# Nancy's Lessons Ch. 01

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I guess I always knew that my wife Nancy was a very shy and inhibited girl. It's strange, because she is absolutely beautiful. She's got thick, dark, shoulder-length hair framing her cute expressive face. And her body is every bit as delightful: gorgeous 36C tits on a trim, five-six, 120 pound frame. She could easily be a model or an actress - except that she is so painfully shy. What I didn't know was that there was a cure for her inhibitions, a way to bring out the wild side of my beautiful wife.

We found the cure almost by accident. Some friends of ours were having a pool party. We're all young, and some of them are kind of wild. A couple of the wives like to show off, so I knew the swimsuits would be quite skimpy. When Nancy showed me the suit she planned to wear, I wasn't satisfied. It was a frumpy one-piece that did it's best to hide her beautiful body. The day before the party, I went out on my lunch hour and bought a bikini I thought would look fabulous and sexy on Nancy.

She didn't even want to try it on for me. When she finally did, it knocked my eyes out, but she wouldn't hear about wearing it in front of our friends. We argued about it for a while, and I finally got mad.

I glared sternly at her. "I bought that suit for you. It looks great on you. You're going to wear it tomorrow and that's final. Do you understand?"

Her face got a funny expression. "You're telling me I have to?"

"That's right," I stormed.

"Okay."

Just like that. She wore the suit to the party and was the immediate center of attention. She didn't act wild or flirty, but having the men clustered around her and interested in everything she would say or do just naturally brought her a little out of her shell. By the end of the day, she had a new twinkle in her eye and the corners of her pouty little mouth seemed turned up in a permanent smile. It turned me on no end to see her like that. What was better still, I thought I saw the cure.

We made a game of it. My cue was if she did something wrong. I would frown and say she needed a punishment. The punishment always involved some manner of showing her off. It could be a low cut mini-dress I would buy to take her out dancing. Or maybe we'd go shopping and I would order her to wear no bra or panties. Whatever, it always brought an excited flush to her cheeks and that cute expression of wanton abandon. And the sex we had when we got home was the best part. We both loved it.

Once she burned two beautiful steaks I had brought home for dinner. She had been on the phone with one of her friends and just forgot about them. I was truly peeved.

"You're in for it, now," I threatened. "This punishment is going to be the most severe you've ever had."

I got out her shortest, lowest cut mini-dress and slit both sides of it right up to the hips. Then I got her red high heels out of the closet. "There," I told her. "That's what you'll be wearing. Understand? Nothing else."

She gulped a little. This was by far the sexiest costume I had yet devised, and I was taking her out dancing in it. I could see it was a challenge, but I would not back down. And she didn't ask me to.

All she said was: "Okay."

I decided to see just how far I could push it. We went to the wildest club in town and started off with several stiff drinks. I had her dance more and more lewdly as the night went on, bouncing and whirling, showing off for the crowd. And she attracted quite a crowd. The dress began to ride up a bit. The flaps in front and back kept her pussy and the crack of her ass out of sight as she danced, but the slits showed skin practically up to the top of her hip bones. She didn't seem to mind. Her face took on that wild flush and mischievous half-smile that drove me crazy.

After about an hour on the floor, we went back to our table, much to the dismay of the men that had been casually ogling her as they danced nearby. Many of them headed to tables as near ours as they could find. We were hot from our work out, in more ways than one, and I ordered another round of drinks, even though Nancy had already had one or two more than she usually did.

The waitress brought them and put them on our table, giving me my next inspiration. The tables were little round disks, no more than eighteen inches in diameter, supported by a thin center pole. Even sitting at the table, Nancy's shapely legs were still quite visible to anyone nearby. So far she had passed every test. I wanted to take it one more step.

I put on my stern voice. "Nancy, I want you to cross your legs."

Her face showed a little surprise at first, but then she giggled and complied.

I could sense the men at the nearby tables coming to attention. Unfortunately, I probably had the worst view in the house. I scooted my chair a little away from the table so I could see the effect of my commands. From the side, it looked like the front flap of Nancy's dress had just about disappeared. The outside of her right leg, which she crossed over her left, was completely exposed to way above where her panties would have been – if she'd had any on. It was lewd and provocative, and Nancy knew it. Even in the dim light of the club, I could see the color deepen in her cheeks and the shine in her eyes.

We finished our drinks, with Nancy laughing and chattering happily at the center of attention. I paid our tab and prepared to leave, but there was one more thing I wanted to try.

"Nancy," I said, seriously, "I'm going to the restroom. You are going to sit here and wait for me, but first, you will strike the proper pose, for me and for your audience, and you will not break that pose until I get back. Right?"

This time her mischievous little smile broke wide. "Right, Chief," she giggled.

"Alright. Now, slide your right leg up until your ankle is resting on your left knee."

Nancy started to do it, then hesitated, her face suddenly serious again as she realized what this move was going to show to the ten or fifteen men who were casually focused in on the widening gap between her legs. "But ..." she started.

I just glared at her and got up from the table.

She took a deep breath and completed my command.

I turned to look back at her when I was a few steps away from our table. It took my breath away. I couldn't quite see her pussy, but I could tell that a few lucky guys, who happened to be sitting at the right angle, probably could.

I rushed in and out of the bathroom in record time. As I approached our table again, I felt a rush of pride. Nancy was sitting almost as I had left her. The only difference was that now she leaned back in her chair in a position of relaxed waiting that thrust her firm breasts against the thin material of her dress. Several men had gotten up and were walking or standing strategically in the area with the best sight lines.

I smiled at Nancy and gave her my hand to help her to her feet. You could almost hear the sigh as her dress fell back over her delicious pussy. We drove home like maniacs and fucked till dawn. Nancy was excited, elated, and amazed.

"I can't believe I did it," she said wonderingly. "I guess I can do just about anything, if you tell me to. But if that's my punishment for burning the steaks, what would it be if I did something really bad?"

Good question. I had no idea, but I think we both went to sleep eagerly considering the possiblities. As it turned out, it wasn't long before we found out.

A few weeks later, I came home from work to find Nancy at the door with a drink in her hand. When she handed it to me, I could see there was something on her mind, maybe more than one thing. She was upset and nervous. I took the drink and we went into the den and sat down.

She fetched a big sigh. "You're not going to believe this, honey," she said. "Remember how I was wondering what the punishment would be for something really bad? Well, I guess I'm going to find out. I smashed up the car."

"What?" I choked. "You had an accident? Are you all right?"

"Yeah, I'm okay," she smiled. "But the car didn't come out too good. I'm afraid it's going to be expensive."

I went out and looked at her car, a nice new Acura. It was alright from the driver's side, but the passenger side looked like someone had taken a giant can opener to it. There was a crease that ran parallel to the ground from the front fender, through the passenger door, and into the back fender. It was quite deep, taking paint and metal along its entire length and actually puncturing a foot long gash in the door panel. I could see it was an easy thousand, maybe two. Insurance might cover it, but, with the deductible and surcharges, it would still end up costing us close to a thousand.

"Oh, shit," I groaned. "How'd it happen?"

"I was making a right turn in kind of a tight space and I guess I didn't judge it right. I think this car must be wider than my old one. Anyway, I kind of jumped the curb and scraped it on a hydrant."

I just shook my head.

"I know," she sighed. "It was awfully careless of me. I'm sorry. I know you'll have to punish me very severely for this one."

That's right, I thought. I will. It put the whole thing in a new light. Suddenly I wasn't thinking about expensive repairs to the car anymore. Now, all I could see were visions of Nancy taking her punishment. It put a familiar and pleasant knot of sexual excitement in the pit of my stomach. Nancy was looking at me with an appropriately penitent expression, but it didn't fool me for a second. She was just as excited by the prospect as I was.

"Um, what do you have in mind?" she asked, hesitantly.

I assumed my disciplinarian role, frowning harshly. "You'll find out soon enough, young lady."

