Before the Party: My early years with Katie

Sasha
Fri Jul 21, 2006 10:21
210.213.80.122

Hi again! Its me Sasha. Hope everyone’s having a great summer.

To all those who may have forgotten me, I posted a story in which I narrated how I erroneously thought my friend Katie was throwing a pool party instead of an afternoon soiree, and so I was the only one who came in an all too brief string bikini. HUGE MISTAKE! ! !

Anyway a lot of things has happened since the party, which I would also love to share . However, before doing so, I think it may be best that I provide a little more background about Katie and myself, so as to allow you all to get to know us more and understand us better.

Perhaps I should start by giving a more detailed description of myself. As mentioned in my story, I am a young female of Asian descent, born out of the union of English and Chinese ancestry. Being of mixed race, I was very fortunate to have inherited the very best traits of each; thus making me, at least to my mind, the perfect poster model for the union of east and west.

As a testament to my Chinese antecedents, I have, silky black hair, which I keep long and naturally straight with endless combing but little else further maintenance.

I also have a pair of expressive almond shaped eyes, whose green coloring coupled with my full pouty lips, people say gives me this truly exotic and absolutely bewitching look, like that of a predatory feline in search of prey. On the other hand, I have also been told, that I have this look of innocence and helplessness about me, like a lost little kitten, that makes others just want to cuddle and comfort me.

My body is quite slender and long limbed. However, thanks to the commingling of my English bloodline, I have larger breasts and fuller hips to complement my ever so slim waist, than your average Chinese girl of pure sock. For those who may be interested, I measure around 34”-22”-34” and wear a “b-cup” bra, in the off chance I get to wear one.

Finally, I am taller than most Chinese girls, having had the good fortune of acquiring a little more height from my racial mix, and stand around 5’ 4” tall. (I know… I know … some of you may say that isn’t much, but as compared to other Chinese girls that height is more than respectable.)

So all in all, I could say, modesty aside, that I came in a rather pretty package, undeniably beautiful and looking very hot to boot.

Unfortunately, whenever I stood next to Katie, my beauty would forever pale by comparison. She was absolutely, drop dead GORGEOUS ! ! !

Standing around 5’8” tall in her stocking feet, Katie was without question statuesque and never failed to catch the attention of the crowd whenever around, by her beauty, poise and obvious good breeding.

Katie had blond hair, which she wore long and wavy to perfectly frame her lovely face. She is also slim like me, but a little more endowed in both the breasts and hips.

Perhaps, rather than to try to accurately describe her features one by one; which I know, I would never be able to do justice to, let me just say that Katie looks exactly like the star-crossed heroine Marissa Cooper in the OC series, complete with her impeccable fashion sense, but absent the accompanying angst her character is known for.

As earlier mentioned in my story Katie and I met while we were in college. We started out as freshmen room mates actually at the dorm.

I could never forget the first time I met Katie.

I was lugging my stuff and about to enter the room assigned to me when I found my entry blocked by quite a number of matching Louis Vuitton luggage, piled by the entrance.

Since the room was only supposed to accommodate two students, I started to wonder whether I was at the wrong room, thinking that all these expensive looking bags could not possibly belong to just for one person. However a quick check proved that I was at the right place.

It was only after I squeezed my way in that I finally noticed the presence of another person in the room who had been hidden by the pile of leather. It was Katie.

Since I was caught completely unprepared by her vision of loveliness, I just stood there at first all tongue tied and unable to respond to the polite greeting she gave me. I did eventually come out of my spell and was able to shyly introduce myself.

A telling silence ensued following our initial introductions. Since It had seemed neither of us had anything else to say, we each started to put order into our respective sides of the room, without speaking a word to each other.

Katie was in the middle of looking over her closets when I arrived, no doubt trying to think of a way of achieving the impossible task of getting all her stuff to fit in such a limited space.

Totally enraptured by the way she pouted as she tried to come up with a solution for her problem, I couldn’t help but offer to share with her the use of my closet, explaining I really did that much space, having brought only two bags of clothing with me.

With a smile that just about melted my heart, Katie accepted my generosity with much thanks. She also got a little more friendly, this time engaging me with a little small talk while she unloaded the contents of her luggage inside my closet.

