Meeting Nudist Keiko

by SoaringPaulÂ©

Before I get into the current story, I need to explain a special relationship I

have with a very dear friend.

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I met Ginnie while we were working together at a shop in Southern Florida. We

became best buds and as much as I often wish it was more, she always kept me at

bay. But we highly respected each other and became close enough to tell each

other all about our respective love interests.

Nothing was too personal to talk about and we would frequently compare notes

when talking about our sex lives. This talk would get pretty intense as I would

often get a noticeable hard-on and her nipples would be straining for relief.

But we greatly respected each other and would never let it get physical in any

way.

We joked a lot about sex and teased each other quite frequently. For instance,

when I would go clothes shopping with her, she always knew what looked good on

her because the bulge in my pants never lied. I noticed the same effect on her

nipples that would let me know I had on a hot outfit, especially when I went

suit shopping.

I would tease her by saying I would turn a lot of heads if I were either wearing

a suit, or nothing at all. Anything in between just didn't get the same

reaction. Ginnie always pondered this observation and I could tell she wanted to

see what all the fuss was about.

In my travels across the world, I realized that America is a pretty prudish

country, while the rest of the world, especially Europe, was a lot more carefree

when it came to nudity. I quickly became comfortable with nudity at the public

pools, saunas and parks. When I returned to the States, I actively sought out

nude beaches or nudist resorts.

I truly felt comfortable in those settings and wanted to tell everybody how

enlightening it was to participate in normal group activities while nude. But,

the attitudes of the general population in the States would label me a pervert

or freak if I spoke out. So I usually kept it to myself. Although, I would

always tell Ginnie about my adventures.

She was very intrigued and wanted to know all about it, but I could never get

her to go with me to either a nude beach or resort. Until a few months ago. I

finally convinced her to go with me to a full-service clothing optional resort

in the Tampa, Florida area. It was a tough battle that first weekend, but when

we had to go home, she whined up a storm that she had to put clothes on again.

It was such a monumental achievement to finally see each other fully naked. I

know she always desired to see me without clothes, but never said anything. I on

the other hand, let my desires be well known. From what I could see with her

clothes on, every part of her body was perfect. She had those sultry eyes, great

hair, nice perky boobs and the tiniest waist that topped the best pair of legs

in Florida.

I wanted to see that hot body the first time I met her, but waiting a few years

was worth it. And I didn't even want to have sex with her, because I agreed that

it would ruin the friendship, but I really did want to see her nude though.

There's just something about seeing a good friend nude that completes the

picture and strengthens the bond. I can't really describe it, but it's there and

very powerful.

I finally had her hooked and she joined me at the Tampa resort a few times in

the previous few months. She was getting quite comfortable at the resort, being

nude all day, participating in lots of activities and forming her own group of

friends.

As for our relationship, well, the sexual ribbing continued and we would often

find ourselves teasing each other quite openly at the resort. It really takes

those deep conversations about sex to the next level, when we can describe in

detail what happened and point directly at the organ in question. It was great

fun, and it would somehow be ruined if we actually did have sex with each other.

So the teasing got pretty intense with no holds barred, and everything fair

game.

We would sometimes freak out the other guests with our frankness, but it was all

in good fun. There was a little touching between Ginnie and I, but it never went

too far. We had strict boundaries. Crotches were off limits from each other and

there wasn't any kind of erotic petting. We were very comfortable with each

other and were constantly joking around.

On the weekend nights at this resort, there's quite a swinger scene and we play

along as if we're a couple, so we can score some sex for each of our rampant

sexual desires. The next day we then laugh about it and compare notes, even

though we're all usually in the same room or hot tub.

So, you can see that Ginnie and I have an interesting relationship. We both

admit that being nude all day in the sun with our body parts on display and a

nice breeze flowing between our legs, gets us both pretty horny. Being that we

can't have sex with each other, we try to partner up with other guests. We tried

mutual masturbation once, but it really didn't accomplish anything. We were

still horny afterwards and really just needed a warm body.

As I mentioned before, we often pair up with some swingers for a quick romp, but

we really both admit that we need to build a somewhat meaningful relationship,

even if just for a day, to really enjoy passionate sex that we long for. So, we

each try to hook up with another guest for the weekend and often make a foursome

out of it. It's a lot of fun and much more intense than a quick romp.

Therefore, Ginnie and I are both on the constant prowl for possible dates for

each other. We've been pretty successful on past weekends, but this weekend

Ginnie truly outdid herself when she found a dream girl for me. Ginnie is such a

good friend and always looking out for me. I love her for that.

So, on to the story about this particular weekend at the clothing-optional

resort.

I guess I fell asleep in the sun, because Ginnie nudges me awake from a very

peaceful afternoon nap by the pool. I'm roused awake by a very pleasant

sensation on my butt as I realize Ginnie is standing over me rocking me with her

hand on my ass. She seems very excited and wants my immediate attention, as I

blurt out something to the effect that she shouldn't stop.

Realizing that I'm now awake, she sits down on the lounge next to me with my

gaze looking right up her ever-so-slightly parted legs. I say something crude

again like, "Nice view from here, I'm staying..." She realizes her seating

position, closes her legs tighter, grumbles something at my comments and motions

for me to sit up and listen to her.

We both really enjoy the constant banter back and forth like this. She is

obviously excited to tell me something. So I rise up and swivel to sit on the

lounge facing her.

In my groggy state, I don't even realize that I'm sporting a pretty good

erection. Ginnie notices right away, and gestures for me to put it away because

of all the people close by. In defiance, I stay put and ask her, "So, do you

think I look better this way? The other women do. Maybe I should just walk

around like this all the time."

She sheepishly admits, while keeping her gaze on my face, "Well, yes, I think

every man looks better with an erection, and I sure wouldn't mind if all the

guys around here would let it fly. It's sure better than all the shriveled

nubs."

I return, "Yea, that's what I like to hear. So just let me have my erection for

the moment, while you tell me what you're so excited about. I see that it's not

about a guy this time."

Confused, she says, "Hey, how do you know it's not about a guy?"

I explain about my keen observations, "Because your nipples are flat now. When

you're excited about a guy, the tips of your nipples stick out a little, but not

all the way. When you're cold, they stick out the same amount, but the edges of

your areolas get goose bumps too. And when you're ready for good fucking,

they..." She stopped me mid-sentence, but not after looking down herself to see

the state of her nipples before she pressed her hands hard against them into her

chest.

I embarrass her further by saying with a big smile, "Oh ya baby, I really love

it when you squish them into your chest like that â€” gets me hard."

She's practically flabbergasted now about what to do with her hands, and also

embarrassed that she can't hide her mood behind a bra. And also that I can

actually read her nipples like a book.

So I give her a break, and redirect back to me with another embarrassing

question, "Hey, don't be afraid to look at my dick any time you want, or any

other guy's around here for that matter. Why do you think we're here? You really

don't look at my dick much at all. It also says a lot about my mood, ya know.

So, go ahead and take a good long look right now. You're allowed."

She reluctantly looks down slowly at my hard dick, of course without looking

like she is to the people on nearby lounges. In defense, she says, "I do too

look at it. At least enough for me."

I don't believe her, because I never catch her sneaking a glance, ever. So I

quiz her, "Well then, miss observant, which ball hangs lower? You should know

that easily if you're looking enough." I cover my balls so she can't peak,

although she tries.

She stumbles and stalls, because I found her out, and finally says red faced,

"Well, they hang both the same... right."

Triumphant, I blurt, "Wrong-o missy. The left one always hangs just a little

lower, unless they're both sucked in.... See, you don't look at me enough. ...

Ok, from now on, I want to catch you once in awhile checking out my dick, from

every angle too, and also asking questions."

She agrees to my request, and is also a little excited at the prospects of

checking out other guys without feeling awkward for staring. Just then, the guy

laying face-down on a lounge behind Ginnie pipes up, obviously overhearing us,

and says, "Hey, you can look at me if you want."

A surprised Ginnie turns around quickly and catches the guy roll onto his side

towards her. I peer around Ginnie to see that he's proudly showing his hard dick

to her. Our conversation must have done it good for him. Ginnie says to him as

she turns back around, "Thanks anyways, but I got one here to look at already."

I smile and ask, "So what are you all excited to tell me?"

Ginnie then elaborated that she was too wound up from the morning rollerblading

to take a nap with me, so she went for a walk around the resort. I was proud of

her for venturing out on her own without me tagging along as usual to provide a

security blanket. She cast off my complement so she could get on with her story.

Ginnie began to tell me that when she was walking by the tennis court, she was

stopped by a nice lady, Eve, who was waiting for a court. They talked for quite

awhile, but Ginnie admitted that she was distracted by a young lady that was

playing a game of doubles. Eve asked Ginnie if there was something that

interested her on the court and Ginnie confessed that she was mesmerized by the

Asian girl on the court.

Eve said that this was the girl's first weekend at the resort and is trying her

best to experience every sport and activity this resort has to offer. Eve

figures it's one of those personal things to do everything she can nude while

she has a chance, so as to one up her friends or something. Those Asian people

sure have that determination thing down and coming from a conservative culture

as she does, no doubt she's bucking plenty of taboos. It's impressive.

But Eve continued to notice Ginnie's intensive interest in watching the Asian

girl bound around the court with plenty of action from a pair of large boobs not

normally seen on Asian women. Eve tried to not disappoint Ginnie when she said

that the girl is straight. Ginnie quipped back and excitedly said that, "Oh,

she's not for me, but my guy friend that brought me here. He's really into Asian

women, big time. He would totally fall for her and treat her like a queen." Eve

understood and began to tell Ginnie all that she knew about the Asian beauty

named Keiko.

Ginnie excitedly told me about Keiko and the ensuing conversation with her after

the match. She was in her late twenties, but of course being Asian looks much

younger, and that I would just adore her. It's Keiko's first time at a nudist

resort, which meant they had lots to talk about. But, Keiko's reason for coming

is that a very free-spirited girlfriend dared her to take off her bikini top

while visiting Miami Beach, which is topless.