As luck would have it, we had a quick vacation coming up about a week later. We had rented a cabin up in the mountains for a long weekend getaway. I didn't really know what I was going to do, but I decided the punishment would take place up there.

All week my brain was on fire with ideas for what I would have Nancy do. I was determined to be fair, but firm. Nancy had transgressed big time. It was up to me to find a punishment to fit the crime. I knew she expected no less, but I was pleasantly baffled by my calculations of the appropriate magnitude: If the show she put on at the club was for two burnt steaks worth about $10, I thought, what should I require for damage to her car worth about $1,000? One hundred times more? What would that be? I had some ideas, but I couldn't quite imagine putting them into execution. By the time we left, I still didn't have a definite plan. I threw her red high heels into our bag and we took off.

We got up to the cabin Thursday afternoon. The weather was warm and sunny. We set up our limited gear and drove down to the nearby town for dinner at a nice little Italian restaurant. For a hick town, the food was excellent. We gorged on Veal Parmegiana, pasta, salad, home-made bread and pastries, along with a couple of bottles of an exceptional chianti. I insisted we finish it off with snifters of their oldest Armagnac.

I held out my glass to her. "To our vacation," I toasted. "May it be truly memorable."

She smiled and touched my glass with hers. We each took a sip of the exotic liquour.

"Let's take a little tour around the area tomorrow," I suggested. "I'd like to see the sights."

"That sounds great," Nancy agreed.

"Good, because it will also be the day of your punishment for the car."

She suddenly choked on the Armagnac. I took her glass from her and waited for her to regain her composure. "You hadn't forgotten, had you?"

"No," she admitted quietly. "I know I've got it coming."

She had some trouble getting to sleep that night, and so did I. It didn't stop me from getting up at my usual quarter-to-six, though. I was pretty keyed up, and I knew I wasn't likely to get back to sleep. So I took a fast walk up to the end of the road. It was two miles steeply uphill. When I got back, my nerves were a little steadier and I had worked up an appetite. I fried up some bacon and eggs, perked some coffee and finally woke Nancy about eight.

For someone who had had a fitful night after a bit too much to drink, she looked fantastic. The old mischievous smirk was playing with the corners of her mouth, and she seemed to have a heightened sense of her own beauty. But we could hardly carry on a conversation with the anticipation of her punishment. We had breakfast and cleaned up the dishes in a state of total distraction.

Finally, about nine-thirty, I went into the bedroom and hunted up the red high- heels. I brought them out to her. "Here's the costume for your punishment."

She looked at them a moment before she understood. Then her eyes got wide and she caught her breath. "But, then ... how can we ..." Her words trailed off and she took the shoes. She couldn't seem to look at me.

"I want you to change into your costume and get ready to go. Our little excursion departs at ten o'clock sharp."

"Alright," she said, walking dazed into the bedroom.

I got myself and the car ready, which took all of five minutes. I settled down with my book, trying to kill some time. It was physically impossible to concentrate on anything but the sexual adventure before us. My eyes wandered over the same paragraph for twenty minutes.

A few minutes before ten, Nancy emerged from the bedroom wearing nothing but the red shoes and a little make up. She was incredible. There was the look of excitement in her eyes, but also something new, some deep awareness of herself. It gave her a dignity that no humiliation I could devise would ever touch. It gave me the confidence to go on.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Ready."

"Let's go."

We walked out of the cabin, into the bright morning sunlight. I looked up and down the narrow gravel road. There were other cabins along it, but the nearest was almost out of sight around a bend. There was little likelihood that we would be observed. Still, it gave me a quiet thrill to watch my beautiful wife walk naked in the sun, confident and proud, ready to meet whatever challenge I put before her.

I drove, so Nancy would be free to follow my directions, without killing us. The first place I took her was up the mountain to the end of the road. There's a lookout up there which is spectacular. I wanted to take some pictures of her against that backdrop. The road ended in a sort of circular parking area, which obviously got some use. Unfortunately, at ten on a Friday morning, it was deserted. Only the roofs of a few of the nearer cabins were visible. It didn't feel much like a public place.

I got some great shots of Nancy in all sorts of poses, standing proudly and naturally before the vista, lying in the dusty gravel of the parking area, sitting on a rock spread wide open. I knew the pictures would be incredible, but I was hoping someone would come along to give them a little more spice. No one did. So, after about a half- hour, we moved on to our next venue.

Nancy was quiet in the car. She seemed to be waiting, putting her trust in me. I knew I was responsible to make the day one we would both remember for the rest of our lives. It made me a little nervous, since I still had no firm plan. But, part of the idea was to put us into the hands of fate, and that was just what I was doing.

At one of the cabins we passed on our way back down to the highway, a guy was just coming out to his car. I don't think he noticed Nancy's attire, or rather, lack of attire, but he could have. I was proud of Nancy that she made no effort to sink down in the seat and hide.

When we got out to the highway, even though there were other cars, we were too invisible, zipping along at sixty, to have any sense of exposure. To fix that, I drove into the small town where we'd had dinner the night before. It was pretty quiet, too. But at the only stoplight in town, we got lucky. It was green as we approached, but I saw two people on the sidewalk waiting to cross. I slowed up waiting for the light to turn red. The two people turned out to be a middle-aged couple. The guy looked like a truck driver - flannel shirt and jeans, cowboy boots and one of those promotional caps bearing the logo of an auto parts chain. The woman was a good match, with frizzy bleached blond hair carelessly tied back and a cigarette dangling from smudged red lips. The light turned red just as we coasted up to the crosswalk. The two on the sidewalk started across right in front of us. They were chattering at each other and didn't notice us till they were right in front of the car. Then the man glanced over and did a perfect double-take, his jaw dropping comically. That brought the woman's attention. She dropped her cigarette when she saw Nancy. From their expressions, I was pretty sure they could see Nancy's proud breasts over the dashboard. The woman recovered quickly and grabbed her husband by the arm, dragging him away.

I looked over at Nancy, to see what her reaction would be. At the same moment, she looked over at me. We both burst out laughing. The expression on the trucker's face and the way his wife went after him when she saw what had grabbed his attention - it was a perfect little comic scene, played out just for us. This adventure was going to be fun.

I pulled in at a little convenience store to pick up a soda. There were a couple other cars parked in front of the store. I thought about having Nancy go into the store with me, but decided against it. It could get us in trouble. Nancy would be vulnerable enough, sitting right in front of the door with people going in and out of the store.

A middle-aged woman stood behind the counter in the little store making change for an old geezer buying a pack of cigarettes. The only other customer was a young woman lugging a baby through the aisles. The old gent left, heading right in Nancy's direction, and I enjoyed a momentary rush of panic in the pit of my stomach as I watched the door swing shut behind him. I reminded myself about casting our fate to the wind, and purposely took my time picking out a bottle of soda. The cashier made some friendly small talk as she rang it up. I tried to respond with some of my own, but I felt every second that passed while I was in that store.

When I finally got out the door, I was shocked to see the old guy standing beside our car, talking to Nancy through her open window. I walked up to the driver-side door, with my brain spinning its wheels, getting nowhere. But the old man just said to Nancy: "Well, take her easy now," winked at me over the roof of the car and sauntered away.

I got in and started up the car. My face must have shown just how numb I felt.

Nancy looked over at me and smiled: "Hey, take her easy. No problem."

"What?"

"The old guy was just being friendly, Michael. He wondered if anything was wrong. I told him everything was fine, I just didn't like to wear clothes when the weather was so nice."

"Yeah, but ..."

"Oh come on. After that, we just mostly talked about the weather. Really. It was totally harmless. He was just being neighborly."

"I guess," I said, shaking my head, "but I was so nervous not knowing what was going on out there. Then, I walk out and find him standing right next to you jabbering away while you're sitting there stark naked. It just kind of startled me or something."

