**Rayne's Adventures**

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**Rayne's Adventures Ch. 01**

These are the stories of how my wife, then girlfriend, started in her need to display herself for people to see. I met Rayne in January when we were in my sophomore year in college. Rayne is about two years my senior. She is an heiress to a small fortune, which she unfortunately gained at a very young age. Her parents passed away in a plane crash and Rayne has had a fear of flying ever since her nanny told her. Do not get me wrong being rich is great, but that is not what attracted me to her. But first, let me tell you how we met.  
  
We met at the local community college on the first day of our English course. The teacher had us partner up and get to know at least one other person in class. My friend, Alex, and I ended up talking with Rayne when she could not find a partner. She flirted with both of us as we did the exercise. We had fun and decided that we would form a study group and help each other with not only the work in English, but also all the subjects we had. At the class break, we exchanged phone numbers and set up the first study date. We were going to meet at her place, because she said that the house had a whole lot of space, on Saturday of that week. The class met once a week on Tuesdays for three hours.  
  
Alex called me that Thursday saying that he had to go out of town for the weekend on an assignment. I was a little bummed hearing that I was not going to be able to hang with him, but then I realized that I would be able to be with the hot redhead all alone, even if it was doing homework. Then I got paranoid, thinking that she might not want to be a part of the study date if Alex was not there. So after hanging up with Alex, I called her and told her what was happening. She was still up for the study date; and she told me to plan on quite a few hours of work. She has a problem doing math and lucky for her I am great at the subject.  
  
Saturday came and I headed to her house. It, as you may have guessed, was a mansion on at least an acre of land. I rolled up to the gate and it opened before I could stop to talk in the box speaker. I was in awe when I got to the house. Rayne came out and practically dragged me out of my CRX and into the house. That was a six foot, one hundred thirty pound woman moving a six foot four inch, one hundred eighty pound man. Once I got over the shock of the size of the house and grounds she lived on she gave me a quick tour of the house. After the tour, we hit the books and worked for around three hours before breaking for dinner. Since it was the weekend the cook was off and neither of us really cooked, we ordered a couple pizzas.  
  
She got a bottle of wine out to drink with the pizza, but we opened it almost as soon as we got it out. I finished off a full glass by the time the pizza arrived. Over dinner, we talked and had a good time enjoying each other's company. We just talked and lost track of time. We realized that we had finished the second bottle at about midnight. There was a sexual energy in the air, but I was about to pass out. She told me that I was going to be staying in one of the guest rooms and maybe we would get a little more work done the next day. She took me to the room, took my shirt off, laid me on the bed, and covered me with the blanket. I passed out as soon as my head hit the pillow.  
  
I woke confused and hurting. I had learned that I did not like hangovers that morning. As I sat up in the bed, she came in wearing an oversized flannel shirt and carrying a weird drink. She told me to drink it; I did and started feeling better in about a minute. I smiled at her and she said time for a quick breakfast and a little more math then I was going home. We did exactly as she said; breakfast was scrambled eggs and toast. We did something like five more problems and that was the end of her homework. Why we did not do them the night before I will never know? She helped me gather my stuff and escorted me to my car. I got in and rolled down the window and she leaned on the door. She had not changed out of the shirt yet. We talked about when the next study date should be briefly when I remembered that Alex should be in on the decision, and I said so. We finished the discussion and I was about to drive off and she was still leaning on the door. As I was about to ask her if we missed anything she leaned in and kissed me on the lips and slid her hand over my abs. I was stunned. When I came to, to ask her why she had done that, she was already at the front door, she saw that I was looking at her and she flipped the tail of her shirt up to flash me her ass. That was how we started dating. After that our relationship developed rapidly, a month after that I had a key to the house and a code to the gate. At school, we never let our relationship slip.  
  
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The temperature in late March was very high for the time of year. We were getting into the eighties on a regular basis. This caused most everybody into summer clothes: girls in shorts and dresses and guys into shorts. The temperatures continued to stay in the eighties into April. We, basically, got an early and hot spring.  
  
Well, the first English class in April came and went and Rayne did not show. After class, I called her house but she did not answer. I started to get worried and I wanted to go over to check on her. I could not because Alex was my ride that night and he took me with him clubbing as we had planned for over a month. I enjoyed myself at the club a little but I was still thinking on Rayne.  
  
The next day I called in to work sick and headed over to find out what happened to her. I did not get there until around noon because I needed to stay in my apartment until one of my coworkers and neighbors left for work, then I had to drive in a round about way to avoid the company building. When I arrived at her house, I let myself in and found the house very quiet. I had been in that house on a weekday before and the cook was always making some kind of noise in the kitchen. I could not find the housekeeper Kira.  
  
After I got over the slight shock of no sound, I went to her room on the second floor. She was not there. Next, I went to her office and found her computer was on. I stepped over to it and bumped the mouse. It came back from standby and I got another surprise on the monitor. Apparently, she had been looking at a voyeurism site. Actually once I started thinking, again I noticed it was on 'How do you know if you are an exhibitionist?' There were a few pictures of young women in varying degrees of dress.  
  
One of the links on the page was to a questionnaire that looked like someone, presumably Rayne, had clicked it. Then I saw that there was a notepad sitting under the monitor with a list of letters and numbers on it, letters a through d and numbers one through four only. I realized that she had done the questionnaire and was required to write them then it gave a score based on the answer. She must have totaled it in her head because there was no number near thirty-two, which was her score. I wanted to know what the score told her so I also clicked the questionnaire link. On the new page I scrolled down and found the score levels. With her score of thirty-two, the questionnaire stated that she was a closet exhibitionist that desperately wanted to exhibit all her charms to people. The lowest score bracket was for those that were already having what they thought was fun, and I would learn to see it that way, too.  
  
This intrigued and excited me and I wanted to find out why exactly she took the questionnaire but first I needed to find her. I looked through the entire house and did not find her. Just to make sure she was at the house I looked in the garage and found her custom painted Mustang convertible was still there. Then I went over to one of the widows viewing the pool area and found her. From my angle, I could see only the top of her fire red head and the smooth curve of her shoulder and butt while she laid on a chaise lounge. Both were visibly uncovered. The shoulder was supposed to based on today's fashions and her rear end because all she ever wore were thongs. I was very relieved to have finally found her.  
  
I headed over to the patio door so I could head out to see if everything was fine. As I walked from the window to the door, I lost sight of her behind a wall. When I got to the door, I noticed she had turned over and she was sunbathing topless. This excited me some. I just stopped and stood there watching her for a while.  
  
Not even a minute after I stopped she moved her near leg off the side of the chaise lounge. That is when I finally noticed that there was no string on her hip. The angle that she was facing was towards the thin tree line between her pool deck and the publicly private beach. All the people that owned the houses in the area also had a claim to the beach, but it was a private beach to people outside the neighborhood. I looked out to the beach and saw a six young men playing football right in view of Rayne's glorious nudity. Her cream white skin glowed a little because it was so early in the year and she had no tan. I was standing at full mast in my pants from watching her just lying there displaying herself to anyone who saw her or wished to view.  
  
I just stood there slightly dumbfounded but very happy. I just watched her glancing out at the beach every few minutes trying to see if they had seen Rayne lying like that. At one point one guy glanced up at the house, but apparently did not she her as I could see her. Around fifteen minutes after starting my vigil, I decided to strip down to my boxer-briefs. My dick was making the elastic stretch away from my waist. While I was undressing, I continued to watch her. Just as I got down to my underwear and put my folded clothes in a pile near the door she got up from her lounge, took off her sunglasses, and jumped into the pool causing a good sized splash in the water. The splash caused the men on the beach to look toward the pool and they saw my beautiful redheaded girlfriend climb out of the pool and use her hands to wipe some of the water off her nude body. Once she was dry as that could make her, she sat back down on the lounge replaced her shades and grabbed the sun tan lotion. She knew she had their attention and applied the lotion quickly on her arms, legs, stomach, and face. She slowed down noticeably when she got to her thirty-two C cup breasts, paying extra attention to her nipples. She kept tweaking them until they were standing proudly erect. Once they were erect, she moved her hands down to her completely bald crotch. As her hands moved down, she straddled the lounge and leaned back. I looked over at the beach and saw that the guys were standing on the beach side of the trees lining the pool deck. Rayne must have known they were there because she smiled, as far as I could tell the smile was a very sexy one. While the men on the beach and I watched her, I had the worst view of all, she started applying the lotion to her crotch. She stroked over her pelvis quickly a few times then I saw her right hand slip in between her legs and then come back up a few times, from what I could figure she was putting the lotion on the inside of her thighs near her pussy. After four or five of those quick strokes, she slid her right hand down and started moving it around inside her. I dropped my underwear and started stroking my rock hard cock as close to in time with her hand as I could tell.  
  