In the end, Katie appropriated all the space my closet could offer, leaving me with no other place to unpack. Forcing me to just keep my clothes still in their bags, under the bed. Of course, I didn’t really didn’t mind the inconvenience my generosity caused, since the look of appreciation on Katie’s face made it all worthwhile.

Since I really didn’t need to unpack under the circumstances, I asked Katie whether she needed any help with her unpacking. She gave her permission by handing over a really lovely dress to hang, which I cheerfully did. I couldn’t stop admiring and be a bit envious of all the fabulous outfits she had, all of which appeared to be designer clothes, mostly from Europe.

After we were finally done with Katie’s unpacking, I offered to help carry down her now empty bags for storage in the luggage room. Once accomplished, she invited me out to have dinner on her, in token appreciation for all my acts of kindness.

Although dinner was a bit awkward at first we eventually were able to warm up to each other, allowing us the opportunity to get to know each other better.

From our conversation, I was able to find out that Katie was taking up a business course hoping to follow the footsteps of her father, who is one of the most influential and highest paid CEOs of the country. I was also able to confirm that Katie was indeed filthy rich and that her parents were both distinguished alumni of the school. Which explained then why she was enrolled here instead of some ultra expensive Swiss Boarding school, where she could easily fit in and very well afford.

She also told me it was her parents who persuaded her to live in a dorm at least for the first year, to enable her to undergo the full college experience.

On the other hand, I was able to disclose to Katie that I was enrolled under a general arts program, being still undecided on what actual course to major in.

I was also able to tell her a little bit about myself and my family, and how we lived rather simple lives in the heartland of this great nation, which was where my parents immigrated to and set up a small business years ago.

Surprisingly, despite our obvious differences we were able to successfully bond that first day we met. Which, wouldn’t have all been possible if I hadn’t realized early on that Katie was a very private person who resented others from violating her own personal space and totally abhorred those who tried to get too friendly with her without her permission. So I guess I really did correctly by not foisting myself on her and allowed her to basically control the topics we would get to talk about.

Following dinner Katie and I went back to the room. Feeling a bit sticky from the long day, I decided to take a quick shower and with nary a thought stripped off my clothes as soon as I entered the room.

It was only when I had totally stripped myself and stood absolutely naked in the middle of the room that I realized that I was without a towel, as they were all still packed in my bag. I further realized that, as I stood there in all my naked glory, I was giving Katie quite a show of my nude body, as she was sitting there comfortably by her desk, still fully clothed, and eyeing me intently.

Thus, in an attempt to cover up my embarrassment for my brazen display, and in order to hide from her the deepening blush my face was taking, I sheepishly turned my back to her and got down on my knees, in order to retrieve a towel from one of my bags under the bed. Realizing too late that by doing so, I had inadvertently exposed myself more to Katie, providing her with an unobstructed view of both my ass and pussy lips, as I knelt beside the bed.

Grabbing the first towel I could lay my hands on, I quickly rushed naked out of the room towards the communal showers forgetting to even wrap the towel around me. Good thing there was no one in the corridor that evening otherwise I would have gained the notoriety of having streaked on the her very first day of college, even if that was exactly what I had done.

Following my shower, It suddenly hit me that in my haste to escape Katie’s gaze I had completely forgotten to bring any nightwear with me, as well as fix up my bed. So still wrapped only in a towel I desultorily trudged back to the room, not looking forward to the prospect of having to make my bed up in front of Katie wearing just a wet towel.

To my delight, when I got to the room, I found that Katie was kind enough to fix my bed up for me as well as pick up after me, saying it was the least she could do for me for being such a help to her. She had also changed her clothes in the meantime, as she was now wearing this really fluffy terry cloth bathrobe while standing beside my bed.

As I approached my bed, Katie without any warning reached out and gave me a hug, the suddenness of which caused the towel I was wearing to come completely undone and fall to the floor.

Thus absolutely naked once more, my sensitive bare flesh could not help but experience the joys of carnal pleasure as it came into full contact with the coarseness of Katie’s apparel during our tight embrace; that I would have reached the point of no return, had Katie not pulled away when she did.

After getting me all hot and bothered, Katie herself defused the situation by pulling away, headed for the showers, picking up and disposing of my towel at the hamper, in the process.

She thereupon took my hand and tucked me into bed, still absolutely naked, which is the last thing I remembered before drifting off to sleep.