She reached over and put her hand on my arm. "Now relax. How are you ever going to punish me properly if you fall apart with an innocent little scene like that?"

She had a point.

"I think I could help you relax, if you want," she offered, letting her hand drift down to my crotch.

With all that stimulation, my cock reacted like a coiled spring. "I think that's a good idea," I mumbled, trying to concentrate on keeping the car on the road.

She pulled out my dick and stroked it softly. Then she got on her knees on the passenger seat, leaned over the console, and gave me the sweetest blow job I've ever had. The best part, however, was when we came across some roadwork. The two way road was restricted to a single lane with flagmen at both ends alternating the direction of traffic along it. We had to slow to a crawl, passing the flagman on our right, and, of course, Nancy's ass was sticking up in the window as her tender lips worked my shaft. The glory of my wife's gorgeous ass reflected in that guy's eyes was enough to send me over the top. I blew a wad that must have met Nancy's requirement of protein for the next week. And it relaxed me just like she said it would. It felt like she sucked every fiber of my nervous system right out through my dick.

The next stop was a lake a couple miles out of town. I knew a marina where we could rent a boat. I thought we were ready to take the next step - out of the car.

The marina was much as I remembered it - not too many houses or other businesses nearby. There would still be some pretty good exposure getting Nancy from the little parking lot down to one of the rental boats and out onto the lake. My balls tingled with excitment at the thought.

I remembered the guy who ran the little bait shop and boat rental. He was in his sixties, semi-retired, kind of slow and placid. I thought about livening up his day by bringing Nancy in with me to rent the boat, but once again chickened out. I didn't want to give him a heart attack, I rationalized.

I left Nancy in the car and went in. It was the same guy and he was glad to rent me one of his little fishing boats. I wanted a speed boat, like the ones they use to tow water skiers. He said he had one, but it was already out. All he had were rowboats with dinky little five horse motors on the back. I took one. It was either that or check out some of the other rental places along the lake, and I wasn't sure any of the others would be as accessible.

There was nobody else in the little shop, and the old man followed me out and got me set up in the boat. He went back to the shop, but didn't go inside. Instead, he settled into a deck chair beside the door, that looked out over his little marina and the lake beyond. The wooden steps down to the boats was only 30 or 40 feet from his chair. Nancy would have to parade right by him. I wasn't sure she was ready for it. For that matter, I wasn't sure I was, either. But I remembered her determination after the encounter in the parking lot of the convenience store. She had even challenged me to 'punish her properly'. Well, there was no denying that this was getting a little more proper.

I went back to the car. It didn't seem like the old man could see Nancy in the car due to the angle of the sun. I slid into the driver's seat beside her.

"You want to go for a boat ride?" I asked her.

"Sure," she smiled.

"Okay. See that boat tied out at the end of the pier."

"Yeah."

"That one's ours. It's all ready to go. Why don't you head down. I'll get the food and be right behind you."

"Whatever you say ... only, I don't think I'm really dressed for it."

My heart sank, but, at the same time, I felt a certain sense of relief. "You mean ... you don't want to ..."

"No. Nobody wears high heels on a boat. Do I have to?" She grinned her mischievous smirk.

I let out a long breath and grinned ruefully back. "Oh, I guess not. You can go barefoot if you're worried about your image."

She laughed and slipped the heels off. "Great. Let's go," she said brightly, opening the door.

I got out and went around to the trunk in time to see her saunter off, swinging her hips in a natural rhythm with her barefoot walk. From where we were parked, she had to walk straight toward the old man before turning down the wooden steps toward the pier. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. There she was, totally naked, soft honey colored skin shining in the sun, walking up to a stranger who sat watching her, transfixed. And she looked as cool as a mountain stream, without a hint of nervousness or inhibition. My own heart was beating in my throat, but I was so proud of her I wanted scoop her up and cover her with kisses. She even gave the man a little wave as she started down the steps. I grabbed our picnic lunch and ran to catch up.

The old man knew a good thing when he saw it. He never took his eyes from Nancy's glorious body till we'd cast off and putted slowly out to the middle of the lake. She sat in the bow, facing me while I steered.

"Think he'll still be there when we get back," Nancy laughed.

"I think he'd wait till the middle of next month for another look at you," I teased.

"Well, I like him, too," she said, "but, so far, all the guys we've run into have been a little past their prime. Aren't we going to play with some guys our own age?"

"Sure. It's just chance." Then I grinned. "And I think the odds are turning in your favor."

We heard the roar of a speedboat off in the distance. It came into sight around a bend in the shoreline, towing a single skier. They were still a ways off, but we could tell the skier was male. It looked like two other figures in the boat, at least one of which was also male. They came to within about a hundred yards of us, then turned back to roar up to the other end of the lake. When they turned, it was clear that all three were men.

"They look a little younger," Nancy coyly suggested.

"Yes, they do," I admitted, reaching into the bag I had packed with our picnic. "Let's have lunch first."

We ate with surprising gusto, considering everything else on our minds. It reminded me of the scene in the movie Tom Jones where Tom and one of his wenches sensually pack away a sumptuous and messy meal as a prelude to a bout of sumptuous and messy sex which they are planning for dessert. Nancy must have had a similar thought. When she accidently dribbled a little glob of mayonaise on her right tit, she glanced at me and smiled; then slowly and deliberately rubbed it into her nipple. The nipple immediately stood up like a little red pebble and Nancy's breath caught in her throat. She looked so hot, I almost came in my pants. She didn't leave it at that, though. It wasn't fair to treat the right tit and leave the left one out. She stuck her finger into her sandwich and got another glob of mayo, which she proceeded to rub into her left nipple. That one responded just as enthusiastically.

I was sorely tempted to have the same kind of dessert Tom and his mistress had, but I wanted to hold off till the end of our little adventure. I wanted Nancy to get every bit of this exotic foreplay before I gave her any relief. I could only imagine how hot her sweet pussy would be by then.

We finished up and I said: "Let's take a little spin around the lake."

Nancy readily agreed. The guys in the speedboat had made several passes up and down the lake while we were eating, but never got closer than a hundred yards. I realized that this was just good boating etiquette, since their wake could almost swamp a small boat like ours. But I suspected that Nancy was interested in getting a little closer so that she could show them what they'd been missing.

I was a bit concerned, since once they got a glimpse of Nancy, there would be no way to get away from them. But then, wasn't that part of letting fate take it's course. I shrugged and turned our little put-put up toward the head of the lake, where the speedboat had last disappeared.

We had just rounded the bend in the shoreline, when the speedboat came skimming along, right at us. They saw us and swerved in plenty of time, but the skier swung wide on his rope and passed about twenty yards in front of us. Nancy was still in the front of the boat, but now, she was also facing forward. The skier got a good view of her naked form. It literally knocked him off his feet. He hit the wake awkwardly and spilled face first into the water, the rope and skies flying off spectacularly.

The guy in the water quickly popped up, while his friends in the speedboat slowed and turned back to pick him up. He wasn't even looking at them, though. His eyes were trained back on the lovely vision that had dumped him in the first place. And Nancy didn't disappoint. She stood up when he went down, apparently worried that his spill would hurt him. She continued to stand till his friends had him in their boat. Of course this gave them all a good long look at her beautiful naked body. I wondered what they would do next.

It turned out both Nancy and I were charmed by their reaction.

As they maneuvered their boat carefully closer to ours, we realized they were pretty young, maybe twenty, maybe not. They came to within about 20 feet and called across: "Sorry we came so close. We didn't see you until we were right on you." They were standing there looking right at my naked wife, apologizing for their breach of boating manners.

"No problem," I called back. "We were probably hidden coming around the bend there. We're just out for a little spin around the lake," I added lamely.

They took a minute to digest this. "You won't see much of the lake in that thing. We'd be glad to take you around, if you'd like."

