**Rachel and Me**

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**Rachel and Me Pt. 10**

I was working when there was a knock on the door. Opening it, Sean, Jimmy and Rob were there.  
  
"What's up?" I asked them.  
  
"We'd like to play with Rachel again," said Rob. "It's been a while since we started, and Sean says she sucked him off at work. We want her to know she's sucked us all off, and maybe we can play some new games."  
  
"OK," I said, "you know her schedule, when's she next not working?"  
  
"She's not down to work tomorrow," said Sean, "None of us are."  
  
I went and got my phone and called Rachel.  
  
"Can you be here tomorrow evening?"  
  
"Sure," she said, "what time?"  
  
"Four o'clock?"  
  
"OK," she said. "What are we doing?"  
  
I nodded to the guys, and they left as I closed the door.  
  
"Not sure yet, but I thought we could play a little."  
  
"What do you want me to wear?"  
  
"How about just a short dress and sexy panties," I said.  
  
"OK," she said, "if I come over straight from the gym, I'll have time for a shower."  
  
"You might need a shower afterwards, too," I joked. We said our goodbyes, and hung up.  
  
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The following day, Rachel arrived at my place about 30 minutes early. I opened the door, and she stood there in her gym clothes, carrying a bag. She came in, gave me a hug and a long, passionate kiss, and went into the bedroom so she could get undressed.  
  
She did a little strip dance for me, taking off her sneakers and sports bra top thing. She pulled it off over her head, throwing it to me. I put it on the bed as she wiggled out of her yoga pants. She turned away from me, and bent over as she took her thong down, and stepped out of it. She turned back, and came over and kissed me for a while. My hands found her tits. I'd noticed she'd shaved for the occasion. She headed off to take a shower.  
  
"What's the plan then?" she asked.  
  
"I don't have one, really, I'm just going to see what happens. We'll have a few visitors."  
  
I went back out to the living room, putting a towel on the sofa, just in case. Rachel came out, wearing a towel, which I took off her and left on the chair.  
  
She went back to the bedroom, and came out wearing the summer dress I'd bought her.  
  
"Panties?" I said.  
  
She lifted the hem of the dress up to her shoulders, showing me her blue panties and belly.  
  
I went to the kitchen and got her a glass of wine.  
  
There was a knock at the door, and Rachel chugged the wine and went and opened the door, letting Sean, Rob and Jimmy in. I heard a bit of chatting in the hallway, and then they walked to the living room.  
  
She looked upset to see them.  
  
"No, these are people I work with."  
  
She looked at Sean.  
  
"You weren't supposed to tell anybody."  
  
"It's OK," I said, "they've all seen you naked before, and they can be trusted. We played several games with Sue."  
  
"When did they see me naked? You showed them my pictures?"  
  
"No. You remember the blindfold game? They were here then."  
  
"You asshole," she said. "I've been working with them for weeks and they've been giggling about this behind my back all along?"  
  
She still didn't look happy, but she'd started to relax.  
  
I had them sit down on the sofa.  
  
"Whatever happens here with him, only happens with him," she said to them. "I'm not going to be sucking you off at work or anything."  
  
"Unless he tells you to," said Sean with a grin.  
  
"Maybe if he tells me to," she said. She smiled.  
  
"You've seen me naked. I think it's only fair that you do some catching up," she said. "It's time you take off some clothes, boys."  
  
The guys all got up, and took their shirts off.  
  
Rachel said to the guys "you've already seen my tits, so you're going to have to do better than that."  
  
Shoes, socks and jeans came off.  
  
I went and sat on the arm of the chair to watch.  
  
"Can I close the curtains?" she asked me, looking at the open curtains.  
  
"Fine, go ahead," I said, and she went over and closed them. She walked back over to stand in front of the sofa.  
  
"I think you guys should take your underwear off."  
  
Sean pulled his underwear down and off. After all, she'd already seen his dick. Jimmy seemed nervous. Rob didn't seem to want to strip for her.  
  
"Rob," Rachel said, "will you take your shorts off for me?"  
  
He pulled his underwear off. She reached out and felt his dick.  
  
"Jimmy?" said Rachel.  
  
He pulled his underwear down. Rachel stepped back, and they sat back down on the sofa again.  
  
"I think we should do the question and answer thing again," I said.  
  
"Um, OK," she said.  
  
"So," I said, "what's the sexiest game you've played now."  
  
"Probably trying on underwear with Anne. Are you going to remove an item of my clothing?"  
  
"Tell the guys what happened."  
  
"We went to the store and got a lady who's helped me out before to help me try on underwear..."  
  
"Lingerie," I interrupted.  
  
"Lingerie. She had me undress, then she dressed me in a white set. Then undressed me and dressed me in a red set, and then the janitor came in and saw me. When he'd left, she dressed me in a black set. Oh, and I fucked him..." she pointed at me, "and the janitor came back and undressed me, and then I fucked her. Now will you remove an item of my clothing please?"  
  
"Who do you want to take off your dress?"  
  
"Sean," she said, "will you take off my dress please?"  
  
Sean stood up and came over. As he closed in on her, she reached out and took his dick in one hand, stroking it as he helped her pull the dress off over her head, leaving her in just her panties. Sean stood there with her holding his dick.  
  
"Are you looking forward to having sex with all these guys?" I asked.  
  
"No," she said.  
  
I looked at her. She looked down, and quietly said "yes. Will you remove my panties, please?"  
  
"OK then," I said.  
  
She let go of Sean's dick, and he went and sat down again.  
  
"Rob," she said, "do you want to take my panties off?"  
  
Rob smiled and walked over and knelt down in front of Rachel, pulling her panties down so she could step out of them.  
  
"I see you've mostly kept up with the shaving," he said.  
  
The other guys couldn't see Rachel's pussy past Rob kneeling in front of her, so they craned their necks to get a look. She'd let the landing strip grow back in. Smaller than it had been, as Anne shaved the top off it, and she'd kept that up.  
  
"Can I feel it?" he asked.  
  
Rachel nodded, and he ran his hand over her, feeling her smoothness. He ran her fingers between her legs, feeling her shaved lips, too.  
  
"Come and look," he said to the others.  
  
Jimmy came over, and said "I want to feel it too."  
  
Rachel nodded, and then had two guys feeling her pussy.  
  
"Do you want to feel my tits?" she asked Sean, who came over and played with her nipples, tweaking them and getting them hard.  
  
"You want to feel my pussy too" she said, and he nodded, pushing Jimmy's hands aside so he could feel her up.  
  
Jimmy stood up, and she took hold of his dick and started stroking him. After a few minutes of this, she pushed their hands away, let go of Jimmy and knelt down in front of Sean. Jimmy and Rob stood there, rubbing their dicks.  
  
She reached for his dick, and sucked it into her mouth. After a minute or so, he made a funny noise and she let go, holding her tits up and together as he jacked off over them.  
  
"Jimmy, you're up," she said.  
  
He stood in front of her, and she sucked him in. Shortly afterwards, he said "I'm going to cum" and she kept sucking as he filled her mouth with cum. She swallowed it down.  
  
He went and sat down, while she sat on her heels rubbing Sean's cum into her chest.  
  
"Rob," she said.  
  
She had him lie down on his back. She straddled him, and fed his dick into her pussy. He held her hips as she lifted herself up and down on him, until he said he was going to cum. She hopped off of him, and jacked him off with her hand, so he came over his stomach.  
  
She went and got a wash cloth and cleaned her chest, then handed it to Rob so he could clean himself up.  
  
"Guys, I think you should go, as I have plans with this one", she said.  
  
They got up and started collecting their clothes. Once the guys were all dressed, Rachel went and got in the shower, and I went to see them out.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 11**

I went back to the bedroom to see what Rachel was doing now she was out of the shower.  
  
"What did you have planned?" I asked her.  
  
"Well," she said, "I've had a panty request I've been ignoring for a while, but they've offered me a fair amount of money, so I thought I'd try and do it."  
  
"OK, what does that involve?"  
  
"I'm supposed to put in a butt plug, wear it for an hour or more, then suck somebody off with it in."  
  
"That's awfully specific," I said.  
  
"Yes," she said. "And I don't like anal."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"It hurts," she said, "and the few guys I've tried it with were pretty rough. Don't get me wrong, rough sex is OK sometimes, but not with anal."  
  
"Do you even have a butt plug?"  
  
"I went and got one, and some lube."  
  
She got it out of her bag. It was a small metal one, with a flat base with a heart-shaped crystal in it. It was cold to the touch.  
  
"You might want to warm this up a bit," I said.  
  
She took it from me and held it in her hand, blowing on it.  
  
"There," she said.  
  
I took her towel from her and draped it over the end of the bed, and she turned away from me and knelt on the bed on all fours.  
  
"Lube me up," she said.  
  
I bent over and licked her pussy, starting from her cilt and working upwards. I started off small, but as I went on, I licked further and further up her pussy, until I was just getting to her anus. She was really wet by now, and really getting in to it. I started to concentrate on her anus, going around it and pushing against it slightly with my tongue. She was starting to push back against me. I picked up the lube, and dripped some on her, using my finger to work it in to the puckered skin around her hole. I dripped more lube on her, and worked it in to her anus with my finger.  
  
I took the plug from her, and dripped more lube on her. I slowly worked the plug against her until it popped in, then I turned it so the heart was the right way up.  
  
