My Holiday Vacation Ch. 01

by lonelyssbbw ©

Fact or Fantasy? I'm going to leave that to your imagination. But please

let me know if you enjoy the story. With enough positive feedback, I'll

post further more about the weeks adventures!

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My vacation was unbelievable! I've been extremely stressed lately between

work, the kids, and some other things going on. So my husband suggested I

take a week and go visit my old college roommate. This was a surprise that

he suggested a vacation, let alone to visit Celeste! Celeste and I roomed

together the entire 4 years we were in college. And hubby knows that she

were a little wild at times. She and I have kept in touch over the years -

both of us are married with kids. Her kids are a lot older though. Her

daughter just started college and her son is a senior in college. We've

both shared secrets, fantasies - all the stuff that makes or breaks a good

friendship. When I called her and asked if it would be a good time, she

was ecstatic - she was going to have a week off work, too. So we started

planning: I'd fly in on Friday night, 6/24 and she'd pick me up from the

airport. We'd stay in the city over night. Then we'd go to her house

(which happens to be on a small, semi-private lake) sometime Saturday.

Hubby took me to the airport. He helped me get my luggage checked and we

kissed goodbye. I waved at him as he drove away, then went inside to wait.

I hate traveling alone, but was so excited - I hadn't seen Celeste for

about 5 years now. Inside the airport I sat and read a magazine, trying to

be patient for the plane. To make a long story short, there were

mechanical problems with the plane I was supposed to board. I ended up

sitting at the airport over 4 hours waiting for a flight out. I called

Celeste to let her know I'd be real late and not to drive into the city

for me. I tried to keep my voice strong, but I was so tired and

disappointed, there were tears in my eyes.

By the time the flight landed, It was about 2:30 in the morning. I

sleepily got off the plane and headed to the luggage area. When I turned

the corner, I was shocked to see Celeste waiting there for me! I was so

glad! We gave each other the biggest bear hug! Maybe I should explain at

this point that Celeste is much smaller than I am. If you watch "Everybody

Loves Raymond", Celeste looks a whole lot like Deborah, even to some

degree in the face. I'm somewhat the opposite: I'm 5'5", blond hair, brown

eyes, and close to 400 pounds with very large breasts. Seeing her and that

hug made my day! We chatted about everything waiting for the luggage -

kids, husbands, work, stresses. We weren't anywhere near out of subjects

to chat about, but we'd been there 45 minutes and no luggage. So finally

we asked: the luggage had been put on the wrong plane and wouldn't be in

until sometime late Saturday. Lucky for me Celeste had already booked us a

hotel room (and I should say a very nice one with one very comfortable

queen-size bed) for the night. So we left our contact information, hopped

in her car and headed to our room.

Once in our room, I was exhausted. It was nearly 5 a.m. and I'd been in

the same clothes since for almost 24 hours. I had nothing to sleep in.

Celeste saw the look of concern on my face. She looked at me, grinned real

big and said "remember the college days? I'll sleep naked if you will!" I

grinned back at her, faced her and stripped, almost as if this had been a

dare. I was so tired, though. I gave Celeste another hug and told her

thanks for everything. I think I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

I slept hard for a few hours. I'm not quite sure what woke me up, but it

was about 11:30 in the morning. It took me a minute to remember where I

was. Then I looked around - the curtains were open, looking out into a

commons area with a swimming pool. The lights were off. The bathroom door

was open and no one was in there. Oh well, I figured Celeste had probably

gone to get coffee or something. So I got up, tried to keep my back to the

sliding glass door, and went to take a shower. I would have Celeste close

the curtains when she got back. The hot water felt so good! Finally I got

out and dried off. Still no Celeste. There was no way the towel would go

around my body, so I held it in front of myself as I walked toward the

dresser (which was coincidentally towards the glass) to get my clothes.

When I opened the drawer, there were no clothes, but there was a note:

"Sheila:

I'm so glad to see you again! I had to think of a way to make our time

together unforgettable, but I was having trouble figuring out how. Then

when you undressed in front of me last night, it hit me. You shared a

fantasy with me long ago - one where you were left in a motel room with

nothing but a nightie to wear. When I woke up this morning you looked so

beautiful lying there sleeping. I knew I had to make it happen. But I

didn't have a nightie to leave for you. So, sis, you have nothing to put

on. The room is paid for through Sunday noon. I'll be back for you, but

I'm not going to tell you when. Room service is delivering lunch to you at

12:30. I did leave your driver's license and some cash in the bottom

dresser drawer in case you needed ID or money for a tip. Enjoy your day!

Love,

Celeste"

I tore the room apart, but there was nothing to wear, not even that would

fit her. Then I heard a knock at the door. I looked through the peephole,

hoping it was Celeste. She had told the truth - it was room service! I did

the only thing I could think of - I held the towel in front of my breasts

so it hung down below my crotch and opened the door. He looked somewhat

surprised, but I motioned and he brought my lunch in and sat it on the

table. Then I went to reach for money to tip him. In my attempts to open

the bottom drawer and get the money, I found I couldn't do it one handed.

Here I was, facing a huge mirror, my bare ass already in plain sight for

him, my cheeks (the ones on my face) as red as cherries, and I think tears

were forming in my eyes.