Keiko's upbringing in Japan and very traditional family would not approve of

such heresy and just the thought ringing through her head ruined a great day at

the beach. So, being the rebel that she's turned into by living in Florida for

the past ten years, she had to one-up her friend and decided to not only go

topless on a beach, but spend an entire weekend at a nudist resort and do as

many activities as she could fully naked.

Her friend was skeptical that she'd go through with it, so promised to join her

just to make sure. At the last minute, her so-called liberated friend chickened

out. But Keiko was determined to overcome her fears, and came on her own. By

this time, I was totally intrigued with Keiko as Ginnie told me more.

Ginnie even snapped a quick picture of Keiko by the tennis court with the camera

Keiko was discreetly hiding. She wanted proof of all the things she did in the

nude to finally quench her friends constant prodding that she wouldn't go

through with it. Keiko even persuaded Ginnie to be in one of the pictures as Eve

tried to keep the picture taking quiet. Nudist resorts have rules about having

cameras around, for obvious reasons, but as long as it's kept quiet and private,

people look the other way.

Ginnie added that Keiko actually enjoyed her picture being taken and was much

more comfortable with her body than Ginnie, even to the point of striking a

seductive pose as a couple of old men walked by with a leering eye. Ginnie

admitted to wanting to curl up in a little ball when the guys walked by.

Since Ginnie and I have spent many days together as friends and tell each other

in great detail about our love lives, she knows what I like in women and told me

that Keiko is perfect for me. She's intelligent, witty, adventuresome and a

knock out hottie. Although, I'm always suspect when a woman tells me another

women is really pretty. They all have a secret understanding or something to

embellish their friend's looks when describing them to a guy.

As Ginnie continued to tell me about Keiko, I muttered something like, "Gin,

you're making me fall in love already. Please tell me that I'll at least get to

meet her." Ginnie nodded in excitement and told me that I'll definitely fall in

love alright, knowing that I've always had such a hot lust for Asian women. It's

those eyes that I've always confessed to Ginnie that just drive me batty, but

it's really the entire package including the culture that I desire to explore.

Ginnie was always a little jealous that Asian women are so desired while her

sultry Italian genes just couldn't compete. I always tried my best to console

her.

Ginnie also described me to Keiko, and she's very excited to meet me. I don't

know what the details were, but Ginnie said that Keiko started to unconsciously

caress her body as she was being told about me. She was even beside herself with

anticipation when Ginnie said that I was a pilot. Cool, a hot Asian chick that

loves airplanes... I'm in heaven.

I was way too excited now, and begged to know if Ginnie had coordinated a

rendezvous so I could meet Keiko. An excited Ginnie said that, yes, Keiko agreed

to meet me later, but in a very special way. Curious and excited, I begged that

Ginnie tell me, but she said that Keiko is going to plan something special and

memorable that she still needs to formulate.

Ginnie sported an evil grin while mumbling, "I also got Keiko all excited when I

told her about your body and smooth prowess. I got ya covered. You'll be fine."

I was a little frustrated but excited at the same time, as Ginnie pointed to my

now almost fully erect dick and said, "It looks like Keiko's doing a number on

you already. Maybe you should save that for later tonight."

I replied, "Oh hey, thanks for noticing. I didn't even feel it myself yet."

Yup, maybe I finally got her comfortable at this resort now. Well at least over

the embarrassment of staring at my dick. I commented to Ginnie, "I like this

already, you kinda keeping tabs on my dick now. Remember, survey all angles and

states, like I've done with half of your indicators. There'll be a quiz at the

end of the weekend."

She questioned, "Half... indicators.... What do you mean by that?"

I explained, "Ya know, your boobs sure indicate your mood, but your 'lips' also

tell a good story. Especially where you've been recently. But alas, you've kept

them pretty well hidden from me and any daylight. I know you keep them shaved

clean, so they'd be easy to read, but you never give me a chance."

Visibly offended, she snapped back at me, "Oh ya, well they're staying hidden. A

girl's got to keep at least something private. You get to see everything else I

got. Just be satisfied at that.... I'm taking a nap." Which she then turned onto

her stomach in a huff.

I mumbled something about the other women don't seem to mind and I'm not hiding

anything. I let her sleep.

While she was sleeping, Ginnie got lots of admiring glances of her naked ass

from passing men, so I woke her in the same way she did me earlier; grabbed a

cheek and rocked her awake. It worked, but made her a little uneasy to be groped

in public from a friend that wasn't a lover. I told her to get over it and join

me to get something to eat.

She followed me through the sea of lounge chairs still not totally awake yet. I

seemed to be waiting forever for her to decide what to order, when out the

window of the Tiki bar I spied a young lady with long dark hair on rollerblades

coming towards the pool complex.

Even from a distance, and my chlorine-blurred eyes, I could easily see a

beautifully-sculptured young woman gracefully gliding my way. I was transfixed

and couldn't move, when just then I felt a pair of hands envelope my face from

behind and cover my eyes tightly to prevent me from wiggling free.

Ginnie said sharply, "No peeking just yet. You'll ruin the surprise." I tried

unsuccessfully to break free and whined, "Oh, so that's Keiko, huh?" Ginnie

confirmed that it was her, but that I'd have to wait until later.

I was totally disappointed that I missed her, but what I did save to my

photographic memory was enough to distract me for the rest of the day. I was so

excited to meet Keiko and as frustrating as it was, I was actually enjoying the

ultimate tease and build-up to the big moment.

Although, in that brief second, I did notice a couple of things about Keiko that

I really liked... ok, lusted for. First, she looked taller than the average

Japanese girl. Even being on rollerblades, I estimate that she was about 5'6." I

just love those tall Asian women. She also had long dark hair that glistened in

the sun and flowed beautifully behind her as she glided gracefully on those

blades. And then I noticed the parts that were usually hidden, but the sole

reason for her being here.

She had beautifully-shaped boobs that were much bigger than the typical Asian.

Even at that distance, I estimate that they were a full C-cup and quite firm,

but they complemented her tall frame perfectly. I wasn't sure, but I thought I

caught the sight of something shiny on her left nipple.

I asked Ginnie later and she confirmed that Keiko did have a gold piercing on

her left nipple. This was getting better by the moment. I also noticed that she

didn't have a lot of hair between her legs, but I didn't get a good look, being

that I was transfixed on those gorgeous boobs. God, I hope she has that type of

pubic hair that is naturally just enough to announce its presence, but not too

much of a forest.

My previous Asian girlfriends all had way too much hair down there, which made

it difficult to find things. I offered to get busy with a shaver, but they would

have none of that. It seems to be a cultural thing or something. Anyways, I got

a glimpse of one beautiful woman that is about to kill me with anticipation. I

looked over my shoulder at Ginnie and mouthed a 'thank you' as I sighed a

longing repose of love.

Ginnie told me that she knew a lot more about Keiko, as they talked for almost

an hour, but wanted to keep me in suspense. Later that afternoon, Ginnie met

again with Keiko to plan out the evening. It seems that for just arriving a day

and a half ago, Keiko had the entire resort scoped out and had created a grand

plan for the evening already. Wow, she works fast, even considering that it was

also her first time nude in public.

I fully expected someone in her position to be very shy and withdrawn for the

entire weekend, but instead she had fully accepted her nudity and was already

working with the staff in planning the evening. I'm totally impressed already

and I haven't even met her yet. I half-jokingly mentioned to Ginnie that she

should start thinking about a wedding present. She gave me that "well, it just

might happen" look. What did she get me into? I was now in for the ride of my

life... maybe so.

Now I was starting to worry that I wouldn't live up to Keiko's expectations.

Ginnie put my mind at ease with some encouraging words that I was a real catch

and had so much going for me that I needn't worry. And that Keiko is definitely

one of the few that can keep up with my life. A warm sensation enveloped me as I

thought about the possibilities. What was I doing though? I'm totally falling in

love with this girl that I've never met, as Ginnie's efforts are working their

magic on me.

Ginnie did say that I'll need to dress up real sexy for the evening. I lamented

that, well we're all nude already, which is pretty sexy to most people, but I

would enjoy a little dressing up of the goods. Ginnie took me over to the

boutique in the resort to find some sexy evening wear for me. This is not your

usual resort boutique, but filled with all kinds of sexy clothes, lingerie,

jewelry (for the entire body) and a good selection of sex toys.

We enter the store as the clerk introduces herself as Nancy, a middle-aged lady

who was no doubt a real looker in her day. She's still very kept and looks like

a woman that is keeping a tiger at bay within her. I can just tell that she's no

doubted become an expert with all the toys in this shop.

I generally don't get too fancy for the evenings, even while the women go to

great lengths to out do each other with their lingerie. It's quite a competition

in the night club, and a great show for us guys too. There's always plenty of

pushed-up boobs and framed asses on display.

Unfortunately, there's not much for us guys to get creative with. I usually just

wear a pair of silk boxers and minimal top to the nightclub. I'm really not into

wearing those uncomfortable g-strings. They're uncomfortable and I think they

look pretty silly. So, I agree to let Ginnie dress me up, but just not one of

those ball sacks.

I say that we need to start by embellishing the crown jewels first, just to set

the theme and eventual prize. Ginnie waves off my comment as if I'm too enamored

with my own dick to consider what a girl wants. But I insist that I really want

to do something special with it and dressing it up gives me confidence as a man.

I'm still getting that "you're full of it" look from Ginnie, so I begin to

explain what it all means, "Look Gin, we've been over this before. My dick is

what makes me a man and it symbolizes all that is masculine. Just as those boobs

of yours mean womanhood to you. So, it's very important that I pay it special

attention to my manhood tonight so I can feel like a real man and impress

Keiko."

Nancy then pipes in to say, "Oh, do you mean that really cute Asian girl that's

running around today." I give Nancy an excited nod, to which she replied, "Ya,

she's quite a doll and you'll have no problem impressing her from what I see." I

thank her for the encouraging words as we get down to business selecting clothes

and accessories for my big night.

I ask Ginnie how I should proceed tonight as I progressively remove clothes

throughout the night. She quickly responds by saying, "Always make her want

more." So, I should let her see that there's something good underneath without

actually revealing it too soon. Both Ginnie and Nancy agree.