"That wasn't so bad," she said.  
  
"You want a picture of this as proof?"  
  
"Sure," she said, and I went and got her phone.  
  
I handed it to her so she could unlock it, and she cursed as she read a text message.  
  
"Damn it, Earl wants me to work today for a few hours."  
  
"Are you going to?"  
  
"I guess I should," she said.  
  
"Well, you did need to wait a while before the blowjob. You can come back later."  
  
She texted Earl to say she was going to be there.  
  
"Take the picture," she said, "and I'll get dressed."  
  
I took several pictures of her, from slightly different angles. The first pictures you could only really see the plug, the last ones showed her whole pussy. It was all puffy from her being so turned on.  
  
She got up and dressed. The excess lube soaked straight through her panties, meaning there was a see through spot at the back where the plug was.  
  
"I can't go like this, without a bra," she said. "Can I borrow your sweatshirt again?"  
  
"Sure," I said, and got one of my zip up hoodies for her.  
  
She put it on over the dress, and it came down almost to the hem. She rolled the sleeves a little, then came and kissed me.  
  
"Wish me luck," she said, heading for the door.  
  
I settled down to read some websites while I waited for her. Every now and then she'd send me a picture of up her dress, or down her dress. Then I got a picture of the plug, with her skirt pulled up. It looked like a bathroom somewhere. I was already thinking of the blowjob I was going to get later.  
  
She called me a short while later.  
  
"How's it going?" I asked.  
  
"Not terribly. The plug feels a little uncomfortable, but it's turning me on just being there. Guess what, the old guy's ordered a pizza because I'm delivering tonight."  
  
"Bless him. At least he tips well."  
  
"Yup. Anything you think I should do for him?"  
  
"Well, if you want to continue to lead him on, you could lose the dress, and maybe show him your new toy?"  
  
"That'll work," she said. "I'll call you later."  
  
I sat and waited for her to call back, while skimming some articles. I figured she wasn't going to be long, as it was still pretty early. I assumed the shop would be busy.  
  
Sure enough, she called about fifteen minutes later.  
  
"Oh god," she said. "I took off my dress, like you said, so I walked up his driveway in just my panties and your hoodie. He was pleased to see me, and asked me in. He's wearing a robe again, and the lady neighbour was there. He asked what we were playing today. I turned around and pulled my panties down so they could see the plug. He seemed shocked by that, and when I turned back, and pulled my panties up, he said it didn't look like I had anything on under the hoodie, and asked to see. I unzipped and pulled the hoodie wide open, and he pulls his robe wide open, and he's naked underneath it. I told him I can't stop, but I know it's not too busy really - at least, Earl isn't texting me to hurry back yet. Anyway Henry, that's what the neighbour lady called him, tells me she's been jerking it while waiting for me, and he shouldn't last long. So I figure I'm supposed to blow somebody, why not him? I gave her my phone to take pictures, and knelt down in front of him and sucked his dick for him. He was right, it only took like two minutes and he was cumming in my mouth. It was humiliating, blowing an old man in front of his girlfriend, I guess, and it's really got me turned on. She took a picture of me with my mouth full of his cum, then I swallowed it down and headed out. I'll put my dress back on back at the shop."  
  
"What are you going to tell Earl if he asks why it took you so long?"  
  
"Dunno, traffic? I had to help Henry with something? I'll think of something. Right now I want a soda to wash the taste away."  
  
"Does this mean I'm not getting my blowjob?"  
  
"I'm sure we can work something out. Anyway, I'm almost here now, so I'll talk to you later. I must be almost done now."  
  
About ten minutes later, there was a knock at the door. I went and opened it, and Rachel was there. She unzipped my hoodie, and held it wide open - she hadn't put her dress back on.  
  
"Did you put your dress back on at all?" I asked her.  
  
"Nah, she said - I was going to do it in the restroom at the shop, but Earl said to clock out and go home."  
  
"And he didn't realise you were almost naked under the hoodie?"  
  
"I guess not, but I had it zipped up and pulled down, so there's no reason why he would. Zach was delivering, so nobody else was there."  
  
She handed me her dress, and took the hoodie off.  
  
"Aren't you going to invite me in?"  
  
"I don't know," I said, taking the hoodie from her, "those panties look awfully messy."  
  
She peeled her panties down and stepped out of them.  
  
"How about now?"  
  
"Sure, come on in."  
  
She came in and kicked off her shoes. AFter closing the door, I followed her down the hall, and she went into the bathroom and picked up her toothbrush. She came out after cleaning her teeth.  
  
"That's better," she said, and picked up her panties from where I'd dropped them. She took a ziplock bag out of her bag and put them in it.  
  
She got her phone out, and we looked at the pictures Herny's neighbour had taken while Rachel sucked him off. There were a lot of close-ups, and they were really sexy.  
  
"You should send me those," I said.  
  
"I am so fucking horny right now," she said, "can we go and fuck in the bedroom?"  
  
I followed her in there, and she turned and kissed me passionately. I grabbed her butt and kneaded it, pulling her into me. After a minute or so, she pulled away and started undressing me. As she worked on my jeans, I took my shirt off. She had my jeans down, and I pulled my legs out of them, losing my socks as I did.  
  
She turned around, and knelt on the bed on all fours.  
  
"Do me doggy style, and tell me how it feels with the plug."  
  
I rubbed my dick through her sopping wet pussy, and it didn't feel much different with the plug there, but it was interesting watching it pulse in and out as I stroked in and out and she tightened her muscles. After a couple of minutes, she started cumming, and I slowed down to let her get her breath back.  
  
"Do me in the ass," she said.  
  
I pulled out of her pussy, and she went and got her lube from her bag. She knelt down again, and I lubed her up, rubbing it into her anus with my finger, then two fingers. I dripped lube on my dick, and put it against her hole. I rubbed my dick over her anus a couple of times, and she started pushing back at me. I slowly pushed forward, and it strained against her for a second, then the head popped in. I dripped more lube on the shaft as we slowly eased more and more inside her, stroking in and out. Occasionally she grunted at the pressure.  
  
"You OK?"  
  
"Yeah, it's OK," she said. "I don't know that I'm going to enjoy this that much."  
  
I took my time, and she relaxed until it wasn't as bad.  
  
"OK," she said, "fuck my ass."  
  
I started stroking in and out, still slowly, and after a few minutes of this, she started to get in to it. I reached around her and started rubbing her clit, and she was really getting in to it. She was trusting back at me, and then she came again. I could feel her muscles clutching at my dick, and it felt so good I started to cum too, unloading inside her ass.  
  
When we had both come down, I eased my dick out of her, and went and got washcloths. We cleaned up, and she put on a new pair of panties.  
  
"I guess I should be going home," she said. "I've been out a lot longer than I meant to be."  
  
We got dressed, and I walked her to the door.  
  
"I have some other special requests I think I'm going to look at doing," she said, kissed me, then headed down the stairs.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 12**

I'd come up with a plan of action, and I called Rachel and said I had something I wanted us to do.  
  
She arrived, early, wearing her bib overall shorts and a striped T-shirt. I took a look at her outfit and grabbed her hand.  
  
"Come on, we're going shopping."  
  
We walked to the store we'd had a bunch of fun at recently, and headed in.  
  
"What panties are you wearing?" I asked.  
  
"Normal green ones," she said. "Why?"  
  
"What do you have with you?"  
  
"Normal ones."  
  
"OK," I said, grabbing a basket, "we're going to need some thongs then."  
  
We went through the women's underwear section on the way further in to the store, and I got a multipack of coloured cotton thongs.  
  
"First up, you need a tight black dress," I said.  
  
We went to the dress section, and I found a little stretchy black dress with spaghetti straps.  
  
"Try this," I said, and she looked around nervously, then unbuttoned the straps on her bib, and took her T-shirt off, handing it to me.  
  
"You'll want to lose the bra, too."  
  
She took that off, gave it to me, and slipped the dress over her head. I saw Anne, the sales assistant, coming towards us as Rachel pulled her shorts down and got the dress covering her butt up. Anne was smiling.  
  
Rachel was properly in the dress by the time Anne got to us. She looked good in it, and it fit her like a second skin.  
  
"I know you know we have changing rooms," Anne said as I put Rachel's clothes in the basket.  
  
"She's looking for a whole outfit, and thought this would be more efficient than going back and forth," I told her with a grin.  
  
"Oh baby," Anne said to Rachel, "You can see your panty line through that dress. Take them off."  
  
"We've got..." said Rachel, but Anne interrupted her. "Off."  
  
Anne bent down, lifted the dress and gripped Rachel's panties at the waist and pulled them down her legs. She handed them to me as she straightened up, and I put them in the basket with her other clothes. Rachel pulled the hem of the dress back down again quickly. I saw a man watching us with an amused expression, having just been treated to a view of Rachel's bare backside.  
  
"Also, let's unhook the shoulder straps," she said pushing them off Rachel's shoulders. "You can tuck them inside the dress, and it looks prettier."  
  
Anne slid the straps down Rachel's arms, then pushed the top of the dress down so she could get her arms out of them. The guy watching us just stared at her back as I watched her tits pop in to view.  
  
Anne tucked the straps into the dress, and fixed the top again, taking the opportunity to feel Rachel's tits as she tucked them back in.  
  