Finally I decided I had to do it - I laid my towel on the dresser, opened

the drawer, got out $3 or $4 (I didn't even count) and turned and faced

him - totally naked. I'm not sure whose jaw had dropped farther - his or

mine. I thanked him and he headed toward the door. I tried to mumble some

kind of apology. He turned towards me once more and said "There's no need

to be embarrassed, Ma'am. You're gorgeous and you've made my day. If you

need anything, just call room service and ask for Martin." He smiled and

left. That's when I realized how hard my nipples were - and so clearly

visible. I was a bundle of emotions - from excited and scared to horny.

Then I realized the curtains were still open. I walked over to close them.

A group of 4 or 5 men walked by while I was trying to find the cord. They

smiled real big and waved. By the time I sat down to eat, I was famished

from everything that had happened.

This was just the beginning of what became a very exciting week. I'll have

to write more later, but I'm out of time for right now.

My Holiday Vacation Ch. 02

by lonelyssbbw Â©

I was famished and lunch tasted so good. But I was thirsty for something

other than water. I decided to set my tray outside the door and hope I

heard the cart when it was picked up. I lay down on the bed and flipped

through the channels on TV. There wasn't much on, so I settled on some old

sit-coms. After about 45 minutes I finally checked outside the door. The

cart had come and I didn't hear it. I really needed some caffeine by now.

I bit the bullet and called room service: "May I speak to Martin?"

"Martin is off duty now. He'll be back tomorrow. Can anyone else help

you?"

What's a girl to do? I thought for a moment and decided to suffer. Surely

Celeste would be back soon. So I lay down on the bed again and watch some

more lame TV. As I relaxed, I slipped into that place between awake and

asleep. I let my fingers wonder to that magic place and let them softly,

gently wander where ever they wanted. At some point I drifted off to

sleep. And in my sleep I must have had some pretty sexy dreams, because I

was really aroused when I woke up. It was a knock at the door woke me.

This time I was alert enough I knew where I was and what predicament I was in. I picked up my towel and looked through the peep-hole, then threw the door open. I was excited, yet angry to see Celeste.

"What the hell did you think you were doing!? What if the place had caught

on fire? I had to expose myself to room service. And God only knows how

many people saw me through the window before I got the shades closed."

Celeste was smiling real big, almost laughing. "Yeah, you looked pretty

sexy through the window. And Martin was really turned on." Celeste

confessed to me that she hadn't even left the hotel except to get herself

some lunch. And she confessed that Martin and his family were good friends

of hers. She only saw them a few times a year, but he was certainly

willing to do this favor for her.

I didn't know whether to be angry, flattered, or horny. "So, can I get

dressed now? Maybe we could go to the pool?" Then I realized the only

thing Celeste was carrying was her purse and a small bag.

"That's a good idea, Sheila. Here - here's a pair of knickers and a

t-shirt. You can't go to jail this way, but it'll be like having next to

nothing on." She tossed these to me.

I couldn't admit to myself, let alone her that so far this weekend was

like a fantasy come true! I put them on and made a fuss. "Girlfriend, my

boobs are showing through this t-shirt dry. It won't hide anything at all

wet. And I don't dare bend over in these knickers - they're a size too

small - my whole ass would be on display."

She didn't say a word. Instead she handed my my drivers license, pushed me

out the door and toward the pool. I know we passed half a dozen men on the

way to the pool. And I know they noticed me - their eyes burned into me.

At the pool Celeste settled into the hot-tub. "Come on in, Sheila - the

water's great."

I leaned over and whispered - "It'll make my t-shirt see-through."

Celeste replied "While you're in the water, no one will know." She had a

good point, so I slid into the water with her.

We got to talking and I kind of forgot about my situation. We brought each

other up to date on what had been happening. After 15 or 20 minutes of

conversation, Celeste got out of the water (she looked fine in her

one-piece suit, too!) and commented that since it was pushing 6 p.m. she

was going to go to the room and order us some pizza for dinner. I told her

I'd join her soon, enjoying the relaxed sensation. I stayed another 10 or

15 minutes, then got out. And yes, it was as if I had nothing on. I dried

the best I could, held the towel in front of me, picked up my id and

headed for our room. I knocked on the door - no answer. I knocked again -

still no answer. Now what do I do? I've locked my key in the room, Celeste

isn't in there.

I went back to the pool and to sit in the water and wait. But it had

become uncomfortably crowded, especially for my attire. I did the only

other thing I knew to do - I headed for the lobby to get a replacement

key. When I turned the corner to the lobby I froze. There had to be 2 or 3

dozen men there. I had no idea what was going on, but I couldn't walk out

there like this, even holding a towel in front of me. I turned and

high-tailed it back to my room and pounded on the door. Still no answer.

After surveying my options: stand in the hall and wait for God knows how

long; go to the pool and put my body on display; or stand in line in the

lobby for (hopefully) a short period of time. I finally settled on option

3. I mustered up all the courage I had, and walked purposefully into the

lobby. I got in line (about 5 people ahead of me), holding my towel in

front of me, suspecting that anyone could see my butt right through my

knickers. I felt eyes on me from all directions. And it seemed I was in the

slowest moving line. After what seemed like hours, but was really about 10

minutes, I was next. I explained to the gentleman (yes, it had to be all

men working the counter that night) that I had locked my key in my room.

