more pretending.

His hand did move forward, inching toward her pubic area, when the silk

material lost its hold on the brass ring holding it together. It happened

pretty fast. The ring bounced on the ground and rolled to Stu's feet. The

skirt lost all shape and drifted inkily after it.

Carmen gasped and shot one hand down to cover herself, momentarily baring

a breast before repositioning her top arm to cover both. In back, there

was nothing she could do, and that was the side that faced Stu.

"Ken, can you cover me down below?" she said. I placed my left hand on her

bottom, covering the cleft between her cheeks, and my other palm covered

her pubic area. She resumed covering her chest with both hands. I loved

the scratchy-soft feel of her pubic hair. With my middle fingertip, I

touched between her legs, just testing; yes, she was excited. She could

have reached a hand, if she could spare one, to confirm that I was

enjoying this too.

Meeting Carmen Ch. 04

by gossog ©

As for Stu, it was a good thing he was already sitting down. He retrieved

the skirt and ring, with a guilty grin. "I guess there wasn't a tag. I

forgot." He named a price that sounded quite reasonable, and one that

Carmen agreed to pay.

She and I did a little dance together as she turned to face him while I

still kept her naughty bits covered. After that, I spread the fingers on

the hand covering her bush so she basically wasn't covered at all, giving

Stu a good view of her labia. If she noticed this, she didn't say

anything.

I paid for the skirt; Carmen had left her purse at my house. With my left

hand, that was covering her butt, I reached for my wallet and flipped it

open, thumbing out a credit card. At the same time, I replaced my middle

finger on her pussy lips and started gently probing and stroking.

Stu looked mesmerized for a second or two, and then swiped the card. "It's

taking some time to go through," he said. "Kind of slow."

My left hand went to her hip, helping steady her. I saw no good reason to

cover up that gorgeous ass of hers. My right middle fingertip was now

inside, knuckle deep, and soaked; Carmen was starting to shiver. Stu would

watch this for about 10 seconds, and then pretend to check the credit card

machine, lather, rinse, repeat.

"Still going through," Stu said, even though I could see on the readout

that authorization was complete. We kept our charade going.

"Are you okay?" I whispered in her ear.

"Nhhhgh," she said. After realizing no one would understand this, she

nodded her head. That was good. I would have stopped, but was really

hoping she wouldn't want to.

Stu had some considerable self-control, just sitting there watching a

beautiful nude woman get fingered, inches away. I would have been tempted

to bat the hand away and finish the job with my tongue. Or my dick.

I decided she needed to bare her breasts; covering up was a futile,

unnecessary gesture by now. "Stu," I said, "can we give Carmen the skirt

while we're waiting?"

"Huh? Oh, sure." He held up the ring. "This is yours..."

Carmen repositioned one arm to cover both breasts and reached down to pick

up the ring. She left the hand at her side.

"And here's the rest." Stu held up the dark silk well to her right, on the

side of the arm she was covering with. Everything stopped as she mulled

over what both he and I absolutely wanted her to do. Almost everything,

that is; I maneuvered another finger into her warm, moist pussy. It was a

tight fit, and the sensation changed her heart rate immediately.

Breathing hard, she slowly dropped her right arm to take the skirt,

unveiling her breasts. Her hands were now at her sides. Goosebumps dotted

her smooth skin. Her nipples were engorged and inviting. Only my right

hand blocked her full-frontal nudity, and even so hid very little.

I thought more about her full breasts, and those charged nipples. She was

hyperventilating, and undoubtedly close to coming. With my free hand, I

cupped one, and gingerly pressed a nipple between finger and thumb. That

was all it took.

She climaxed as silently as she could, hissing, clenching her teeth,

holding back an animal growl from deep inside. She spasmed a few times,

and I held her torso to keep her up. Only when she had her balance and

respiration back did I remove my finger from inside her.

"Authorization came through," Stu said, belatedly, and I had to stifle a

laugh.