"What else are you looking for?" Anne asked me.  
  
"I'd like stockings, but they won't work under that dress, so I guess thigh high hold ups."  
  
"Sure," she said, taking Rachel's hand in her own, "this way."  
  
With the man following us discreetly, we headed over to the hosiery section, and Anne found the black thigh high selection quickly.  
  
"Anything in particular?" she asked.  
  
"Fishnets, I think," I said.  
  
She found some fishnets, and had Rachel take her shoes and socks off so she could put them on her. She again lifted the dress so the guy watching could see her butt, then rolled the stockings up her legs. When she'd got the tops of both stockings aligned to her liking, Anne wiped her fingers through Rachel's pussy. She straightened up and presented her fingers to Rachel's face. Rachel sucked them clean, and Anne pulled her dress back down.  
  
"Shoes?" she said to me.  
  
"Shoes," I said.  
  
Rachel put her feet back in her sneakers, but didn't do them up. She handed me her socks, and I put them in the basket. We headed off to the shoe section, where Anne waved over a young guy.  
  
"This is Adam, he'll be helping with shoes."  
  
"Hi," said Adam, looking approvingly at Rachel. "What are we looking for?"  
  
"High heels," said Anne. "The higher the better."  
  
"What size are you?" he asked.  
  
"She doesn't know," Anne said, before Rachel could say anything. Adam just looked at her, a little confused, then went to get the foot measuring device. He came back, and put it on the floor in front of one of their little stools, and had her sit down. He sat on the stool, and lifted her left foot to remove the sneaker. At this point, he could see most of the way up her skirt, and he grinned. He measured her foot, then put it down. He picked up her right foot and removed the sneaker, then lifted it a little higher before measuring it - his eyes almost popped out when he saw, fleetingly, all the way to her pussy. Rachel blushed and looked away.  
  
Now he had the size, Adam went and got some shoes. He came back with black stillettos. He sat down and lifted Rachel's feet, one at a time, putting the shoe on and getting a glimpse of her pussy each time. He helped her up. They looked OK, and she tottered around in them for a few seconds.  
  
"Do they fit OK?" asked Anne.  
  
Rachel nodded.  
  
"Do you have anything with a rounder toe, and maybe a platform sole?" I asked him. He went to look.  
  
He came back with exactly what I'd been picturing in my head. He sat back down on his stool, and Rachel came over to have her shoes swapped while standing. This time she wasn't flashing him her pussy, whch I think she was glad of.  
  
She tottered around in the new shoes, and nodded that they were OK.  
  
"Anything else?" asked Anne.  
  
"I don't think so," I said.  
  
"OK," said Anne. "Take that off, baby, and we can go and ring you up."  
  
Rachel looked shocked. She looked at me, then Anne, then Adam. We just looked back at her.  
  
"Quickly," said Anne, "before somebody sees you."  
  
There were already people looking at her, but she sat down and let Adam take the shoes off. He went to put them in the box for her.  
  
She pulled her dress up a little and rolled the stockings off her legs.  
  
"Can I have my panties now?" she asked.  
  
"No," I said, "they cause a line in the dress."  
  
Rachel sighed, and pulled the dress up and over her head. She was still sitting, so nobody was looking right at her, but Adam was startled when he came out of the back room with the shoe box to see her sitting there naked.  
  
"Can I have my clothes, please," she asked me.  
  
"What do you want first?" I asked, looking through the basket.  
  
"Panties," she hissed at me.  
  
I dug them out and passed them to her. She pulled them on, wiggling into them while still sitting down. Adam and Anne just stood there watching her dress.  
  
"Bra," she said.  
  
I handed her her bra, and she put it around her, hooking it on in front then turning it around and hooking her arms through it.  
  
"T-shirt."  
  
I handed her her T-shirt, and she pulled that over her head.  
  
"Shorts."  
  
I handed her her short bib overalls, and she pulled them up her legs, standing up and pulling the bib up in front and buttoning the shoulder straps.  
  
"Socks."  
  
She put her socks on, and I passed her her sneakers. She put her feet in those and laced them up.  
  
"OK, thank Adam, and we can go and pay," I said.  
  
She blushed, and thanked Adam. He thanked her right back.  
  
Anne led us towards the checkout when I remembered the choker she'd shown us before. I mentioned it, and she diverted to the jewelry section and picked one up. She put it on Rachel.  
  
"Like that?"  
  
"That's it," I said, and she took it off Rachel.  
  
It went into the basket with the other items. We went to the till and paid. Rachel thanked Anne for her help, and Anne kissed her goodbye. We headed back to my place.  
  
I checked my watch. I was expecting a package for work in about thirty minutes, and I had a few things to do.  
  
When we got back, we went through to the living room.  
  
"I've got a little work to do before we head out again, so why don't you practice walking in your new shoes?"  
  
"Good idea - I've never had anything this high before," she said, and and took her sneakers and socks off.  
  
"You should put the stockings on," I said, "as they'll change how your feet move in the shoes."  
  
She dug them out of the bag, and rolled them up her legs. Her overall shorts were too long to get them all the way up, and I watched as she pulled the legs higher.  
  
"That just looks stupid," I said, "take the shorts off."  
  
She took the shorts off.  
  
"I'm going to change panties, too," she said, "so we can see what they look like."  
  
I watched her take her panties off, and open the new bag of thongs. I'd chosen a bag with a couple of black pairs, so she pulled one of those out and put it on. She sat down and put the new shoes on, then stood up nervously. Her bottom half looked great.  
  
"Take your shirt off so I can see your waist," I said.  
  
She did, and I could see that the thong and the shoes accentuated her butt nicely.  
  
"Your bra doesn't match now, you should lose that too."  
  
She took her bra off, and looked great.  
  
"Should I put the dress on?" she asked.  
  
"I wouldn't," I said, "in case you trip in the new shoes and ruin it. Just a second, though."  
  
I got the choker, and put that on her.  
  
"Very sexy. Now try walking in them."  
  
I sat down and started my computer, and she started walking from the kitchen, through the living room, down the hall to the front door and back again.  
  
After about fifteen minutes, I was pretty much done with work. Rachel was walking in the heels naturally, and there was a knock at the door as she passed me headed for the kitchen.  
  
"Get that, will you?" I asked her.  
  
She gave me a look as she hurried past, with her arm over her tits.  
  
"Act like this is normal," I called after her, wandering to where I could watch her without being seen by whoever was at the door. It was Fedex, but it was a girl. Rachel was all flustered.  
  
"Um," she said, "we were expecting a guy."  
  
"I'm sorry I'm not a guy," the girl said with a laugh in her voice.  
  
"Just a second," Rachel said, and walked back to me. I saw the Fedex girl holding the door open to watch her walk away.  
  
"Come and sign for this," Rachel told me.  
  
I started down the hall.  
  
"Lose the shirt," she said.  
  
I grinned at her, and took my shirt off as I walked to the door. I took the pad from the girl and scrawled on the screen.  
  
"Is that better?" asked Rachel.  
  
"I guess," said the Fedex girl.  
  
"Do you want to see more?" asked Rachel, starting to work on the top button on my jeans.  
  
"That's not necessary," she said, and headed for the stairs.  
  
"Sorry," I called after her, and closed the door. I went and finished up what I was doing, then pulled my shirt back on.  
  
"Let's see what that looks like with the dress," I said.  
  
Rachel pulled the dress on and arranged everything. She looked stunning, and I told her so.  
  
"Shall we head out?"  
  
"Where are we going?" she asked.  
  
"The strip club."  
  
"I'm not stripping!" She was a little panicked.  
  
"I never said you were," I said. "You said you were interested in watching, so we'll watch."  
  
"I think I'll change my panties," she said, slipping them off. She went to the bag and got another black pair, slipping them on and settling everything back in place. She put a couple of thongs, sadly not black, in her bag, and we headed out.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 13**

We drove to the strip club and headed on in. The guy on the door looked at her appreciatively, and let us in without paying the cover charge.  
  
I told her to go and find somewhere to sit while I got us a drink. She did her sexy walk off towards the booths overlooking the stage.  
  
When I came back from the bar, she was in a secluded booth with some guys. Rachel was at the back of the booth, so the guys were on the ends. They shuffled around so I could sit next to her.  
  
We chatted with them a little while, and then I said we needed to move around a bit so she could sit at the end.  
  
Once we were there, she watched the dancers on the stage. The other girls were walking around topless, offering lap dances. A cute, young looking girl with big tits came past, and asked if any of the guys wanted a dance. Rachel looked interested in her, so I told her that Rachel wanted a dance. Rachel looked a little surprised, but I could tell by her hard nipples poking through her dress that she was already turned on.  
  
The girl straddled her, facing away, and twerked her G-string covered butt at her, while the rest of them watched her pendulous tits bouncing around. When she stood up and turned around, Rachel told her to wait a second, and pulled the top of her dress down so her tits bounced out. The stripper smiled at this, and straddled Rachel, rubbing her tits in her face, then moving down to rub their tits together. She was grinding away on Rachel's lap when the song ended, and she seemed maybe a little reluctant to get up. Still, she took the money from me, and asked if anybody else wanted a dance. The guys didn't seem to, so she left us to it and kept walking.  
  