He took my ID, looked at it, did something on his computer, looked at it

again. "Ms. Cxxxxx, I'm sorry but I don't find any reservations under your

name."

"It's under Celeste Bxxxxxx."

He looked under that name. "Yes, here it is, but since the room isn't in

your name, I can't issue a key to you."

I thought I was going to explode from a combination of anger,

embarrassment, and fear.

"I can call the room and see of Ms. Bxxxxxx is there."

I was just about to answer when I heard Celeste speaking very loudly:

"Sheila! I've been looking all over for you." Then she giggled some. "Next

time you slip out of the room, you really should get dressed. You've

probably left several men with a little problem tonight."

I couldn't believe she said such things so loud. I know my face was red

again. But at least I was safe (or safer, anyway). I didn't want to admit

it to her, but Celeste was getting me so turned on, I didn't know if I

could wait much longer for release. And we hadn't masturbated together or

had sex in so many years, I didn't know if she was open to the idea

anymore. I was turning into putty in her hands. She led me, ever so slowly

and the long way around, back to our room. Once there she told me how she

had watched much of what I did. Then she told me to undress, that she had

one more surprise for the night. I had no idea what it might be, but I was

ready to find out.

My Holiday Vacation Ch. 03

by lonelyssbbw Â©

You'll need to read parts I & II for the details of how I got to this

point. Just to bring you up to speed, my best friend from college,

Celeste, has me in a motel room with nothing but knickers and a bra to

wear. She's asked me to take those off. And she just told me she had one

more surprise for me for the night.

I was game. We had visited just enough that I knew our friendship was

still as solid as ever. Celeste, still fully clothed in contrast to my

nakedness, came up to me and gave me a big, reassuring hug. Then she

whispered in my ear. "Remember what we did to Sally on prom night?"

I shivered - we had stripped her, tied her to her bed, and left her to be

found by whomever might have walked in. Fortunately for her, it was her

roommates that found her.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I'm going to be here with you for most of the time, but I have a

bit of a surprise to go along with it. Do you trust me?"

I nodded, us still embracing each other. She loosened her hug and led me

toward the bed. She lay me down on top of all the covers so there would be

no way to cover me up (except towels again). Then she ever so gently but

securely tied my arms, then my legs to the four corners of the bed. I

wanted sex so bad right then that I would have done anything!

"Now, sis, I want you to go through a little endurance test for me." She

reached into her purse and pulled out a vibrator. She turned it on the

lowest setting there was and slowly, gently ran it over my lower lips,

easing it into me. She made sure it was where she wanted it, then let go

of it and left it in me. I needed so much more for relief!

"Celeste, what are you going to do?" I hadn't any more than asked the

question but she had picked up the phone, dialed a number, and held it to

my ear.

As the phone was ringing on the other end, she said "Order some pizza for

us."

It was so difficult to concentrate, but somehow I managed to order a large

pizza and a two liter of pop.

Then Celeste smiled at me. She went over to the sliding glass door and

opened the shades. Then she walked to the main door. "I'll be back soon.

The cash for the pizza is on the table. I'll leave the door so the

delivery person can get in."

With that, Celeste swung the bar back on the door letting close but not

lock and walked out. Oh, how I wish the vibrator was running faster. Or if

I could only get my hands to myself. But Celeste had made sure my bindings

were secure. The only thing I could do was concentrate on a fantasy world.

But tonight I chose to relive the days experiences: naked in the hotel

room, see-through clothes at the pool, and standing in the lobby. And now

I was where I had only dreamed of, only fantasized about - helpless and

somehow starting to near an orgasm. But I needed more. I had probably been there about 15 minutes when the door opened. I looked up to see Celeste smiling at me.

"Comfy?" she asked smugly.

I smiled at her the best I could. "I need more."

"Poor thing" she replied. But she sat down in a chair beside the bed and

began idly playing with one of my nipples. It still wasn't quite enough.

Oh, I was so close.

Soon there was a knock on the door. Celeste hadn't flipped the hook back

around yet, so she said "Come on in, it's open."

I was so excited, but I still remember the look on the delivery man's

face. He had walked into a hotel room where a big, fat woman was tied to

the bed, a vibrator in her pussy, her nipples hard as rocks, and a

gorgeous, nearly petite woman sitting there playing with her nipple.

Celeste spoke: "You can put the pizza on the table. I think there's enough

money there to cover the price and the tip. Let me know if that's enough."

This man had to walk around the bed to get to the table. He sat the pizza

down, picked up the cash and turned and faced us to count it.

"Ma'am, this covers the price but it's not much of a tip." You could even

hear disappointment in his voice.

Celeste looked directly at him and responded matter-of-factly, almost

sternly: "Well, if you think you're going to get some while you're here,

you're wrong. She's mine and I'll be the one that decides when and where

she has sex. Now, if I owe you more money, let me know. If not, and if you

really have to have a more of a tip, you can play with her breasts for 45

seconds each."

I couldn't believe my ears! This was getting out of hand - I was scared

now. What if he tried more, and Celeste couldn't stop him. Celeste and he

seemed to be in a staring contest. And as bad as I wanted an orgasm, I was

scared. He got down on his knees on the opposite side the bed from

Celeste, pulled my breast over to him, and started sucking on it hard.

That got me so close! And I know it wasn't any 45 seconds before he let go

and left our room.