When I felt like I was in rhythm with her I glanced over at the beach boys again, this time they had stepped to the near side of the trees and two of them had their cocks out and were stroking them. I knew that I was missing one aspect to the whole thing and that was her moans and the sounds of her pussy, I needed to hear her. I cracked the door open very slowly until I could hear her clearly. All the while, she was starting to stroke faster. I was able to keep pace much better with the door open. Not needing to keep my eyes focused entirely on Rayne, I let them wander. My eyes were bouncing over to the watchers a little more frequently. They all were jacking themselves off to the sight of Rayne plunging her fingers into her hot box. I could tell that she was really close to cumming from her moans and the speed of her hand. About a minute later, she screamed out her orgasm for all to hear. Even though she was in the middle of her orgasm, she continued to plunge her fingers into her love box. I had at least another five minutes of stroking before I would cum. Her orgasm had subsided and I figured that she was done but her hand did not stop moving around her crotch. I continued to match her stroke for stroke.  
  
Three of the guys had already spewed there load into the trees that they were trying to hide behind and still watch. The knowledge of the six guys standing there watching Rayne getting herself off caused me to stroke harder. I blew my load out the door just before I heard Rayne scream out again. I just stood there watching the rest and let my dick relax, but it never softened. I noticed that everybody had cum and watched Rayne cleaning her fingers with her tongue, then she lay back and it seemed she fell asleep. The guys ran off then.  
  
I did not want her to burn and I wanted to fuck her more than ever, so I walked over to her just as naked as she was. Once I was beside her, I slid my left hand under her legs bringing them together and bent them up to a ninety-degree angle at the knee, intending to carry her back to her bed like a groom. Then I stepped back to look at her. When I let go of her legs the fell apart at the knee and opened the gorgeously aromatic petals of her hot little pussy. To test if she was aware of anything I ran my right hand over her porcelain skin and relaxed nipple of her left breast. The nipple became erect right away, but there was no other indication she knew I was there. I then ran my hands gently all over her tits, still no conscious response that I could tell. After both her nipples were standing like erasers on her chest I moved my left hand over her flat stomach to touch her lower lips, while my right hand slid up her chest over her swan-like neck and chin to stop on her upper lips, which were partly open. Both sets of lips parted farther. Her tongue snaked out and licked at my fingers a little.  
  
My left hand started stroking her pussy softly, covering my fingers in her juices. After a minute of stroking, I slipped my index finger into her up to the second knuckle. This brought a loud moan from her mouth, but she stayed asleep. I hooked the finger inside her up to apply pressure to the front wall, and then I turned my palm toward me. She was rocketed to an orgasm as I hit her G-spot. I knew it would get her off the quickest especially since her body was in such a heightened state of arousal.  
  
Her orgasmic scream startled me into losing my balance and I stumbled back into the pool. Her scream woke her, but she thought that maybe she had gotten herself off while sleeping. She saw the waves in the pool from my fall, but thought nothing of it being that it was a little windy that day.  
  
I came back up from the bottom of the pool just in time to see her flip over onto her hands and knees, lower the lounge chair to be flat, and lay on her stomach. Her face was away from me. She kept her legs spread as comfortable as possible on the chair. I moved over to the side of the pool and heard her slow deep breathing telling me that she was fast asleep again. Just as I was about to climb out of the pool I heard voices coming from the tree line. I was not ready to be an exhibitionist so I slipped down farther into the water and swam over to the side of the pool nearest the trees.  
  
"I heard a woman scream from over here," said a very urgent sounding female voice.  
  
"You do know that we are heading onto someone's property?" questioned an exasperated female.  
  
"We need to at least peek in to see if there is a problem," answered the first woman.  
  
I glanced over to Rayne just a second before these two were in full sight. Rayne had both her hands kneading and spreading her ass cheeks. I even heard a small moan from her. Then I heard a gasp from behind me. I looked over the lip of the pool trying to stay out of the sight of these women. They looked like sisters from my point of view. I figured they were both five foot eight. They were wearing bikini tops over there nice sized chests, one in red and the other black, and daisy dukes on the bottom. The one in the red top had long brown hair in a ponytail that hung almost to her waist and the other had her brown hair cut in a very flattering short hair style of today's fashion.  
  
Rayne continued to moan as they looked on. "Cindy, we should get out of here," said the one in the red top, and grabbed the other's arm. Her voice was the second voice I had heard from the trees.  
  
The one named Cindy resisted the pull and said, "Why Sara? What are we doing? She looks like she obviously wants people to look at her. Why else would she be out here with nothing on and doing that?"  
  
"For one thing I don't want to get into any kind of trouble if we are caught here. Another thing I don't want to see another woman get her jollies from my watching her. I'm not interested in the sexual dealings of others except my lover. Finally, I'm not attracted to women," answered Sara.  
  
"Really, then what is that about?" asked Cindy, pointing to the very prominent points of Sara's nipples. "Also what was last night about?" At this, Sara blushed very deeply.  
  
Rayne while still unconscious had gotten up on her knees so she could reach her pussy and asshole, one middle finger was inside each hole. Her moans were getting louder with every minute.  
  
Sara covered her chest with both arms quickly and a deep crimson blush spread across her face and upper chest. "The wind is making it a bit chilly around here," she answered quickly.  
  
"No it's not. The trees are killing most of the wind and the temperature is in the nineties by now. That," Cindy said, pointing to Sara's chest, "is the same as this," now pointing at her own chest. "I want to know what the name of that beautiful horny woman is," she stated and took a step to move around the pool.  
  
"Wouldn't this be construed as trespassing?"  
  
"Not that I know. Besides, I can just tell her that I heard her scream and came to investigate. When I got here I found her in this state and wanted to make sure she was all right," answered Cindy, taking another step. I was trying to figure out a way to stay in hiding when Sara helped me.  
  
"Well I'm going back to our stuff. Remember that we have an appointment at eight, if you stay here," said Sara. She then turned and disappeared into the trees. That is when Rayne orgasmed again, this time with three or four loud moans. After the orgasm she just stopped moving and stayed in the same position she had been in, on her knees, ass in the air, right hand on her ass with middle finger in her tight asshole, her left hand had fallen out and away from her pussy to lie between her knees. Cindy walked around the pool and I trailed along the side behind her. Luckily, she went around the deep end. The shorts she wore left little to the imagination.  
  
Cindy reached out a hand and touched Rayne's ass when she got close enough. Seeing no resistance, she ran her hand over the cheek she had just touched. This brought a soft sigh from Rayne. Cindy then reached out and slowly gently moved Rayne's hand away from her ass. After Rayne's arm was lying on the chaise comfortably, Cindy moved Rayne's left arm from below her body. Before Cindy laid Rayne's left arm into a mirror of the right Cindy sniffed Rayne's hand deeply and gave it a quick flick of her tongue. This caused my cock, which had been softening from fear of being caught to come back to full attention. Cindy started to adjust Rayne's hips and knees to help her lie flat on the lounge. Cindy slid one hand up between Rayne's legs to adjust the right leg and her other hand was on the right knee. Very slowly, Cindy shifted the leg out straight and laid it softly on the lounge. Then she switched hands for the left leg and repeated the movements that she did on the right. Once Rayne was back on her stomach, Cindy slid the hand between Rayne's legs out and sniffed both hands followed by licking away the pussy juices on them. As Cindy's breathing got a little heavier, she then reached up and tweaked her nipples through her top. Then she sniffed her right hand again and slid her left one under her top pushing it up. She turned towards the pool, licked the fingers on her left hand, and started playing with her exposed tit. While she was playing with her tit she slid her other hand down to caress her crotch. That is when she heard a soft moan from behind her. The sound snapped her out of her body and back to the moment. She quickly composed herself whispering, "I'll have a great night tonight. Not much sleep though."

With that said, she turned back to Rayne. She then grabbed and draped Rayne's towel over Rayne when done Cindy stepped next to Rayne's shoulder and squatted down. She then reached out and gently shook Rayne. Rayne took a little more prodding before she snapped, "Stop fucking shaking me!" Cindy did and stood up. Rayne realized then where she was and blushed. Very slowly, Rayne turned over trying to keep the towel covering her. That is when she saw Cindy. "Hello. Sorry about that, but I hate being shook and I thought that you were my boyfriend," she said more cordially.  
  
"No problem. I understand perfectly why you would want to sleep peacefully, considering all the sexual energy you expended in the last half hour," answered Cindy. "I'm here because you screamed and I came to investigate. I found you in a compromising position and thought that you needed a little help. My name is Cindy. I'm the granddaughter of the people in the mansion on the hill. Lucky for you my friend Sara and I were setting up our stuff close by. I don't think you would have liked finding some guy buried hip deep in you."  
  
"Yes that's true. Thank you. My name is Rayne and this is my home, left to me by my parents. I hope you don't find my state of dress or lack thereof to be offensive, or what I did earlier."  
  