Rachel pulled her top back up again, and we shuffled around the the table so there was a guy next to Rachel at the end of the booth again. A girl came over and offered him a lap dance, and he accepted. We all watched.  
  
"I'm fucking turned on," Rachel whispered in my ear. "I'd play with these guys in the bathroom, but I sense a line forming to have me suck off everybody in here."  
  
I whispered in Rachel's ear "when she's done, you could jack him off."  
  
"In the bathroom?" she asked.  
  
"No," I said, "here."  
  
"Where?" she asked, "the floor? That's gross."  
  
"Over your dress," I said.  
  
She shivered a little, "that'll make a mess."  
  
"I know," I said.  
  
Sure enough, when the dancer got up, Rachel leant over and whispered something in his ear. After everybody had shuffled around, he was still sat next to her. She unzipped his pants, and pulled his dick out. Licking her hand, she started jacking him. He put his arm around her, and I gave her a deep kiss while tweaking her closest nipple through her dress. I heard him say he was cumming, and she kept going until he unloaded over her dress by her upper leg. She put his dick away and zipped his pants back up.  
  
The guy next to the one she'd jacked off had watched this happen and waved a stripper over and got a dance, and when she was finished everybody shuffled around so he could sit next to Rachel. She unzipped his pants to jack him off too. While Rachel jacked him off, the stripper was dancing for the guy at the other end of our booth. Luckily the stripper was dancing facing away from us, as they'd probably have a problem with what was going on. The guy she was jacking came across before the stripper was done.  
  
The guy at the other end had finished with his lap dance, and we moved we him in between me and Rachel when he was done. As he'd been on the other side, he didn't know what to expect and was surprised when she opened his pants and pulled his dick out. I suggested she get her tits out for him to play with, and she grinned and pulled the top of her dress down. He was happily playing with her tits when he came across her lap.  
  
I told the guy next to me what was going on, and asked if he wanted in on it. We swapped places so he could sit next to Rachel, and she opened his jeans and jacked him off over her dress.  
  
After we'd been in there approaching an hour, Rachel said she was getting really horny and wanted to leave so we could have sex. She headed to the bathroom to swap her thong for a clean one, and then we headed out.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 14**

We left the club and started walking back to my van.  
  
"God," Rachel said, "I'm so horny right now."  
  
As we got closer to the van, she asked me the highest number of guys Sue had sucked off at once.  
  
"I don't know," I said, "probably the four guys at the pub, plus me after I'd fucked her for a while, so five?"  
  
"I reckon I can beat that, here today."  
  
We'd got to the van by now, and I unlocked it, opening the side door.  
  
"This is up to you," I told Rachel, "so tell me when you're done."  
  
I retrieved some cloths I used to clean up, and wash the van, and put them down by the rear seat.  
  
Rachel looked about, a little nervously.  
  
"What now?" she asked.  
  
"Hang on," I said, and walked over to a couple of guys coming out of the strip club. I chatted to them, and said my friend wanted to blow guys today and pointed at her. Rachel pulled the top of her dress down for a moment, showing her tits to them, and they started walking over.  
  
"Here goes nothing," she said as we got to her.  
  
They were immediately all over her, feeling her tits and butt. She took the first one by the hand and pushed him into the van, where he sat down on the back seat. She pulled the top of her dress down again before climbing into the van and going down on him.  
  
She bobbed up and down on him for a few minutes, and the guy came in Rachel's mouth without warning. She sat up and spat it into a cloth. He got out, pulling his pants up, and the other guy got in, pulling his down. She went down on him, sucking until he came. There was a lot of it, so some ended up dribbling onto her tits and dress, but she again spat it out into a cloth, and wiped herself up.  
  
The guys shook my hand, and walked back to their car. Rachel pulled her dress back up again as she got out of the van, and said she wanted to do more. I wandered over to a cluster of guys who'd just left the club. I counted six of them, and looking back at her, she looked a bit nervous, but nodded at me. After I'd said about free blowjobs, all of them came over and crowded around, grabbing at her. She took the dress off, grabbed the first guy, and pulled him into the van. She sat him down on the back seat, unzipped him and started sucking.  
  
When he was done and she'd spat his cum out, she sat in the doorway of the van and said "who wants to cum on my tits?"  
  
One of the guys stepped forward, and she undid his pants and pulled them down, grabbing his dick. She sucked it into her mouth for a short while, then, having got it all wet with her spit, started jacking him off with her hands. The guy came noisily on her tits, and she rubbed it over them.  
  
"Anybody else?" she asked, massaging cum into her tits, "or do you want to wait to see if my jaw stops aching?"  
  
Another guy stepped over to Rachel, undoing his pants. She fished his dick out and sucked it for a bit before she started jacking him off. He ended cumming on her face and tits, and she used a cloth to clean up the worst of it.  
  
Rachel pulled the next guy to her, and unzipped him. This time she sucked his dick for a longer time, and he came over her tits shortly after she started jacking him off.  
  
The next guy she sucked for a few minutes came in her mouth, and she spat it out into a cloth and wiped her chest again.  
  
The last guy almost tore the previous guy out of the way and pulled his pants down to his knees before Rachel went down on him. After a few minutes of her sucking and fondling his balls, he came in her mouth, she sat up and spat it into a cloth as he got his pants pulled up.  
  
Rachel picked up a new cloth and cleaned herself up with it, and the guys left, all high fiving each other and talking loudly.  
  
Rachel smiled at me, and said "OK, your turn," and grabbed my hand and got into the van.  
  
I pulled my jeans down and sat down, and Rachel started sucking me gently. After a while, she got up and pulled her thong off, then turned around, positioning herself so she could get my dick in her from behind. I reached around and started playing with her as she moved forwards and backwards on my lap. I could see we'd had a few guys come over to see what was going on, and when she saw them, Rachel started cumming. Shortly after this, I emptied myself inside her, and she grabbed a cloth to clean herself while she sucked my dick clean.  
  
The new guys asked if they could get in on this, and Rachel said no. They offered money, and were roundly told to fuck off. They left, and we closed the door and just sat there for a while. I suggested I take Rachel home, and she put on a clean thong came and sat in the front with me, in her thigh highs and high heels, for the short drive to her place.  
  
When we got to her parking lot, she moved into the back of the van. I suggested she walk home naked, but she didn't want to upset any of her neighbours. She ended up putting her dress back on. I'd parked away from her door, so any of her neighbours could have seen her walk of shame. Once she got the door open, she went inside, waved at me, then closed the door.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 15**

Rachel called.  
  
"Are you expecting a delivery driver today?"  
  
"I am, in about an hour," I said.  
  
"Can I come over?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
She showed up about ten minutes later. She wearing really tight yoga shorts, sneakers and a T-shirt, and was carrying a backpack.  
  
"Hello stranger," she said, giving me a big kiss as she backed me in to the hallway. I let the door close.  
  
"Hello yourself," I said, getting my hands under her shirt to find her wearing a bra. "So, to what do I owe the pleasure?"  
  
"We haven't played together for a while, and I though we could change that," she said.  
  
"Uh huh," I said.  
  
"Also I have a favour to ask."  
  
"Uh huh."  
  
We walked through to the living room and she put her bag down.  
  
"You know we did a bunch of thongs last week, one with the delivery girl?"  
  
"Yes?" I said, wondering exactly where this was going.  
  
"Well, that thong sold well. But I've had a special request for me to do it again, but video it too. The guy's offering a lot of money, so I thought I'd talk to you first."  
  
"So you're going to be a porn star? What did you have in mind?" I asked.  
  
"I thought we could just recreate the delivery driver skit, and you video me doing it. Can you blank out his face, if you can see it in the video?"  
  
"Sure, we can do that, and I can blank out his face. But it was a girl, I can't guarantee that."  
  
"I didn't mention that in my write-up. Here, take a look."  
  
She handed me her phone, and I read the text on the screen:  
  
'This is the thong I wore when answering the door to a delivery driver wearing just this, stockings and high heels.'  
  
"OK," I said, "so that's what we need to reproduce? Sounds easy enough."  
  
"Perfect!" she said, pulling the T-shirt over her head. She turned around and I unhooked her bra, so she took that off too. She sat down on the sofa, undid her sneakers and took them, and her socks, off.  
  
She stood up and pulled her shorts down, leaving her in just a black thong.  
  
"I don't want anybody to recognise me, so can you just show my back?"  
  
"Sure," I said, and went and got my digital video camera.  
  
"I don't want to show anything to the camera," she said, "so only shoot my back."  
  
"OK," I said.  
  
She opened the bag and got out some clothes. She pulled on her stockings, and I helped her get them, and her thong, all perfectly lined up. Then she put on the high heeled shoes.  
  
"Did you bring the choker?" I asked. "I like the look of that on you."  
  
She nodded, and got the black ribbon out of the bag and put it on. Lastly, she dug out a black bob wig. She went into the bathroom and put it on in front of the mirror, tucking her brown hair up underneath it.  
  
"How do I look?" she asked, coming out of the bathroom.  
  
I thought she looked great, and I told her that. She came and stood in front of me.  
  
"Slap my tits," she said, and I reached out and slapped them a couple of times. Pretty hard, but not as hard as she liked. I tweaked her nipples, and was playing with her tits when I heard a diesel truck in the parking lot. I went and looked out of the window, then said "they're here. If you want to get it, now's the time."  
  