So then, I had a great thought about how I want to finally present my manhood to

Keiko tonight. It's the last part to discover, so as the anticipation builds to

a peak, and she's waiting with baited breath, I want her to laugh when it

finally comes out. Not sympathetically, but jokingly. Nancy says she has just

the thing and brings out a small piece of paper with a smiley face tattoo. I

love it, and agree that it's perfect.

I then ask Ginnie what should I wear as bottoms. She then says that a pair of

silk boxers, as you usually wear, will do just fine. She picks out a pair of

black ones that have an oriental design on them, of which Keiko will appreciate.

I realize just then that if I'm going to have a tattoo on the head of my dick,

that I shouldn't let it get totally deflated or the temporary tattoo will

shrivel off. Nancy has the answer again and pulls out a rubber cock ring to wear

that will ensure I stay pretty hard all night.

This also has an added benefit in that Keiko will be able to see through the

boxers that I'm pretty large. "Always make her want more," I shout. I'm sold,

but ask for the lasso type of cock ring instead of the rubber doughnut type. I

confess to the two ladies that I like wearing the lasso type because I enjoy the

strings hanging down and touching my inner thighs as I walk. A quizzical Ginnie

then asks me, "So then mister, this is new. When do you wear these lasso things

so they can swing free."

I confess that I really haven't told her that I sometimes walk around my house

nude wearing these lassos around the base of my dick or around my balls. It is a

little bit of a turn on because it keeps me rock hard for a long time, of which

you know that I enjoy the feeling, and it's also a cool way to accessorize an

otherwise too familiar body part. You girls accessorize your happy parts all the

time, so why not me once in awhile. I wish I could wear it out in the open

around here though. You girls get to."

Ginnie returned, "Don't even look at me, I would never pierce anything 'down

there.' It hurts to even think about it." Always trying to push Ginnie into new

things, I say, "Well, there's no need to get all in a tizzy. I would never ask

you to get a piercing you don't want, but why don't we start with something

simple for tonight."

I pull a couple of beaded nipple lassos from the case and hold them up to her

bare boobs while saying, "These are just little lassos for your nipples and just

cinch around the base. You gotta get those nipples hard first, then just cinch

the cord around the base so they hang like dangling earrings. And they also keep

your nipples swollen all night, just as the lasso around my dick keeps it

pumped."

She finally agrees to wear them tonight and is actually starting to think they

may look pretty cool. I've always liked dressed-up nipples and I can't wait to

see what Keiko has on her left nipple.

To finish off the ensemble, Ginnie picks a rather tight white shirt. I normally

like my shirts very loose, but both girls agree that I'll look pretty hot. I ask

about shoes, but Ginnie says that my personality always did clash with shoes and

I'm more representing of me by not wearing any shoes. I totally agree of course,

because I'm barefoot most of the time.

As we leave, I beg Ginnie to tell me a little more about Keiko. She finally

gives in a little and tells me that Keiko is very at home outside, as I am, and

likes the water.

Ginnie meets with Keiko again that afternoon, and returns to me with my

instructions. At 7 tonight, I'm to walk down the forest path that leads from the

back parking lot to the lake. Keiko will be waiting for me there. Ginnie

wouldn't tell me any more, except that Keiko asked if I was a sporting sort, for

she had a few pent-up fantasies that needed a willing partner.

Ginnie told me of her laughing fit at that question and that I would be open to

virtually anything, except that bondage thing. I drew the line at that one.

Ginnie told me that she told Keiko of all the exhibitionist things I've tried to

get her to do over the years, without much success, and that I would be a most

willing partner for just about anything.

I was beside myself with excitement as I envisioned all the possibilities. I

asked Ginnie to check on us once in awhile throughout the night. She was

reluctant at first, respecting our privacy, but I insisted because I wanted to

include her in some small way and let her share in my excitement.

Besides, I secretly wanted to include her in some of the games. Nothing

outrageous, or that would make Keiko uncomfortable, but just a third participant

in a teasing game. With all three of us, and hopefully a new guy she hooked-up

with, we might be able to encourage Ginnie to participate in a game or two.

It'll do her good, she's usually pretty reserved around here.

After dropping off my new clothes in our room, it's still early afternoon, so we

decide to get some pool time and start on the tropical drinks. We were chilling

in the waist deep water, enjoying the sun, watching all the beautiful nude

bodies on display and waiting for the poolside waitress. I had a feeling there

would be a wait, because the well-enhanced and topless waitress seemed to be

offering free gropes with every drink.

Ginnie even commented about the quantity of hard dicks around the pool. Not

something normally seen around here during the day, but enjoyable just the same.

I told her that I agreed at the tension in the air, and that the atmosphere has

been charged all day around here.

I added that even at breakfast, I noticed a couple of guys sitting real close to

their tables, attempting to hide erections. It was fun to watch them push back

from the cover of the table when that young hostess checked on them. She

normally always stays at her podium at the front, but it seemed that today she

was checking out the guys and even encouraging them to show off what they were

packing.

Ginnie said, "Oh, you mean that girl that barely looked 15 in the tight spring

dress. I overheard that her family lives here all year and that her parents have

strict rules about the kids growing up too fast, if you know what I mean."

I said, "Yup, she's the one, and it looks like the kids are on their own

schedule. I've only seen her in the restaurant and didn't know she lived here.

Have you seen her anywhere else in the resort?"

Sensing my obvious interest, Ginnie teased, "So, oh horny one, are you only

asking because you want to see her young body in the buff? Come on, admit it."

I replied, caught red handed, "Well, alright, maybe a little."

Ginnie relented at my male hormones and replied, "Ya, I did see her over at the

health club the other morning, and your observations are correct. Her and her

two brothers have their own maturity schedule. She seemed to be the oldest of

the three. They were all working the machines in the gym with their father, and

were all wearing workout clothes. After a bit, the father left the three there

to complete their workout. As soon as he was out of sight, she quickly stripped

everything off, while still jogging on the treadmill even."

Ginnie continued, "The girl instantly drew the attention of every guy in the

place. She was hiding a pretty impressive chest under that support top. Probably

a C-cup, but also pointy and firm. Oh, I wish I had the boobs of a teenager

again."

Ginnie's eyes were closed to the sun as she told the story, so she was surprised

when she felt me grab one of her boobs and say, "Don't worry Ginnie, you're

holding up just fine these days."

She smiled at the complement, and continued about the girl, "You could tell she

enjoyed showing them off and making them gyrate with each stride. It looked

practiced. Her younger brothers on treadmills each side of her were even staring

intently. She had quite the command over them, because she soon demanded they

strip also. They complained quite a bit, but eventually relented.

Once their shorts came off, it was obvious why they didn't want to strip, as

they were both sporting full erections. The girl laughed at their embarrassment,

knowing full well the lack of control young teen boys have over their dicks. But

the boys stayed on their treadmills just the same and didn't seem to care much.

She must do that to them a lot, I gather."

I interrupted Ginnie and asked, "So, how about you? Did you like seeing their

hard dicks gyrate around, and watching the scene unfold?"

She giggled as she answered, "Well, at first I couldn't see much because I was

behind a couple weight machines, but yes, I did want to see and started working

a couple machines that allowed a better view. The boys got off the treadmills

after about twenty minutes, and their dicks were still pointing straight up.

They continued working out, much to the stares from the twenty or so people in

the club."

Ginnie stopped abruptly, but knowing her so well, I could tell when she was

embarrassed about something she did. I pushed for more, and said, "Well, any

more to the story, deary? You're not telling everything. I know you too well."

Yup, she was caught. So she relented, and with a red face, continued, "Well, the

girl was off her treadmill by then and making her way through the machines

talking to people. It took me awhile to realize what she was doing, but twice I

noticed her talking with a guy who after a few minutes went back into the locker

room. Both were good looking, with lots of muscles. They were clothed before

entering the locker room, but returned in a few minutes wearing just shoes.

You see what she was doing now. She was convincing the guys to work out in the

nude. There were slightly more guys than girls in the club that morning, and by

that time, there was probably only five guys still in clothes. I decided to

stick around to see if she succeeds in getting all the dicks out, and maybe hard

too. You're the one always telling me how difficult it is holding back a hard on

during a workout."

I encouraged Ginnie to continue, excited to hear what this teenage tease was

going to do next. But Ginnie explained that not much else happened, as the three

kids left shortly thereafter.

Ginnie and I both commented to each other that the sexual tension seems to be

elevating by the moment and this afternoon may get real interesting. She turned

to look me in the eye and joked, "Any effect on you there, dude?" I told her to

look for herself.

I was standing in water just below my belly button, and Ginnie let out a small

gasp when she looked down to see the engorged head of my very erect dick poking

above the water surface. A little embarrassed herself, she asked how long I've

had that going and that I should put it away. I said boldly, "I've had it for

awhile now and I'm going to enjoy it as long as it lasts. As you see, lots of

other guys are, so I guess I can too."

Ginnie relents with a shoulder shrug, takes another intensive look down and

says, "Hey, it's kinda cool how it sticks straight up like that. You usually

stick straight out in front when it's hard. I guess the water helps it float a

little." I then take a few swats at it as she watches and I explain that it does

all kinds of different things in the water, similar to how her own boobs are

more buoyant.

Just then, a lady waded close by, and from the focus of her stare at my dick,

she was obviously interested in the conversation between us two. She asked if

she could touch it. I said, "Sure, but only if I can touch something too." She

excitedly agreed, stepped closer, and wrapped both hands around my dick for a

really strong squeeze. I took my turn, and slipped a couple of fingers deep

inside her shaved pussy. She then swam off, looking for another hard dick to

squeeze no doubt.

Ginnie was floating on her back with her head resting on a step just below the

surface. She looked so hot laying there, with her perky boobs standing out of

the water like little islands. I told her how hot she looked and that she was

getting plenty of stares from the guys around the pool deck, all wanting to fuck

her senseless. She smiled with content.

There was even a contingent of three teenage boys across the pool who kept

staring at Ginnie. It was hard to tell with them standing in the water, but it

looked like all three had bathing suits on. They were obviously amazed and

overwhelmed at the scene, probably being their first time at the resort. But

they just couldn't keep their eyes off Ginnie floating in the water.