Sasha
My Early Years With Katie part 2
Sat Jul 22, 2006 12:08
210.213.78.148

Through no fault of mine, it took Katie less than a week to decide that she didn’t want to live in the dorm.

Being an only child, Katie was not used to being surrounded by strangers and simply felt ill-at-ease having to interact with the rest of the people in the dorm. She found it simply annoying that some girls would even be so forward as to barge into our room uninvited, catching her off-guard and in violation of her privacy. Suffice it to say I was never guilty of this transgression since I always made sure to knock first before entering, even if it was my room too.

Another thing that led to Katie’s departure was her failure to cope with the communal nature of the dorm’s facilities, which to her standards, simply provided no privacy at all, whenever she had to use them. You can just imagine the discomfort Katie must have felt whenever she had to see to her most intimate and personal needs, knowing full well others were lurking just outside her stall, doing their own thing.

It came as no surprise to me then when Katie told me that she was leaving. Although the prospect of her departure saddened me greatly, deep down I completely understood her reasons. Thus, with tears brimming in my eyes, I wished her farewell and offered to help her find a place to move to.

In response, Katie announced that she had already leased this furnished studio type apartment close by campus which had its own toilet and bath, and that she would be moving into that very evening. She then took me in her arms and told me not to look so sad since although she would be moving out, we will still continue to remain as roommates, at least on paper.

Katie went on to explain that since it was her parents who insisted she stay in the dorm her freshman year, she didn’t want them to find out that she had left before the year was out. Accordingly, we must continue to make it appear that she is still living here in the dorm, although she actually stays off-campus.

Hence, in order to keep pretenses, Katie had planned to keep most of her clothes and other personal stuff in our room, just in case her parents do decide to pay her a surprise call. Moreover, she will continue to spend most evenings in the dorm with me, and sneak out to her apartment later to sleep.

Of course, it goes without saying, that I was expected to make sure her side of the room was always kept clean and ready for use when she does visit. And, that I would have to bring to her whatever she may need from the room. All of which, I was quite happy to do.

I must admit I had a difficult time sleeping that first night without Katie. Fortunately the night passed quickly and the new day brought joy to my heart at the prospect of getting to see her once again.

I was even able to develop this routine where before going to class, I would first drop off at Katie’s the things she listed down for me to bring from the day before, and in turn, take her laundry back with me to the dorm, if any.

So despite our separate sleeping arrangements Katie and I were still able to keep in constant touch daily, seeing each other in between classes and generally hanging out together.

One activity Katie loved doing with me was to go shopping for clothes. Although she rarely if ever bought stuff for herself, since the malls near campus didn’t seem to carry the brands she wears; she nevertheless took it upon herself to act as my unofficial fashion consultant and personally picked out what I was supposed to wear.

However, rather than choose for me the kinds of clothes she normally wears, which are more or less conservatively cut and tends to understate her sexuality; the outfits she got for me were exactly the opposite and all but screamed out mine.

From sheer tops that more often than not completely left my belly exposed to really short mini-skirts, I just couldn’t believe Katie would want me to show so much skin, making me come out looking like one of those back-up dancers in a Snoop Dog video. However, it would seem that is exactly what Katie had in mind, since she would often times pay for those outfits themselves, despite my protestations.

To be honest, at first I really didn’t want to be seen out in public wearing the clothes Katie had chosen. However, since I didn’t want to hurt her feelings or anything, I hesitantly dressed up in one the following day we bought it, and met up with her in school.

My sudden change in wardrobe drew mixed reaction from both the faculty and the rest of the student body.

Without question, the male population was highly appreciative of my new look, since to a man, I noticed that they could not help but openly stare in my direction with ill-disguised lust. As for the ladies, although I could tell most of them had frowns on their faces when they first set eyes on me; I notice though that some of them were eyeing me the same way the guys were, which only magnified my discomfiture ten fold.

Whatever anxiety I may have had on account of my new wardrobe disappeared in an instance as soon as I saw the pleased look on Katie’s face when I met up with her. With time, I finally got used wearing them, and was able to mostly ignore the pointed stares and derogatory comments I received, whenever I dressed the way Katie wanted me to. In fact, I heard that people started referring to us as “The lady and the tramp” whenever Katie and I were together, and it wouldn’t take a rocket scientist to determine who was what.