I picked up the camera, and started shooting. There was a knock on the door.  
  
"Goddamn it, hang on, I'm coming!" she called, and I followed her - she put her arm over her chest and ran to the door. I stood in the hallway where I could video her without being seen.  
  
The older delivery guy was surprised to see her, but not shocked. I guess they see this sort of thing from time to time. He handed her the package, then stood there with the pen waiting for the signature, smiling at her.  
  
She played all flustered for a while, then let go of her chest and grabbed the pen, signing for the package.  
  
"You girls like teasing us," he said.  
  
"Teasing?" she said, "I'm not teasing - I was getting dressed and didn't want to miss you."  
  
"Right," he said, "that's why we only ever get to see your tits."  
  
She stepped back, put the package on the floor and dragged her thong down to her thighs.  
  
"Better?" she said.  
  
"Much," he said. "I've got to be going, but I hope to see more of you real soon."  
  
She closed the door, pulled her thong up and brought me the package.  
  
"That went well," I said. "You know there's a whole porn genre of delivery guys getting fucked, right?"  
  
"There's porn of everything," she said.  
  
"I think we might have trouble editing your pussy flashing out," I said, wandering over to the computer. I plugged the camera in, and fired up my editing software. I played about with it, and trimmed it to her walking down the hall, taking the package and signing for it. You could clearly see her pussy when she bent over, so I clipped that out.  
  
"What do you think?" I said.  
  
"It looks crappy," she said. "I guess we need to do it again some other day."  
  
"Or I could play the delivery driver," I suggested. "We're blurring him out anyway."  
  
"OK," she said, "can we try it? I'd like to get this off my list."  
  
I changed into black pants and polo shirt. I set the camera on a tripod, looking at the door. It didn't matter of it was seen now, so it was a better angle anyway. I took the package that had just been delivered, and stepped out. I knocked on the door, and after a few seconds, she opened it looking all embarrassed. She tried to cover herself again, failed, let me see her tits and took the package from me. I held out my hand as if I had the signature machine, and she pretended to sign it, then closed the door. A moment later, she opened the door again, and I came in so we could look at the video.  
  
I edited it down to start with her walking to the door, and end when she closed the door. I showed her, and she was happy with it, so I blurred out my face as she took her thong off and put it in a plastic baggie, then I set the video off converting to a file, which I sent to her.  
  
"What do you want to do now?" she asked.  
  
"A movie?"  
  
"Netflix and chill?"  
  
"No, I thought we could go to an actual movie," I said.  
  
"Can't we stay in and fuck?"  
  
"We can go out and fuck," I said.  
  
"Sure."  
  
I pulled her in to me and squeezed her butt, and then we separated so she could get dressed. First she took off her shoes and stockings. She put on a new thong, in pink, the shorts, socks and sneakers.  
  
"Do you want me to keep the choker on?" she asked.  
  
"Sure."  
  
She was about to put her shirt on when I thought of something.  
  
"Give me a second," I said.  
  
I went and got some scissors and an old T-shirt of mine. I had her put it on, then cut it below her tits. It wasn't tight enough to stay there. She lifted her arms above her head, and you could easily see the bottom of her tits. She jumped up and down so they jiggled, and we laughed about that.  
  
"Let's walk," I said.  
  
"But it's like a mile!" she protested.  
  
"You'll be fine," I told her, and we left.  
  
I walked with my hand on her butt to feel it wiggling, and I used my other hand to flip her top up or feel her tits from time to time. Her nipples were stiff, and she seemed pretty turned on by the time we got to the theatre. We chose an adult movie, and it was late enough that there were quite a few people in there, mostly making out. We did the usual dating couple thing and choose seats at the back, but as far away from other couples as we could, so we were almost in the corner. Luckily they had couples seating, so I lifted the arm between us.  
  
As soon as the lights went down, she pulled her top up and reached over and pulled my dick out, lying on me and putting her mouth on it and just licking the head.  
  
I squeezed my hand into her shorts, then said "this won't work."  
  
She sat up and pulled them down to her thighs. She also took off her top completely.  
  
She changed her mind, and pulled her shorts over her sneakers. I thought a few people saw her, but for now we were as good as alone. She went back to sucking and licking, and I put my fingers into her thong, sliding them back and forth up her slit.  
  
Some of the people who'd probably seen her seemed to slowly migrate closer as the movie went on. I was aware of several sets of eyes in the row in front of us watching us rather than the movie.  
  
She got up and pulled her thong aside, straddled me and drove my dick into her. She pushed her tits into my face, and started rocking herself forwards and backwards on me. She dipped her face to give me a kiss, and had her tongue in my mouth when she came. She looked over her shoulder at this point, and realised that we had an audience. She was embarrassed, but they'd seen pretty much all of her, so it's not like getting dressed was going to help.  
  
She got up and laid down on the seat next to me and licked my dick clean. I still hadn't cum, and she went back to licking the head with it in her mouth. I stroked her exposed tit, and some of the crowd seemed to have left to go and leer at somebody else.  
  
After a while, she got serious about making me cum, and managed to swallow my dick into her throat, so her nose was on my leg. As I started to cum, she pulled her head up a bit, and took most of it in her mouth. She swallowed, obviously, which seemed to please our remaining watchers.  
  
She said she thought we should go, so we stood up. I bent over and collected her clothing before she could, and headed for the door leaving her in her sneakers and thong. Rachel raced along behind to catch up. When we were through the door into the hallway, I let her get dressed again, and we headed out into the night.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 16**

I'd decided to have a little dinner party type of thing, and I invited Rachel to come over and help plan it.  
  
"So," she said, "you want me to be a waitress?"  
  
"Yes," I said. "I was thinking a short black skirt, white blouse and an apron. Oh, and your hair up, like proper madam."  
  
"And I'm going to get to play with your guests?"  
  
"Not sure - I reckon you'll be able to strip for them, but one is married, so probably nothing more than that."  
  
"Will I even be able to strip for them?" she asked.  
  
"Sure," I said, "they've seen you naked before."  
  
"Ugh," she said, "more guys from work?"  
  
"No, the guys from poker. That was your idea after all."  
  
"Oh, OK," she said, her interest piqued.  
  
We plotted out the meal, the wine, that sort of thing, and I set about inviting Steve and Jason, who'd seen her strip while playing poker. We managed to set a date, and Rachel went to work while I tinkered around.  
  
--  
  
On the day, I'd got everything in and set up, and there was a knock at the door. It was earlier than I'd told the guys to arrive, so it was Rachel.  
  
I let her in, and she hung up a long trench coat. She was wearing sheer black stockings, her stripper heels, a black pencil skirt that came to almost to her knees, and a white blouse. She was also wearing a frilly white apron.  
  
"You like?" she asked.  
  
"Very much so," I replied.  
  
We went through to the kitchen, and I showed her where I'd put everything. It was all in warming trays or the oven, and ready to go.  
  
The guys all arrived together, and Rachel went and opened the door to let them in. I'd forgotten that while Steve and Jason had seen her naked, she'd never actually set eyes on them, so when they came through to the living room where I had the square table set up, I introduced them all.  
  
They sat down, and Rachel went to start collecting the soup starter while I poured some wine. She put down bowls in front of Steve and Jason, and went back for the other two. I brought the bread through, and said we should start. Rachel put a bowl in front of me, then took off her apron and sat down at the last place and ate her soup.  
  
"This is all nice," said Steve, "what's the occasion?"  
  
"I figured we could have a nice dinner and chat, and you two could meet Rachel face to face," I said.  
  
As soon as she'd finished her soup, Rachel put her apron back on and we started to clear the bowls away.  
  
"Are those stockings?" asked Steve when she was walking back in from the kitchen.  
  
"Hold ups," she said, and tried to lift her skirt to show him. Sadly the skirt was too tight to easily lift, so she sort of gathered it up around her and slid it upwards, but it was starting to get all rucked up and you still couldn't see her legs above the tops of her stockings.  
  
"Oh fuck this," she said, and unbuttoned, then unzipped her skirt and took it off, going and putting it on the sofa behind her.  
  
"Tada," she said, as she stood there, with the apron covering part of her front.  
  
I got up and went into the kitchen to get the main course, and she came and helped me. I put the plates in front of Steve and Jason, and Rachel came and put a plate in front of me. I stroked her butt as she turned away, and she stopped and wiggled it against my hand for a few seconds before going to sit down.  
  
Before she sat down, she took her apron off, and put it over the back of her chair.  
  
"Does this look silly?" she asked, gesturing at her outfit.  
  
"What do you mean?" asked Jason.  
  
"Well, without the skirt," she said.  
  
"A little," he said, "but don't put it back on."  
  
She shook her head, then started unbuttoning her blouse. When she'd got all the buttons undone, she took it off and went and dropped it on top of her skirt.  
  
"That's better," she said, and sat down in her hold ups, panties and bra.  
  
We all chatted pleasantly enough as we ate our main course, and when she was done, Rachel got up, put her apron back on and collected the plates. As she took them in to the kitchen, I watched Steve and Jason watching her walk away from us.  
  
I followed her in to the kitchen to help with dessert, and brought the smaller plates through for Steve and Jason. Rachel came and put a plate down in front of me, and as she turned away, I unhooked her bra. She swatted at me with her hand, but missed. She went and put her plate down and took off her apron, then pulled her bra off her arms and put it with her other clothes.  
  