I was getting antsy for those drinks, so I told Ginnie I was heading over to the

bar. She looked down at my bobbing, and still erect, dick and said in a

concerned tone, "Are you going over there like that? Maybe you should give it a

couple minutes."

I replied, "No way, I'm proud of it and like showing it off. I rarely get an

opportunity to walk around with a full erection without fear of getting thrown

out of this place. And with all that's been going on this afternoon, it looks

like I can get away with it today. So, I'm off to get us some drinks, although I

may just stroll around for a bit. There's a few places here that I've always

fantasized about going into with a raging hard on. So, relax Gin. Maybe you can

experiment a little too. It looks like the restrictions have been lifted this

afternoon."

Ginnie just resigns to let me do what I want, but I could see that she was also

thinking about my last comment. She's confessed a few things on this pool deck.

Like what she once really wanted to do with that hunk playing water volleyball.

I encouraged her to join the game, because there's plenty of falling on top of

other people, but she always held back. Maybe this time...

I started treading away from Ginnie towards the steps on the opposite side of

the pool. Ginnie called out to me wondering why I didn't use the steps she was

using for a headrest. I shook my head and said, "Silly, those far steps have a

bigger audience."

I turned back towards Ginnie, raised myself out of the water to bring my entire

package out of the water, which was beginning to deflate slightly, and teasingly

said to her, "Well, how do I look, Gin? Am I properly fluffed and presentable?"

She giggled, and rolled those beautiful brown eyes

I exited the pool feeling like a prize stallion, a total man attitude with a

total man-sized boner pointing the way. I felt a rush of testosterone flow

throughout my body. Seeing the looks of awe and admiration from the pool deck

confirmed I did the right thing. Good, step one completed, and I was on my man

walk.

I decided to first peruse the two stores off the pool deck, then into the main

office and deserted nightclub, then back out to the bar for those drinks. Oh,

and I must remember to sneak a peak back at Ginnie to see what erotic mischief

she would be in.

As I was walking amongst both the resort guests and staff, I got a few looks,

but people didn't seem surprised as much as I would of expected or hoped. It was

exciting talking with a couple women staff, who were fully clothed, although it

didn't phase them in the least. I guess they're used to horny show offs at this

place.

It was fun though standing at a glass display case of body jewelry and cock

rings, across from a good looking sales girl. The glass top was at a convenient

height to rest my dick upon, and we talked quite a bit about what I could get to

adorn it. Quite the show and tell session.

I made the rest of the way around the pool deck and finally got our drinks from

the bar. I got plenty of looks at my hard on, and passed a few other guys

sporting ones too. When I returned back into the pool, Ginnie was surprised that

I kept my hard on the entire time. I just told her that I was thinking of her.

I was giddy with excitement as the time approached to meet Keiko. Ginnie was

getting a quick late-afternoon workout and met me at our room to help me get

ready, if only to calm my nerves and make sure I had everything straight. I was

already in the room when she arrived.

She had a mischievous grin on her pretty face and a noticeable bounce in her

step. I teasingly asked why she was so happy, when I also realized that she was

wearing only flip-flops and holding her work-out clothes in her hand. This was

unlike her, because she always wore at a minimum stretchy shorts and a jog bra

top to the resort health club. And arriving with her workout clothes in her

hand, meant she either stripped on the way back or finally allowed herself to

feel the excitement and freedom of a nude workout.

When we had worked out together, I was always nude, but she was just way too

uncomfortable exercising without clothes. I confessed to Ginnie how it really

excites me, and I always looked forward to working out in the nude at this

resort. I could go on and on about the experience, but I was really curious

about her experience this time.

She explained about joining a yoga/exercise class in the back exercise room. But

to her shock, this one was different, and one that I've never heard of before.

Before it started, she noticed that everybody was actually wearing full

complements of workout clothes. Not the typical around here, where the majority

are nude.

The room was full, with about 30 people evenly mixed with men and women. She

also noticed quickly that everybody was on the younger side of the average age

for this resort, and all quite the beautiful types.

The lady instructor was very beautiful herself, wearing clingy spandex over a

very toned body and obviously enhanced boobs. She began with simple stretches,

then easy calisthenics. When the jumping jacks started, the instructor announced

her need to "be free" and if anybody could help her. Ginnie soon found out about

how special this class was when a guy from the back "volunteered" and walked up

behind the instructor to pull her top over her head. Her boobs were certainly

"free" now and keeping in rhythm to the music.

The instructor then slowed to explain the class rules to any newcomers. Ginnie

admitted to her fear now, that she may be required to strip. Which she never

does when exercising, because of her fear of somebody seeing her pussy lips. The

instructor lady explained that on her commands throughout the class, everybody

is to allow another person to remove a single piece of their clothing. There

would also be some erotic exercises designed to enhance their experience, but

are always optional.

Ginnie almost walked out, but remembered how I encouraged her to try new things

out of her comfort zone, and decided to stay. She was also relieved a little

when the instructor encouraged the nervous ones to take the back row. Ginnie

moved to the back as the class resumed.

At the first strip command, a cute guy, named Gary, who was new too, approached

Ginnie to remove her top. She said only if she could pull his shorts off first.

He wholeheartedly agreed, so while everybody else was getting topless in this

first round, he was the first to let his dick fly. Ginnie admitted she was

actually starting to like topless aerobics.

This also began all the impromptu erotic movements around the class, encouraged

of course by the self-groping instructor. Girls would grab their boobs or tweak

their nipples to the music. Ginnie could see Gary dieing to grab his dick, but

was holding back to see what others were doing.

The instructor then began with the yoga and that everybody needed to be

barefoot. No problem for the crowd, but when Gary began removing Ginnie's shoes,

as she sat on the floor, he teased that he couldn't wait to see up her crotch

soon. She was in a huff, but the instructor lady was nearby to offer encouraging

words. Nude herself already, she said some magic words that calmed Ginnie's

fear, at least for the duration of the class, and made the nearby guys promise

not to look when her legs were open.

At the next strip command, everybody was fully nude. Ginnie felt strange,

especially that anybody walking outside the windows could catch her on full

display. But she took her mind off it by counting how many guys already had

erections. She expected more, but only found two.

The next series of yoga positions worked to stimulate everybody's genitals. The

instructor even went around to each person to make sure they were doing the

position correctly, and if not, offered her own hands to help. Ginnie even

surprised herself, not seeming to have a problem now with spreading her legs for

the various positions. When they all stood back upright, the effect was obvious.

Every dick and nipple was about to burst.

The sexual tension was unbearable. So for the last exercise, the instructor lady

had everybody sit around one big circle for a group masturbation release. The

Kleenex box was passed around as everybody joined the circle. At this point,

Ginnie was so relaxed and sexually charged, that she really wanted this and

found a seat between two guys with really big dicks. With the instructor

gyrating loudly in the middle, it didn't take long for each person to orgasm,

some even twice.

Fully relaxed and with a fresh sexual release, Ginnie told me she practically

glided through the air on her way back to our room. I promised to join her in

the next class, but I missed out this time, because there was only one per

weekend.

On to the task of preparing for my date, I tried to get Ginnie to apply the

smiley-face decal, which she refused, as expected, but she did help with the

process. I was standing naked in front of the hotel room mirror, reading the

decal directions, when Ginnie jumped up on the counter facing me. She had taken

a quick shower in the room and was now wearing a pair of unzipped shorts,

revealing a tease of pubic hair, and a loose tank top.

Seeing my nervousness, she told me that she used to apply those temporary

tattoos all the time, and that it's real easy. I looked at her coyly and asked,

"In any interesting places?"

She blushed as she pointed to her butt and replied, "Just there once." She gave

me some tips on the technique, before dramatically stopping suddenly. I asked

what was up, so she slowly looked down at my very limp dick and said, "It

won't... ah.... stick very well to wrinkled skin. It needs a smooth surface."

Suddenly realizing the obvious, I said, "Well, we'll just have to take care of

that, won't we dear.... Any suggestions?"

She quipped back, "You know I can't. We have our rules."

Ginnie broke the long silence, and said, "Well, I guess we have two problems

then. Getting it hard to apply the decal and keeping it at least semi-hard, so

the thing doesn't shrivel off before you get a chance to show her." I reminded

her of the reason that I bought the cock lasso this morning. She finally

understood now why I bought that thing she thought was so silly.

But then on to the other pressing problem, Ginnie reluctantly offered to help as

much as she could, having realized what she needed to do. She then hopped off

the counter, closed the hotel room door and pulled the window shades closed. My

dick was already starting to feel a twitch, in anticipation of what I hoped she

would do. She peeled off her clothes on her way across the room and told me in a

matter of fact way, that I was going to owe her big time for this.

Just to put this in perspective, of all the times we've been to this resort with

the sexual tension through the roof, we've only had one mutual masturbation

session. It was fun at the time, but we later agreed that it was too much of a

temptation and could have easily led to sex between us in the heat of the

moment. And we needed to honor our steadfast rule of no sex between us.

We've accidentally stumbled across each other a few times masturbating, but

quickly excused ourselves out of respect. We've also of course been in the same

room having sex with another couple a few times, but never did Ginnie and I

touch each other or participate in a mass orgy. So, for Ginnie to do next what I

think she'll do, it'll most likely be due to her desire that I have a magical

night with Keiko and to help any way she can. I really do owe her big time for

this one.

So, she hops back up on the counter, leans back against the mirror, and says,

"Well, I suppose you'll need to put that lasso thing on first." Stunned for

words, I nod and go rifle through the bag. I hold it up and contemplate, whether

I should install it around the base of my ball sack or base of my shaft. I admit

to Ginnie that I've done it both ways, and sometimes just behind the head.

She looks at me with a suspect curiosity and says, "Geeze, how much do you do

this? Not that I'm shocked any more at anything you do, but you just haven't

told me before. Spill it."

I then just tell her, "Well, sometimes when I'm home alone and feeling horny, in

an adventurous way, I like to experiment with different sensations. I read

somewhere about constrains and that it kept the blood from draining, and well...

it's just something different that feels good. I haven't told anybody else

though, and haven't worn one around any of my girlfriends." Ginnie took it all

in, accepted it as just another of my "quirky things" and motioned for me to put

it on.