"Not at all. We all essentially look the same under our clothes," answered Cindy. "Actually I was hoping to get in some nude sunbathing while I was out here visiting my grandparents. I enjoy it very much, but it is hard to do at home with my little brother living with me. I haven't been able to get any time here since both of my grandparents seem to be watching me like a hawk. If they aren't then Sara is trying to drag me to this thing or that. I hate when I get home from vacations and think that I need a vacation to get over my vacation. This is the first time I've gotten to the beach."  
  
"Where is Sara? You keep mentioning her," asked Rayne.  
  
"Out on the beach with all our stuff."  
  
"I like you and I think I'll like Sara. Go get her and you two can use my pool deck. That means that you can sunbathe in the nude if you want."  
  
"I don't think Sara would like that."  
  
"She doesn't need to sunbathe in the nude if she doesn't want to, but I can see in your eyes that you really want to strip right now. Go. If I'm not here when you get back, just set up and I should be out soon. I think I need to take a quick shower."  
  
"OK!" exclaimed Cindy as she ran off to find Sara. As soon as Cindy was out of sight, Rayne threw the towel off and went into the house. I was able to get out of the pool, finally. I was in a little pain from having an erection for so long but I had to ignore that for the moment and get my clothes on and into another hiding spot. I dried my self off as quickly as I could. Ran to the door, grabbed the clothes, and then ran around the corner, my dick leading the way. I had just covered my painful member with my shorts as Cindy with Sara in tow came back onto the deck. Cindy was smiling ear to ear and Sara looked apprehensive. They were chatting and setting up what they needed when Rayne came out of the house wearing my favorite bikini. It is white with no lining and very small, just covering her nipples and her pussy lips and there was nothing to the back except string.  
  
Cindy looked up and said hi to Rayne. Even from the distance I was at I could tell that Cindy was disappointed that Rayne was clothed. As Rayne got closer to the other two, I could not hear anything. They all settled in and started chatting. It seemed that nothing else was going to happen and I went around to the front. I was still very horny from everything that I had seen in the last hour. I got into my car and grabbed my cell phone. I called her number; it took her five rings to answer. We chatted for a couple minutes. Toward the end of the conversation, I asked if I could come over and she said that she had company but did not think there would be a problem. I told her that I would be there in about two minutes. She told me to let myself in and they would be out by the pool.  
  
I put my shirt on and hopped back into my car, drove it around the circle driveway once, and parked it in front of the door. As quickly as I could I walked from my car into the house, up the stairs and into her bedroom. I had started to leave stuff there about two weeks after we started dating. In her bedroom I found my swimsuit lying on the bed. It seems she knew I would be coming over today and we were going to be hanging at the pool or going to the beach. When I searched for her earlier I must have missed seeing them on the bed or she put them out even before I called.  
  
The suit is a pair of Speedo bike shorts with out the padding. Rayne bought them for me. She always hates to see guys wearing the baggy trunks or the Speedo brief. The trunks hide too much of what a guy has and the brief show to much. On me, the shorts look like they were painted on. She got them because she liked the reactions that people had at being able to see almost every vein in my dick. She would even try to give me a hard-on, just because she wanted everyone to know what the size of my dick was. I am an average length of just over six inches, but I'm at least three inches wide. With these shorts I must be shaved front and back.  
  
I started to undress again and stepped over to the window over looking the pool. I was given a view of Sara in her full bikini, Cindy in nothing at all and Rayne was topless. Even though I had finally been able to calm myself down my cock sprang to half-mast. I stayed staring at the gorgeous view. It looked like Sara was disgusted with Cindy and was not looking at her friend, and Cindy and Rayne were trying to talk Sara into baring some more skin. Cindy had very visible lines but they were very small areas. I don't know how long I stood there, but I didn't care. I think it was about twenty minutes. That is when Sara finally started to relax and took her top off. I was surprised to see that she had no visible tan lines from my distance. She seemed like she did not want anyone to know that she sunbathed, at the very least, topless. My half-mast cock sprang all the way to full seeing three pair of naked tits.  
  
I figured that Rayne was going to get me hard or that she knew that I would as soon as I saw all the naked flesh when I stepped out on the deck. I saw no harm in it since they all were giving me a nice view I should reciprocate. So with my cock at full mast I slipped on the shorts. I made sure everything was in order and headed down to the pool.  
  
I saw a note taped to the deck door when I got there asking me to mix up some margaritas, I smiled a wicked smile at the note. I headed to the kitchen and started to make my special margaritas. My dick became flaccid while I concentrated on the mixture. Once the drinks were poured I grabbed the tray with the drinks and headed for the door. As soon as I stepped outside I was met with a wonderful sight. Rayne was nude again and she and Cindy were pulling the bottoms off Sara. Actually what I saw was Rayne bent over at the waist, legs about shoulder width apart, and facing directly away from me. Her engorged lips glistening at me. Cindy was at the foot of Sara lounge chair holding her friends feet up over her head. Sara was trying to stop them from taking her bottoms with a lot of writhing around, but it was to no avail with her feet over five feet above the ground. I stood transfixed watching, and fully hard again, and hearing a slap every now and then. With each slap Rayne's right arm moved dramatically telling me that she was the one slapping and I found out later that she was slapping at Sara's hands while she was moving the bottoms along Sara's legs.  
  
As Rayne started to stand up again to finish taking off the bottoms, Cindy started to lower Sara's legs. Cindy stopped when Sara's feet were resting on her chest. Sara was still writhing a little and this moved her feet all over Cindy's chest. The feet moved until Cindy's nipples slipped between Sara's toes. This elicited a soft moan from Cindy and her hands loosened on Sara's ankles. Sara it seems realized what had just happened and using her toes pinched and squeezed Cindy's nipples and tits. Cindy moaned again and let go of Sara all together. Rayne had just gotten the bottoms to Sara's ankles at that time so Sara still had her feet in the air.  
  
Rayne then slipped her left hand under Sara's foot and over Cindy's nipple. This caused Cindy to lick her lips. Rayne pulled Sara's foot away from Cindy's chest, slipped the suit off that leg, pinched Cindy's nipple with her left hand, and laid Sara's foot back on Cindy's chest. Rayne then repeated the process with Sara's other foot. Once the suit was off, Rayne stood back up and turned to the pool. As she approached to dive in, she looked at the house and saw me. She then turned and headed for me smiling. Sara and Cindy stayed transfixed on what was happening between them on Cindy's chest.  
  
"Hi honey," said Rayne. "Nice to see you. Thanks for the drinks." Her talking to me broke my trance on the whole scene as it did for the two girls. Cindy looked over at me smiled and dove into the water. Sara screamed and grabbing her towel covering herself as she curled into a ball.  
  
"Who is this?" asked Cindy as she came back above the water looking directly at my crotch.  
  
"This is my boyfriend, Ryan. I knew I forgot to mention something," sated Rayne, with a wicked smile. "He was who called earlier. I told him it would be ok for him to come over. Then I had you two think you were going to be alone. I was the one who suggested you tan in the nude. I knew that this would happen to him." With the last sentence, she pointed at my hard dick very visible in my suit. Then she stepped behind me and worked the suit down my legs to pool at my feet.  
  
"What are you doing?" I asked, dumbstruck. My dick was bouncing a little from its release.  
  
"Why should you be wearing something when the three of us are in the nude?" asked Rayne. She stepped back around in front of me, kissed me on the lips and stroked my cock twice. Then she took the tray away from me, handed me a drink, and guided me to a lounge chair by my cock. Once I was seated, she turned to Cindy, who had gotten out of the pool and was using her hands to dry off a little, saying, "I hope you like Ryan's margaritas." Then she set her drink down next to me and handed a drink to both Cindy and Sara. As Sara was reaching for the drink, Rayne snatched the towel away from her. Sara screamed again and tried to grab the towel back, but to no avail. I had a great view of both Rayne and Sara's tits jiggling from the struggle. Cindy joined Rayne in taking the towel away, so I got to see six tits bouncing from all the movement. I almost shot another load just from watching, especially after Sara was pulled off her chair and on top of her friend to kiss Cindy's right tit accidentally.  
  