Carmen turned to me, grinned and rolled her eyes. "Ken, I'd like to get

dressed now."

"Sure, sure," I said, solicitous. I helped her back to the makeshift

dressing area.

"I have to sign the receipt," I said. "I promise I'll be back."

"You'd better!" She crossed her arms over her breasts, but didn't bother

covering up below.

I returned to the front, where Stu was mopping his brow.

"Hey, thanks, man," he said in a soft voice. "She's amazing."

"She thinks you're all right," I said. "Wouldn't have come back

otherwise."

In back, Carmen had already changed into her sweats and top. Appealing as

that outfit was, I had other ideas.

"We're about three blocks from our car. How about... you wear only the

skirt all the way there?"

She gave me the weary look of a skier whose rubbery legs were about to

give out, but was game for one more run.

"I don't get to wear my top?"

"No. But you do get to cover up with your hands. Like with Stu."

She mulled this over, and briefly pushed up her top to cover her breasts

with her hands, testing how well that worked, as if she had not been doing

this just ten minutes ago. "You have to promise you won't move my hands,

or make me move them."

Good; if she was bargaining, that meant she accepted the idea of doing

another dare. "It's a deal."

She stepped out of her sweats and we put the skirt back together. Too bad

her top was still on while we were doing this. But maybe I was getting

spoiled. "Make sure it's snug," she said, and I pulled it in tighter.

Once she was satisfied, she took off her top. I folded her clothes and put

them in the bag, which I would carry; she needed her hands free. She

walked out. "Bye, Stu," she said, knowing he was scanning her up and down.

"My pleasure, Carmen," he said. "Don't forget the Dairy Show in August.

We'll have a booth there as well."

Stu neglected to say goodbye to me, but that was understandable.

Wherever we walked, Carmen's appearance caused a ripple in traffic, a

disturbance in everyone's concentration. I had cinched her skirt tighter

than before -- I didn't think it was going to come loose on its own -- but

the tradeoff was even skimpier coverage, as the band of silk concealed a

narrower swash around her hips and butt. Its widest point was probably as

wide as a compact disk, maybe an extra inch. The narrowest spot, on either

side of the ring, was about two inches. The free ends dangled like little

drapes. The asymmetric skirt exposed about one-third her left butt cheek

and almost half the right. Below, lovely bare legs. Above, a generous

expanse of bare shoulders, waist and back. In front, she was decent in a

PG-13 sort of way, staying non-nude by a technicality: her skirt just long

enough, and her fingertips kept together just so.

At a potpourri booth Carmen whispered "Is the skirt riding up in back? It

seems like more of my butt is showing!"

She was right: in back, the silk was both creeping up and narrowing, bit

by bit, as she walked. She was narrower at the waist than the hips, and

the tension in the skirt was edging it upwards to relieve it. I checked in

front: it still covered what it needed to, barely. However, most of her

bottom was now showing.

"Boy, that looks inviting," I said, caressing her there.

"Stop it!" she whispered. "You're making trouble."

I conceded that point and withdrew my hand. As we continued walking, I

kept monitoring the progress of her levitating skirt. It was fascinating

enough that I had to force myself to periodically check where I was going.

Carmen was doing interesting things above the waist as well. She couldn't

decide how she wanted to keep her breasts covered, and would switch her

hands from time to time, between covering both with one arm, and covering

each with a hand. During these switches, for a fraction of a second, a

sharp-eyed viewer could see them quiver in the open air as they were

temporarily released. Her way of pushing the dare a little further.

Soon her skirt hung at a steep slant from back to front. A swooping drape

of silk covered her pussy and all but a few dozen curls of pubic hair.

Behind, the skirt had folded and rolled to the width of my thumb, anchored

well above her buttocks which were completely revealed.

She turned to me, backing against a canvas canopy wall at the end of an

aisle. "I need another hand, to cover up in back!"

"Are you doing OK, for real?"