Responding to her look of acceptance, I said, "See, you'd have a boring life if

it wasn't for my endless antics." She chuckled and admitted that life with me

was always full of surprises.

I still needed to decide which was the best place to install the lasso. I asked

for Ginnie's opinion if I should wrap it around the base of the shaft or head.

We agreed that I should wrap it around the base. That way, it kept my dick hard

and wouldn't be noticeable under the tight-fitting boxers. I tugged and pulled

it in position, then stood proud for Ginnie's approval. She nodded with approval

and let out a resigning sigh for her next task.

Starting with her hands on her upper chest, she seductively moved them down

caressing her boobs, and continuing down to her crotch. She started to caress

herself as I began to squeeze and pull on my dick, which was finally starting to

grow. The nervousness tonight of my meeting Keiko had rendered it all but tucked

away in the hangar for the last few hours. Ginnie continued to pat and rub

herself, punctuated with a few tweaks of her hardening clit.

Even though her legs were open pretty wide, she kept her lips covered with her

hand. Still not ever letting me see all the details. She was watching the

progress of my dick, no doubt trying to do as little as possible for the desired

effect.

It didn't take much time at all, and as I was getting real close to full size,

Ginnie told me to reposition the lasso and get the decal ready. I cursed the

interruption, but snapped into reality to the task at hand. She slowed her hand

movements and reached over with one hand to help with the decal, but she made

sure I didn't stop with my wanking. She stopped her hand job in a sigh of

relief, when we both agreed the desired size had been achieved.

I'm sure she thought she'd need to go further, but was definitely relieved at my

quick response. So, there I stand with a hard on and a decorative leather strap

around the shaft of my dick. I didn't have much difficulty applying the

smiley-face decal to the swollen head of my dick. Ginnie expertly advised on its

placement, for maximum impact. She was actually pretty excited now that she saw

the dressed package. I sneered a "told ya so" at her doubting my plan.

I then donned my tight white shirt and black silk boxers for Ginnie's approval,

but the lasso was keeping my dick way too hard and tenting the boxers. So I

worked the lasso a little looser and squeezed until it hung down low and the

outline of the head was just noticeable through the silk. In a yelp of triumph,

Ginnie said, "Stop, that's it. Right there. Try to keep it that size. Not too

big that you look like a horny pervert, yet big enough to make her drool."

As I continue to get ready, I ask Ginnie what plans she had for the evening. She

told me that she spied a really cute guy who just checked in to the room a

couple doors down. He looked by himself and from the look of overwhelment on his

face, probably the first time at this resort. She felt confident of her ability

to snag him for a long ride tonight.

I asked if he saw her outside the room. I was interested in this, because I know

how she delights in snagging a guy for the night and tease him in the process of

removing her clothes slowly over the evening. So I was hoping he hadn't seen her

nude yet, for she arrived at the room this time still nude from the pool. She

said she spied him just as she was entering our room, and if he was quick, he

may have seen her naked ass.

I asked if she had anything special in mind for the seduction. She revealed, a

little reluctantly, that she found something really cool while shopping with

Keiko for my present. Dieing to know what Keiko bought me, I held my curiosity,

and proceeded to ask what Ginnie had bought. She excitedly said that it was a

flower for a special place.

I teasingly demanded she show me, so she bounded across the room for a bag on

the dresser. Man do I love watching her ass jiggle, and even more those boobs

gyrate when she bounded back to show me her new flower thing.

It was a silk yellow daisy with a funny-shaped plastic thing for a stem. She

noticed my confusion and explained that it's made to be held in place by her

pussy. I was excitedly surprised, for I'd never heard of it before. She said the

boutique lady recommended it after a long, examining look at the shape of

Ginnie's crotch. The boutique lady was excited when Ginnie removed her sarong

from around the waist of her topless body to try on some lace knickers. Ginnie

said she was quite embarrassed in the middle of the store, as this older lady

bent down to more closely examine her well-trimmed crotch.

The lady retrieved the daisy from the jewelry display and offered it to Ginnie

to try on, after explaining where it goes and that it was brand new. The

boutique lady said that she'd been waiting for just the right girl to be the

first and that Ginnie's crotch region was perfect.

After a little prodding from Keiko, Ginnie stepped behind a rack of clothes and

proceeded to maneuver the specially-shaped stem into her pussy. She had a little

difficulty because she was standing and the pool water had dried her out quite a

bit. She was offered help from a couple of people in the store of course, but

she fended them off, determined to make it fit.

It took a little maneuvering and a few deep squats, but she emerged from behind

the clothes rack to proudly show her new adornment. She loved it and was excited

to wear it tonight.

Back at our room, I asked Ginnie to show me how it fits. She then took her

previous position on the counter, thought pensively for a moment, and then

surprised me by spreading her legs very wide. But this time without covering her

crotch with her hand. She thought that in this position, she'd have an easier

time inserting it, although she's pretty wet already from her previous act on

the counter.

She also admitted to being a little naughty and daring, so she had me open the

front door of the room and make sure I didn't block the view. Anybody walking by

would get a clear view of her spread eagle on the counter. She was really primed

for the evening.

As I walk back from the front of the room, I'm staring intently at her open legs

and just gotta know about this change in attitude. All the while bringing her to

this resort, I've never once seen her spread those legs enough for a full view

of those lips. Plenty of other ladies enjoy showing off, but maybe Ginnie is

just a little shy for that. Although it doesn't stop her from plenty of flashing

and handling. She even has the ability to masturbate with her legs closed tight.

Every other woman I've seen needs to open their legs a fair amount.

Ginnie keeps her crotch very kept, from what I've seen. She has the hair on her

lips waxed clean with neatly-trimmed hair above in a triangle pattern, pointing

down. To help find the target as Ginnie jokes.

I was offered quite a sight. I cooed, "Hey, thanks for the view. It looks like

that boutique lady was right, she must have noticed, as I have, how your pubic

bone is a little deeper than most women and how a gap doesn't form between your

legs. You've never let me see into your pussy before. And I gotta admit, it does

look very tantalizing and tight, and also very colorful, awesome."

A little embarrassed, she began to close her legs, but opened them again while

saying, "Well, I suppose I don't mind this time, you've been a patient boy and I

guess it's only fair, since I've seen you in all your hardness. I'm also really,

really horny tonight, with all the day's events. And for some reason, wherever I

turned today, there was a hard dick. It seems guys were just letting it fly

today without concern. Ya know how I enjoy seeing hard dicks flopping around the

pool."

Wanting desperately to talk in detail about her woman parts, I asked, "So, why

do you suppose the boutique lady thought you were perfect for that thing? And by

the way, I don't think you've seen my dick yet when I've had a super hard on."

Ginnie revealed a little more about herself as she prepared to insert the

flower, "I still couldn't guess why the boutique lady was so excited about me,

I'm not so different. So I took her aside and asked. The vendor told her that

for it to stay in place while walking, it needed a girl with a special shape,

which was quite rare. She said that, as you already noticed, the girl needs a

flat pubic bone, close legs and something that I didn't even know I had... a

high vagina."

Surprised and intently curious, I quipped, "A high what?"

Ginnie continued as I was straining to see what she meant, "The lady said that

my 'opening' starts higher than most women. That allows the flower stem to ride

more forward than down, and so it won't fall out when I walk around. And I also

don't need to clench my muscles to keep it in place."

I still look confused, so with complaint, Ginnie says she'll just show me. Then

by inserting her index finger, she shows me how the opening begins high on her

pubic bone and not lower like most women. I nod at this discovery, and say, "Oh,

I see now. It's not something I usually notice, but I guess it's pretty cool...

Oh, and that must be why you can masturbate with your legs closed then. I always

thought that was a pretty good trick."

With an air of pride, she said, "Yup, I always liked that I could do that, I

guess I know why now.... But geeze, enough talk about my pussy. I want to show

you the flower."

I watched intently as Ginnie easily slid the flower stem into her glistening

pussy and adjusted it for a perfect fit. She then bounded off the counter for a

couple twirls, then stopped abruptly with hands on hips to say, "What did you

mean before about that super hard on? You mean you get even bigger? You were

really big the first time I saw your dick, with all that pent up desire over the

years to see me nude and all."

I admitted, "Ya, I guess I was pretty hard that time, but when I get a super

erection, it does get a little longer. But mostly the head really swells up and

gets all purple. It doesn't happen too often and it's unpredictable, but it's

quite a sight. Too bad you haven't seen it yet, I can't wait to show you.

Wouldn't it be a gas if I got a super erection here sometime. And you were on

the other side of the pool deck or something. And I go running through the crowd

to show you. That would be a funny sight."

Ginnie was extremely interested at this point, and said, "Ya, that would be a

sight. Too bad you can't do something to make it that hard when you want."

I answered, "Well, maybe with Keiko tonight... Anything's possible. Uh oh,

you've been such a distraction, I'm almost late for Keiko. I gotta go." With

that, I hugged Ginnie, gave the flower a pat, thanked her profusely and bounded

off to meet the beautiful Keiko.

I'm practically running across the resort, because I know I'm a little late,

caused by the decal party. As I walk down the path to the lake, I finally spy

Keiko sitting on the big rock at the edge of the lake. She's facing away from me

as I approach, which gives me one last opportunity to pause and check the status

of my manhood. Everything's a go, so I gingerly approach, but make sure I make

enough noise so she's not startled.

Sprawled across the boulder like a mermaid, she's wearing a white, puffy-sleeve,

top that looks pretty tight from behind. As I get closer, I see a short a short,

puffy, white skirt and lots of legs. She looks over shoulder when I get close,

which almost stops me dead in my tracks. She's so stunningly beautiful, with

those deep Asian eyes and perfectly shaped face. I'm stressing about what to

say, so I say the first thing that comes to mind, "Hello beautiful." She just

smiles, as I struggle to keep my knees from buckling.

I couldn't take my gaze off her eyes, but did notice that her boobs were held

tightly with the top that's translucent and open down the front to the knot

exposing great cleavage and a nice tease of her perfectly shaped boobs.