Cindy then wrapped her arms and legs around Sara. Sara struggled a little, but when Cindy took Sara's head in her hands and forced her left tit into Sara's face Sara stopped struggling to get away. Rayne stepped over and sat right on my cock, facing away from me to watch the girls, causing her to scream out her most intense orgasm, even to this day. After the orgasm subsided she started riding me like there was no tomorrow. I lasted at least twenty minutes and gave her at least ten or more strong orgasms. The whole while that we were fucking like animals Cindy and Sara had slipped into a sixty-nine and ate each other to many orgasms. I would have lasted longer, but the girls stopped doing what they were doing and came to us. Sara crawled up between my legs on the lounge chair, spreading them and started to eat Rayne's pussy and lick my cock. Cindy wanted to have my tongue in her slippery pussy, so she laid the lounge all the way down and straddled my face facing Rayne's back. Just before I lost sight of anything but Cindy's gorgeous, firm as a snare drum, ass, I saw Cindy pull Rayne back a little to caress Rayne's tits and kiss her. I ate Cindy like it was my last meal. I even licked her backdoor for a few minutes. Cindy gushed over my face almost nonstop. Rayne could tell that I was about to spew and remembered that I was not wearing a condom climbed off and all three ladies bent to the task of getting me to come. Sara sucked my balls and slipped a finger in my asshole; Cindy moved to a sixty-nine position and deep throated me a couple times while Rayne turned around. Then there were two mouths working over my swollen head. Sara buried her finger in my ass and pressed toward my front, causing me to grunt loudly into Cindy's juicy cunt and blow my load onto my stomach and the upper slopes of Cindy's tits. Considering it was my second time in less than three hours, it was quite a load, three or four long pulses. Sara continued to massage my ass's inner walls. She and Rayne licked Cindy and I clean. After a thorough cleaning, Rayne started working her left hand around my flaccid cock and her right hand went to Sara's pussy. Cindy slid off my face and went to work eating Rayne's pussy. Sara never removed her finger from my ass. Within no time I was hard again from the front and rear stimulation plus the visual.  
  
Sara then asked, "Can I have a go on his rod?"  
  
Rayne answered by leaning over and kissing Sara. After the kiss Rayne helped Sara slide my steel member between her velvet lips. Sara started moving up and down slowly. I grabbed her hips to help guide her. Rayne then leaned over and started eating Cindy.  
  
After a few minutes of us being that way I lifted Sara off of me and moved her into a sixty-nine with me. I wanted to taste her. I ate Sara to orgasm then moved her off me again. I then lifted Rayne off of Cindy, who was lying on her back, and slid my cock into Cindy's sweet hairless pussy. Rayne leaned in and kissed me then kissed down my back. She then kissed down my ass crack and sucked in my balls for a couple of seconds. Then she got distracted by Sara fingering her pussy. I worked Cindy to orgasm three times then Cindy had me pull out saying that her pussy was starting to get sore. I wasn't done yet so I found Rayne on top of Sara in another sixty-nine.  
  
I had them stop and moved Sara over to the edge of the pool. She sat with half of her ass hanging over the edge and then had Cindy climb into the pool between Sara's legs. Rayne was allowed to resume the same position from moments before. Cindy and Rayne shared the feast of Sara's pussy. I moved behind Rayne and eased my hard cock into her hot pussy for a couple thrusts then pulled out and slowly pushed into her ass. The whole time I was fucking Rayne, Sara was alternating between licking Rayne's clit and sucking my balls. She continued doing that even while I fucked Rayne's ass.  
  
Once we all got off we needed a break. We each took a lounge and passed out. We woke up at around seven o'clock. Sara and Cindy panicked, dressed and ran.  
  
Rayne and I went inside, both slightly pink. I called work and left a message saying that I wasn't feeling any better and would not be in tomorrow. We then went up to her bed and made sweet love and fell asleep in each others arms.

**Rayne's Adventures Ch. 02**

I know in some ways this story should actually be called Ryan's adventure from the way it starts, but hold tight Rayne does show up.  
  
The days following the pool incident were filled with lounging next to the pool without clothes. That Thursday to the following Sunday Cindy and Sara visited us and they even stayed over Friday night. That was quite enjoyable, but it is not the second chapter. The second chapter in Rayne's Adventures took place about a month later.  
  
Just a little background first, one day about a week before the whole thing at the pool happened we were at school when a couple hot women walked past us. Andy, Rayne, and I were discussing something from the news that day when they walked by.  
  
We all stopped talking to admire the beauty of these two young women. Both of them looked like they had just left a swim class or meet. They were both brunette with short hair pulled into ponytails. The hair was stuck together because of the water. One of the girls was wearing a pair of jogging shorts, a bikini top and sandals. The other girl was wearing a pair of bib-overall shorts, a loose t-shirt and sandals. One of the straps for the bib was hanging loose.  
  
As soon as they were out of earshot, I said, "I think that certain girls wearing bib-overalls make them hot, just like that. It would be even hotter with out the shirt. Maybe a bikini top, to be wore that way, or nothing and the straps up for decency."  
  
"What if your girl wore it without a top and one or both straps unhooked?" asked Rayne. Looking back now I remember that she had a sly smile attached to that question.  
  
"At home certainly, but out in public I don't think so," I answered and Andy agreed. Little did I know about the future, right?  
  
A little more background before we get to the story. As I stated before, I lived in an apartment. The apartment was on the second floor in an apartment complex. I shared my front 'porch' and one wall with the neighboring apartment. The family that lived there was a single mother with her fraternal twin children. The kids were nineteen. The family was a typical family of Irish decent and devoutly Catholic.  
  
Mom was average height with red hair and green eyes. She had allowed the years to wear on her. When you looked at her you could see the underlying beauty but it got obscured quickly with her mouth. When we would pass on the walkway or stairs she would bark out some remark about me being evil. She worked two jobs and was rarely home which I was glad of. I dreaded bumping into her because she could be annoying. The whole thing was because she was trying to protect her kids, especially her daughter, from me. The funny thing was that she always wanted me to keep an eye on things when she was out working or with friends, which she did rarely.  
  
The teens were both above average height and athletic. The girl was a track and field star in high school and her brother was on the high school basketball team. The girl, Kathryn, Kitty to her friends, including me, had light red hair and bright green eyes. Her freckling was sparse. The boy, Wally short for Walter, was blond haired and blue eyed.  
  
The door to the apartment had a small wall to itself then the wall turned a corner and became one of the living room walls. The balcony was outside the far end of that wall. In this wall facing the 'porch' was a small window for viewing the 'porch', as the doors did not have peepholes.  
  
We all got into the habit of peeking out to see who was on the landing. I got to see whom the kids were hanging with. Their mother told me to make sure that neither entered the apartment by themselves and one person of the opposite gender. They got pissed at me a couple times cause of that rule, especially Wally.  
  
Kitty was very much a homebody and could be found at home most nights that she was not at practice. So it was never a surprise to see her peek out when I got home from work. Every so often I would see the curtain of the window fully open and she would be standing there, it seemed waiting for me to come home.  
  
One Friday, a month after the pool incident, I knew she was the only one home cause I saw her car, they all had beater cars. I had just got home from work. It was about 5:10.  
  
When I got to the landing the curtain was pulled aside and she was standing there as was her custom but this time she was topless. She apparently planned for more, but when she saw me she jumped out of sight and covered herself. Rayne went out of town for two weeks to visit friends. She left the Friday prior and was not supposed to get back until the following Saturday morning. I raced to the phone calling her to tell her what happened.  
  
Rayne was understandably turned on and pissed off. She was pissed because she was not there to see Kitty and she was turned on because I described Kitty's tits as milky white with freckles spread over them. Her nipples were excited, I thought. Remember I only got a glimpse.  
  
Kitty hid for the rest of the weekend. I went to the complex's pool and she ran when she saw me. Every night that week when I got home and the only car I saw was hers I would check, but I saw nothing.  
  
The next Friday the conditions were the same, she was the only one at home. At the bottom of the stairs, I saw that the curtain for that window was open. I carefully went up to my door and opened it. I turned to look into that apartment as I stepped into the door. She was standing there topless again. She jumped when I turned and went to hide as I disappeared into my apartment.  
  
This time I got a better view. Her tits were at least a C cup and perky, with very excited nipples. I was excited myself. I gave it a couple minutes then peeked out of the window to see her standing in plain view again. She was tweaking her nipples.  
  
I watched for a least a minute before she disappeared again. I grabbed the phone and called Rayne to give her an update on what was happening with me. She got into the same state as before and started to do phone sex with me. Just before I started to get undressed there was a knock on my door. I looked out to find Kitty standing there bouncing and happy. I apologized to Rayne and got off the phone.  
  
I had forgotten that Kitty and I had a video game date that night. We get together at least once a month to virtually beat the living shit out of each other, plus I allowed her to drink. I knew she was not going anyplace.  
  
I opened the door and she bounced in giving me a hug. "Remember no whining when I beat you," she commanded. She was wearing a pink tank top that showed the outline of her bra and a teal skirt that came down to her mid-thigh.  
  
"Hi, Kitty. That goes double for me. The beer's in the fridge. Can you get us some while I set up? "  
  
"Sure." She headed to the kitchen while I kicked on the TV and game system. "Let's play DOA," she called. She popped both cans in there. And I think she downed one right there because I heard another can open before she came out carrying only two cans. We settled in and commenced virtually beating the living shit out of each other.  
  