It took me some time to figure out the reason why Katie wanted me so scandalously attired whenever we were together. After giving it much thought and deliberation, the only possible explanation I could think of, was that she wanted me to be the center of attention for a change instead of her. Something which, considering her abject beauty and stunning appearance, would be quite impossible to divert had I not dressed so provocatively as to catch the attention of everyone’s eye.

Anyway, thanks again to my provocative attire, I quickly gained the reputation, or should I say notoriety, of being a party girl “par excellent” and overnight became extremely popular with the boys. In fact, whenever I wasn’t with Katie I would be out partying or on a date.

Sometime after I started dressing sexily, a guy in one of my class asked whether Katie and I would like to go out on a double date with him and his friend. Since I kind of had a crush on him, I tried to convince Katie to accept and much to my relief, she did. With glee, I made arrangements for us to be picked up outside of Katie’s apartment, on the day of the date.

In our own different ways, both Katie and I tried to look our best for the date. Katie had on an exquisite body-hugging pantsui which though covering her completely from the neck down, did nothing to hide her luscious curves from smoldering underneath it. True to form, I came, in this really hot halter type micro mini-dress, which really didn’t leave much to the imagination, with only a thong and a pair of high heels to complete my ensemble.

As arranged, the guys picked us up outside Katie’s apartment. To my dismay, the guy who invited me out quickly paired off with Katie after the introductions, leaving me stuck with his friend, who though attractive enough in his own way, was no Adonis unlike the other one.

Although I may have been disappointed at first at this development, I just let it go so as not to ruin the others’ mood.

Anyway, our date started out with dinner and drinks at one of the finer restaurants in the area. It then progressed to a little dancing and even more drinks at the trendiest club in town. And wound up, with all four of us just having drinks at one of the more popular bars around.

Since we were all having a blast, none of us really wanted to go home yet after our drinks at the bar. Hence, although Katie and I were supposed to be brought straight home thereafter, we found ourselves by a bonfire on a little clearing in the woods, making out with the guys. Or at least I was.

As a result of the copious amount of alcohol in my system, I lost all ability to resist my date’s advances as we nestled together. In fact, I had lost any and all inhibitions myself, and with nary a protest allowed him not only to openly fondle me all over, but even stick his fingers beneath my dress to plumb the depths of my already sopping ....

At the same time my date was seeing to my needs, I had been able to unzip him and grab hold unto his already stiffening penis. However, just as I was in the process of stroking it, I heard this shriek of protest coming from Katie, telling her date not to touch her.

Hearing Katie’s cry, I immediately scrambled to my feet to confront her assailant. However no matter how much Katie and I begged him to stop, he kept physically molesting her, much to her distress. His friend was no help either, as he chose not to intervene at the slightest, being content to just lie there observing the proceedings, with his dick out.

Seeing as her date was beyond reason in his drunken state, and I definitely had not the strength to pull him off if he persisted in having his way, I was left with no other option to try to save Katie’s honor.

In a firm voice, which completely belied the abject fear that was welling inside me, I told Katie’s date to get his filthy paws away from her, and that if he wanted to have any sex, then he could have it with me.

I then proceeded to strip myself bare and stand there before him in all my nakedness, so as to entice his attention away from Katie.

Despite my utterly nude state, his eyes still wavered between my already naked form and the still fully dressed Katie; indicating that he was still trying to decide which one he really wanted. Fortunately, I was able to make up his mind for him, by wantonly placing my hands on my most intimate of parts and slowly caressed myself.

In a flash, Katie’s date got off of her and lumbered towards my direction. Just as he reached me, I indicated for him to stop and knelt before him, before I proceeded to free his already engorge cock from the confines of his pants. At the same time I told my date to stand beside him so I could take care of him too, at the same time. (In truth I didn’t want him out of my sight and anywhere near Katie while I was otherwise occupied with his friend.)

Had anyone been anywhere near the clearing that night, he surely would have been treated to quite a lurid tableau of the four of us gathered round the bonfire.(i.e. Two clothed men with their pricks sticking out of their pants, standing before a totally nude girl on her knees while a second fully clothed girl watches on.)

However, despite the sheer eroticism of what I was doing, I was not in the least bit aroused as I paid special attention to the two cocks before me, mechanically jacking and sucking them off, alternately.

I guess the guys must have been turned on by the situation since they both came almost simultaneously, within minutes of my touching them. As one of the guys was holding my head still just before he climaxed, my face bore the full brunt of their ejaculation and ended up grossly coated with both their sperms.