Now it was our turn to think about it. I looked at Nancy and she looked at me. My expression must have showed all the conflict that was churning my guts at that moment. She laughed out loud and called, "Sure. That'd be great."

I closed my eyes for a second, thinking, here we go.

The boys brought their boat a little closer and I pulled alongside. Nancy stood up and handed one of them a rope that was tied to an eyelet in the prow of our little craft. He handed the rope to one of his friends and grabbed Nancy's hand, helping her up over the side of their boat. She put one knee up on their gunwale, then raised the other leg and brought it over the side. I could see that this maneuver opened her legs to three pairs of stunned and staring eyes. I was so turned on, I was afraid my dripping dick would make a wet spot in my shorts. I climbed in after her and we tied our boat to one of the heavy cleats in the back of theirs.

Two of the boys were in the seats in front. Another sat on the bench that ran across the back of the boat. Nancy sat down beside him. The kid at the helm reached back to me. "I'm Stan," he said.

"Michael," I said, shaking with him. "Nice to meet you."

The other kid in front said: "I'm Bill, and believe me, it's our pleasure." He turned bright red.

I shook his hand, too; and with the other one, whose name was Allen.

"This is Nancy," I added. They all made noises of greeting at once.

Nancy smiled brightly. "Hi."

The whole thing seemed fantastic, unreal. But, I sat down next to Nancy and Stan gave it a little gas, heading up the lake. We watched to make sure our little fishing boat was towing properly and gradually opened it up. Even loaded with all five of us and trailing another boat, that thing flew. The engine howled like a banshee, which was fine with me. I was too blown away to make conversation just then. Instead, I studied our hosts.

Stan, who was driving, was medium height, dark, compact, fairly good looking in a straight, middle-of-the-road way. He wore bright orange baggies that looked like they might be standard-issue lifeguard trunks from some municipal pool or beach. The other guy in front, Bill, was tall and slightly gawky, like he hadn't quite filled out yet. He had slightly long hair and a weak mustache. His baggies were a green and blue plaid. These two politely faced forward as much as they could stand. But, every once in awhile, they would break and look back at Nancy. She would unconsciously entertain them by shaking her hair in the breeze, causing her tits to sway delightfully.

Allen seemed to be the youngest. He was chubby and couldn't look me in the eye when we shook. This is a fine crew, I thought, but I can't imagine Nancy getting it on with them.

But if Nancy was having any such thoughts, she wasn't showing it. We passed a mansion on a hillside overlooking the lake. "Oh, look," Nancy shouted over the din, pointing at the big house. She turned as we passed, kneeling on the padded bench to continue looking at it as it receded astern. That brought her rear end into view for the boys in front. They drank in the view, but it wasn't enough for Nancy, not by a long shot.

She seemed fascinated by the wake and the powerful surge of the boat through the water. She leaned out over the back to try to look down and see the action of the propeller. Bending over the back of the seat like that brought her pussy right before the eager eyes of Stan and Bill. She looked down into the propeller wash for some time, and they couldn't help but turn every few seconds to try to memorize the sight.

"This thing sure is powerful," she yelled, when she turned back and sat down.

"A hundred and fifty horsepower," Stan yelled back, easing off the gas. "You want to drive it."

"I'd love to," Nancy replied eagerly.

They changed seats, which gave everyone another good excuse to watch Nancy. Stan even put out a hand to steady her as they passed. I took the opportunity to look over at Allen. His expression was serious, and he seemed to be sweating. He was the only one with a T-shirt on, and it was visibly damp in the pits.

Nancy got comfortable in the seat, with Stan standing beside her. He showed her where all the controls were. It was pretty simple - a throttle and a steering wheel. When Nancy said she was ready, he told her to give it a little gas. She did, and the boat shot forward suddenly. Stan was thrown off balance and landed with a thud right beside me on the bench.

"Careful," he laughed.

Nancy looked back, concerned, throwing her beautiful tits into profile for us. "Are you alright?" she asked.

"Yeah. I'm fine. It was my fault, anyway. I shouldn't have been standing up."

Nancy got the hang of it quickly, and took us all the way up to the head of the lake. At one point, we passed a couple of fishermen on the shore. Nancy saw them and pulled in a little closer. When they looked up, ready to yell at her for scaring the fish, she stood up and waved, giving them something besides the fish to think about. She laughed and roared away. When we got to the head of the lake, she asked the boys if they wanted to water ski anymore. She said it would be fun to watch.

We had to drop an anchor for the little fishing boat, but, in a few minutes, we were ready. Stan took over the boat and Allen went first. He tried several times, but he just couldn't get up on the skis. Then Bill took a turn and got up immediately on a single ski. He was good, slipping gracefully back and forth across the wake. Finally, Stan asked Nancy if she'd like to try.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I've never done it before."

"That's alright," Bill told her. "Everybody does it for the first time once. It's really pretty easy."

So, they got her ready. She put on the flotation belt, which was pretty funny, since it covered her middle and left her tits and ass and pussy bare. Bill coached her on what to expect and how to react. Then she put on the skis and slid into the water.

Stan eased the boat out till the tow line was taut. Then he goosed it and Nancy came up out of the water on top of the skis. She was shaky, but she was up. Gradually, she got control, even pulling from side to side a little. We flew down the lake with Nancy gloriously naked, skimming along behind us. I hoped there were people in some of the houses along the shore, and I hoped they got a look at us as we shot past. Nancy was a sight they wouldn't want to miss.

She finally got tired and fell. We circled around and pulled up beside her. "Want to try it again," Stan offered.

Nancy grinned ruefully up from the water. "I couldn't. My arms feel like rubber."

We pulled her in and went back to our fishing boat. When it was safely lashed to the stanchion again, Nancy asked if we could just drift awhile, catch some sun and dry off. Her body was covered with goose pimples, and her teeth were chattering, so the boys readily agreed.

Nancy moved over onto the wide flat bow of the boat and spread her towel. It was a perfect place for sunning. It was also a perfect flash of pussy she gave us as she climbed around the windshield to get to it.

I stayed back in the cockpit of the boat with the boys. We made small talk, and I found out something about them. They were students at a local college, up there for the summer session. Allen was pre-med, but it was touch and go if he could make it through. I guessed that explained his pasty, socially graceless condition. Bill was solidly into the engineering program, and, nice guy that he was, I could easily imagine him with a pocket protector full of pens and pencils. Stan was the dreamer. He was wasting his time on a straight liberal arts degree with a major in classical languages and literature.

We'd been on board for almost two hours. Gradually, the boys had accepted Nancy's nudity as a delightful fact. At first, they had been totally intimidated. But Nancy had acted so naturally relaxed and pleasant, they started to relax too. Stan was clearly the most confident and mature of the group. It was hardly surprising that he finally asked what was on everybody's mind.

"Does Nancy always go out on the lake naked?"

I liked the way he asked it. It wasn't a wise comment. It was an honest question, plain curiosity. That didn't make it any easier to answer.

"No," I shrugged, "but she's kind of wild. I never know what she's going to do. I guess she just got it in her head she didn't want to wear a suit today, so she didn't." Which is what I was beginning to think was the truth.

Stan looked at me with an expression of admiration mixed with disbelief. "Man, that's wild."

"Yeah," I agreed. "But I love it."

"Who wouldn't?" Bill chimed in.

I had to agree.

The four of us gazed at her in awe. The sun glistened in her dark pubic hair and shined off the white flesh of her tits where her bikini usually covered. Stan reached into one of the storage compartments and pulled out a tube of cream.

"Nancy, that sun's pretty strong out here on the lake. You better put on some sun screen or you're going to burn," he warned.

"Oh," Nancy groaned sleepily. "I can't move. Would somebody put it on for me?"