The rule to the big game between us was that who ever lost the match had to drink a whole can. (The benefits of having a rich girlfriend who was willing to keep my fridge full of beer.) Basically the loser of enough games became the loser of the night.  
  
After a few games we were even and both a little drunk. I was still a little horny from the earlier stuff, so I suggested that we up the ante.  
  
"Hey, I have an idea. How about we play for clothing instead of drinking a can?" I slurred. She gave me a dubious look. "I promise on, whatever you want me to, that I will not try to take advantage of you in any way. That includes not touching you. You can even keep your panties on. I'm going to count my socks and shoes as one item."  
  
She finished off the beer she had while contemplating the idea. As she threw the can into the bag near the TV, she said, with a smile, "What the hell. You only live once and I wouldn't mind seeing you in just a pair of briefs."  
  
The next round was the beginning of the new game. She swept the match and I lost my footwear. I swept the next match and she stepped out of her skirt to reveal a pair of rainbow colored panties. She spun around once to show off her panties which were a thong. The next few matches were a real fight. We were going all out always taking it to three rounds.  
  
The third match was won by me and she slipped her tank top off to reveal her pink bra and a lot of smooth white skin. With a lucky punch she took the next match and I took off my shirt. The next match was for all the marbles. I lost again with a stupid leg sweep.  
  
"Well, this has been fun," I said with a grin. "Now, it's time for your prize." I stood up in front of the TV and she stayed seated on the couch. I undid the button and unzipped my pants slowly, to tease her. When the zipper was all the way down I pushed the pants down. I kept my eyes on her face as they fell.  
  
I had failed to tell Kitty that the Monday after Rayne and I met Sara and Cindy, Rayne had come over and shredded all my underwear. I know I could have gone and bought more but the feeling of unrestricted movement was great, plus Rayne would have destroyed them too. Rayne had destroyed all of her underwear on the night that Sara and Cindy stayed over.  
  
Kitty's jaw dropped to the floor and her eyes started zooming up and down my body stopping at my hard dick every time for at least a second before moving on again. All I did was grin and kick my pants over with my other clothing.  
  
"Hey!" I said trying to snap her out of her shock. I walked into the kitchen and got us a couple more beers. After getting the beers, bringing them back into the room, opening hers and sitting down, she finally moved.  
  
"You know you're a shit? Why didn't you tell me you weren't wearing underwear? I've never been in a room with a naked man," she stammered and slammed the beer.  
  
"Okay I should have told you, but fair's fair. You know and I know that I saw you topless in your window twice. I thought I would show you my appreciation."  
  
"Can I touch it?" she asked, leaning towards me.  
  
"How about another match? If you win I let you touch me and stroke me then I'll masturbate for you. If I win you lose the bra. I would love to see you chest in all its glory up close and personal. I still will not touch you, promise."  
  
She lustily said yes almost instantly. We grabbed our controllers and fought. I barely won. She looked a little crestfallen as she stood up and faced me. She quickly unhooked and threw the bra onto her shirt and skirt under the porch window. I was a gentleman in that I did not whistle or hoot. I did however get up and lean closer to see the freckles near her nipples.  
  
We sat down and each had a beer while we watched the game demo. She turned to me and said, lust heavy in her voice, "I want to see you masturbate. If the only way that is going to happen is by me beating you in this game, then I have a bet to make with you." That's when the phone rang. I hopped up and grabbed it. Rayne was on the other end.  
  
"Hey, baby," she said. "Guess what? I'm coming home early. I want to go out dancing tonight. I should be back there by ten and we can hit the clubs by midnight. How does that sound?"  
  
"Great! I'm always up for clubbing," I answered. I made sure to stroke myself enough to stay hard. "I'm here playing games with Kitty. Nothing really special happening. I'll see you soon, my little superstar." Then I hung up. That's how we converse on the phone unless we are having phone sex.  
  
I sat back down and Kitty spoke up again, "The bet is if I win you let me touch and stroke you then you masturbate and I choose which movie we watch. If you win I will take off my panties, let you look at me and you get to choose the movie. Either way we stay as clothed as we will be during the movie. Once it's over we dress and I go home. Do you accept my terms?"  
  
I rolled the deal around in my head for about a minute before accepting. Each round was a fight. We would just keep countering and blocking. Each round took at least five minutes. I took the first round with a jab to her character's chest. Kitty dropped my guy with a well placed kick just as I was going to punch her guy. The final round went for a long time but I was able to plant a right uppercut into her guy's gut to finish the match.  
  
She tried to rant about me cheating but I showed her quickly that I did nothing of the sort. We both knew that she was trying to find ways to not have to take the underwear off. After I showed her that I had not cheated she finally stood up in front of the TV and quickly pulled her last garment off. She threw them on top of her other clothes and stepped close to me. I could smell her arousal and I really wanted to taste her, but I kept my hands and mouth away. She was cover sparsely by light red hair. Her thin lips were slightly spread from the blood flow there.  
  
"Can I see your clit?" I asked gently. She looked into my eyes, saw my lust as I saw hers and used her left hand to pull the hood back. Her clit was standing out begging me to touch it. I sat on my hands instead. After a couple seconds her hand started to rub her sensitive nub. That is when I stood up and around her. "Thank you. If Rayne saw that she would have buried her face into you right away then after getting you off talking you into shaving." I grabbed one of my favorite porn discs and slipped it into the DVD player. Apparently my moving and speaking caused her to realize what she was doing and she stopped. While the disc was loading I went to the kitchen for more drinks and she sat on the couch. She was sitting like she was waiting for a review from a military officer, her posture was that rigid, nipples even more rigid.  
  
I got back in front of the TV just as the menu for the disk came up and I started the movie. I sat while the screen was dark and handed her a beer. She took a sip as the cheesy acting started on screen. She relaxed and took another sip as the guy that was driving the car put his hand into the crotch of the woman in the passenger seat. The woman lifted her ass off the seat and pulled her skirt up and spread her legs. The man's middle finger disappeared inside her as Kitty realized what we were watching. She spit her mouthful of beer out in shock.  
  
"I don't want to watch porn with you while we are both like this!" she exclaimed almost spilling her beer as she rounded on me.  
  
"It's the movie I chose and we are like this because you lost. Not my fault."  
  
I turned back to the screen as the woman lost her top and leaned over to suck his cock. He was still driving. I started to stroke myself and get into the movie. Kitty finished her beer and glared at me. She finally turned back to the screen as the driver pulled his car over and they both got out to fuck on the hood of the car. Kitty got up, ran into the kitchen and cam back with two beers for each of us. I was stroking myself slowly the whole time they moved around the car on screen and she did that.  
  
Just as the money shot was coming I glanced over at Kitty and saw she was finger fucking herself quickly. That is when the phone rang. I glanced at the clock to my surprise it was only 7:30. I thought that it should have been close to nine.  
  
It was Rayne. "Hi honey, I'm pulling into your parking lot right now. I can she your staircase right now." My eyes must have looked like dish plates because Kitty, who had continued to work herself to orgasm, stopped and gave me a questioning look. "I'll be up there soon."  
  
"You're back so soon. I thought you said you would be back at ten," I said a little defensibly. Kitty jumped up and went for her clothes. I stopped her so no noise could be broadcast through the phone. "It's great that you are back so soon, though."  
  
"I know I said ten, but I had planned on having dinner with Val then. Now I want to have you as dinner then as a movie snack and again at the club. We haven't been together for almost a week. I need my fix of the Rod. I haven't had any in almost two weeks." That is what she and the others have taken to calling my member.  
  
"OK, see you soon." I hung up and Kitty tried to grab her clothing as we heard Rayne's first step on the stairs. "No time. Go to the balcony. She will come in grab a drink in the kitchen go to the bathroom and then start playing with herself on the bed until I touch her. That is her standard. I'll get you your clothes when she hits the bathroom and you can sneak back to your place when we go into the bedroom."  
  
She tried to argue, but a knock on the door stopped her. She scrambled to the balcony. I grabbed my boxing shorts that I stored near the door so I would not offend anyone. I opened the door as I finished pulling them up. They were horrible tented.  
  
Rayne was standing there wearing a pair of black sandals on her feet and a pair of bib overall shorts. I could not tell if she had something on under the bib. I was stunned at how beautiful she looked. The bib went from midway up her chest down to her hips. The short portion was about an inch below her crotch. She spun to show off the back. The straps came straight off the waist band of the shorts and were a little thinner than normal by about half. Almost half of her ass was visible too. When she spun back she had one of the straps undone and she tossed it over her shoulder. The bib fell away quickly to expose the right side from hip up. She quickly undid the left and the bib fell to below her knees. The shorts part held up on her hips until she shimmed and they fell. She stepped out of them backwards, bent over at the waist and picked them up. She kicked off her shoes and picked them up too. She then stepped up to me and kissed me deeply. She broke the kiss with a longing moan and stepped into the apartment.  
  