Since I was still in a bit of a daze, I was unable to move and just knelt there even after my ordeal was over, allowing the thick cords of semen to just slide down from my face unto my body. Fortunately, just as soon as the guys zipped up and left me, Katie immediately came to my side and gently wiped my face free from cum with my own thong, which she later discarded by throwing in the fire. Following this, Katie thereupon slipped both my dress and shoes on me , before demanding from the guys that we be immediately taken home.

Since both the guys were clearly satiated from my ministrations, they proceeded to take us home without argument. It was a silent ride back as both Katie and I sullenly sat at the back seat of the car, while our two dates sat in front with satisfied grins on their faces. Not surprisingly, the whole car started to smell like cum, as I still bore the stench of my humiliation on my face.

When we got to Katie’s place she quickly exited the car taking me along with her. Before she slammed the car’s door shut, Katie hissed menacingly at our two dates from hell, that she would personally castrate and force them to suck each other’s dismembered pricks, should word of whatever happened that night ever reach out.

Just as soon as we entered Katie’s room, she gave me this really big hug. As I felt so safe cradled in her arms, I just broke down and bawled myself out, in delayed reaction to the disgusting things I was made to go through that night. Like a true friend, Katie allowed me to cry myself out, all the while cooing and whispering sweet inspirations to me, as I lay tightly tucked against her bosom.

After I eventually calmed down, Katie told me that I should spend the night here since I was in no condition to get back to the dorm. However before I could go to bed, she told me I had to take a bath first, to finally wash the reek of those two off me. As I was in no mood to argue, I tiredly nodded my head in agreement.

Having given my acquiescence, Katie stood me back up and proceeded to rid me of both my dress and shoes, before she perfunctorily marched me towards her bathroom, absolutely naked once more, for the second time that night.

When we got there, I was made to stand beside Katie as she sat on the toilet, waiting for the tub to fill with hot water. Once filled, I was allowed to get in the tub and to my appreciation, Katie began to sponge me all over, gently massaging all the stress away.

With Katie’s hands roaming all over, I could not help but feel a steering in my loins, a sure sign that she was turning me on. However, just as I was starting to enjoy it, Katie abruptly stopped and proceeded to rinse me off. Later, she toweled me off herself, as I stood nude before her.

Having been tenderly bathed and wiped dry, Katie brought me to her room still naked as the day as I was born. She then lay me in the middle of her queen size bed and positioned herself right beside me, still fully clothed in the clothes she wore that evening with the exception of her shoes.

As we lay in her bed side by side, Katie once again put her arms around me and softly said the words “Thank You”, before passionately kissing me on the lips.

Simultaneously, both of Katie’s hands were equally active all the while we were kissing. One of them having snaked down to gently caress my most intimate of parts, in a relentless effort to get me off. While the other one was kept equally busy massaging and pulling on my oversensitive nipples, which were both crying out for special attention all evening long.

It didn’t take long for Katie to get me to climax.

In no time at all, she had me uncontrollably thrashing about atop her bed, as she coaxed a continuous wave of orgasmic pleasures to beset my overly taxed body, leaving me but a quivering mound of flesh in its wake.

Instead of giving me a regular good night kiss, Katie stuck two of her long fingers up my pussy until they were completely coated with my juices, following which, I was made to suckle them until both fingers were dry. A process she repeated till I finally fell asleep exhausted in her arms, with the taste of my own sex on my lips.

Sasha
My Early Years With Katie part 3
Sun Jul 23, 2006 04:18
210.213.67.164

I woke up still naked from the night before.

When I awoke, I found myself lying atop a queen size bed in a strange room, having forgotten for an instance that I fell asleep in Katie’s apartment, with her beside me.

As my befuddled mind started to stir, the events of last night slowly came back to me. Starting with the trauma of my having to service two guys cocks while kneeling naked before them till they finally spewed all over my face, to my having reached nirvana myself at the hands of my beloved Katie.

As I continued to lay sprawled naked on her bed I could not help but recall the intense pleasure my body underwent as I came over and over again in pure ecstasy, at Katie’s mere touch. This again caused a stirring in my loins, which drew an uncontrollable desire for my hands to caress myself.

However, just as I was about to play with myself, the sudden realization that I was on top of Katie’s bed made me stop short. I was afraid Katie would be offended if I try to get myself off on her bed, without permission.