Zap. The sexual electricity was back in the air. The three boys looked at me like puppies begging for a treat. What could I do? Nancy seemed to be calling the shots now. I shrugged and they all moved at once to help her. In seconds, six hands were busy smoothing cream over Nancy's glorious body. The division of labor had Bill doing one side of her upper body (left tit), Allen on the other (right tit), and Stan working on her legs (pussy).

It was hard to watch, but I couldn't take my eyes away. The boys wore expressions of intense concentration. Nancy's eyes were closed, luxuriating in the sun and the sensual massage, but I could sense the tension in her body. At first it was simply the newness of strange hands roaming her naked skin. Soon that tension began to give way to another. Despite herself, Nancy was becoming aroused.

I knew the point of all this was to test herself. She wanted to push it as far as she could without allowing it to become overtly sexual, to maintain the fiction that it was all just casual fun. But I was starting to wonder if this was getting beyond her control. I saw redness creeping into her cheeks and her breathing getting faster and shallower. The boys were so immersed in their own sensations, I didn't think they noticed. Then I saw that Stan's hands were focused in on Nancy's pubic region. With every stroke, a couple fingers were dipping in between her legs. Nancy was keeping her legs together, but it wasn't helping. Another minute under their hands and she was going to have an orgasm.

Her eyes suddenly opened wide and looked through the windshield into mine, surprised and confused. She opened her mouth as if to say something, then rolled over onto her stomach. She took a deep breath. "Okay. Now the back," she croaked, trying for a bright, casual tone that didn't quite make it.

The boys looked kind of disappointed, but Nancy's backside is nothing to turn up your nose at, so they went willingly back to work. Stan kept probing the crack between her legs, but the shift seemed to work. Nancy's breathing settled back into a slow satisfied purr and she enjoyed the rest of her massage on her own terms. In a few minutes, she was polished to a fine golden glow.

"Ah," she sighed. "That was great. Thanks guys."

It was the signal that their fun was over. The three boys looked up at each other as if they were coming out of a trance. Stan, who had been the most eager to push Nancy to an orgasm, was also the first to accept her signal. He led the other two back over the windshield and sealed Nancy's most outrageous triumph of the day.

They had a cooler of beer, so we had a couple while we lazed in the sun, talking sporadically about anything that popped into our heads and glancing every so often at Nancy's sleek and sexy body adorning the bow of the speedboat. Having her there got to be one of those pleasures you gladly get used to. I suppose she might have been visible to a few of the houses on shore, but nobody seemed to notice, so her nudity began to be no more than a pleasant buzz in the background. She soaked up the sun like it was the only thing she wanted, and the boys didn't seem to mind, so we just drifted lazily in the middle of the lake for an hour or two.

About 3:30, I asked Stan if they'd like to cruise slowly back down the lake. I wanted to return our boat and move on. If we took it slow, Nancy could stay up on the bow and catch a few last rays while we cruised. None of them had any objection to the idea, except that they'd be losing Nancy. But they knew it had to come some time, and they were counting themselves lucky to have had her as their guest for as long as they did.

Stan started up the motor and we idled down the length of the lake. Nancy lifted her head once, wondering what we were doing. She must have been satisfied that it didn't require anything from her. She put her head down and closed her eyes, looking very content.

The speedboat was out of the same little marina where we had rented the fishing boat, so we decided to bring them back in together. The boys could have stayed out on the lake another couple hours, but decided to go in with us. I was apprehensive about what kind of crowd we might find at the marina, but it was deserted.

We slid right up to the dock without even disturbing Nancy's repose. The boat bumped up against the dock. Nancy looked up again. "Huh. We back already?" she muttered groggily. Then she sat up and stretched, a thing of beauty. None of us missed it.

We pulled the fishing boat up and tied it to the dock. Nancy took the remains of our picnic, the boys grabbed their gear, and we all headed up to the bait shop to check the boats in and get back our deposit. I expected Nancy to vear off toward the parking lot at the head of the stairs, but she just followed along with us toward the old man's little shop.

"Nancy," I said, with just a hint of the punishment voice, "why don't you take the stuff back to the car. I'll settle up and meet you there."

She looked at me a moment and smiled sweetly. "Okay." Then she realized she was parting from the boys. "Bye guys. Thanks for carting us around all afternoon. Hope we'll see you again sometime."

The boys said their goodbyes. She gave them a wave and padded gracefully toward the parking lot. We watched her for a moment. As we turned to go into the bait shop, Stan said it for all of us: "She's amazing."

When Nancy and I drove away, I asked her: "So, was that fun?"

"It was fantastic," she laughed. "I may never wear clothes again."

"Somehow it didn't seem like much of a punishment."

"No. I guess not. Does that mean I still owe you one?"

"I'll think about it."

We both thought about it for a couple minutes.

Then Nancy brought up something that was bothering her. "Do you think I teased those boys? I mean ... in a bad way? Was I mean to them?"

It was a subject I had considered. "Well, I'd say the answer to that has got to be 'yes and no'. On the one hand, you gave them an afternoon they're going to remember for the rest of their lives. They'll talk about it endlessly, and savor the picture of you that's burned into their brains. That's a gift any man would feel lucky to get. On the other hand, you probably left them with a serious case of blue balls. You showed them the ultimate, kind of dangled it in front of them, then you snatched it away. In most circumstances men consider that a serious crime. They call it cockteasing. On balance, I bet if you asked them, none of those boys would change a thing about this afternoon."

"I hope so," she said seriously. "It was just about perfect for me, too."

I remembered the expression on her face when the boys massaged her with sun screen. "For a minute there, I thought it was going to reach full perfection."

"Oh." She looked distressed. "That was awful. I wanted their hands on me, and it felt wonderful at first. It's just that ... I kind of lost track of what was going on. Then Stan started pressing on my clit and, all of a sudden, it was all getting out of control. I guess I panicked.... It was awful."

"Why?"

"I'm not ... I don't know." Nancy was as puzzled as I was. "It felt like I was losing control, and, of course, I was. But I don't know why it frightened me so bad. It was the only time the whole afternoon I really felt naked - like unprotected. You know?"

"Not really," I admitted.

"It's like ... You guys think a naked woman is the most vulnerable thing in the world. You've got it dead wrong. For me there's no feeling of power like when I'm naked in an unexpected situation. I feel like I can do anything and make the men around me do whatever I want. It's unbelievable."

"And getting turned on like that somehow threatened you?"

"I guess."

It had been a fine day, but we both knew she had more lessons to learn.

Chapter 2

The next time it came up was a month later, another party. This one was a costume party, which gave everyone license to be as outrageous as their imaginations would allow. I told Nancy not to worry about a costume. I had something in mind. She knew I was thinking about more than just a showy costume, but I didn't say anything more until it came time to get ready. Then I gave her the little Pocahontas costume I had created.

It was a brightly beaded leather vest, a loincloth and a few feathers. The vest was cut short, just below her tits, and had no means of closure. The loincloth consisted of two ten-inch square flaps of buckskin on skinny leather thongs. The feathers were for her hair. I figured it would nominally cover when she was standing, sitting, or walking. But when she danced, it would leave very little to the imagination.

"Michael," she chided, "am I being punished?"

"No. This time you're on your own. I want you to want it the way I do."

"What do you mean?" she frowned.

"Remember how you were worried whether you teased those boys out on the boat. Well, you wear my little Pocahontas outfit and you're going to be teasing every guy at the party. Only this time, I want you to pick out one lucky guy and show him you're not just a tease - you're for real."

"You ... want me to?"

"Yes. It's the last step of your liberation. I want it - for both of us - very much."

"You won't be jealous or upset?"

"Not at all. But, if you can share it with me, let me watch, it would be even better."

She kissed me tenderly. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

It was warm that night, so Nancy wore her costume and nothing else. She was incredibly sexy in it. The vest hung obediently over her firm ripe breasts, but didn't quite meet in the middle. The loincloth had to be worn quite low if it was going to cover her pussy and the crack of her ass. It was quite apparent that she had nothing on beneath the costume.