She dropped her burden near the kitchen table as I closed the door. Whatever firmness I lost from her shocking phone call was back from that display. She headed to the kitchen and pulled out a beer. That was odd because she rarely drank and when she did it was either wine or hard liquor. She walked out of the kitchen into the living room to see that I had forgotten to turn off the DVD. "I'm going to the balcony. I want to see if there is any sun to be had here. It may be time to get you out of here," she stated as she walked through the living room.  
  
She got to the door before I said, "What about going pee? My bed?"  
  
"Don't need to pee and we could fuck out there," she said and opened the door. I followed her out. She went to my lounge chair and sat down. Kitty was trying to press herself through the walls in the corner. I tried to signal her into going inside, dressing and leaving while we are out here. She refused and Rayne saw me gesturing. Rayne looked around and saw Kitty. Kitty was almost the same shade as her hair from head to toe.  
  
"Hello. Kitty, right?" Rayne asked, standing to face the other naked woman. Kitty nodded. "I think we need to talk. If we all head inside please." Kitty took off and was sitting on my couch in what seemed like two seconds. Before I could move Rayne stopped me and whispered, "Go in and sit close enough to her to have your leg touching her." I did as I was told sitting on her left.  
  
Rayne came in and paced in front of us a couple times before turning to look at us, then she sat on Kitty's other side. She then turned to face us and surprised me by lifting her right hand to Kitty's left tit and leaning in to kiss Kitty. A couple seconds later I found my hand was on Kitty's thigh moving up toward her crotch. Rayne broke their kiss and knelt in front of me. Her hand never left Kitty's chest. She deep throated me and Kitty kissed me. After a couple minutes of hard concentration I stopped both and laid on the floor.  
  
Rayne straddled my lap and slid me inside her. Both Rayne and I encouraged Kitty to sit on my face. I got close to cumming before Kitty sat on my face. She tasted sweet and young. Because of how aroused she had gotten herself before Rayne showing up I was able to give her her first orgasm of the night. Rayne had stopped going up and down on me and was rocking her clit over my pelvic bone. It kept me hard with out cumming and got her closer to her own orgasm.

After the second orgasm ripped through Kitty, she fell over onto the floor and watched. By then I was ready for a hard pounding and Rayne had gotten off once herself. We hit hard, probably annoying the downstairs neighbor. We rocketed into bliss together. We had given up on condoms with the way we were with each other. I still used condoms with our other partners.  
  
Sometime while we were focused on each other Kitty had started playing with her clit again. A couple seconds after we came she did to, this time squirting about five feet right at us. It hit Rayne just above her belly button and rained on me the whole time. We both rubbed it into our skin and licked our hands. Kitty came over to us and started licking our bodies. Rayne rolled off me and right into a sixty-nine with Kitty.  
  
I slid back to watch and wait until I could rejoin them. They continued to enjoy each other and I did not take long to get hard again. Rayne was on top of Kitty. I slid between Rayne's legs and adjusted her enough for me to bury myself in her again. Kitty's mouth almost became a vacuum on my balls as I entered Rayne. My insertion caused Rayne to moan deeply into Kitty's pussy, which in turn caused Kitty to moan over my balls. As I started to move Kitty let go of my balls and used her hands on our crotches. Her moaning and groaning in ecstasy was pushing us to our own orgasms as much as herself.  
  
After a couple minutes of watching me fuck Rayne, Kitty stopped Rayne's mouth and pulled my cock from Rayne's pussy. She rolled over causing Rayne to move away. As soon as she was on her knees she had her mouth around my cock. She worked it with enthusiasm but not much technique. Rayne slowed her down and started to direct her in giving a great blow job. Kitty was still not as good as Rayne, but it was a lot better than just having her slobber over everything.  
  
While she had one hand and her mouth on my crotch her other hand was on hers. After a couple minutes Rayne suggested I fuck her. Kitty stopped and looked at Rayne saying, "I've never been with a man, let alone in the same room as a naked man."  
  
"It will be alright. We have both been checked out and are healthy plus we have condoms for these kinds of things," answered Rayne, very reassuringly. "You'll love it."  
  
Kitty looked between us and then down at herself. Her hands had minds of their own. Her left was tweaking her tits and her right was rubbing her clit causing her hips to buck. "Will you go gently?" she asked in a little girl voice.  
  
"I will be as gentle as a field mouse," I almost whispered. Kitty then laid back still playing with herself. Rayne grabbed a cushion from the couch and a towel from somewhere. She lifted Kitty's ass off the floor and slid the towel covered cushion under. Then she put a condom on me. This took no more than ten seconds.  
  
I moved in between Kitty's legs and pressed my hard-on over her pussy to give her a feel of it down there. I then slid it up and down a couple times before placing the head at her opening. Rayne's hand replaced Kitty's on her clit as I started to enter. I pushed in slowly allowing her body to adapt to the three inch width. If she moaned wrong I stopped until she was ready for more. Once I was all the way in I held there for a second then slowly moved back out. Kitty was writhing from another orgasm as my head came to the opening. I plunged back in a little faster. I got about half way in again when she screamed, "Fuck me! Fuck me fast!"  
  
Rayne and I exchanged a glance and a smirk before I started to plow into Kitty like she was the last woman on Earth. Rayne's fingers were flying on both Kitty's and her own clit. Kitty's pussy muscles were rippling around my cock as she was in an orgasm that never stopped. The pressure from that and hearing Rayne explode again finally caused me to cum again. This was a very intense release for me. I almost fainted from it.  
  
I collapsed backward causing my dick to pull out of Kitty with an audible pop. Rayne had stopped her manipulations when she came. Kitty was laying back catching her breath and trying to see us. Her body was not moving but her head would lift about an inch then fall back again. Rayne had fallen on her butt to lean on the couch.  
  
We all caught our breath at the same time. I turned to Rayne asking, "What were you planning for tonight? Could it be postponed until tomorrow?" I had a gleam in my eye.  
  
Rayne crawled over and removed my condom before answering, "Just wanted to see a movie and go dancing. I think I got more exercise here than if we went out. I think we need to teach Kitty a couple things before the night is out. What about you? Kitty, are you done for the night or would you like to have more fun with us?"  
  
"I think there is a lot more to teach," I said.  
  
"I want to feel him inside me again! That was the best I have ever felt!" exclaimed Kitty. She sat up with a huge smile on her face. Rayne stood and helped me to my feet. We then helped Kitty to her feet and I lifted her into my arms to carry her to my bed. Once we were all ready again we enjoyed each other through out the night. At about two in the morning we passed out. In the morning Kitty slipped back to her home leaving her clothes behind and Rayne described her plans for that night to me while laying on top of me.

**Rayne's Adventures Ch. 03**

Because of the long hours I had been doing at work plus all the fun that was had by Rayne, Kitty, and myself the night before, I slept hard and long. When I woke I found nobody in bed with me. With my fuzzy mind I thought that all that happened between Kitty, Rayne and I was a dream. Then my hand found a wet spot. I think Rayne got herself off before leaving the bed, I never asked.  
  
I shuffled out of the bedroom and took a leak. After the bathroom I headed for the kitchen. I looked at the clock it was around noon. I found a note from Rayne on the counter near the fridge saying that there was breakfast in the microwave just press start. I did and when it was done pulled out a plate of eggs and sausage. I sucked them up like a vacuum. Once the food was gone and I was almost fully awake, I looked in every room, including the rooms I had been through already, for her and I could not find her. The last door I looked behind was the one to the balcony. She was lying on her back and had her eyes closed, not a stitch of clothing covering her bronzed skin. I was nude too.  
  
I started to get hard at seeing her. I realized that I was standing in full view of my neighbor across the way. She was an older woman, probably in her late forties or early fifties, who just smiled and looked. That got me harder. Rayne made no move of acknowledgement until I cleared my throat. Rayne was not visible to the neighbor because the lounge was down and the balcony wall blocked the view.  
  
She turned to me with a smile and said, "Hey there, sleepy head. You do know everyone can see you?" In answer I pointed at my half-mast cock and nodded. "I would have figured that The Rod would still be tired with the way Kitty and I worked it last night," she said and stood up. She turned to wave to the neighbor, I never learned the woman's name, then pushed me back into the apartment. "I think you'll love what I have planned for tonight but I can't have you horny and hard all day. I'm going to fuck you then I'll get dressed." As she finished speaking she kissed me and kicked the door closed. She hopped up and wrapped her legs around my waist quickly engulfing my now rock hard shaft into her steaming love box. With the intensity of how she was going I did not last long. After I came she continued kissing me and stayed on my deflating dick until we both felt my come running out. She climbed off and ran to the bathroom, slamming the door. A minute later I heard the toilet flush and then the shower turn on.  
  