She opened her arms and hugged me, again momentarily revealing her

breasts. There was probably still a great side view as we embraced. "This

is the hottest thing ever. I can't believe I'm really doing this. Not just

in somebody's booth, but out here in the crowd!"

"Are you ready for more?"

"No, I am NOT going to take off the skirt. No way. There's way too many

people."

"I wasn't thinking about the skirt," I said, and left the rest implied, to

let it sink in.

Her eyes widened. "No way!"

"We're a block from the car. It's really close."

"You have to protect me. Anything goes wrong, I put everything back on."

"I'll be right by your side."

She took a deep breath. "OK..."

She turned away from me, dressed only in the silk skirt that covered her

in front but not in back, and left her hands at her sides. "Let's do

this," she said, and took my hand. We started walking.

She was extremely tense for the first few steps, and gripped my hand

firmly. After a while, she got used to having her breasts completely

exposed. I imagined a celebrity must feel like this: everyone's eyes on

you, people crowding around, even as you simply wanted to take a walk down

the block.

"I really hope this skirt doesn't go," she whispered.

I didn't think it would. It seemed to be holding up well, and no longer

creeping up.

There was a handsome guy her age selling pendants, made of wood carved

into Polynesian symbols. We stepped in, and once he figured out it was OK

to openly stare at her breasts, we didn't make eye contact again.

Carmen tried on a few pendants, and was brave enough to let him take them

on and off. He draped the string over her head and took great care to

position each carving where it lay on her chest. Seashells, lizards, and

abstract symbols rested atop various points along her cleavage, and the

seller took every opportunity to let his fingertips graze her breasts as

he worked.

He got brave enough to tweak her nipples between ring and middle fingers

when she decided she had had enough. "I've... really got to get going.

Thank you so much!"

"Any time," said the seller, who gazed at her until we had walked out of

sight.

A few booths later, an arresting display of colored prints caught our eye,

and we stepped in. A woman named Silvia greeted us, and introduced her

assistant Ally.

Silvia was about mid-40s, about twice Ally's age. Coarse brown hair with a

few streaks of white was pulled back in a braid. Her face was dominated by

glasses in small circular wire frames, brown eyes, and a prominent nose.

She was tall and slender, dressed in a frilly bohemian top that bunched

just beneath the chest, faded black jeans, and worn sandals. I guessed she

painted full time and probably grew her own vegetables.

She was not fazed at all by Carmen's near-nudity; as if she saw such

things all the time. Maybe she was part of a naturist group, where a

throng of liberated but (sadly) average-looking people walked around in

the buff. I had seen enough HBO documentaries. Swingers and the like were

people just like you and me. Unfortunately.

Ally looked jaded, perched on her stool, and even a nearly nude woman

walking in wasn't going to pique her interest. Pale, tightly crossed legs

sprouted from a barely-there white miniskirt, while a clingy aqua shirt

clung to a tiny waist and small breasts. A rebellious daughter, maybe. I

imagined that, unlike Silvia, she would look pretty good with her clothes

off.

"Do you see anything interesting?" Silvia said.

"Everything," Carmen said.

Each print was a study of a young woman, painted in hundreds of shades of

a single color: blues, greens, browns, oranges. The one I liked most was a

girl in a cheongsam dress, framed in cherry blossom trees, the scene

overlooking a lake. The hues ranged from fire-engine red to black.

Silvia's work was somehow both impressionistic and photographic, rewarding

the discerning eye with the subtlest of details among a wash of color.

"She looks sort of like Lynn," Carmen said.

I agreed. "Remind me to call Gary later, find out how they're doing."

Chances seemed small that Lynn would ever go near him again, but he had

overcome long odds before.

The girl in the painting was about Lynn's age, with a slightly fuller

figure. Her dress seemed tailored to fit her perfectly without being

skintight. Her eyes were dead-on, showing just the minute changes that

differentiate one ethnic group's features from another's. Another look

revealed that the girl was not wearing a bra; her nipples formed almost

imperceptible bumps in a fabric that, despite being painted in only shades

of red, had a glossy sheen. As I leaned forward for a closer look (and

Silvia seemed to know exactly where I was looking), the bumps disappeared

in the close scale of detail and tone. Only when I backed up could I see

them again.