As I'm talking with this fascinating lady, I'm starting to sometimes loose

concentration, either drifting off as she's talking or making little sense when

I try to say something. Keiko notices this and, reluctantly asks me if there's

something wrong. I sheepishly confess, that I'm distracted by her body and I

really want to look it over, but don't want to offend her. This entire time,

I've only been looking at her face and holding myself back from glancing down. I

don't want her to think that I only see her as a sex object and act like some

horny pervert.

She laughs, and says, "Well, everybody here is a horny pervert, which is why

we're here in the first place, showing off and staring at each other." I laugh

in embarrassing agreement. She continues, "I dared myself to come here in the

first place to just get over my own prudeness, but in the last couple of days,

I'm really seeing things differently."

After explaining her new-found enlightenment, a wave of sympathetic, yet

excitement comes to her expression and she coos, "I appreciate your respect, but

I really want you to look at me. As I said before, I'm really starting to like

this exhibition thing, as I'm sure you do too from what Ginnie told me about

you. So, take a good look."

I smile a big thank you, get up from the rock and step back a few feet, all

while still gazing into those beautiful almond-shaped eyes. I take a deep breath

and lower my gaze very slowly to take it all in, knowing that I now have

permission to ogle and imagine what I'll be seeing in a few hours.

Her cleavage is deep, and about a third of each boob is showing from behind the

fabric. As I mentioned before, she's wearing a long-sleeve, collar shirt that's

made of thin fabric. All of the buttons are undone, with it tied in a bow just

below her boobs. The shirt is a little tight and delicately cradling her boobs

so that they're just barely touching each other. I can clearly see that they are

almost perfectly round shaped with her nipples just barely noticeable through

the thin fabric in this low light. I do notice though that the shape of the

fabric on her left nipple has a few extra bumps, no doubt it's the jewelry that

I saw flash in the sun earlier that day.

I continue to survey lower to see a very narrow and taught waist gently curve

into her perfectly proportioned waist. The white skirt she's wearing is riding

low on her hips and doesn't continue very far. It's very short and made of what

looks like a very soft cotton that's puffed up a little. It's fun and sexy at

the same time. My heart skips a beat imagining her bare underneath and walking

around just waiting for a breeze. I know I'm going to be sneaking a few glances

that way throughout the night trying to get a peek. I know, I know, there's no

doubt I'll be eventually seeing her nude tonight, but it's always fun to try and

sneak a peak.

After soaking in Keiko's long and luscious legs for a long time, I finally look

back up at her face to catch her totally checking out my body. I cough and say,

"So, who's checking who out." Her head snaps up to meet mine and ever so

confidently says, "Hey, you think I came to this place just to get over my fear

of being seen naked. No way, I came to check out the guys too. I heard this

place was full of the beautiful people, and I wasn't disappointed. I probably

shouldn't admit to this, but I've seen quite a few guys strip naked at a party.

I've always been way to shy to let any guy see me naked unless we were dating,

but I'm really into watching naked guys and having them do things for us. A

girlfriend of mine is really good at convincing these hot guys from the beach to

strip for us girls while we keep our clothes on. I'm always amazed at how she

does it, but I'm learning. And looking around this place, I'd sure like to get a

few of these guy's numbers."

I'm standing there mesmerized as I listen to her confession of having CFNM

parties. My knees are getting week, and my dick is getting harder as I want to

know more. I ask, "So, you like CFMN parties, huh. I've done that a couple of

times over the years, and I really get off on it. I love parading around naked,

and especially shocking unsuspecting women... No, I don't do the trench coat

flashing thing. It's usually with a good female friend or girl roommate. And I

just one day, casually walk out of my room naked, as if everything's normal.

Just about each time, they've accepted it and let me continue as long as I

didn't get blatant with it. Then after a bit, most have joined in and really

like the freedom."

I continue, "It's too bad I can't walk around here like I really want." She

looks at me quizzically, but I can see she's curious to know. I continue, "I'd

really like to have a hard-on all the time, and be able to take a quick grope if

I see something nice. And of course, oblige any woman's desire to grope me." She

gives me a wanton smile of agreement, as she reaches out towards my crotch in a

mock groping. I see her biting her lip as she pulls back.

I look down to check my state through the silk boxers, and smile with pride at

seeing that it's about half-erect with the shape of the head clearly

discernable. I teasingly thrust my hips towards her ever slightly and tease,

"You like what you see so far, Keiko?"

She says, "Oh ya, baby, I can't wait, lemmy see..."

I stop her in mid desire and sternly explain the rules for the evening, "Well,

it looks like we both love the tease, so here's what's going to happen this

evening. It looks like you have the events for the evening planned, and I thank

you, but I want to prolong the teasing for as long as possible. It's obvious

where this is going, but let's have some fun building up to it. So, let's agree

to some guidelines. First, we expose in small increments, or take it to the edge

and draw back. Second, fondling with oneself while hiding from view is

encouraged. Just seeing what you're doing to yourself and wishing I was doing it

instead, I know will drive me nuts. Third, we expose to other people while

keeping it from each other. And above all, make your actions known to everybody

around, draw a little attention and make them jealous. I want people talking

about us tomorrow, and since this is Saturday night with the usual wild swinger

crowd, we can get away with a lot more tonight than any other time. So, get

creative."

With that open invitation, Keiko straightens up, thrusts those now-swollen boobs

at me and beams a most devilish smile.

I extend my hand, and lead her down the path.

As we walk towards the clubhouse through the trees, we're both silent, no doubt

thinking of ways to tease each other. As we near the parking lot from the trees,

she trots ahead of me, and from behind I can see her pull her top wide open, no

doubt releasing those boobs from their restraints. The path opens abruptly into

the crowded parking lot, which she takes advantage of and grabs a boob in each

hand to shake around vigorously.

I realize her plan now, to be caught groping her boobs by an unsuspecting person

in the lot. As I exit the trees, I see her sexy plan worked, for two young

couples were just getting out of their car, all still dressed and a little taken

aback seeing Keiko's display. I even caught one of the guys ribbing his girl to

do the same. Her work done, Keiko pulled her shirt over her boobs as I caught

up, and we locked arms for the rest of the walk to the clubhouse. We laughed all

the way.

I admit my thoughts, "I'm just so excited about what you come up with. How

you'll react to what I have in mind. I want to learn what drives you crazy with

lust, so don't be shy and just let the emotions fly. I've seen a lot of wild

things around here Saturday night for inspiration and I have a few more that

I've had in mind over the years. I'll let you know right now, don't be afraid of

getting in trouble. After about midnight the staff really doesn't care what

happens. You'll see."

She says, "Yup, I do have some ideas brewing. I hope you're man enough and have

the energy to last the night." I assure her not to worry, I'm ready.

As we get close to the clubhouse door, I was thinking about Ginnie for some

reason and told Keiko, "Ginnie did good looking out for me today. She was really

impressed with you and was all beside herself telling me about you. She's a

really good friend and I hope she hooks up with a hunk for herself tonight. I

bought her some nipple jewelry to wear tonight, but I made her promise to have

some unsuspecting, lonely-looking guy put them on her. And to make sure her

nipples weren't swollen yet when she asks, so he'll have to get then ready.

She's going to make this poor guy's day. I can't wait to hear about it later."

As we enter the clubhouse, I ask Keiko, "Well, what's first on the agenda?" I

trust her as we're seated at the table in the front of the restaurant. Our

dinners were already selected by her earlier that day and arrive soon. I confess

to her that I did see her briefly earlier that afternoon, and how Ginnie kept me

from getting a close look. I admitted to seeing a goddess on those rollerblades

and felt like the luckiest man on earth.

Keiko has such a warming smile when receiving a complement. She then admitted

that she also saw me earlier that afternoon, but my lower half was hidden behind

the bar. She only confirmed it was me after describing me to Ginnie. But, she

definitely saw me with lust in her eyes.

I noticed that the waiter brought a separate plate that contained a single

carrot, small pickle, small red potato and a tangerine. I commented to Keiko

about what an odd dish, when she replied in a casual manner, "What's your

favorite to eat?" After a second, I picked the carrot, which prompted a sigh of

relief, then another evil grin from Keiko.

She then proceeded to take the five-inch carrot and began nibbling the ends to

remove the sharp ends. I asked what she was doing, and was treated to a silent

determination. When she seemed satisfied with her work, I noticed from under the

table that she was spreading her legs very wide and held them there as she

pulled up her skirt. No doubt giving anybody near by a great view up her crotch.

I couldn't see anything because of the table, but I was imagining quite a view.

She then took the carrot under the table, and as I could only assume, drive it

deep inside her. She then closed her legs, gave me that wicked smile again and

said, "Something to enjoy later." I was pleasantly surprised with this display,

as were a few voyeurs nearby. I joked that I should have picked the tangerine,

to which Keiko replied that she was relieved that I didn't. So, the games begin.

I guess it was my turn then, although I'd have a hard time topping her stunt. I

did spy a woman sitting by herself at the small restaurant bar. She was curvy,

probably in her late thirties and wearing a frilly teddy. She'd been alone for

awhile and I thought I'd just go over to her and talk her into doing something

nasty to me as Keiko watches from across the restaurant. I tell Keiko to watch

as I see what I can talk the girl into doing.

I approach the girl at the bar and explain a little about the special night I'm

having. She seems interested at the story and wished that she was in Keiko's

place. I explain why I was telling her all this and that she could help tease

Keiko for me. She lit up realizing she could have at least a little fun with me,

if ever so brief. I asked her for suggestions, when she waved to Keiko across

the restaurant and guided me into one of the high-backed bar stools, with my

back to Keiko.

She then proceeded to stand in front of me, between my open legs, and pull her

teddy over her head. It was the only thing she was wearing, and moved aside to

make sure Keiko knew it. She then pulled my boxers down to my ankles and

actually did a good job not letting out a laugh when she saw the smiley-face

tattoo gracing the head, taking my hint to not give away the secret.