Naturally, she became the center of attention when we arrived at the party. Several of the other women had worn sexy costumes, but none of them could compete with Pocahontas. I noticed a couple of jealous glances thrown Nancy's way, but if she caught them, they couldn't begin to dampen her party spirit. With a half dozen men clustered around her, bringing her drinks, laughing with her, and complimenting her costume, she positively glowed with it.

I decided to experiment a little myself. One of the other sexy costumes was Salome. She sat, in her seven veils, at a little bar in the corner, glancing sourly at Nancy. Several of the men who now buzzed around Nancy had been keeping her company till Nancy showed up. At the moment, she was alone. I walked over and sat down beside her, making sure I kept Nancy in sight.

"Hello, Salome," I greeted her. "Where's John the Baptist?"

"Over there trying to convert the Naked Savage," she replied bitterly.

"Oh. Sounds like you might call for his head before the night is out."

"I'd call for it now if I thought it would do any good."

"Don't you do the 'Dance of the Seven Veils' first," I suggested.

"Why? Who would notice?" She drained off half her drink.

"I would, for one. Why do you suppose Pocahontas is getting so much attention?"

"You got a point there, Captain. I'm sure it's not her wit."

We had a couple more drinks, and a lot more banter, while I kept an eye on Nancy. She was perched on the arm of an easy chair on the other side of the room. The vest and loincloth were precariously covering her private parts, but threatening to fall away with the first false move. Her little entourage was clustered around her and I could see the sparkle in her eye from across the room. It wasn't from the drinks. She had those guys on a string and she loved it.

When she reached up to take a fresh drink from one of her admirers, the vest pulled away to expose her right breast to the very edge of its nipple. Ten pairs of male eyes eagerly zoomed in on it. Nancy brought her arm down and the vest shifted back to a slightly more demure position. She glanced over at me and actually winked. I almost laughed out loud, but dutifully returned to my little game with Salome.

I had set myself the goal of getting her to shed her veils right there at the party, just for my own amusement and to provide some competition for Nancy. The way she was drinking, I was pretty confident I would succeed. When someone cranked up the volume on the stereo and two couples started dancing, I thought I'd see if I could move things along. "Want to dance," I asked Salome.

She was delighted, although she seemed a bit unsteady on her high-heel sandals as we moved out onto the floor. We started moving to the music, a bouncing Latin number. She turned out to be a decent dancer, quickly regaining her balance and grace under the influence of the music. I also noticed that she was quite pretty. She was short, probably under five-two, and just a tad chunky. But the chunks were nicely rounded in just the right places and her face was cute as a button. Under my appreciative glance, she put on a big smile and moved with sexy sensuality. The veils showed little but the outline of her curves, but I had hopes of fixing that. I was delighted when a couple of the other scantily dressed females took the floor for the next dance. I knew it would not be long before Nancy followed.

We sat one out and I complimented Salome on her dancing.

Her eyes sparkled happily. "You still interested in the 'Dance of the Seven Veils'?"

"Very much," I answered earnestly.

"Okay. But how about seven dances of a single veil?"

"Sounds even better," I enthused.

"Well, here's one," she laughed, dropping a veil across her chair and leading me back out on the dance floor.

The first veil did not reveal much, just enough to know what two or three more would show if we got that far. I was careful to keep my attention focused on Salome, but I caught Nancy glancing over at the two of us. An impish grin flashed for just a second before she turned back to her admirers.

Salome and I danced to three more tunes. By then, when the light shined through her veils at the proper angle, I could see a hint of large brown nipples. Down below, it looked like she wore some kind of jeweled G-string. She was moving with the sexy assurance of a belly dancer, attracting some attention from the other dancers. I was hoping she might push some of the other women to drop strategic bits of their costumes, expanding the horizon of my little game.

We sat out the next one, but I got my wish. Marie Antoinette fiddled with some strings at the waist of her long gown, and the skirt dropped to the floor. She danced away in a high cut G-string and outrageous push-up bustier. A small cheer went up from all the males present. A couple of Nancy's courtiers watched Marie Antoinette lose the skirt.

That did it for Nancy. She picked out a tall handsome guy in teen rebel regalia and pulled him onto the dance floor. From all corners of the room, male eyes were drawn to her like compass needles to magnetic north.

And that was more than Salome could stand. She flung the fifth veil over her chair and we waded into the pack of dancers. Fortunately for me, though not for her, Salome wanted to go toe to toe with Nancy. She moved over quite close to where Nancy was gently swaying and went into the sinuous gyrations that showed her to her best advantage. The remaining two veils were not enough to mask the clear outlines of her nipples, which now stood delightfully erect beneath the thin material.

Marie Antoinette's naked buns shimmied nearby, but none of these lovely attractions could compete with the suspense my Pocahontas outfit was generating as it slid recklessly over Nancy's sweetest parts. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw another bit of feminine costume flying into the corner. I didn't even bother to see where it came from. I was closing in on a record score for my game.

No one left the dance floor at the end of the tune. Nancy had been quite restrained, keeping her costume nominally in place for the first dance. Somebody must have noticed. The string of Latin dance numbers was interrupted by the old surf classic 'Wipeout'. There was no way Nancy was going to dance to that and keep her buckskins in place.

She laughed when she recognized the tune. Then she launched into it with total abandon. The vest flew open and her breasts danced naked at last. The loincloth was more steadfast in its duty, offering only an occasional glimpse of the promised land. It didn't matter. Nancy was so beautiful and wild, the whole dance floor seemed dedicated to her alone.

Salome stood watching for a few measures, then dragged me back to our chairs by the bar. "I can't dance to this," she said, disgusted. I got us each a fresh drink and we watched the dancers move into the next number, a slow one. The lights dimmed romantically.

Nancy grabbed the Rebel and pulled him close. They danced in a full body embrace, his hands caressing the naked skin along her back and flanks. His leather jacket was open in front and Nancy's vest seemed to part as well. I could imagine her tender nipples sliding over his hairy chest. They both seemed to enjoy it. I was about to come in my pants.

Duty called, however. From her scowl, I could tell that Salome was seriously disgruntled. She had only two more veils to play, and she didn't even have center stage on which to play them.

"Come on," I said, taking her hand. "I want to hold you."

That brightened her up. We finished out the tune glued to each other, shuffling slowly to the beat. I must admit, the warmth and softness of her body and the sweet scent that rose from her were enticing. I almost stopped thinking of Nancy and her chosen one ... almost.

The next number was another Latin smoothie. The lights came up and Salome smiled. It was her kind of beat. "Would you do the honors on this veil," she asked turning around. "I can't reach it."

I unfastened the sixth veil and let it slide dramatically from her body. She was facing away from me, so I could watch the reaction she got from the other dancers as I tossed the veil at her chair. They respectfully took note of her diminished costume. As she turned back, I could see why. The final veil didn't hide much of her. Her big round tits showed right through, and the beaded G-string sparkled clearly behind the thin gauze. Her lush hips rotated smoothly in time with the music, causing her tits to wobble with a rhythm of their own.

Marie Antoinette moved up beside Salome and dropped her bustier. Under it was a push up bra that looked much too small and delicate to hold her bulging boobs. It looked like it might burst wide open at any time as Marie bounced to the music.

A few of the other showy females were getting down to bare essentials, but none as bare as my Salome and Marie. They had taken center stage while Nancy took a break. She was standing with her Rebel watching from the sidelines. She didn't need to compete with these two. She had the place in her pocket (so to speak) any time she decided to shake her leather loincloth. I was pretty sure she was focused on getting into her new lover's pants and getting him into her. That's what I was thinking about, anyway.

As if she read my mind, she moved across the floor toward the hallway to the bathroom. When she passed close to me, she pinched my butt and whispered: "I'm taking him back to our place. Be there."

That was all I needed to know. But I figured I'd have a few minutes to wrap up the game. It was down to the wire.