"These are almost like photos," I said. "True to life... how do you

capture that in your work?"

Silvia smiled. "Do you draw? The female figure?"

"Yes, how'd you know?"

"Just a hunch." She put a hand on my shoulder and another at Carmen's

waist. "Why don't I take you in back, show you some other work. And we can

talk about what I do."

Carmen and I looked at each other. Gut check time: was Silvia the type to

chop our heads off with an axe? Probably not. Almost certainly not.

"Ally, I'll be in back," Silvia announced. She pushed aside an improvised

curtain leading to another canopy in back of the main one, closed on all

four sides, lit by two spotlights clamped to the upper frame.

This was evidently the adult alcove. The prints were in the same style as

those in front, the girls rendered in slightly more crisp detail; but the

poses and settings were not for kids.

In a sunlit meadow, under an apple tree, a nude woman, perhaps 25, slept

alone on a checkered blanket spread out on the grass. Beside her was a

half-open picnic basket. She lay on her back, legs sprawled, unconcerned

about who might happen along while she slept. Her shapely breasts

(flattened and spread a bit given her posture), pubic hair and pussy lips

were painted in loving detail. Her long hair spilled over the edge of the

blanket. Her closed eyes were delicate arcs of fine lashes.

Another girl was rinsing something in a knee-deep stream, perhaps the

light summer clothes she might have been wearing. She wore nothing now.

Silvia had given her sex a glistening moistness that did not result from

being splashed by the placid water. The situation of being outside like

this was evidently exciting her. I looked at her face -- she seemed lost

in thought -- and then realized why she looked familiar.

"That's Ally!" I said. "Your helper in front!"

"That's right," Silvia said. "She is one of my models."

I felt a little like a peeping tom at that point; as if I had seen Ally

naked without her consent.

I shook my head. "These are so incredible... I don't want to ask for trade

secrets or anything, but how did you get this good?"

"Thank you," she said. "That's a very nice thing to say.

"First is practice; I've painted full time for almost twenty years. You

have to have talent, you have to have a creative spark, and you have to

practice."

"But you capture the look so well... do you paint from poses?"

"They are not posed. I paint from a scene I build in my head. The main

thing I do, which differs from many other artists, is to really get to

know my model. When I paint, I'm communicating to you in one sense: sight.

To internalize my model, I experience her in all five senses. That's how

my better work seems to have more than meets the eye."

"All five senses?" Carmen said. "Do you sniff her or something?"

Fortunately, Silvia didn't take this the wrong way. "Actually, yes. She'll

spend at least three days at my house, and sleep in my bed. We spend a lot

of time together. So there is the scent of soap on her skin after she has

just stepped out of the shower; or her more natural scent after a day in

the garden. There's the sound of her voice as she whispers in my ear."

Carmen's eyebrows raised.

Silvia continued: "The feel of her warm body against mine under the

sheets, when the rest of the room is winter cold. The sound of her

heartbeat as she falls asleep. The taste of her lips against mine; her

nipple between my lips; of her sex when I make her come."

Wow. I was already impressed by Silvia as an artist, having a superb eye

for beauty in the female body. But I was finding out she had a really sexy

mind. And many say the brain is the most important sexual organ...

Carmen seemed not sure of what to make of Silvia's revelation, though she

was intrigued as well. Perhaps she already guessed what Silvia would say

next:

"Carmen, I would like very much to paint you, and have you stay with me."

"Right now?"

She smiled. "No, not today. I'll give you my card; you can call me.

Actually, I'll give it to Ken, since you don't have any pockets."

"I'd... have to tell my parents I'm going camping or something."

"Maybe we need to wait, then. I'd rather not, but I don't want to make you

tell lies. Or, you could visit during the afternoon." She walked around

inspecting Carmen, who stood rigidly, hands at her sides.