Celeste smiled at me. "Are you ready, Sheila?"

I didn't know for sure what she meant, but I knew what I hoped she meant.

"For what?"

She smiled at me: "For relief."

"Oh, god yes! Please make me cum!"

Instead of reaching for me, Celeste reached for the phone. This time, to

my surprise, she said she was going to call my husband. I'm sure question

marks were in my eyes.

"You're going to tell him you're masturbating and you want to hear his

voice when you cum. You're not to tell him I'm here. If he asks, I'm out

getting dinner. But I'm going to be the one that gets you off." Then she

dialed the number and held the phone to my ear. For once I hoped he wasn't

home. But sure enough, he was.

The next few minutes was a combination of heaven and hell. I had to keep

talking to my husband. I couldn't tell Celeste what I wanted. She'd get me

right to the edge, playing with me and sucking on my nipples, then stop

suddenly. When she finally did take me over the edge, I lost it. I tend to

be loud when I cum, but I know people in every room around us had to hear

me this time. And oh, what an orgasm it was!! My husband even asked

several times if I was OK and what had made me cum so hard. I told him it

was the fact that I was relaxed, in a hotel room, and didn't have to worry

about any chores or interruptions from kids. We visited a minute before he

asked if I was going to cum again. I told him I hoped I would a little

later. We said our goodbyes and Celeste hung up the phone.

Then she said "Sheila, I can't wait any longer." She stripped and pulled

out another vibrator. She turned mine up on high, then lay down beside me.

She sucked on my nipples while she played with herself. It wasn't long

until we were both in the throes of orgasm. And my 2nd one was more

intense. I was drained. Celeste lay calmly beside me and turned my

vibrator down.

We were both feeling rather peaceful when there was a knock at the door.

Celeste got up and put her blouse on. (It covered her, but barely.) It was

security.

"Ladies, it's really none of our business what you do behind closed doors

as long as it's legal. But the key phrase here is behind. You need to

close your curtains before I leave the room or I'll have to arrest both of

you for indecent exposure and lewd acts in public view."

Celeste had a big grin on her face as she turned and walked to the

windows. She closed the curtains and thanked the security guard. He left,

Celeste untied me and we had some pizza, neither of us bothering to get

dressed. We both went to bed shortly after that. I had one of the best

nights rest I had gotten in at lest weeks, probably in months, possibly

even in years.

The following week wasn't nearly as intense as the weekend, but there were

plenty of surprise yet in store. I'll try to continue later. Watch for

part IV!!

My Holiday Vacation Ch. 04

by lonelyssbbw Â©

You'll need to read parts I - III for the details of how I got to this

point. Just to bring you up to speed, my best friend from college,

Celeste, has spent the weekend with me in a motel room and helped me have

one of the best orgasms I've had in a long time. We fell asleep basically

in each others arms. It was a very peaceful night's sleep, too. We awoke

around 8:30 Sunday morning. I still didn't have any luggage from the

airline and they had not yet contacted me. Celeste had taken pity on me

and washed the clothes I had worn on the flight while she had left me

naked in the room on Saturday. The only clothes I had was my dress, my

knickers (that I had worn in the hot tub Saturday evening) and the t-shirt

she had purchased for me. So, I pulled the t-shirt on and she dressed. She

ordered room service for us for breakfast and we began to discuss the

plans for the day.

I told Celeste I hated to wait around all day for luggage, but I only had

a toothbrush and deodorant with me. We decided if the airline hadn't

called by 11:00 a.m., we'd head to Walmart, I'd get just a few things then

we'd go on to her place. Then when the airline did contact us, we'd just

have to make a special trip to the city. I really didn't want to buy a

bunch of clothes, but I wasn't sure what else to do. You should understand

that Celeste lives about a 3 hour drive from the airport. We did a lot of

visiting after breakfast. Checkout time was 11:30 a.m. and it was

approaching 11:00. I was anxious to get out of the hotel. We looked at

each other and shrugged our shoulders.

"I guess I'll go shopping at Wally World" I said. So I pulled off my

t-shirt and put on my dress and knickers.

Celeste told me not to worry, that everything would work out OK. I knew it

would, too. But I hated the thought of having to buy stuff I already had.

As we were checking out, Martin walked by. I think I blushed the second I

saw him. But he came over to us and visited for a few minutes. It seemed

really strange to be visiting with a man that about 24 hours before had

seen me totally naked. I wanted to ask him what he really thought, but I

was way too shy. In fact, I let Celeste do all the talking. She mentioned

having a bar-b-que on Saturday. He said he thought he and his wife could

make it. I didn't think any more about it.

We finished checking out (no luggage to carry to the car) and headed to

Walmart. As we pulled in the parking lot, Celeste told me not to worry

about buying much, that she would help me take care of things. I wasn't

sure what that meant, but I've always trusted her and she's never let me

down. She may have embarrassed me a time or two and she may have done

things in unconventional ways, but she always came through for me.

We found a pair of shorts and a blouse that went with it. The blouse was

really a size too small, but it was on clearance and I was trying to watch

my spending real close. "This way I can get a swim suit, too." I

commented. But Celeste told me not to worry about that, that she had it

covered.

I started to the lingerie section to get a couple pairs of knickers when

Celeste leaned over and whispered to me "I dare you to go without knickers

all week."