The next song had a strong pulsing beat. I wasn't sure Salome would go for it. But the attention she'd been getting was like a drug. She whisked away the last veil and ground into the dance in nothing but the G-string and her high-heel sandals. There were some elated yells of encouragement. I hoped she'd forget about John the Baptist's head. Somebody might bring it to her at this crazy party.

Nancy whirled back into the room and danced wildly into the center of the floor with Salome. Everyone gathered around them and began clapping in time. She laughed out loud and threw her vest to the Rebel. Now there were two of them dancing topless. Nancy was even showing some stray pussy here and there. Marie Antoinette wasn't through either. She unclasped the tiny bra and threw it into the crowd, joining Salome and Pocahontas in the center of the circle. The dance got wilder and more intense. Nancy's loincloth began to attract more and more attention as it seemed to cover less and less. I noticed Salome glance at those buckskin flaps with a momentary frown of frustration.

When the music ended, they got a rousing round of applause and cheers. Somebody yelled: "Take it off!"

Nancy laughed and shook her head. She walked out of the circle, back to her Rebel. He held out her vest and she slipped it on. Marie Antoinette smiled uncomfortably. But Salome grinned and looked at me. She winked broadly and fingered the clasp that held the G-string on.

The next song came on, another one of Salome's sensual grinders. She began to move, and the G-string soon dropped to the floor. A whoop went up from the crowd. Marie Antoinette walked out of the circle and gathered her clothes. Salome was beautiful. In the soft light, her body was hypnotic, holding us all in a deep erotic trance. She finished and got a wild ovation.

Wistfully, I gave myself a top score in the game as I gathered her veils. Nancy and the Rebel had already slipped out. I wanted to drape Salome in her veils and give her a winner's kiss, but I had a more pressing affair. I gave the veils to John the Baptist and wished him well.

At the door, I checked to make sure that Nancy and the Rebel were not in sight, then sprinted for my car. It's a Porsche and I was confident I could beat them to our place, but I parked on the street and went in by the basement door and up the back stairs anyway. Just as I reached the balcony overlooking the living room, I heard them come in the front door.

"Don't worry," I heard Nancy say before I could see them. "He won't be home for at least two hours."

They walked into the living room and switched on the light. Seeing Nancy in her Pocahontas costume, alone with a stranger, made her seem vulnerable for the first time that night. I wondered if she was still feeling confident. It would be perfectly understandable if she wasn't. The Rebel would be the first man, other than me, that she had had in the three years since we were married.

"You want a drink?" she asked him, before they sat down.

"No," he said, holding her gaze as he stripped off the motorcycle jacket, revealing broad shoulders and a chiseled hairy chest.

Nancy watched appreciatively. "Good," she muttered. "I don't either."

The Rebel laughed. "That damn thing felt like a straight jacket all night - too tight. It feels good to get it off."

"Yeah, I bet." She gave him her impish grin. "Those jeans look a little tight, too."

"You got that right. Want to help me take them off?"

"Sounds like fun," she said. Nancy dropped to her knees in front of him and started working on his belt. In seconds, I heard the zip of his zipper. Then Nancy pulled the jeans down to his knees.

Over her shoulder, I could see his massive meat suddenly spring free. I was impressed. The thing was a foot long and thick as a baseball bat. Well ... maybe not quite, but it was clear Nancy was going to get her pussy stretched. She gasped when she saw it. "Whoa," she exclaimed in awe. "Those jeans must have been damn tight."

He lifted her up and pulled her to him. His big red dick was pressed between them. "You don't know how painful it's been tonight, watching you dance. You're the sexiest woman I've ever seen." Then he slid his arms inside her vest and kissed her long and deep.

When he let her go, Nancy stared up into his face, glassy eyed. "I hope I can make it worth the wait," she said, reaching down to gently cradle his rod.

"I don't have any doubts about that," he replied.

Nancy knelt down and finished pulling his pants to the floor. The Rebel sat on the couch to let her pull his boots off. The jeans came with them. She dropped them in a pile with his leather jacket. Then she stood before him and shrugged out of the vest, adding it to the pile. Finally, she pulled one of the leather thongs, and the loincloth fell away.

He sat there looking up at her for a moment, as she stood there looking down at him. Then she moved forward and straddled his lap, her sweet tits brushing his cheeks. Tentatively, his tongue slid across her nipple. Nancy groaned and pulled his head into her breast. He began to lick and suck at her breasts like he wanted to eat them. His hands were cupping her buns, squeezing rhythmically. Nancy was in heaven. Her head rolled, eyes closed in an expression of ecstasy.

It was the most intensely erotic scene I'd ever been part of, even if I was only the silent partner in this one. I was completely absorbed. It seemed as if I could somehow experience the sensations that Nancy and her stud were experiencing. The tension was overpowering, stopping my breath, clutching at my gut. I couldn't tear my eyes away.

As much as Nancy loved the attention to her tits, she had that giant penis on her mind. After a couple minutes of the Rebel's feasting on her breasts, Nancy broke it and slid down to apply her mouth to his giant erection. It was an imposing task. She began by licking it up and down, finally focusing her tongue on the big red head. She swirled it round and round, using tongue and lips to caress it. It was the Rebel's turn to just throw his head back and let her work. She finally opened wide and took the head into her mouth. It looked like that was about all she could take. The head alone looked the size of a tennis ball, though I'm sure it was closer to a raquet ball. But Nancy's throat proved more flexible than I expected. She started bobbing her head up and down, and eventually worked her way almost halfway down the shaft. The Rebel started to make involuntary grunts with each bob of her head.

Nancy cupped his balls in her hands. Suddenly, her mouth released his dick with an audible pop, and she straddled him again, rising on her knees to position the glistening head against her slit. She knew there was a wad like a geyser churning toward release in there, and she wanted to be on it for the ride. The Rebel responded without missing a beat. He grabbed his shaft and slid the tip of his dick all around her hole, moistening it with her own saliva, paying special attention to her clit. Every time the head rolled over her supercharged clit, Nancy let out a yelp of pure joy and shivers shook through her shoulders.

When she could stand it no more, Nancy began to ease down on his pole. The Rebel took his hands away and let her take it at her own pace. Gently, she lowered herself halfway down its length. Her eyes and mouth opened in an expression of smoldering sensuality mixed with shock at the unaccustomed size that was filling her. Just as she reached the halfway mark, her expression dissolved with the first of her orgasms. Although it sent spasms through her body, she was careful not to take him too deep. They had more work to do before they could move freely together.

And they went at it with urgent energy. Before the spasms stopped, she slid an inch up and then an inch and a half down. Carefully, she did it again ... and again. The Rebel just lay back and let her work, as patient and stiff as a flagpole. At the three-quarter mark she had another orgasm, accompanied by a cry of joy and pain. When they went back to work, she could finally take it all, though with a small whimper at each gentle thrust.

She sat still finally, her buttocks resting on the Rebel's thighs. And she had another orgasm. It was quiet, this time, but I noticed the Rebel's face register intense pleasure and realized Nancy inner muscles were massaging him as they clenched and relaxed in her release.

She opened her eyes and looked into his, smiling softly and sighing. Then she leaned forward and kissed him deeply. When they broke, she began to move gently up and down on his shaft, gradually picking up the pace. Only after she was ecstatically bucking up and down his entire length, did the Rebel start to thrust. Gently at first, but with increasing force, he pushed up into her. Almost immediately, she had two more shattering orgasms.

Finally, the Rebel's breathing began to issue in the grunts that Nancy's mouth had brought out before. When he came, Nancy did too. Together they bounced and shook for nearly a minute, gasping and writhing in each other's arms. When it was over Nancy collapsed into him and they lay in a heap, breathing heavily.