Speaking of Katie though, there was no sign of her in the apartment as I sat up from bed trying to look for her. Thinking she may be in the bathroom, I got out of bed and padded naked towards it but she was not there either. It was then that I noticed a note and a shopping bag on top of Katie’s kitchen table.

It was from Katie. Without any word of greeting or pleasantries whatsoever, Katie wanted me to take the bag with me to the dorm when I left.

Having been given my orders, I set about looking for my soiled dress to wear. It was nowhere in sight. Good thing I looked in the bag and found it together with my shoes mixed with Katie’s laundry.

After putting on my dress and shoes, I immediately got on my way without breakfast nor a morning shower, since Katie never mentioned any of the sort in the note.

I met up with Katie at school later that morning, and we were able to talk about what happened last night.

From the start, Katie tried to convince me that it would be best to just forget the incident since no one really got hurt and there was no damage done.

When I told her that I really wanted to report it, She told me that it would be quite useless considering we really had nothing to show that we were even molested that night. Perhaps, had we saved the thong which she had used to wipe the semen from my face, we may have had the necessary proof. But without it, however, it would be just our words against theirs.

From the way our conversation was going I could sense that Katie didn’t want the matter to go on any further. Considering the undue publicity an inquiry may bring, she just wanted it to go away quietly. Thus, no matter how upset I still was, I agreed to completely let it go, to spare Katie’s name from being dragged in any investigation.

Katie and I became even closer after our double date from hell. In spite of our different course requirements as well as developing new friends, Katie and I still managed to stay in touch and do things together.

Again during our freshman year, Katie and I both pledged a sorority together. However, whereas the sorority considered Katie for instant membership by reason of her beauty, wealth and having a mother who was one of its distinguished alumna; I on the other hand, had been marked for hard time, if not outright rejection, on account of my being “not the right kind of girl” for the sorority.

Accordingly while I and the other pledges were required to undergo a more difficult and demeaning initiation process, Katie was assigned infinitely easier tasks to accomplish.

There was one time Katie and I were ordered to serve at a tea party for the sisters. Unlike me, who was required to get nude the instant we got there, Katie was allowed to remain dressed for the party. As a result, I ended up being the only naked serving girl at the party, while Katie sat idly chatting with the sisters, fully clothed like them.

Finally, I could no longer take the humiliations and insults heaped on me that I decided to quit. To my surprise and utter consternation of the sorority, Katie quit too. We left the house hand in hand, amidst pleas from the sisters for her to reconsider. I later learned that Katie eventually did join the sorority and ended up as its President. She never asked me to pledge again, so I guess I really “was not the right kind of girl” for the sorority, even for her.

Another thing which brought us even closer was that we became lovers. Or at least that is how I would like to think our friendship has progressed to.

Following the night she first touched me, I was invited by Katie to stay over a lot.

However, rather than the both of us providing mutual satisfaction in the manner lovers are supposed to do, our affair took on the same pattern as our current relationship, that is totally one sided and in compliance with Katie’s terms. In other words, she calls the shots.

Accordingly, from the start, our love making generally mimicked the first time we did it, with me utterly nude and her masturbating me, while still fully clothed.

However, instead of this taking place in the middle of Katie’s queen size bed, we would be doing it on her new pull-out sofa bed, which was apparently purchased for occasions like this. This sofa bed was also where I was supposed to sleep with neither blanket nor pillow. Apparently Katie didn’t want anything to obstruct her view of my naked body, as she lay in bed all snuggled up under her covers, in her nightclothes.

It was only after our third time that I dared to ask Katie for permission to pleasure her. Though hesitant at first, Katie gladly gave in to my request, especially after I started to beg her for the opportunity to make her cum too.

Katie then went to her bathroom to disrobe and came out wearing this full white silk dressing gown so as to cover her own nakedness. She then proceeded to shut-off all the lights in the room before actually opening up her robe under the cover of darkness, to reveal her body for my adoration.

Although I would have preferred to see Katie finally revealed to me under the glaring light, just like I had always been made to endure; I could not let this opportunity pass and kissed every part of her body above the waist, with long pent-up desire.

It was only when I started probing the lips of her pussy, that I discovered her hymen still intact and that Katie was still a virgin.

Not wanting to stop now that I had Katie thrashing about in throes of ecstasy, I did to Katie what neither she nor I had ever done before, and that was to place my lips on her nether lips and hungrily ate her out.