I must admit I was a bit surprised, but it sounded kind of exciting. And

it would save me a bit of money. She must have seen the wheels in my head

turning, because she leaned over again: "And you won't need anything to

sleep in - you have the t-shirt I got you." She was right, So with a

couple of personal items, a pair of shorts, and a blouse in the cart we

headed for the checkout.

We visited in the car while Celeste made our way out of town. Once out of

the main part of the city, we were laughing about some of the things we'd

done in the past. Then I asked her: "Celeste, you've got such a great

body, have you ever shown it off?"

Her reply was something like this: "Sheila, sometimes when I'm driving to

or from the city alone, I'll pull off on a side road, strip, and put my

clothes under the seat."

I looked at her really surprised. I knew from my last visit that on this

drive there were 2 or 3 small towns where you had to stop at stoplights.

But I also knew that in her area, she could drive almost to her door and

probably get out of the car and walk into her house naked and no one would

be able to see. I smiled an evil smile and looked at her.

"Yeah, as long as your clothes are in reach, you're fine aren't you? I bet

you'd never put your clothes in the trunk for such a trip though!"

Well, I had underestimated my friend again. "I will if you will." she said

matter-of-factly.

I think my jaw dropped because Celeste giggled a little and asked "What's

wrong, can't do it?"

Well, I had issued the challenge. I felt like I had to go through with it.

"Pull off the road and let's see."

I kind of hoped she was bluffing. But she pulled off on a side road, got

out and went to the back of the car. I just sat there a minute, but then

got out and went to see if she was undressing. She was down to her

knickers.

"Well?" she asked me.

I couldn't back out now. I took my dress off while she took her knickers

off. We threw them in the trunk at about the same time. I should mention

that our bag from Walmart was in the trunk, too. There was nothing in the

passenger area of the car to cover up with!

The first few miles of driving like that I tried to hunch over every time

a truck was even near us, let alone beside or passing us. Celeste just

laughed at me. After about 30 to 45 minutes, I was almost as relaxed as I

had been in the hotel room that morning. I have to admit that I was a bit

nervous as we went through the towns. But I don't think anyone even

noticed. In fact, I'm not sure what few people were outside even looked up

when we drove by.

When we were just a few miles from her house, I found a chance to change

the subject: "Celeste, should we stop and get our clothes out?"

I had suspected she might say no. And I guess I was ready for it if she

did. "Sis, none of my neighbors are supposed to be home today. So we're

not stopping 'till we get there. And if they are home, well, they'll just

get an eyeful, won't they?"

There was something in her voice that was relaxed and reassuring. I can't

say I was really nervous, but I was, let me call it anxious.

We pulled in her drive about 4:30. She pulled to the side of the house.

She had already told me that her husband wasn't going to be home until

late that night. So when Celeste got out of the car, I did too. I walked

towards the trunk but she walked towards the door. It scared me a bit at

first, but she unlocked the door then tossed me the keys. "I gotta pee

bad!" she said. So I quickly (I was still anxious) grabbed our things,

closed the trunk and went inside.

We settled in and I started to get my shorts out. "Sis, there's no need to

get dressed. It's just you and me. And I'm not getting dressed till I have

to."

I didn't want to tell her, but this was music to my ears. When we were in

college, unless someone else was in the room with us, we were usually

naked. It wasn't sexual (at least not all the time), but rather that we

just preferred to not wear clothes. So, we settled in, visited, basically

just kicked back and relaxed.

Celeste had planned ahead and had dinner in a crock pot. It was getting

close to time for her husband, Charlie to get home. I said something about

the time.

Celeste grinned at me like the cat that had eaten the canary. "I've got an

idea I think you'll love."

When she shared it with me, she was right - I loved it, yet dreaded it in

someways. It turns out to be what she had in mind way back at Walmart. And

I wouldn't need much in the way of clothes this week if this worked!!

I'll have to tell you about it in part V. But let's just say that it was a

delightfully carefree week.

My Holiday Vacation Ch. 05

by lonelyssbbw Â©

As I said in part IV, Celeste had planned ahead and had dinner in a crock

pot. It was getting close to time for her husband, Charlie to get home. We

were both sitting in her living room, completely naked. I said something

about the time. Celeste grinned at me like the cat that had eaten the

canary. "I've got an idea I think you'll love." When she shared it with

me, she was right - I loved it, yet dreaded it in someways. It turns out

to be what she had in mind several hours earlier when we were at Walmart.

And if we went through with it, I wouldn't need much in the way of clothes

this week!!

Celeste and I both had gone nude most of the time we were in our dorm room

at college. I had shared with her in emails that I missed that feeling.

What she had proposed excited and scared me at the same time. But if I was

ever going to try it, now was the time. So Celeste put her plan into

action:

I slipped my dress on, nothing else. We went to her neighbor on the North

side of the house. The couple looked to be in their 50's. Both husband and

wife were there. Now Celeste and her family have always been quite

neighborly. She introduced me. They chatted about different little things

going on around the area. Then Celeste told them the reason for the

evenings visit. She said something like this: "I wanted to check with you

about something so as not to cause trouble. You see, Sheila and I have

known each other since our senior year in high school. And she's a nudist.

Now a lot of people have a big misunderstanding about that lifestyle. She

doesn't go around having sex with anyone and anything she sees. She just

prefers not to wear clothes. I told her that it's fine to go without

clothes inside, but we'd need to check with our neighbors before she did

so outside. Will it bother you if she doesn't wear clothes while she

visits?"