That is when I noticed the mess that the apartment had turned into. I am kind of a neat freak. I wiped myself off and grabbed a pair of sweatpants before starting to clean. I had found early in my relationship with Rayne a cleaning solvent that made easy work of any sexual stain, and there were plenty in the carpet, couch, and cushions. Rayne's housekeeper, Kira, pronounced like the actress Keira Knightly, turned me onto it. I stripped the bed and put the sheets and towel from the living room into a pile ready to be washed. I used the solvent on the mattress too. Rayne had come out of the shower wrapped in a towel and sat on the couch and started watching TV as I was working in the bedroom. Once the bed was made and everything else was back in order I took my shower.  
  
While I was in the shower the phone rang. Rayne answered. She talked for a couple minutes then told me that it was Alex after she had hung up with him. We had told him about our relationship at class the week following our meeting Sara and Cindy.  
  
When I got out I found her wearing her bib-overall shorts sitting on the couch watching TV. I put on a pair of khaki shorts that hung to my shins and a white T-shirt with the saying, 'This Is My Lucky Shirt', and a shamrock in Irish green on the front. I went into the kitchen and made some nachos for us and we zoned out together for a couple hours.  
  
In the middle of that time I took the sheets to the apartment complex's wash room and watched the pool. Nothing interesting was happening. There were two couples and a few kids. The younger couple started to make out, but left soon after, I think they wanted to do something more and were not as adventurous as Rayne and I were. The other couple, the parents of the kids, called the kids out of the pool and they too left. Washing clothes or sheets is very boring. Once everything was washed and dried I took them back. On the stairs I ran into Wally, Kitty's brother, running to his car. He grunted with exasperation at me. He quit speaking to me about a year earlier when I stopped him from taking his prom date into the apartment that he shared with his family. I sat and zoned again when I got into the apartment. Every time I even laid my hand on hers she would move away, not that she did not want to touch me, but she wanted us to be relatively fresh for the night.  
  
At five she got up and went into the bedroom. After I heard her swearing, I went in to find her digging through the clothes I had piled at the bottom of my closet. She was bent over at the waist and had more than half the clothes out of the closet. That pile was the laundry for winter clothes, since it was so warm I had not needed any of it so it piled until I got around to it. Sometimes other clothing will end up in there.  
  
"What are you looking for?" I asked, moving to straighten the clothing.  
  
"I thought that my white top and skirt were here. I didn't see them hanging or in your drawers," she answered through her legs. At the mention of drawers, I looked at them. They were all open and in as much disarray as a junkyard. I started cleaning the room up while she continued to dig through the clothes in the closet. At the very bottom of the pile was what she was looking for.  
  
The top and skirt were made of a type of spandex and would cling to her tightly. The top ran the full length of both her arms and came down barely to the bottom of her breastbone and went up to her neck. It was so tight that her nipples were visible all the time. The skirt barely covered her ass and if she had hair down there it would have been very visible, it was so tight.  
  
She held them up, shook them out, smelled them then undid the straps to her present clothing. The shorts fell just as quickly as the day before. She put the skirt on first then the top, and then she pulled her shorts back up and on. She looked almost presentable. After dressing she kissed me and headed into the bathroom. It took me about fifteen minutes to put the room back in order. I went back to the TV and she still had not come out or so I thought.  
  
Close to six there was a knock at the door. I got up to get it. Kitty was standing there wearing a pair of skin-tight super low-rise jeans with a thong sitting high on her hips and a top similar to Rayne's. The jeans and top were black, the thong was light red. On her feet was a pair of black heeled boots that came half way to her knees. The legs of the jeans were inside the boots. The black made her fair complexion and her hair stand out that much more. Her hair was pulled back and up into an elegant coif. While I stood there gaping at Kitty, Rayne walked over and grinned.  
  
"I forgot to tell you that I invited Kitty to go with us tonight," she said, pulling Kitty into the room. "While you were sleeping, I got up and saw her clothes still here. So I dressed in one of your shirts and your door shorts to take them back. I knocked and her brother answered. After he got Kitty I gave her the clothes back and invited her to come out with us tonight. Now you need to change into what is laid on your bed."  
  
"I had better, since I would look like a dork dressed like this and you two like the hotties you are," I said with a grin. Apparently she had snuck out of the bathroom without my knowing. I headed into the bedroom to find Rayne had chosen for me a nice white polo shirt and a pair of black slacks. I got into them and my black dancing shoes quickly. Rayne had given Kitty a black leather coat that would not even reach her navel if she closed it. As I stepped out of the bedroom there was another knock on the door. On the other side was Alex. He was in a black polo and white slacks. His shoes were black.  
  
Alex has been my friend ever since I defended him to his father at the family business. I was working for his dad at the time. We bumped into each other spilling paperwork and boxes on the floor. We laughed about it while cleaning it up. His dad took exception to the laughter and told Alex to stop laughing. I stood up for him saying that we were both laughing and other such things. I quit right then. I went to work where Alex was employed and eventually we moved out to California as roommates. While out here we hit our stride and we got our own apartments.  
  
Alex is about six foot two and weighs about two hundred pounds. His light brown hair has always been worn short and spiky. He has bright green eyes and smiles easily. His features could, if he wanted to, get him an acting or modeling career. Both Rayne and I think he looks better than Brad Pitt.  
  
"We almost look like the negative of each other," he quipped, stepping in. As soon as he saw Kitty he froze, gaping. She smiled shyly back. Rayne smoothly slid next to him and closed his mouth. "Thanks, Rayne," he mumbled coming out of he trance. "Nice whale tail, Kat." He was the only one who called Kitty, Kat. He had met Kitty before and even been part of a game night, so had Rayne. All four of us had played one night, girls against the guys; girls won.  
  
"What's a whale tail?" asked Kitty. I had smirked at his comment and truly smiled when she asked.  
  
"Whale tail is a slang reference to thong underwear being worn above the waistband of the pants. This is generally done by women, as men rarely wear thongs," recited Rayne. "The back of the thong sweeps up over the hips from the center making it look like a whale's tail." To emphasize the last point Rayne ran her hand over the straps of Kitty's thong. Kitty shivered at the touch.  
  
Rayne then took off the denim she was wearing and put on her soft leather white boots. The boots came up to her knees with a heel that added an inch to her height. She rarely wears heels when she goes out with me.  
  
Once she was ready we headed out the door. Rayne and Kitty went and got in Rayne's gray Mercedes Benz, the more sedate of her two cars. Alex and I walked down and out of the complex, just in case Kitty's mom came home, none of us wanted to talk to her. Rayne picked us up at the corner. Rayne and Kitty were sitting in the front seats, the guys in the back, Andy behind Kitty and I was behind Rayne. I leaned forward and kissed Rayne on the cheek before we started moving. Apparently when she got in her skirt rode up to her hips because it looked more like a belt and if anyone looked in they would have been able to see her womanhood in all its glory.  
  
I was a little surprised she did that with Alex in the car. She had started to drive or ride everywhere with her bare ass on the seat just after the pool incident. I always got excited seeing her so that and this time was no exception. I realized she was planning much more before the night was out and she wanted Alex to know what the night was going to be like right from the start. Kitty looked at my face seeing the surprise there and smiled, placing her left hand on Rayne's thigh and rubbed it a little.  
  
We headed to the movie theater nearby getting there quickly. Rayne never goes the speed limit; most of the time she goes almost double the posted speed limit. Once we were parked Rayne fixed her skirt as she got out and went to the trunk pulling a white leather jacket, similar to the one Kitty was wearing, out and putting it on. I gave her a questioning look and she answered, "I know it's going to be cold in there. I may as well look a little presentable."  
  
Rayne hooked her arm with mine and Kitty did the same with Alex. He was more than happy to act like they were on a date. Rayne bought the tickets and we entered the lobby. Rayne then handed Alex and Kitty twenty dollars each and gave me enough to buy the large soda, a box of Starburst and a box of Gummi bears we always get to share. That started the very first time we went to the movies, our second date. After distributing the money she left us for the restroom. Kitty handed her money to Alex asking him to get her a small popcorn and medium coke then went to the restroom too. Alex and I smirked at each other then stood in line.  
  
The lobby of the theater is a big open space about a thousand square feet. There are two concession stands on opposite sides of the lobby. The restrooms are around the corner from the stands. Alex and I got our stuff and headed to the auditorium down the hall at the back of the lobby, away from the restrooms. There are twelve auditoriums in the building. The movie we were seeing was in the largest. There were a few people scattered through out the room.  
  
Alex and I found seats in the second row of the stadium seating section. The nearest people to us were five or six rows back and about a dozen seats down the row. He and I sat a seat apart and started talking of whatever we needed to discuss. A couple minutes later Rayne and Kitty came in. They both had their jackets buttoned up and Kitty looked a little nervous.  
  