"May I?" said Silvia as she held the brass ring of Carmen's skirt. Carmen

looked down, and for a moment I thought she was going to freak out.

Instead, she nodded. A quick pull, and she was nude.

"Oh my," Silvia said, as if she had just appeared in a cloud of smoke.

"You are absolutely beautiful."

"I don't get it. I was almost naked anyway..."

"It's different. Seeing all of you at once... it's always different." She

continued looking Carmen up and down. Carmen seemed to be at once bemused,

insecure, and excited.

"May I touch you?" Silvia said. "I won't do anything without your

consent."

"Uh-huh..."

I watched with a growing hard-on as she lovingly caressed and explored

every bit of Carmen's skin. "I always hope my next work will be my best,"

she said. "You might be the one."

Carmen stood still, noticing her breathing getting out of control, and

took deep, controlled breaths. Still, when Silvia touched her in sensitive

areas, she shivered and sighed.

Silvia figured she had Carmen's standing consent and stopped asking for

permission. She peeled off her fluffy top and unhooked a plain white bra,

revealing a really nice pair of breasts for her age. Come to think of it,

I really don't even need to include that qualification. You could tell she

wasn't 18 any more, but they were shapely and real. She had obviously

lived a healthy life.

I wondered about all the other people, places, and ideas I had overlooked

by making rush judgements, quick conclusions. How much more beauty was

flying under a typical guy's radar?

Silvia slipped off her jeans, revealing slim though weathered legs, and a

matronly pair of white knickers. Seconds later, those were off too, and I

took back any reservation, any qualifier I had about her. She was hot.

More alluring than the bored young girl in front. A sort of sexy beauty

that (ironically) you wouldn't pick up from a mere photograph, or even a

painting.

She crouched down, kissing Carmen below the navel, hands at her waist; and

instead of moving down, her lips and tongue inched slowly, agonizingly

upward. By the time she reached her breasts and her engorged,

hypersensitive nipples, Carmen could no longer keep still and started

returning her attention.

They stood clinched together, lips locked, as their hands roamed each

other's bodies. When Carmen bent to taste her nipples, Silvia gazed over

her shoulder at me. "Don't just stand there, Ken," she said with a wicked

smile.

I lost no time tearing off my clothes and joined them. They mainly had

eyes for each other, so I ended up licking and stroking whatever body

parts were currently (and temporarily) unattended. I mainly didn't mind

being on the fringes; I always like being able to do things with my hands.

But my dick was aching for relief after a while.

When Carmen moved behind Silvia, I dropped to my knees in front and

started licking the older woman's pussy. This immediately kicked her into

a higher gear. WIth my tongue between her legs, Carmen's lips at the nape

of her neck, and her hands at her breasts, Silvia was pretty defenseless.

When she came, I figured people outside (Ally at the least) had to wonder

what exactly was going on inside that tent. (Ally probably had a good

idea.)

Carmen stepped back. Silvia regained her composure and imperiously took my

chin in one hand. "Up."

I obeyed.

She took my dick in her hand. I stooped a bit to get the angle right and

she guided me in. I had swollen so much that I thrusted gently at first,

until she stretched out enough for a deliciously perfect fit.

If I hadn't met Carmen earlier, I probably would have fallen in love with

Silvia, hard. Instead, it was a hopefully manageable infatuation. I was

just enthralled with everything about her, all her qualities that seemed

even more attractive because I had only noticed them on second impression.

She still wore her glasses, the John Lennon wireframes but without the

iridescent shades. Her eyes were bright and intelligent, with just a hint

of crows' feet. She loved what she did, and she was excellent at it: the

same sort of appeal that made female athletes more attractive than they

might be otherwise.

"You come stay too," she said, her voice wavering as I pushed in and out.

"You can draw me. I'll teach you."

"Abso" I said, and climaxed before I could finish the word. We kissed as I

grew softer and eventually slipped out.