The two of them looked at me, at each other, then at Celeste. Finally,

Mrs. Long spoke up. "Well, Celeste, Sheila. It won't bother us if it is as

you say."

Deep down I think that's the answer I wanted to hear, yet I knew this man

(who had a slight smile on his face now) and woman would sooner or later

see me naked this week.

Celeste looked at me and said "There, Sheila, you have your answer. We

just need to check with the Dobbin's now."

I could tell from her tone of voice and look that this was my cue to

speak. In as courageous of a voice as I could, I smiled and said "Thank

you for understanding Mr. and Mrs. Long."

Celeste then added "Thank you very much. And if it won't bother you, I may

see how it feels too."

Mrs. Long again reiterated that as long as there wasn't a lot of sex going

on outside, it was OK. There was some more chit-chat between Celeste and

them, then we said goodbye. My heart was pounding faster than I think it

ever had.

We walked to the South, past Celeste's house to the other neighbor. (I

should mention that there are no houses on the other side of the street.

And with trees, fences, and bends in the lake like they are, there's no

way the people on the other side of either of Celeste's neighbors could

accidentally see her back yard.)

Mr. & Mrs. Dobbins. were sitting on their back porch. Celeste had me

follow her around to meet them. The speech was much like it had been at

the Long's. There was no hesitation here, though. When Celeste asked "Will

it bother you if she doesn't wear clothes while she visits?" this couple,

probably in their late 40's, both said "no" at the same time. Celeste

replied something like "Thank you for understanding. We've already spoken

to Mr. & Mrs. Long. They're fine with it, too. And I may join Sheila from

time to time this week."

Then Celeste looked me straight in the eye. "Well, Sis, you can take your

dress off now if you want."

I think my cheeks went dark red. I tried to calmly state "I don't make it

a habit of undressing in front of other people." But it came out more like

"Uhhh, ohh, OK. Should I go ahead?"

Celeste smiled real big at me. Mrs. Dobbins said "Yeah, go ahead. We don't

mind a bit."

I could hardly believe what I did - I stood right there on their back deck

and took my dress off. Celeste and they chatted for a few moments longer.

Then we said goodnight and headed for home.

Celeste was helping me make fantasies a reality. I wasn't sure I could do

it. But with her prodding and encouragement, I was doing things I never

thought would happen.

My next big test would come in about 15 minutes. Celeste handed me a

magazine to read while she was setting the table for dinner. She told me

the next part of her plan: when Charlie came in the back door, I was to be

engrossed in my magazine article and not hear him. She would meet him in

the living room. (Keep in mind I've been friends with these people as long

as I've known them.) She would clear her throat as they entered the dining

room - that would be my cue to look up, see Charlie, jump up and give him

a big bear hug - hopefully all before he could say anything about my dress

(or should I say lack of dress?)

Boy, does Celeste know her husband. It worked like a charm. He didn't get

to say a thing before we were hugging each other like old friends should.

Celeste even managed to speak first. "Charlie, the airline lost Sheila's

luggage. All she has to wear is a dress, a pair of shorts and a top. But

she told me too that at home when the kids aren't there, she goes naked

all the time. So I told her that's fine, she can here too. We've even

checked with the neighbors and they're fine with it." Talk about taking

the bull by the horns!

What could Charlie say now? He looked at her, then at me. "Well, Sheila, I

guess that's OK with me. Just, uhhh, .....I'm afraid......"

I interrupted him "What, Charlie? What are you afraid of?"

Celeste jumped in. "Sweetie, if you're afraid you'll have a hard on all

the time, don't worry about it. It's natural if you're not used seeing

such beauty constantly."

I giggled.

Yes, it was awkward at first. But let me tell you that the rest of the

week was liberating. I didn't have to worry about what to wear, what

people thought or about being "properly covered". I didn't' even have to

worry about laundry! Celeste and I spent a good part of our Sunday evening

sitting outside visiting. And Monday morning Celeste decided to join me as

a nudist. The neighbor's seemed to always be doing some kind of yard work

that day.

While nothing quite as sexual as the weekend at the hotel happened, the

rest of the week did have it's interesting parts. I'll try to tell you all

about those someday real soon.

My Holiday Vacation Ch. 06

by lonelyssbbw Â©

If you've read the previous parts about my vacation, you know that I'm

spending the week with my friend old college roommate, Celeste. Through a

series of events, I'm actually able to find out what its like to be a

nudist this week! The first time Charlie, her husband, saw me this week I

was completely naked. He's had some concerns about me not dressing, but

mostly about his potential embarrassment. And their neighbors are fine

with it!

As I said at the end of the last part, it was awkward at first. But the

rest of the week was liberating. I didn't have to worry about what to

wear, what people thought or about being "properly covered". I didn't'

even have to worry about laundry! Monday morning Celeste decided to join

me as a nudist. And again on Monday, for that matter the rest of the week,

the neighbor's seemed to always be doing some kind of yard work.

For the most part, the week was uneventful compared to what the weekend

had been like. The daily routine for me was to get up, shower and have

breakfast with Celeste. By the time I got up, Charlie had already left for

work. So the two of us would visit until lunch time. A lot of times in the

afternoon we'd sit outside. The neighbors came over to visit regularly.