It took some time before my own breathing returned to a normal rhythm. I felt wrung out, exhausted, as if I'd just completed that sexual marathon myself. Nancy had had more orgasms in the last hour than I had given her in the last week. Still, I wasn't at all sure she was finished. According to the time she had given him when they walked in, they still had more than an hour left. Somehow, I didn't think they'd waste it.

A few minutes passed before Nancy stirred. The Rebel's dick was still snug inside her. She leaned back and looked at him with a wry expression. "I don't want to take it out," she said.

"Then don't."

"I'm leaking come all over the place. I need to go get some tissues." Leave it to Nancy to think about staining the couch at a time like that.

"No problem," the Rebel assured her.

He cradled her butt in his hands and stood up. She laughed and put her arms around his neck as he carried her, still impaled on his pole, out of the room.

I heard the water run in the bathroom. They were laughing together when they came back in the living room, and he was still carrying her stuck on his dick. Nancy had a box of tissues in one hand and a wet washcloth in the other.

"I like a woman that's neat," the Rebel teased her, as he laid her down on the couch and finally pulled out.

His organ was astonishing. It wasn't as rigid, or quite as thick, as it had been going in, but it was only an inch or two shorter. It reminded me of the 17 clowns getting out of a Volkswagen at the circus.

Nancy clamped a wad of tissues over her gaping hole. Without his plug in there, the Rebel's come and her own love juice were pouring out in a minor river. But the sight of that glistening dripping prick was too much. She reached for it, with a soft cry of pure animal need.

The Rebel moved closer and brought it within range of her eager lips. Nancy began to lick it clean as if it were a giant popsicle. She was very thorough, at one point licking and sucking his balls to be sure she got every stray drop of come. The Rebel stood with his hips cocked forward, enjoying the tongue bath. Nancy finished with the head, taking it all in her mouth again. I could see it growing thick and rigid again. When the head popped from her mouth, it was ready for round two.

But the Rebel was a gentleman. He took the wad of tissues from her pussy, and proceeded to gently clean up the sticky remains of his come. Nancy lay back down, sighing softly at the tender attention to her love hole. He finished up with a few light strokes to her clit, which was so inflamed, it practically lifted Nancy off the couch. He brought his head forward and gently applied his tongue. Nancy lay back, groaning and shuddering, already on the point of another orgasm. The Rebel took it slow and easy, but Nancy was too far gone to last. Her orgasm was a series of contractions that hit her like a sledgehammer, bouncing her head off the couch, forcing the air from her lungs in sharp puffs.

When it was over, Nancy lay limp on the couch. The Rebel quietly massaged her thighs and pubic mound, but his meat was standing straight, red and bulging. When Nancy showed the first returning signs of life, he rolled her over on her stomach and spread her legs. Then he positioned himself over her and slid the head of his dick in her slot.

"Mmmm ..." Nancy moaned.

The Rebel began to rock back and forth, supporting most of his weight on his arms. He was careful not to go too deep to soon, using only a few inches of his length in each stroke. Nancy began to stir, raising her butt with each stroke to help it penetrate deeper. A minute later, she was on her hands and knees, getting every inch of him she could fit. The Rebel still held back, afraid to use his full length and possibly damage this beautiful woman who was freely giving him her all. She cried out with each stroke of his cock, but she wanted it. She wanted it all. Their rhythm increased in intensity. Nancy began to thrust back at him with each of his strokes. His eyes closed and I could tell he was close. Nancy's cries got louder and more determined. The Rebel's jaw dropped as he began to come. Nancy thrust back against him and finally took in his entire length. She screamed as her own orgasm shook her. The Rebel pulled halfway out and they slammed together again, grunting and crying in unison. Then again, and once again, and they collapsed on the couch.

They lay like that for some time. I couldn't take my eyes off them. In the soft lamplight, their bodies seemed to glow, their limbs intertwined with an unconscious grace. I knew they were done, and, for the first time, I felt like an intruder. It would have been the right thing to do to leave them alone, but I couldn't.

I don't know how much time passed, but eventually, the Rebel whispered, "I should go."

Nancy whimpered, "no."

"I don't want to get you in any trouble, Nancy."

"I know," she agreed sadly.

The Rebel stood up, slipping his sated cock out of Nancy. She moaned. It sounded like sadness at the loss mixed with genuine pain as her stretched and swollen tissues tried to resume their former shape. She didn't move. The Rebel swabbed off his cock with the remaining tissues, then knelt to clean up Nancy with the washcloth. This time she winced as he softly dabbed the rough terry cloth at her tender lower lips.

Nancy rolled over and held out her arms. The Rebel came into them and they kissed, long and hard. His hand played over her breast, a light caressing touch.

"Don't get me started again," he said, breaking the kiss and standing.

He put on his pants and jacket. Nancy lay on the couch watching him. He sat down at her feet to pull on his boots. "I hope we can do this again," he said, a note of uncertainty in his voice.

"I hope so too," Nancy answered.

The Rebel knelt and kissed her quickly one more time. Then he stood up and walked out of the living room. I heard the front door open and softly close. Nancy didn't move.

Five minutes passed, and still she didn't move. I decided the next move was mine. I slipped down the back stairs and out to the street, got my car, and pulled it into the carport. I made plenty of noise coming into the house and walking into the living room.

Nancy hadn't moved. The wad of come-soaked tissues looked forlorn on the coffee table. I stood over her, where the Rebel had said his goodbyes. Her body was molded to the couch in an attitude of complete relaxation. It was a beautiful body, but it was inert, spent. Only her eyes showed any sign of life. They looked back at me with a dull curiosity that I found disquieting.

"Did you watch?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Was it what you imagined?"

"I ... It was better, I think. What about you?"

"Incredible," she said, but her voice was flat. Unconsciously, she put her hand to her aching pussy. "Only ..."

"Only what?"

"Remember you said I should pick out a guy and show him I wasn't just a tease, that I was for real."

"Yeah."

"Well, I was. I was for real. The rest of it was always just a game. This time it couldn't be. It had to be for real. I can't just fuck someone as part of a game. It's got to be me. It's got to be for real."

I tried to reassure her with my smile. "I never thought it could be any other way. It's one of the things I love about you."

"Yes, but ... what if someone else loves me too?"

"Then you just have to make up your mind if you love them. You don't have to love everyone you make love to."

"No. I know. But it's so complicated. I'm afraid ..." She couldn't say what she was afraid of.

"I don't think you are. You knew exactly what you wanted tonight. I could see that. The only thing you're afraid of is how it all fits with us. Isn't that it?"

"I guess so."

"Well, how do you feel about it? Do you want to do it again?"

Her eyes closed for a moment. Her hand played absently with her pubic hair. When her eyes opened again, they were bright again, full of the sparkle and snap that I loved. "Yes. Yes, I want to do it again. It doesn't have to be this guy. His name was Wendel, by the way. He was wonderful. But there are probably a million other wonderful guys out there. I want to try every one of them."

She was so earnest, so emphatic. I burst out laughing. She didn't know how to take it. Her brows knit in a question, which only made me laugh harder. Maybe she thought back on what she had said. Maybe she just finally trusted me. Anyway, after a minute, her lips started to curl into their mischievous set, her brow unfurled and her eyes crinkled. She chuckled softly. Then she started to laugh too.

"Why not," I managed between fits of hysterics. "A million nights like this. I'm up for it."

A little while later, when we'd calmed down, I took her upstairs to bed. She was too sore to make love, but we cuddled in a very satisfactory way. I was too excited to sleep. I lay there with her in my arms, contemplating the brave new world we had entered. I thought she was asleep, but she surprised me. There was just one more thing she needed to understand.

"But, Michael," she asked, in the silence and the darkness, "it doesn't seem fair. What do you get out of it?"

That was easy. "You remember what the Rebel - that's what I called him - what he said? You were the sexiest woman he'd ever seen. There's no question but that's true. How can you wonder what I get out of it when my lover is the sexiest woman in the world?"