Although, as I said, I had never eaten another woman before, it seems that it came naturally to me as I masterfully brought Katie to orgasm, time and time again. In fact, Katie loved what I was doing to her, that she selfishly kept my head plastered down between her legs, even after I told her my jaws were simply too tired, begging me to get her off one more time. Which I did of course, as if I had any other choice on the matter.

With the discovery of her love for cunnilingus, Katie became most insatiable in her desire for it to be performed on her.

Accordingly, our sessions evolved into this certain pattern:

1. I must first strip nude every time I enter and remain Naked all through out my stay;

2. Followed by Katie getting to ... me with the lights on using her hands or anything else she wants to use, but not all the time;

3. I will always get to eat Katie out in the dark.

We were fortunate enough to keep our relationship a secret although there may have been some close calls. On several occasions while I was there, Katie had to receive visitors. As it would be impossible to explain my nudity, I was forced to hide in the broom closet, all the while Katie was entertaining her guests.

Once, she even had one of her numerous suitors drop by. Because of this, I had to remain all curled up in the cramped confines of her broom closet for the next two hours, unable to avoid the sounds of their making out and drinking of wine. Katie tried to make it up to me later by giving me one of the best orgasms ever, and of course I had to give her the obligatory head.

Oh yes, I was caught nude in Katie’s apartment once. After a particularly satisfying but tiring night I was still fast asleep sprawled over Katie’s sofa bed, legs akimbo, when I began to notice the sound of voices in the room. Thinking it must only be the television, I was just about to drift back to sleep when I suddenly caught what sounded like Katie’s voice mention my name, which was then followed by girlish giggling coming from more than one source.

Finally curious, I opened my eyes to peek out and was totally shocked there were two other girls sitting with Katie at the kitchen table, eyeing my totally exposed body.

Absolutely mortified by my naked state, I was just about to bolt for the bathroom, when Katie called out for me to join them. With trepidation in my heart, I shyly moved over to Katie and her guests and stood beside the table.

Katie introduced her guests as Chrissy and Lisa, childhood friends of hers from back home who were studying at another school and had come to visit. They seem to have been cut from the same mold as Katie, both equally tall, svelte and drop dead gorgeous, except that Chrissy was a blond like Katie while Lisa was a redhead.

I must admit I was totally discomfited by my having to stand before these three beauties without a stitch on, which was made even worse when I had to shake their hands, resulting in one of my boobs poking out.

Following our introductions, I was invited by Katie to sit with them. Though wishing to be anywhere else, I screwed up my courage to pull a chair and sat on the table with them. It really felt surreal, me sitting naked at a table with three fully dressed girls, but I started to relax a bit when I noticed that the other girls really tried to avoid staring and took my singular nudity in stride. (Katie told me that she told her friends my clothes were still in the washing machine since I accidentally spilled a bottle of wine on myself last night.)

As time passed, Katie and I started concentrating on our respective courses. Though we would continue to see each other at school as well as at her apartment by invitation, we nevertheless started going our separate ways, generally meeting new people and making new friends.

It is about this time that Katie and I were drifting apart that I met Steve. Ironically, it was Katie herself who introduced him to me. It turns out they came from the same town and that he had just transferred here from another school. Can’t say it was love at first sight, but we ended up together with Katie’s blessings, after going out on several dates.

Basically Katie and I stopped seeing each other after Steve came into the picture.

Katie and I did manage to graduate from college after four years. Katie with honors and a business degree; while I with just a degree and lucky to have been able to graduate on time at all.

Following our graduation I was able to meet up with Katie one last time. For the first time, I saw Katie break down as we tearfully hugged each other goodbye.

Just as we were about to separate Katie asked me what my plans where. When I told her that I still didn’t have one, she graciously invited me to try out her town, which she said had quite a number of opportunities open for me. Besides, it would give us a chance to get together again, she joked.

After I promised her that I would think about it, we said our final good byes and went our separate ways.

It took me exactly ten days at home to finally decide to try my luck out at Katie’s town. Aside from Katie and her friends I met earlier, Steve was likewise from there, which would mean I will not be a total stranger in a strange land.

Thus having made up my mind, I immediately called Katie and Steve to announce my arrival, and embark on a new chapter in my life, not sure what the future may hold.