What surprised me was that the women seemed as interested in sitting with

us as the men. One or the other of the ladies would come over for a few

minutes just about every day. There Celeste and I would be, sitting naked

and they would be fully clothed. Of course the men came over too, but

usually at different times from their wives. It was really kind of cute

they way they tried to steal glances at us.

The evenings were kind of fun. Charlie had to work Monday through Friday.

He'd get home around 5:30 in the evening. And every evening when he did,

there were his wife and I both sitting around naked. Sometimes inside,

sometimes outside. Charlie's really modest. It didn't take a lot to make

him blush. So we had some fun with that, but sparingly. I sure didn't want

to get kicked out! Monday and Tuesday we went really mild on him. Tuesday

night I could hear Celeste an Charlie, though greatly muffled, having

quite the time if you know what I mean. I lay there listening, playing

idly with myself, kind of wishing it were me, yet feeling so relaxed that

I didn't care a lot.

Wednesday morning Celeste had a glow about her - the glow that says "I

just had the best lay that I've had in months and I want the world to know

how sexy I am." Our routine during the day was pretty much the same. But

the evening took something of a turn! Now if you're anxious to hear about

me getting laid, forget it. It didn't happen all week. This wasn't about

swinging or cheating, but about being a nudist. Yes, Celeste and I have

our fun when we can, but I'd never, ever do anything to hurt her - and

Charlie's her man. Anyway, Charlie got home right on time that evening.

(Celeste told me late in the week that he got home earlier this week than

he had in a long, long time.) Celeste and I were sitting in the living

room. Charlie started to the bedroom to change clothes when Celeste spoke:

"Charlie, did you mean what you told me last night about Sheila and me

being two of the sexiest women you've seen?" Charlie looked like a kid

with his hand caught in the cookie jar.

"Yes, sweetie, I did."

"Well, Sheila and I think you're one mighty sexy man." (She and I had

discussed this a few times, and not just this week.)

Charlie, blushing slightly: "Thank you."

Celeste: "So, Charlie, you need to join us tonight."

Charlie: "What do you mean?"

Celeste: "You know what I mean. Go hang your suit up and don't bother to

put anything else on."

Charlie: "I couldn't. I mean, it's....uh...." He was stumbling for words.

It was real obvious he wanted to, but was really nervous. "well....it's

not so obvious when one of you are excited. I mean.........."

Celeste interrupted him. "Charlie, we're not going to make fun of you if

you get an erection. We may smile, but to us, that's flattery. You've

looked at us every chance you've had for the last two nights. And I'll say

that you felt REAL good last night. But poor Sheila here has only seen

me." (I'll confess that that was a treat in and of itself to me, but I

didn't' say anything at the time.) "So do this for me: Go to the bedroom,

take off your suit and hang it up. Take off all the rest of your clothes,

and come on back in here. OK?" Celeste's tone reminded me of a mother

giving directions to a child. And Charlie had no other arguments. It

wasn't long before he slowly came back into the living room. As bad as I

wanted to whistle and laugh, just to torment him some, since Celeste had

promised we wouldn't, I didn't. But if he used his body very well at all,

I know why Celeste had that look on her face in the morning!

Needless to say, Charlie was erect, too. (And it was all I could do to

keep from staring.) We sat around and visited. Celeste and I worked to

talk about anything we could other than clothes and sex. And it wasn't

that difficult. About 6:30 or so, Celeste picked up the phone and dialed.

She nor I either one had started fixing anything for dinner, so she

ordered delivery. You're probably expecting some wild tale about the

driver or sex, but it didn't happen. It's difficult to see into the living

room from the front door of their house - possible but difficult. When

dinner arrived, Celeste slipped on a t-shirt that fell below her cheeks

(but just barely) and went to the door. I kept visiting with Charlie,

trying to keep his mind (and mine) off of his member. We had dinner,

visited a bit, and watched a movie. Charlie usually went to bed before we

did. When he did, I heard Celeste tell him "Tomorrow night you'll just

automatically change into your birthday suit, won't you?" I couldn't help

giggling to myself.

On Thursday and Friday evening Charlie did just that, too. Both of those

evenings Celeste and I cooked a couple of his different favorite dishes. I

know I've said it a couple of times, but this was one of the most

relaxing, liberating weeks of my life! And I got to see eye-candy daily!

Friday evening we stayed up late watching some crazy movie. Around 1:30

a.m. it went off and another one came on. I thought I was game to watch

it, but Charlie and Celeste were ready for bed. (I'm not sure if they were

ready for sleep.) So I laid down on the couch to watch the next movie.

Well, I fell asleep there. And I slept good.

When I woke up on Saturday morning, the house was very quiet. I was

relaxed. It was so nice not having anything that I had to do. I listened

for a few minutes in case Charlie and Celeste were awake. I didn't hear

anything, so I got up and went to the kitchen. There was a note on the

table.

"Sheila, You were sleeping really sound, so we didn't want to wake you.

Charlie took me to the store to get a few groceries. We'll be back as soon

as we can. Love, Celeste."

That explained why it was so quiet to take a short but soaking bath, shave

my legs, you know all those things that the men never want to hear about.