"I supposed you want me naked," she said.  
  
"Not at all," I said, "I like those stockings and heels."  
  
Steve and Jason agreed, and she put her thumbs in her waistband and pulled her panties down a little so we could see her butt crack.  
  
"Is this what you want?" she asked, wiggling her butt at us, teasing.  
  
We all nodded, but she pulled her thumbs out leaving them on, and went and sat down, grinning. I could see her nipples were hard, so she was turned on even as she was complaining.  
  
We sat and ate dessert pretty quietly, as we three guys were mostly watching her.  
  
When we'd all finished, Rachel put her apron back on, and collected the plates. I followed her into the kitchen, where she rubbed her butt against me as I rinsed plates and loaded them into the dishwasher. When I closed the dishwasher door and turned around, she'd taken her panties off, and was walking through to the living room twirling them around her finger. I heard Jason and Steve whistling at her, so I finished up and followed her out - she'd dropped her panties with her other clothes, but she still had her apron on.  
  
I put the coffee on, and walked out to the living room. Rachel had taken her apron off, and was sitting on the sofa between Steve and Jason. Steve had his arm around her shoulder, and Jason had his hand on her leg. She had a hand on each of their legs. I sat on the chair.  
  
"Was dinner to your liking?" I asked.  
  
They both nodded.  
  
"What do you want to do now?" Rachel asked.  
  
"What's on offer?" Steve asked, smiling at her.  
  
"Well, there's coffee," I said, grinning.  
  
Rachel slid her hand up his thigh, and he jumped.  
  
"Uh, I was kidding, I'm married," said Steve. "We can watch you though, that's just like watching porn, isn't it?"  
  
Rachel got up, and said "would you like me to dance for you?"  
  
They both nodded, and Jason said "yes", so she went over and straddled him, like she'd seen the strippers do at the club. She was grinding up against him, rubbing her tits in his face, and I could see he was trying really hard not to grab her.  
  
"Yeah, I think we should stop now," he said. "Go and dance for him," he gestured at me, "that won't get me into trouble."  
  
She climbed off him, and came over to me. Facing him, she started rubbing her butt over me while holding her knees apart and rubbing her tits. I reached out and held her hips while she was doing this.  
  
After a minute or so, I heard the machine go quiet, so I said "who wants some of that coffee?" and slapped her on the butt.  
  
She stood up, and we went in to the kitchen and collected the coffee.  
  
We walked out to the living room, and I put coffee cups down next to the guys. They were looking past me, and when I turned back, Rachel was standing with her feet about shoulder width apart and playing with her tits. She was pulling on her nipples, getting them really hard.  
  
She went over to Steve and straddled him. She was rubbing herself up and down his leg, and she took his hands and held them on her tits. She went on like this for several minutes before he made a funny groaning sound and told her to get off him. She stood up, letting him stand up too, and there was a wet spot where she'd been rubbing up against him, and another growing where he'd obviously cum in his pants. He rushed off to the bathroom and slammed the door. She looked at me, sheepishly, then grinned.  
  
She went over and stood over Jason, letting him feel her up until we heard the bathroom door unlock, when she came over to stand by me. Steve came out, downed his coffee and said they should be leaving. I could see he'd done his best to clean up his jeans after his... accident, and he rushed to the front door, where he waited for Jason to join him. I walked with Jason to the door, and let them out after brief goodbyes. I came back to the living room and sat by Rachel, who started giggling uncontrollably.  
  
After a while, she said "right, I have some work to do," and got up. She wandered over to her clothes and got dressed, slowly.  
  
I stood and walked her to the door, where she said "can I come over tomorrow? I need your help with some things."  
  
I nodded, and she traipsed off down the stairs.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 17**

Rachel had asked to come over and maybe work on some of her "special requests". She knocked on the door, and I let her in. She had a short dress on, and was carrying a bag.  
  
"Hello sailor," she said, walking past me.  
  
She went into the living room and sat down, putting her bag at her feet.  
  
"OK," I said, "so what do you need?"  
  
"Well," she said, pulling out a couple of pairs of panties, "how about a baby oil massage?"  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Really," she said. "Over the panties. He wants a picture, too."  
  
"You know that'll make them pretty much see through?"  
  
"Yes," she said, "if they're white, but I was going to use these blue ones."  
  
She stood up and unzipped her dress, letting it fall to her hips. She wasn't wearing a bra, and stood there, topless, for a few seconds as she was pushing the dress down further. She was wearing dark blue panties.  
  
I went and got a towel, putting it on the floor, and waved her over. She stepped out of her shoes and onto the towel. She'd got a bottle of oil from her bag, and passed it to me.  
  
I poured some into my hand, put the bottle down and rubbed my hands together. I started at her ankles, and worked my way up her legs, occasionally stopping to get more oil. I rubbed some oil in to her panties on the way past, and kept going. I went all the way up to her shoulders, spending a fair amount of time on her tits, then worked my way down each arm. I went back to her panties, and rubbed in enough oil to soak them through. I kept stroking her, through her panties, until she put her hands on my shoulders and came.  
  
When she'd calmed down, she gave me her phone and asked me to take a picture of her, and I did. She took her phone back and said she'd have to crop the image, but it'd do, then took her panties off and put them in a ziplock bag and put them in her bag. I noticed that she'd shaved off her little landing strip.  
  
"Can we do some white panties, too, to see what they look like?" she asked.  
  
I nodded, and she put on a white pair. I poured more oil into my hands, and massaged her over her panties. Sure enough, they went pretty much see through. She got her phone again, and I took several pictures of her - standing, then with her legs further and further apart. I was pretty sure she wasn't going to use most of them, but they were nice to have. She bagged these panties too.  
  
Having put the phone down, I went to grab her and start rubbing on her again, but she pulled away.  
  
"I'm going to have a quick shower," she said, heading in to the bathroom.  
  
I went and left a towel in the bathroom for her, then went back into the living room and sat down to look at the pictures I'd taken and wait.  
  
She came out with the towel wrapped around her.  
  
"What did you have in mind next?" I asked.  
  
"Well, I have a request for an al fresco blow job, with some video. Interested?"  
  
"Sure," I said. "Are you sure you want to do porn videos though?"  
  
"I already did."  
  
"Yes," I said, "but that was just your back."  
  
"I'm fine with it if you're fine with it. I'll edit it down so there's very little of me in it. Your dick'll be in it too."  
  
I shrugged, and she collected her dress, dropped the towel and pulled it on. I picked up the towel and went and hung it up in the bathroom. When I came back, she'd put a new pair of panties on, and was putting on her shoes. I pulled on my own shoes, and stood up.  
  
Rachel put her black bob wig on, and we headed out to the park that's not far from my place. She took my hand, and we stepped off the path, and headed into the undergrowth. She put her sunglasses on. I pointed the phone at her, and started recording.  
  
"Remember, I don't want to show my face," she said as she knelt down in front of me, and reached out and pulled me closer to her. She undid my buttons, and pulled my jeans and underwear down a little, then reached in and pulled my dick out. She wiped it over her face, looking down and away from the camera.  
  
She stuck her tongue out, and licked all over the head. She slid her hand up and down the shaft, then followed that with her mouth. After a minute or two of this, she sucked the head into her mouth, and started going down on me.  
  
After a few minutes, she let go of my dick and took her dress off over her head. She handed it up to me, and I hung it from a nearby tree branch. She went back to sucking me off, pushing far enough onto my dick that she was gagging on it every few strokes.  
  
Eventually I was ready to cum, and she took my dick out of her mouth, and jacked it until I came over her tits.  
  
"Whoa."  
  
We both jumped, and turned. There was a couple there, watching us.  
  
"We were just looking for somewhere to make out," the guy said.  
  
Rachel's hands went to cover her tits, which were still covered in my cum.  
  
"I think it's a little late for that," I said to her, as I put my dick away and buttoned my jeans. My phone was still recording, and I put it in my shirt pocket, with the camera pointing out. Maybe it would catch something interesting.  
  
"Give me my dress," she said, standing up again.  
  
"Are you sure you want to put it on, while you're, uh ..." I gestured at her cum covered chest, "like that?"  
  
"I guess not," she said, standing there with her hands over her tits.  
  
"Go on then," she said to the couple, grinning, "make out."  
  
"Uh, OK," said the guy, and he kissed the girl.  
  
"You'll have to do better than that," said Rachel. By now she was rubbing my cum in to her chest, I guess to dry it.  
  
The girl pulled herself tight against the guy, and put her arms around him. They continued kissing. The guy put his hands under her dress, feeling her butt. She was grinding herself against him, and he started to put his hands inside her panties.  
  
"Not here," she said, "in front of strangers."  
  
"Oh come on," said Rachel, "I'm almost naked here!"  
  
The guy tried again, and this time the girl let him. She'd moved her arms under his shirt and looked to be scratching her nails down his back.  
  
It looked like Rachel had managed to dry the cum on her chest, as she wiped her hands on her legs before squatting down by her bag. She took out another pair of panties, and turned sideways to the couple who were making out and pulled her panties down.  
  
"What the fuck are you doing?" the girl asked.  
  