"Maybe that's enough fun for one day," she said.

"I think so," Carmen said.

Silvia and I got dressed. Carmen would need help with her skirt and had to

wait. Instead of putting it on, I folded it into the size of a

handkerchief, laid it on top of her other clothes in the paper bag, and

laid the brass ring like a paperweight on top of it all.

She knew what I meant. "You can't be serious."

I smiled. "The ultimate dare. Just here to the car." It was a block and a

half.

She stood there, absentmindedly rubbing her own nipples with her thumbs. I

was her anti-conscience, an X-rated Jiminy Cricket, goading her into

things she might not have the brazenness to start on her own.

"You can't let anybody touch me," she said.

"I'll stay right with you," I said, technically not the promise she was

seeking.

"Let's go," she said, taking my arm.

Silvia opened the flap and sunlight streamed in as we walked outside.

For a while, everything seemed a blur as we walked. Carmen's nudity

attracted a huge crowd, pressing around us, dozens of men trying to see

everything while remaining invisible. They were touching her, a swarm of

hands alighting on her breasts, belly, butt and more.

"I-" she said, unable to finish, but I thought I understood the main

point: this was way out of control. I would need to clear some area or

find a private place where she could get dressed.

Rock music was loud now; we had approached, without being much aware of

it, a grandstand with live band, where people were dancing in groups. A

few girls in bikinis gyrated sensually; one brunette woman even had her

top off. "I can go there," she said. "Keep an eye on me." She let go of my

hand and zigzagged her way to the middle of the dancers.

All the creepy stuff as we walked in the crowd seemed to melt away as she

writhed and shook to the beat. She had every man's attention at once, but

they had the presence of mind to keep dancing, instead of jumping on her

like a pack of hyenas. This bolstered her confidence, and she was able to

inject much more overt sexuality into her moves. Her breasts swayed, her

legs flexed, her ass and pussy moved in hypnotic oval patterns. She chose

one man and danced close to him without touching, her thrusting body

suggesting one thing.

I had a stiff one in my pants, as did many of the men. Our car was just

half a block away, and my bedroom thirty miles beyond. Soon it would be

time to take her home.

She arched her back, wiggling her breasts at the guy, and he took this as

an invitation. She didn't object when his hands pawed at her chest, or

even when they started roaming downward.

"That's your girlfriend?" said a voice beside me. I whirled around,

surprised. It was the blonde woman I remembered vividly from Saturday,

dressed in the same sheer bikini top and Daisy Duke cutoffs.

"It's you!" I blurted.

"Of course it's me." So she had a little attitude. I usually didn't mind

that, if the woman was pretty enough. Yes, I know that's unfair.

"You were here two days ago!"

"You never forget a face, do you?" she said. "Or a nice pair of tits."

"No, I don't. I'm just wondering, where's the bottom to that bikini?"

"Oh, there's no way I could wear that here. It's as sheer as the top. I'd

be showing everything."

I wish she had gone ahead and done that. Still, her Daisy Dukes were

skimpy enough, not even completely covering her butt, to make her

reasoning a little specious. I peeked at Carmen: two guys were feeling her

up. There seemed to be no force involved. Certainly she'd push them off if

she didn't want this.

"Those cutoffs show a lot, too," I said.

She twisted around to peek down at her butt. "Yeah, they're short..."

"At the right angle, they reveal more than the bikini would."

"How?"

"Try bending over, like picking up your car keys." She did, keeping her

legs almost straight, bending at the waist. Her denim shorts were cut so

short that the only material between her thighs was a single seam of

material one-half inch wide, faded and frayed. Her pussy lips were easily

visible. The seam was too narrow to hide behind. "Okay, come on up."

She readjusted her shorts, which had ridden up a bit. "How much is

showing?"

"Everything that counts."

"So I've been showing off more than I thought, to all these people?"

"You bet."

"Not as much as your girl. And they're touching her, too."

"Has anyone tried to cop a feel from you?"