After I was out of the tub and presentable (that is, dried off because I

planned to spend my entire day naked again) I fixed a bite of breakfast,

picked up the newspaper and went out on the deck. The sun felt extra good

that morning. I was about finished with breakfast when both Mr. Dobbins

and Mr. Long (Celeste's neighbors) came over. When I invited them to sit

down, they seemed a bit shocked.

I laid the paper down and we chit-chatted about the national news. Both

men are attractive in their own way. And even though they did a fair job

of keeping the conversation going, it quickly became obvious both wanted a

good view of me. They were both looking at my boobs every chance they got.

Once when I caught Mr. Long staring and practically drooling, I cleared my

throat, smiled at him and asked in a stage whisper "What would your wife

think of you staring at my boobs?" I winked at him then and his face

turned bright red. To try to put him a bit at ease I told him I was

flattered that they were the least bit interested in a "fat old broad like

me." Then I offered to get them both a cup of coffee. I figured if they

accepted, they could stare at my back side as I walked to the house. And

coming from the house I'd have to hold the cups out away from me in case

they spilled. And it worked - both accepted.

While inside fixing their coffee but out of their sight I teased my own

nipples, trying to be sure they'd be hard as I walked back outside. As I

walked back out carrying their coffee, I felt like I was on stage in a

dream! I was being admired by these 2 men. They were openly looking, even

staring at any part of my body they wanted. Of course I hadn't been able

to carry the cream and sugar, too. So that gave me another chance to let

them see me without making it a really awkard situation. After all, we had

promised this wouldn't be a real sexual thing.

We were all just finishing a second cup of coffee when Mrs. Long came out

to see what was taking her husband so long to do some picking up in the

yard. I waved at her and invited her to join us, hoping to diffuse any

potential trouble. She walked over and stood for a bit, listening to our

somewhat political discussion (President Bush, the war in Iraq, etc.). She

seemed to be getting somewhat interested, so I found an opportunity to ask

her a pointed question, hoping to engage her in the conversation. It

worked - soon she was right there in the discussion with us -- me sitting

there naked and all 3 of them clothed! We had all been visiting about 15

minutes when the phone rang. I thought I should answer it, so I excused

myself and walked toward the house. The sun had come around just right so

that I had a great view of their reflections in the glass door. All three

were staring at me. I smiled inwardly enjoying the attention.

It was Celeste on the phone to let me know they were on their way home. I

wasn't sure why I needed to know that, but thanked her for calling. When I

started back outside I saw that Mrs. Dobbins was standing on the same side

of the table where I had been sitting (facing the men). I called out to

see if anyone need any more coffee. Mrs. Long replied that they all needed

to be going soon.

So I made my way back outside and walked behind both men. I stood between

them and placed a hand on each of their shoulders. This placed my breasts

basically between their heads. I started to speak and both tried to turn

to look at me. Of course basically all they could see was my boobs. I saw

that both wives were trying to hide a grin as I spoke: "I want to thank

you two for being such gentlemen this morning. It was so refreshing

sitting here, knowing at any time you could try to turn the conversation

towards sex. But instead you engaged my mind. I'm sure your wives

appreciate it, too." Then I leaned over and kissed each on the forehead,

allowing at least one boob to "accidentally" brush against each of them as

I did. I winked at their wives as I stepped back and to the other side of

the table. "Now I've got to go get the kitchen cleaned up before Charlie

and Celeste get home." And with that I leaned over in front of them to

pick up the coffee cups.

Once inside, though, I wasn't doing the dishes but instead went straight

to the couch where I had slept to do myself! Between sitting there naked

with them, giving them the little show and not having much relief all

week, I wanted to cum! It wasn't going to take long, either. I had one

hand in me and the other holding my boob to my mouth so I could chew on a

nipple when I heard Charlie's voice: "Sheila, we're home, and we have a

surprise for you." He was looking straight at me. So was Celeste. And so

was their daughter, Tammy. And so was some guy I'd never seen in my life.

All five of us were totally surprised. I wanted to die. I reached for a

cover, but had folded it up and put it away. I sat up and bent over,

folding my arms across my breasts, trying to somewhat hide my nakedness.

Celeste spoke: "Sheila, I'm sorry. Tammy met us in town. This was supposed

to be a pleasant surprise for you. She eloped two weeks ago. This is her

husband Roy."

I looked up just a bit. "Hi Tammy. Hi Roy." was all I could manange to

say.

Tammy sat down next to me and put her arm around me. "Why don't you all go

unload the cars?" For her age, Tammy seemed very mature. She hugged me

while I just cried. We just sat there, hugging and me crying for several

minutes - crying from shame. "Aunt Sheila, don't worry - It's OK. I've

done that before. Well, I can't suck my own nipples, but I've masturbated.

And I've even seen mom do it. Well, Mom can't suck her own....."

That's when I started to giggle a bit. "I know she can't. But Roy?"

"It's OK. He's very understanding. We've dated for 3 years. It'll be fine.

Mom told us about you being a nudist. It's OK."

I smiled at her and gave her an even bigger hug. "Thank you." I'm not sure

how, but she signaled the Celeste back into the room.

The next thing I heard was Celeste's voice: "Sheila, you were about to

orgasm. I'm so sorry for such poor timing. I'll make sure we make it up to

you."

All I could do was wonder just what she meant by that. But as the day

progressed, I learned. I'll have to tell you all about that another time.