"Changing," replied Rachel. By now she'd stepped out of her old panties and into the new ones, and was pulling them up by the time the guy turned around. Still, I'm pretty sure he got to see her pussy. She put the old panties in a ziplock bag, and we went back to watching the couple make out.  
  
"Can I give you some tips?" Rachel asked the guy as she put her dress back on.  
  
He let go of the girl and turned towards us.  
  
Rachel stepped up to the girl, motioning him to step back a little, and said "don't hold her so tight, you'll bruise her, and it's not cool."  
  
She was standing in front of the girl at this point, and gently put her arms around her. She pulled herself in to the girl, and stroked her back. The girl closed her eyes, and Rachel leaned in and kissed her.  
  
The girl's eyes flew open, and she looked surprised, but returned the kiss. Rachel opened her mouth slightly, teasing her, and they ended up kissing each other deeply, tongues entwined.  
  
Rachel slid her hands over the girl's butt. Her left hand went around to her hips, before going up her side and cupping her breast. The girl moaned a little as Rachel gently stroked her breast through her bra.  
  
We watched them kissing, as Rachel's right hand stroked up her back and undid her bra, before stroking back down to her butt. Freed, she now moved her bra over her breast, and we could see the girl's nipple getting stiffer as Rachel stroked it.  
  
The girl was, by now, grinding herself up against Rachel. We could see she was really into this, and I wasn't surprised to see Rachel kneel down in front of her and put her hands up under the girl's dress. She slid her hands up and down the backs of her thighs and knees, until one time her hands came down with the girl's panties. She helped the girl step out of them, throwing them towards her bag.  
  
Rachel's hands went back under the girl's dress, and stayed up higher. I could see the hand nearest to us on her hip, and working around towards her pussy. The girl's breathing was coming faster as she was getting more turned on.  
  
After a minute or so of stroking her, Rachel put her head under the girl's dress. The girl grabbed the back of Rachel's head and pulled her in to her pussy.  
  
Shortly after that, the girl started a funny, high-pitched whining, and then she came, shaking and gripping her fingers into Rachel's head through her dress.  
  
When she let go, Rachel resurfaced, wiping her face, and straightening her wig, but I don't think they noticed.  
  
The girl was smoothing the front of her dress down, and sheepishly said "I've never cum like that before."  
  
We all grinned at each other, and then the guy said "what about me?"  
  
He was looking at the girl, but she looked down, and said "I'm not going to do that. I'll give you a hand job if you want."  
  
He did seem to want, as he started undoing his pants. The girl went over to him, knelt down and dug his already hard dick out. She stroked it, back and forth, back and forth.  
  
"You should get it wet," said Rachel, and the girl looked up at her. She didn't seem to understand.  
  
Rachel mimed licking her hand, to suggest the girl licked hers, but she shook her head. She let go of the guy's dick and backed up.  
  
"You do it," she said.  
  
Rachel looked at her. Then at the guy. And then she knelt down in front of him, and licked her hand, then started stroking his dick. With her other hand, she pulled his pants down slightly, so she could stroke his balls too.  
  
There was pre-cum leaking out, and she let go of his balls and rubbed it into the head of his dick with her thumb. She looked over at the girl, who was watching, fascinated. Rachel leaned forward and licked the bottom of the head of the guy's dick, and he almost immediately started cumming, all over her face and neck.  
  
It was dripping down her face onto her dress, and she just looked down, watching it. I really hoped my phone was catching all this.  
  
Rachel backed away, and stood up as the guy pulled his pants up and redid them. The girl went and hugged him.  
  
Rachel came and picked her bag up, and the girl's panties.  
  
"Oh, thank you," said the girl, obviously thinking Rachel was going to pass them to her.  
  
"I'll keep these," said Rachel with a grin.  
  
"I'll have to walk home without them!" she said, looking shocked.  
  
"Look at how I'm having to walk home," said Rachel, gesturing at her dress.  
  
We all started walking back towards the path. They were in front of us. The guy had his hand of the girl's naked butt, and she brushed it away as we got to the path, letting her dress fall back and cover her.  
  
They waved as they headed off in the opposite direction to us. As we walked, Rachel pulled out a ziplock bag from her bag, and put the girl's panties in it.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 18**

Rachel came over, and I let her in. We'd agreed to work on some videos for her web site, and she was dressed in black yoga pants and a sweatshirt. She had on her black bob wig. She also had on the black ribbon necklace that she knows I like.  
  
As she had requested, I was wearing sweat pants and a sweatshirt.  
  
Her shirt had the elastic at the bottom cut off so I could just see her navel, and I looked at that quizzically.  
  
"Watch," she said, and lifted her arms above her head. I could see a little underboob, so it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra.  
  
She jumped in the air, and I saw a flash of her nipples.  
  
"Panties?" I asked.  
  
She turned away from me and bent forwards, then pulled her yoga pants down to her thighs. She was wearing a black thong.  
  
"What did you have in mind?"  
  
"I thought we could go out, and see what happens," she said, pulling her yoga pants up. She handed me her bag and I put it over my shoulder, picked up my wallet, phone and keys, and headed for the door.  
  
"Oh, can you bring your GoPro?"  
  
I went and grabbed the camera, and dropped it in my pocket.  
  
We walked down the high street, with her leaving me to walk in front and turn and flash me from time to time. I was recording her with my phone when she did.  
  
I followed her in to the department store where Anne worked. Being early, and mid week, it was quiet. Rachel wandered around the aisles pretending to browse, with me videoing her while she occasionally pulled up her shirt, flashing her tits at me. When there was nobody about, she'd pull her yoga pants down, showing me her panties.  
  
She pulled her yoga pants down to her thighs, showing me her panties again, and did a little twirl. Then she pulled her panties down as well, and twirled again to show her butt and pussy. She stood facing me, and pulled her shirt up so I could see her tits, too. She came over to me and knelt down, pulling my sweat pants down and grabbing my dick. She licked it and sucked the head into her mouth, then let go and stood up. She turned around and backed onto me for a few thrusts, then stopped, covering herself up again. She bent over and licked my dick clean.  
  
I saw Anne, and pointed her out, pulling my sweats up. Rachel waved to her, and I lifted her shirt the rest of the way so Anne would see her tits. She came over and joined us, giving Rachel a kiss.  
  
"Hello baby," she said, stroking Rachel's face. "I almost didn't recognise you with that hair. What brings you here today?"  
  
"We're not really shopping for anything," said Rachel, "we're just out having fun."  
  
They both looked around a little, then Rachel said "I could try on some dresses."  
  
We started over towards the women's section, and suddenly Rachel pulled Anne aside.  
  
"Hey, could we put a camera in the ceiling vent in one of the changing rooms?"  
  
"You only want to video yourself?"  
  
"Obviously," said Rachel.  
  
"I'm sure we could organise something. Give me the camera, and go and grab a few dresses to try on," said Anne.  
  
I put the GoPro on standby, gave it to her and we went to the changing rooms. I watched as she took a step ladder into one of the changing rooms. I saw the light in there flicker, and sat down to wait over by an older gentleman.  
  
I looked up as Anne put the step ladder away, and Rachel breezed up with three dresses on hangers. Anne pointed towards the changing room she'd just left, and said "changing room number two is available, miss."  
  
I pulled my phone out, and started the camera recording. Anne came over and looked over my shoulder.  
  
"What is that, YouTube?" she said loudly, as we watched Rachel getting undressed.  
  
She'd already taken her sweatshirt off, and was sitting down taking off her sneakers and socks. She stood up and pulled her yoga pants off, then took her thong panties off and dropped them obviously on the top of the pile of clothes.  
  
"She's shaved," Anne said to me quietly as she sat down next to me. I just nodded, still watching.  
  
She put her sneakers and socks back on, then picked up the first dress. It was a short little red dress, and she stepped into it, pulling it up and putting her arms through the shoulder straps. Despite there being a mirror in the changing room, she then came through the door and turned towards us. I was recording her with my phone, while Anne and I were watching the feed from the GoPro on the screen. We didn't look at her.  
  
She walked up to the older guy, and said "can you zip me up please, sir?"  
  
She turned around, so you could see her bare back. The guy stood up, reached out and pulled the zip up, brushing his hands down her back when he was finished. She turned around and thanked him, then went and looked at herself in the mirror.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked him.  
  
"It's very nice," he said.  
  
"Can you unzip me?"  
  
She backed into him, and he did, this time his hand brushed her hip as she started back to her changing room. We went back to the camera feed, and we watched her shrug the red dress off and stand there in just her sneakers while she hung it up. She collected a dark blue dress, and stepped in to it. Once the straps were over her shoulders, she opened the door. The old guy was standing there by her door, smiling, waiting for her. I saw him glance over her shoulder at her clothes in the pile. He'd known from her bare back that she wasn't wearing a bra, but now he probably knew that she wasn't wearing panties either.  
  
She turned her back to him, rubbing her butt against him and he pulled the zip up, his hands stroking her bare back as he did so. She turned and looked at herself in the mirror.  
  
"You like?" she asked him.  
  
"Yes," he said as she turned her back so he could unzip her again.  
  
He brushed his hands across the small of her back as he got to the bottom, then stroked her butt as she turned and smiled at him. She went back into the changing room.  
  
We watched on the phone as she shrugged the dress off again without checking that the door was closed. The door swung closed, but wasn't locked, and she stepped out of the dress and went to hang it up.  
  