"Two. One guy patted my butt and I gave him the evil eye. Another one

grabbed my boob from behind, middle of a crowd, trying to be sneaky. I

didn't even say anything to him. Just turned around and slapped him."

"Would you slap me?"

"Maybe," she said, a smile marring the inscrutable look she was aiming

for. "I'll watch your girlfriend while you try to get slapped."

I stood behind her, detecting a faint scent of shampoo from her wavy

blonde hair. I untied the lower knot holding up her top, letting the cups

loosely drape over her breasts. "You know, I'd love to see you in the full

yellow bikini."

"Wouldn't you now. You're such a perv."

I moved my hands up her ribcage to cup her breasts, pushing the cups

aside.

"Weren't you with a guy last time?" I said.

"He's not here," she said, pressing her bottom against my crotch. "I

thought it would be a little more of a thrill coming here single."

I took off the blonde girl's top as we watched Carmen gyrate more and more

frenetically, the guys at her front and back trying to keep pace. Damn,

their hands were all over her. Her sinuous rhythm grew more syncopated,

more jerky. "I'd better go over there," I said, and the blonde girl

followed.

By the time we reached Carmen, she had lost so much tension in her body

that she looked like a marionette with the strings cut. Her bent knees

wobbled, and at arm's length she supported herself on the shoulders of one

of the men who had been fondling her. She took deep breaths, as if

recovering from a ten-mile run. There were scattered cheers, and the other

men were keeping a respectable distance as she rested.

"Hey, you," she said. "Can I get dressed now?"

"Sure," I said, pulling out her top. "You OK?"

"Very OK. I've just had enough for one afternoon, I think." She stood up

unsteadily,put on the blue top, and seemed stunned at how little it

covered. I guess it had been quite a while since she had worn it.

"Who's your friend?" she said as I handed over her sweats.

"Uh..." I realized it must look pretty bad if I didn't even bother to

learn the girl's name.

"Terri," she said, rescuing me. "I've been watching from the sidelines.

I'm kind of amazed. And impressed."

Carmen stepped into her sweats. Compared to the silk skirt, she now looked

ready for church. I fished Terri's yellow top out of the bag and returned

it to her. When she put it on, Carmen noticed how sheer it was and smiled.

"I kind of..." Terri said. "Anyway. Hey, you guys should come hang out at

my house sometime. Nice little pool, high fence, some privacy. Maybe I'll

invite my guy. Maybe not."

"Sure," said Carmen. I took down Terri's number in my cell and we said

goodbye.

When we got to the car, it wasn't even one o'clock yet: everything that

happened today had taken less than two hours. Carmen fell asleep on the

ride home, and once inside, just wanted to curl up under the sheets and

nap. I suggested some other bedroom activities, but she was adamant about

getting some rest. So I climbed in next to her and shut off the light.

Just sleeping next to a naked woman has its unique pleasures. After she

woke up, we spent a few hours in bed; our lovemaking was tender, unhurried

and private. We never got around to having lunch; it's funny how when

you're horizontal you never realize how hungry you might be. At seven p.m.

we were famished.

I called up Gary and found out that he and Lynn had gotten back together

-- already. Even more astounding was the story of how she found her way

home, wearing only a pair of bikini briefs (which were lost during the

journey!) But that's a tale for another chapter.

They wanted us to come by next weekend for dinner. I penciled us in.

I shook my head after we hung up. Any other guy, doing what he had done,

would have never seen Lynn again. Gary had to have at least 81 lives.

When Carmen went home it was a sad goodbye; back to the workweek. That

sucked. And who knew if there would ever be a weekend like this again?

Still, the summer looked full of promise. Terri's phone number beckoned.

Silvia's card was in my wallet. Lynn was back; and I had a wonderful woman

to share all this with.

In the kitchen, steps away from the front door, I noticed a stack of books

that were due back at the library. I could have saved a trip by asking

Carmen to take them back in, but I was glad I did not. Just another reason

to drop by in person.