Then this naked, and quite voluptuous, MILF put on an act as if I had the

biggest dick she's ever seen. She did a very convincing acting job for Keiko,

like holding up her hands about two feet apart with eyes agape and acting like

she was about to faint. I was only about half-erect at the time, but she kept

the act going and really laid it on. She even had the guy bartender take a look

and act impressed. He also wanted to play along with the ruse, so after looking

down my crotch, turned to Keiko and gave a double thumbs up. The girl even

looked around to find some other people to show me off to, but I felt the act

was enough already and pulled up my boxers.

I whispered a thank you to my partner in seduction and began to leave, but she

would have none of that until she pulled my face into her jiggling boobs. I

thanked her again and returned to a thoroughly impressed Keiko saying, "Well,

survey says....." With another tease accomplished, I led Keiko and her carrot

out of the restaurant.

Keiko's next plan was for a little sports to burn off the meal. She gave me the

option of either a quick gym workout, ping-pong, canoeing on the lake or

billiards. I tell her, "Great choices, and all options that I notice don't

require us to be nude. So we can continue with our teasing I see. Give me a

moment to choose. In the mean time, why don't we go hit the pool deck and ogle

at the beautiful nude people."

We share a chaise by the hot tub, straddling it while facing each other. It took

me a second to realize that with Keiko's short skirt and the way she was

straddling the lounge, I just needed to look down and I'd probably see her open

to the world. I keep my gaze locked into her eyes and say, "I'll bet that if I

just look a little lower, I'd be able to see up your skirt, huh?"

She toys with me and says, "Yes, you would be able to see, but you won't look

will you. Willpower now. You can't see it yet."

I bite my tongue in compliance and add, "Two can play that one. I'm going to

reach down, pull my dick out of my boxers, and you're not going to look either,

agreed?" She nods. I reach down while my eyes are still glued to hers, and make

sure my dick makes as much noise as possible as it plops down on the chair

fabric. We look at each other's faces and around the pool deck, but keep our

word and not once look down. Several people walk by though and don't even

attempt to hide that they took a good look.

I think out loud as I decide on a sport, "Well, in keeping with the theme of the

night, there's not much of an audience canoeing on the lake, and I prefer

working out in the nude, because I have my own take on some of the exercises.

Ping-pong has the possibility of seeing your boobs gyrate or skirt flipping, but

I think I have to go with the one with the most teasing potential, billiards in

the bar. It's a popular place to show off.

As we head over to the bar, I ask if she'd like to work out with me Sunday

morning in the health club. We'll be nude by then, which makes it much more

interesting. She says that she normally works out late at night, but since she

came to this resort to try as much as possible in the nude, she agrees and asks

to make sure that we get plenty of pictures.

Thinking my nude workouts couldn't get better than they already were, I was

excited about taking pictures and told Keiko that we had to first get the OK

from anybody else in the club, but I didn't foresee a problem.

I proceed to tell her a little about my special nude workouts, and that they're

an exhibitionist playground. Imagine all those contorting body positions and

exercise equipment, not to mention the hot bodies that live there. I'm not the

only one with this view, the regulars freely admit to the sexual stimulation the

club provides.

Since gym conversations often center around workout techniques, they provide a

great opportunity and justification to talk about the fun parts. Where else

could I have a perfect excuse to stare at a woman's naked ass, but as to monitor

her technique and provide feedback. Everybody is checking out each other, some

purely as competition or envy and others in a sexual sense. It's all totally

acceptable and a blast. Clothes are such in the way during a workout.

I normally begin my workouts with a few minutes on the treadmill, which of

course causes everything to wildly gyrateâ€”boobs and dicks are a blur with

stimulation. Then I hit free weights and machines. The free weights are fun when

they can be directed to brush up against my dick on each swing, or my arm can be

maneuvered to do the same. This usually results in a little growth, but I'm not

that concerned, because the women all love watching, as I hear it's one of the

main reasons for them coming, and the men don't mind because they're guilty too.

If it's just men during my session, I notice many more inflated dicks. Because

there's a understanding between guys, and we all know that we're getting our

rocks off in that place and to just let the other guy have his fun.

The weight machines provide plenty of stretched out bodies to ogle, especially

the leg machines. Sitting on the weight machines with an unconstrained dick

allows me to discreetly position it against the seat for maximum stimulation

with every rep. The rule is to always sit on your own towel for hygiene

concerns, but when I bring a coarse-fabric towel, it just adds to the

stimulation on my butt and balls.

Things get really fun when I'm spotting for a woman. The bench press perfectly

positions my dick just inches over her head and she's looking right up at it.

Then when the bar is lifted off the rack, it can brush my dick if I'm correctly

positioned. As if that weren't enough, when I'm holding the bar to help with the

lift, my hands are driven right into her boobs.

Spotting for sit-ups also offers an excellent view into her crotch. The girls

are having their fun with the spots too, purposely positioning themselves for

the best viewing of muscle men or of their own assets. I've had many of flirts

in this nudist gym. And I haven't even begun to tell you about the stretching

mat, floor exercises or nude yoga.

I'm totally excited about working out in the nude with Keiko and a camera Sunday

morning. The outdoor showers are entering my thoughts also.

As we continue on our way to play pool in the bar, I explain that verbal teasing

is part of the game also, to which she doesn't miss a beat and asks me, "So

then, have you masturbated in front of a stranger yet?"

I take moment to respond, and answer, "First of all, what did you mean by 'yet,'

do have something in mind, and yes, I have. I was on a nude beach a few years

ago and it was all deserted except for two teenage girls within sight who kept

their suits on. They were staring at me and used their hands to motion for me to

masturbate for them. I walked over and sat between them. They were all giggles

and said they haven't ever seen a guy do it, because all the guy friends their

age are way too embarrassed. They were watching and commenting on my rising

erection by this time and I said I had no problem with them watching. They

suggested taking me into the trees behind the dunes for more privacy, but I

wanted to do it out in the open and risk getting seen by somebody walking down

the beach. I put them on the spot, but they went along, desperate to watch me.

They then wanted me to start right away, but I acted that I may not be able to

get fully hard, and they wouldn't want to miss that, would they. They got the

hint, but were really afraid to take off their bikinis out on a public beach

like this. So I began teasing them by seductively playing with my dick and

balls, indicating how big it could get. They finally relented and first just

removed their tops as I started stoking, but eventually removed their bottoms

too. I gave them a good show and even convinced them to stay nude for the rest

of their stay on the beach. OK, that was my story, how about you Keiko. Have you

even masturbated for a stranger?"

She conceded that her one time wasn't as interesting as mine, but that things

got interesting at one her friends CFNM parties. She recalled, "There were two

guys parading around naked at this one party, getting all the girls real hot.

The two guys were even talked into a masturbation contest, judged by the girls

on style, ferocity and of course distance. It got pretty crazy, but while

watching the contest, all the girls had their hands down their pants going at

it. So, yes, I did masturbate to climax, and got pretty loud too, but I had my

pants on the entire time. Although, it has been a fantasy of mine to do it in

front of a bunch of people. Hmm, maybe sometime this weekend..." I vowed to look

for an opportunity.

Since she got me to reveal something kinky, so in return I asked her right out,

"So, tell me something interesting about your pussy."

A little taken aback at first, being a taboo subject in her culture, she

explained that she's always thought of it as kind of nasty and dirty. Since her

culture is very reserved, that which isn't mentioned, is therefore thought of as

dirty. But that she kind of thought differently after talking very candidly with

a gay girlfriend of hers a few years ago. She didn't hit on Keiko, but happily

explained her lifestyle and what a beautiful thing a vagina is. Her friend

gladly sat bottomless on the couch and proceeded to demonstrate in great detail

all the special areas.

Keiko said she finally learned to appreciate what she had between her legs. I

added that to much of the delight of her boyfriends I bet. She agreed. Keiko

added that coming to this resort and being nude with all these strangers is a

kind of culmination in the journey to finally love her entire body. I assured

her that I couldn't agree more and that I was impressed and proud of her for

taking such a giant leap of faith. This place changes people, in many ways.

I still wanted to know more, especially about any surprise delights I might find

awaiting me, so I asked, "Thanks for confiding in me, but can I look forward to

any surprises? As you've probably noticed, the women around here like to dress

up or adorn their goods."

Keiko responds, "Hey, I can't reveal anything yet. Where's the mystery, mister

tease man."

I tell her that knowing something awesome is waiting, but that I can't have yet

actually does add to the anticipation. I also disclose that, besides the

obvious, I have two surprises awaiting her in my pants.

She finally gives in and says, "Well, I do have something special, besides

mister carrot, but you need to guess what it is. Ginnie suggested it and helped

if that gives you a clue."

Hmm, I need to think about that for a moment. At first I think that she may have

totally shaved, which would make sense, because Ginnie keeps her's very short

but not totally gone. I did see Keiko this afternoon with a good amount of hair,

although I could not see the area of her lips. Whatever she did, it had to take

place this afternoon when meeting with Ginnie. So, I really need to figure out

what Ginnie would have suggested, and what she thought I'd like. It's difficult,

because Ginnie and I talk about everything that we see and like, so nothing

stands out that I like above all else. But the more that I think about and get

excited at the possibilities, the more I want to be surprised.

Responding to an impatient Keiko, I said, "Well, there's just so many

possibilities. It could be that you've shaved everything or just down low, or

trimmed your pubes in a cool pattern, or even dyed them. But you could've also

donned a piece of jewelry. I already know your left nipple is adorned. But then

again you could also have pasted on a temporary tattoo or hand drawn a cool

design. I've seen lots of things between here and watch-how-weird-I-can-get

Haulover beach in Miami. Therefore, I think I'll just wait and see what you have

in store. Keep me guessing. Oh, and since you're from south Florida, have you

ever been to Haulover?"

Keiko reveals that she had been to the nude Haulover beach with a girlfriend

about a year ago, and intended to try going nude, but they never removed their

bikinis. She admitted that it kinda freaked her out, seeing all the weirdoes and

gawkers, and turned her off to the whole nudist thing. But deep down still

wanted to overcome her fears and, well, here she is.

Keiko was in a very revealing mood, so I thought I'd keep it going. After

walking for a bit just enjoying the setting sun, I blurted out, "I really like

hanging things from my dick as I walk around nude. I only do it at home though,

as much as I'd really like to do it here."