I looked up as another changing room door opened, and it was the guy's wife. She bustled past him with an armful of what looked like sweaters.  
  
"I'll catch up to you," he said as she left him behind.  
  
Anne and I watched Rachel step in to her last dress. It was black, and strapless. She pulled it up, and stepped out, holding the front of it to her. The old guy was waiting, and she smiled at him and turned her back so he could zip her up. He was right up against her and she leant forward to allow him to pull up the zip, rubbing her butt against his crotch as she did so. His hands rested on her shoulders for a second as she straightened up and stepped away to the mirror.  
  
"Which do you prefer?" she asked him, over her shoulder, looking at herself in the mirror.  
  
"I like this one," he said, "but you should try it with heels and stockings."  
  
"Maybe later," she said. "Can you unzip me?"  
  
He did, and she wasn't holding the front, so the dress fell away from her. She caught it around her waist, and threw her arm across her tits, covering them. You could see her butt as she scurried over to her changing room. The old guy followed her to the room, his hand holding the door open.  
  
"Are you OK?" he asked her, stepping in.  
  
"Yes," she said.  
  
We were watching on the phone as the dress fell on the floor around her feet, leaving her in just her sneakers.  
  
She turned and bent over and picked up the dress, showing him her butt and pussy, then stood up and turned towards him, putting it back on the hanger. He was reaching for her as she turned back to him, and she smiled as he grabbed her tits and squeezed them.  
  
We watched as she knelt down in front of him, and rubbed up and down his dick through his pants. He undid his belt, and she unzipped him and pulled his dick out. She licked her lips before putting the head in her mouth. She ran her hand up and down his shaft as she bobbed her mouth over the head. It didn't take long before he was cumming in her mouth, and she looked up at the vent with her mouth open to show his cum before making a show of swallowing it, then opening her mouth again to show it gone. He obviously thought this was for his benefit, and thanked her before zipping up and leaving.  
  
As he hurried past us to catch up to his wife, Anne patted me on the shoulder before grabbing the step ladder and going into the changing room.  
  
I was back to watching my phone as Anne walked in and opened the step ladder and sat down on it. Rachel had got up, but was still not wearing any clothes. Anne pulled Rachel over to her, and tilted her head back slightly so she could suck her nipples, one at a time, gently.  
  
She stroked her butt and licked her clit a few times, then stood up, got on the ladder and took the GoPro down from the vent.  
  
She picked up the ladder, then said "do you want me to put those away?", pointing at the dresses on the hanger.  
  
Rachel just nodded dumbly, standing there naked, and Anne picked them up and left. She put the ladder away and handed me the GoPro, then went to put the dresses back.  
  
I turned the GoPro off, then looked up as Rachel came out of the changing room, dressed.  
  
"God," she said, "I'm so fucking turned on right now."  
  
Anne was coming back over to us.  
  
"What would you like to do next?" she asked us.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 19**

Anne came over to us, standing by the changing rooms in her store.  
  
"What would you like to do next?" she asked us.  
  
I just shrugged.  
  
"You could thank Adam for his help with your shoes," Anne said. "He still talks about you. But you're not wearing them," she said, looking at her sneakers.  
  
"I do, just not today."  
  
"Let's let him see you," said Anne, "I think he really liked your feet."  
  
The three of us went over to the shoe section, and Anne motioned for us to sit down while she went back to the stock area and got Adam.  
  
"Sorry," he said, walking towards us, "I was sorting out stock."  
  
He recognised her, "oh, it's you!"  
  
Rachel got up and gave him a hug. Her arms being up by his shoulders meant you could see the bottom of her tits.  
  
"Are you looking for anything?" he asked as she sat down again.  
  
"No," she said, "we're just out playing around and thought we'd say hi."  
  
"Can I get you to try on some shoes I think you'll look sexy in?"  
  
"Sure," said Rachel, and sat down.  
  
Anne sat down next to me, and Adam went and got his stool. We watched, and I recorded as he put it in front of her, then went and got a pair of brown cowboy type boots, but with a fairly high heel.  
  
He sat down on his stool, and picked up her left foot. He unlaced her sneaker and took it off, then massaged her foot for a few seconds before putting the boot on. He did the same with her right foot, then stood and helped her stand up. They did look good on her, with her tight yoga pants. She walked and posed for him a little, then he had her sit down and went and got some blue wedge heeled sandals.  
  
He sat on his stool and picked up her left foot. He took the boot off, then her sock. He massaged her foot for a few seconds, then put it on the stool between his legs, and picked up her right foot. He took the boot and sock off, massaged her foot and put it with the other one. I could see she was wiggling her toes and teasing him.  
  
He picked up her left foot and bent down, bringing it to his mouth, softly sucking her big toe for a few seconds before putting the sandal on. He did the same with the right foot, then stood and helped her stand up. It was obvious his dick was hard, and she walked and posed for him again. She flipped her shirt up so we could see her tits, before coming back and sitting down so he could take them off. He took her shoes off one at a time, rubbing her feet for a while, then went to get something else for her to try.  
  
This time he came back with some red and greed plaid high heeled stripper platforms. He sat down in front of her, and she leaned forward and undid his belt and pants. He looked around to make sure nobody was watching, and picked up her bare feet and put them in his lap. Rachel used her feet to get his dick out, and rubbed them up and down the shaft for a while, jacking him with her feet, before he picked up her feet, one at a time, and put the shoes on her.  
  
As he stood up, he put his dick away, and she sat there while he zipped himself up. He was still looking around. He helped her up, and she walked backwards and forwards a few times. They didn't look at all comfortable, but Adam really seemed to like them on her.  
  
They sat down, and he lifted her left foot and removed the shoe. He put her toes in his mouth again, and she squirmed as this was obviously tickling her. He put her foot on his crotch, and picked up the right foot. Having sucked her toes to make her quirm again, he stood up.  
  
Adam walked back to the stock room to put the shoes back, and Rachel got up and followed him, barefoot. He was in the stock room corridor where we could see him, but mostly out of sight of the shop floor when she stopped him. She knelt down in front of him and undid his pants, pulling them down so she could get his dick out. She looked at Anne and me, and while I carried on videoing, sucked the head of his dick into her mouth while stroking the shaft.  
  
She bobbed her head back and forth for a few minutes, with Adam stroking her wig. I don't think he realised it wasn't her real hair.  
  
"Give me the phone, and go and join in," Anne said.  
  
I handed her the phone and she kept shooting. I took the GoPro out of my pocket, and walked over to them, starting a point of view recording.  
  
Without letting go of Adam's dick, she got up so she was standing, but bent over. She had one hand on his thigh to support herself, and the hand towards Anne still stroking his dick.  
  
I videoed as I pulled her yoga pants down, one handed, and she stepped one foot out of them. I slid her panties down too, and she stepped the same foot out. I pulled my sweat pants down, and took my dick in my hand and rubbed it up and down her slit. I heard her moan around Adam's dick, then I slipped my dick inside her.  
  
I stood there, holding one hip and videoing with the other hand as she rocked back and forth between us.  
  
I reached over and slid her shirt up, and she stopped stroking Adam's dick long enough to pull her arm out of the sleeve. When she went back to stroking his dick, he started running his hands over her back, and leant forward to feel her tits.  
  
When she started to cum, she started moaning again, and that set Adam off. He groaned as he came in her mouth, and she held him there for a while as she swallowed.  
  
He stepped back and pulled his pants up, and she straightened up a bit, still rocking forwards and backwards on my dick. She pulled her shirt the rest of the way off, dropping it on the floor next to us. Adam's hands went back to her tits, and she pulled him to her and gave him a passionate kiss.  
  
She pulled away from Adam, then me, and turned to face me, pulling her remaining foot out of her yoga pants and panties, and then, naked, knelt down in front of me. She sucked my dick into her mouth, running her tongue over the head as she stroked the shaft. She put the head in her mouth, humming until I started to cum. She pulled my dick out of her mouth and let me cum over her tits while I recorded it. When she was done, she bent and licked her tits and then used her fingers to wipe up and licked them clean as best she could as Anne walked towards us.  
  
Anne handed me my phone, stroked my dick and said to sit and wait for Rachel. She told Adam to go and wait with me, and took Rachel's hand, heading back into the stock room.  
  
I pulled my sweats up, stopped recording on the GoPro, then collected her clothes and went and sat down with Adam where we'd left her bag and sneakers.  
  
I went through her bag, putting her panties in a ziplock bag and finding a fresh pair for her. Adam looked at me quizzically, so I said "it's a thing she does." We went on to just talk about the weather and stuff awkwardly until he saw another customer.  
  
Anne and Rachel came out of the stock room, Rachel still naked. She looked around by the entrance for her clothes, and I started recording as I waved her panties at her. Anne gave her a kiss and patted her on the butt, then left to go back to work. I watched Rachel steel herself, then walk over to me, blushing furiously. There were a few people who would have been able to see her as she took her panties from me and put them on, but most people are oblivious most of the time. She sat down and pulled her shirt over her head. She got up to get into her yoga pants, then sat down to do her socks and shoes.  
  
"Can we go?" she asked, and I stopped recording.  
  
She took my hand as we headed out, and started excitedly telling me about going down on Anne.  
  
We headed back to my place to watch the video we'd shot and decide what to do with it.