With my sanity in question, Keiko responds, "OK then, whatever makes you feel

good."

In defense, I add, "It's not that weird, I just enjoy the tugging feel and also

when the tails bump my inner legs." She seems a little relieved as I continue,

"Everybody has some little sexual thing that they're embarrassed to reveal, it's

OK. What's yours?"

Keiko contemplates the revealing of her little quirk and replies, "Well, as

you've already seen, I like to put various things up my vagina for the entire

day. It moves around and gives me a little thrill, in addition to strengthening

the muscles."

I kid with her, "Like carrots?" She laughs.

We arrive at the bar early enough to get a table right away, and there's already

a pretty good crowd still left from happy hour. We settle-in to the high stools

at a table, which is right between the two pool tables and backed up to the

open-air window. It's a perfect spot for teasing. A good view from the pool

table action and just outside the window is the main path to the bar entrance.

This will afford a wide view of the entire scene, which opens up lots of

possibilities for sexy flashing games. I'm already envisioning Keiko leaning

over the table and seeing what happens with that short skirt and those

barely-contained boobs.

There's not much action yet and I secure a game rotation position with a quarter

on the nearest pool table. We order drinks from the waitress, who's into the

nightly scene already, wearing a very sexy and revealing cat suit. I overhear

the two young guys next to us ask her if it's crotchless. She just winks and

walks away, which means, oh ya, it's crotchless alright.

Just then Ginnie walks in the bar with a good looking guy. Seeing Keiko and me,

they head our way. Introductions are made with the new guy, Brett, who Ginnie

met earlier at the front desk checking in for the weekend. I guess they hit it

off quickly, as they already seem comfortable around each other. It looks like

Ginnie whisked Brett away as soon as they met, because he was still wearing what

looked like travel clothes and didn't get a chance to change into resort wear.

Ginnie was ready for the evening though. She was wearing one of my favorite

outfits. It wasn't too outrageous, but still sexy enough to turn every head in

the room. Ginnie always dresses very classy, and I spent a decade wondering what

was underneath. It was worth the wait.

She wore a black, silky corset top that does an excellent job creating even more

cleavage from those already-perfect boobs. It's very stylish and elegant, while

also having a very naughty surprise, which is tailored perfectly for the

nighttime teasing at this resort. She searched a long time for this top and its

special feature. For she loves teasing guys all night; being able to persuade

them to do all kinds of interesting things for her in the hopes of getting

inside that corset. I usually whisper something creatively daring to her, while

she does the manipulating. We make a good team.

This corset's special feature allows the upper portion of the bra to be removed.

So, when Ginnie is ready for the unveiling, she just pulls the upper half away,

which leaves half-cups still pushing those boobs skyward. I just love it, as

does every other guy in the nightclub.

To complete the sexy outfit, she wore a sexy loincloth. It was a silky black

g-string with flaps in the front and back. The flaps covered as much as a modest

bikini bottom, but the way it was cut suggested there was nothing under those

flaps. So if she turned quickly or a breeze popped-up, all the goods would be on

display.

It's the ultimate tease and ensures plenty of eyes her way throughout the night,

hoping for that breeze. Although, there actually is fabric underneath covering

her crotch. Ginnie once told me that if the mood strikes, she often reaches down

under the table and pulls the covering fabric to the side.

Although Ginnie always wants to wear a pair of CFM stilettos with this outfit, I

keep convincing her to go barefoot, as it's in step with the flavor of this

resort and I just love seeing a woman all dressed to the nines, and barefoot. I

guess it just makes a women more approachable. I don't know why, but it just

does. Keiko is barefoot tonight and very classy, which is driving me crazy.

It's fun watching a good-looking guy make moves on Ginnie in the nightclub. She

makes him work for every piece of cloth that she ceremoniously removes over the

course of the night. She just loves getting him mostly naked before removing any

of her outfit.

One of her games that I like to watch, is when she pulls him onto the dance

floor for a slow song and he's down to just shorts or boxers. She pulls in

tight, so they grind groins. And when she can feel him almost fully hard, she

has him pull his dick out of his shorts and feed it down the front of her

bottoms.

They dance like that for awhile until he's good and hard, when she challenges

him to push her bottoms all the way to the floor with only his dick. She helps a

little, pushing the back down, but a horny and determined guy always succeeds.

They leave the dance floor with Ginnie bottomless, carrying her soaked bottoms.

She also makes sure his hard dick is still exposed for all to see, while giving

it a few gropes on the way to their table.

It's a very erotic game of hers, which I taught her. But unfortunately, I was

only allowed to explain it. She wouldn't let me demonstrate. Maybe she'll do it

with Brett tonight.

The four of us made small talk for awhile as Ginnie and Brett ordered their

first round. Ginnie was antsy though and I could tell that she wanted to give me

some time alone with Keiko.

I gave Ginnie a congratulatory nod of approval at her catch for the night, as

they began to head out of the bar. I stop them and suggest that they stay, but

just get one of the free tables on the far wall. I really want Ginnie to stay

anyways, because as I mentioned, I'd like to somehow include her in one of the

teasing games tonight. And with what looks like a pretty game guy with her,

things may get real interesting. They agree to stay and head for one of those

high bar tables in the far corner.

Keiko and I continue talking for about twenty minutes, when I notice our drinks

are getting low, and the cat-suited waitress is flirting with her fans. I skinny

up to the bar as Brett joins me to get drinks also. He doesn't waste any time,

and asks me for some tips on Ginnie, who he says is not really responding to his

game.

I tell him that she's a little difficult at times, and keeps her distance with

new people, but warms up after a few drinks. I also tell him of her favorite

teasing game at this resort. Where a guy sits across from her at a table and

plays with his dick under the table, either with clothes still on or not. He

should let her know what he's doing, but keep it hidden from her. But he must be

seated in a way that others in the club can see his hard-on. Ginnie loves this

game and usually does something to embarrass him, although I didn't tell Brett

that part.

He gave me a look of curious delight as he slowly turned and glanced seductively

at Ginnie and her wanton pose of seduction at the high table across the club. I

could tell she was watching the conversation between us two horny men, about to

zero-in on our prey.

I've known Ginnie for a long time and I was always good at sensing her signals,

and this time she was swaying her glistening legs under the table in a familiar

rhythmic fashion, signifying a naughty, devilish mood. She usually never

realizes she does it, but I catch it every time. I tip my glass to her and

smile, knowing Brett is in for a wild ride tonight. This is going to be fun to

watch.

Brett and I walk away from the bar, drinks in hand, and I say to him, "One last

word of advice dude. She's in control now, but you gotta play along. So, just go

with it, no matter what. ... good luck!"

He thanks me profusely and practically bounds across the room in anticipation. I

know that feeling, when you know it's in the bag, glorious. I feel the same, as

I join the lovely Keiko at her perch by the pool table. I tell her about my talk

with Brett about Ginnie's game and that it'll be a good show tonight between

them.

While I was at the bar, Keiko was busy making goggle eyes and flirting with the

twenty-year old guys playing pool. One guy gives me a nod and says, "That's

quite a gal there. She's even talked the looser out of his clothes, although we

couldn't talk her out of hers... bum."

Keiko piped in, "Hey, you didn't seem to complain at the deal. But ya never

know, I did come here to get nude eventually." As she licked her lips and spread

her legs a little more while keeping the goods barely covered with her skirt.

The guys must have just arrived tonight and hadn't seen Keiko run around nude

the past couple of days. The guys were sufficiently teased to the playful

delight of Keiko. Yup, she definitely isn't shy to admit her desire to enjoy the

dick-fest at this resort.

She turned to me and said, "Ya know, I came to this resort to bury some demons

and conquer some fears, but I had no idea at how far I could take things and how

everybody talks so openly about their bodies and sex. It gives me the freedom to

explore what I've suppressed my entire life. I've been experimenting these past

two days and seeing what I could get away with. It's awesome."

I smiled in agreement as a kid getting away with something, and said, "Yup, it's

a blast. The acceptance to think in a sexually free way and share it with others

who won't judge you, but are equally as curious. Hell, where else could I ask a

prim and proper-looking woman about her clit ring that she's so proudly showing

off."

Keiko added, "Ya, I'm totally into this, and also sad that the rest of society

isn't anywhere near as open as these people are. As I realize the effect this

place is having on me, I'm just thinking now that I could never ask a co-worker

to drop his pants so I could see if he's circumcised â€” which I just go nuts for

by the way." As she drops her gaze to my crotch.

I satisfy her curiosity by coyly saying, "Yup, oh hot one, it's got a

spectacular helmet, even when I'm not erect. I get lots of stares, and gropes,

by all the women here." She squirms with anticipation, but is interrupted by one

of the guys playing pool.

He announces gleefully that he is the lucky one, and lost the pool game. The

guys joke around that he was trying to loose on purpose, even at the loss of 20

bucks. Everybody in the immediate areaâ€”about 15 people all still dressed for the

early eveningâ€”draw their attention to the lucky guy. Keiko sits proud and

teasingly demands that he make good, while also commenting to the crowd at the

noticeable bulge in his jeans.

It doesn't take him long to be the first nudie in the bar tonight. He proudly

strips to the encouraging cheers of the crowd. He was facing away from Keiko, as

he dropped his boxers, and revealed a blinding white ass in stark contrast to

the rest of his tanned body. They call them cottontails around here.

The cheers subsided though when his dick came into view. Even though it was

obviously as hard as it could have been, it was still quite short, skinny and

un-circumcised. Keiko was not impressed, but kept her charm about her and

announced to the gallery, "Woohoo, that's how you get the party started. Now

who's going to be the next lucky looser." The guys all pointed to their tall,

skinny buddy, who we could all assume was terrible at pool.

I slowly leaned towards Keiko and whispered, "May I remind you that you're

playing the next game Keiko, and you made the rules. Fair is fair."

She shrugged, then looked worried. It wasn't like she hadn't been nude already,

but she told me that she didn't want to reveal herself to me so early in the

night. I assured her that we'll figure something out if need be. For I too

wanted this teasing game to go on for a long time.

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The rest of the story I'll leave to your imagination. But just suffice it to

say, it was the most erotic weekend of my life.