Rayne had me move over another seat away from Alex and sat in my original seat, Kitty took the original open seat. We talked for the last few minutes about our lives catching each other up. The previews started when Rayne unbuttoned her jacket half way. I always seemed to watch her as much as what ever we watched. I did it earlier that day at my place and I was doing it again right there. One of the previews was very bright from the screen and I noticed skin under the jacket. I knew that the top she had been wearing did not show skin above her abs, so without shock I assumed she had taken the top off in the restroom and replaced the jacket on her shoulders. I just could not figure where the top went.  
  
Rayne saw me and smiled, while her hands unbuttoned the rest. She had not shown a thing yet and I was already getting hard. I glanced at Kitty and saw that her jacket too was unbuttoned then. Her jacket was hanging open wider than Rayne's and I saw the skin between her breasts. Her face was a mixture of fear, excitement and lust. Fear of getting caught, excitement about doing something that is socially wrong and lust at the thought of those people that could see her.  
  
Rayne opened the jacket as the movie started showing the room her gorgeous C-cup tits, Kitty had not moved hers. Alex noticed and was riveted. He would continuously steal glances at her bared chest. Rayne's hands had found there way onto her neighbors legs. We sat and smiled watching the movie and looking at Rayne for about half an hour. Rayne took the jacket off at that time. Alex's eyes were bugging from his head at how daring she was being.  
  
Kitty would flick the edges of the coat but seemed afraid until she saw Rayne take her jacket off. She finally bared her chest to the room. Alex had quit watching the movie all together by this time. Rayne's hand had made contact with my hard cock through the pants and stopped moving. Her other hand was in Kitty's crotch.  
  
We sat again for a while with out moving except Alex. He was almost jumping for joy and trying to be nonchalant about getting his hard dick into a more comfortable position.  
  
Rayne upped the ante again by pulling her skirt up to her waist and spreading her legs a little. Kitty finally took her jacket off too. If Alex had been calming down at all, this caused him to squirm again. I did not see Rayne's expression when she looked at him but I think she gave him a wicked grin. When she sat back and I saw his face I smiled and shrugged. Then Rayne's hands were working to extricate my hard cock.  
  
Kitty, finally letting her lust take control, had undone her pants and pushed them down enough to get to her pussy easily. Rayne started to stroke me slowly with her near hand and the far hand slid into Kitty's waistband, pushing the pants and thong passed Kitty's knees and letting them fall to pool around her ankles. Kitty and Rayne worked in tandem to finger fuck Kitty's juicy cunt. From what I could see Rayne's hand was near Kitty's clit and Kitty's hand was between her legs. Rayne's hand was continually moving in different directions.  
  
Kitty slid one of her hands into Rayne's crotch at the same time I put my hand there too. Rayne slouched down in the chair and spread her legs farther apart. I inserted a finger into her pussy and Kitty started to rub the clit. Kitty would change the pace and direction of her movements on Rayne's clit similar to what Rayne was doing to her. She would go fast in a clockwise direction then stop and go slow the other way then a medium speed up and down on it. My fingers explored Rayne's lips with little pinches and pulls. I would slide my fingers into her hot little box and feel her spot developing. I knew if I pressed on it she would get off, but instead I teased her with the pressure I placed all around it. I even slid my middle finger into her anus which brought her almost to orgasm. I stopped her hand on my cock so I could lean forward a little to use my other hand on her. I then took the middle finger that had been in her ass and replaced it there. I put the middle finger of my other hand inside her hot cunt and pressed into the spot. This caused Rayne to explode. I was surprised at her self-control. She did not make a sound higher than a whisper throughout her orgasm.  
  
Kitty was not far behind. As Rayne was getting off Kitty had taken her hand back and was using it to fondle her creamy white tits. The hand she had at her own pussy was the only hand still there at the end. She had at least two fingers buried in her and her thumb was on her clit. She was plunging her fingers in like there was no tomorrow. Rayne had gotten enough control on herself to watch. She placed her hand covered in Kitty's juices over Kitty's mouth as Kitty came. She was loud, but Rayne's hand muffled her enough. Her body contorted forcing her pelvis up off the seat and her pussy quite visible to all that wanted to look. She was parallel to the floor from neck to crotch. There was one small squirt from between those engorged lips before she sat down again. The liquid for her pussy landed on the seat in front of her. I still get a smile from thinking the next person to sit there was going to get a surprise.  
  
Once Kitty was more in control of herself we all composed and redressed ourselves. It was perfect timing, the movie was just finishing up as Rayne and Kitty closed up more than half the buttons of their jackets. I think Alex sat there watching us in stunned silence the whole time. I am a little surprised he did not touch Kitty.  
  
We left the auditorium and separated into the restrooms. Alex and I were out before the ladies, as is usual. "Ryan, what the fuck happened in there?" he asked me in a whisper.  
  
"That is Rayne's favorite fantasy. It goes farther than that too," I whispered back with a devilish grin. He looked at me like he had never seen me before. Before he could say anything I confessed, "Actually that was the first time we did anything in a movie theater. We've talked about what we would like to do. We would go to a movie that was empty and strip at the beginning of the movie and play, tease, suck and fuck throughout the movie. What happened in there was all about teasing you and me. I have no doubt you and I both will be fucking both before the night's out."  
  
"But? How? Why?" he stammered. Then he calmed himself and said, "What the fuck is your relationship to Rayne and how did Kitty come into it?"  
  
I led him outside and briefly laid out what my life has been like since Rayne came into. I did not go into as much detail as I do here, but his facial expression went from being angry and pissed off to admiration and a little envy. I saw the envy and reassured him that he should not be jealous because Rayne wants him in the circle. That is the reason she invited him out with us tonight.

The ladies came out and we headed back to the car. The ladies had there jackets buttoned up half way. To the casual observer they looked like they were wearing low cut tops under the jackets. At the car Rayne opened the trunk and threw her jacket in. Kitty did it too, but she gave a furtive look around before she did. I had calmed down while the ladies had been in the restroom, but seeing their chests bared to the world in that parking lot caused my cock to reverse course again, sometimes Rayne can give me the worst blue balls. We climbed in the same as before. Rayne made a show of pulling her skirt up around her waist as she sat.  
  
We headed for The Haven, the nightclub that we went to quite often. The parking lot to the Haven is in the back of the club. Also in the back of the club is the smoker's area. The club itself is a two story affair with four different rooms inside. There are two rooms set up to allow everyone in to dance. The other rooms are age specific. One is for those eighteen to twenty-one and the other is for those twenty-one and over.  
  
The top floor is divided into three rooms with a bar in each. The bottom floor is a huge room easily two thousand square feet with a dance floor that cover at least half of it. There were three bars on that floor also. Two of the six bars served only nonalcoholic drinks; that is the bar in the minor's room and one of the three on the bottom floor. The bar in the over twenty-one room only sold alcoholic beverages and the rest sold both. There were some Goth undertones to the club because it was originally a Goth club, hence the name. It converted about a year before to the club is was and is today.  
  
Rayne pulled into a parking spot right next to the smoker's area. She smiled and waved at someone she knew, still topless. She said that the tops were in trunk with the jackets. Kitty was trying to hide herself in the foot well and was bright red.  
  
"Why did I listen to you?" she hissed at Rayne.  
  
"Because you knew what I suggested sounded like fun," answered Rayne. She then got out of the car and walked to the back. All the while virtually naked. Her skirt was still hiked up to her waist and her tits were jiggling. I noticed a few guys glance over at her and their eyes lock on her body. I smiled and got out to see what else she was going to do. Alex mumbled something to Kitty and got out too.  
  
Rayne was buried in the trunk to her waist, skirt still up when I got back there. She was talking to herself to quietly for me to hear or maybe she was singing. After about a minute she came back out of the trunk with two things in her hands. One was her top and the other was a band of elastic. She handed me the elastic and put her top on. After smoothing the top over her hard nipples she smoothed her skirt back over her ass. Once she was dressed again she kissed me and took back the elastic. She then undid my pants and let them fall to my knees. She took the band and wrapped it around my waist and tied it. She then slipped my hard dick under it to be held closer to my body. After she was done with the band she walked to the front of the car to talk to a friend that was smoking. I pulled my pants up as Alex grabbed Kitty's top and closed the trunk.  
  
There were a couple people that had walked by while Rayne and I did that, they watched us as they walked. Once while Rayne was in the trunk a guy stopped and stared until the girl with him dragged him onward. I got pinched on the ass just before I pulled my pants up by a girl that probably had just turned eighteen within the previous two months.  
  
I went to the front of the car to find Rayne talking with one of the attendants from her spa, Amber. I had met Amber the last time Rayne went to the Sierra health spa. She is about five foot six and seemed to be a runner. Kitty and Amber became friends over the last five years.  
  
Her blonde hair hung to the middle of her back. She was wearing a green dress that hung to mid-thigh and exposed her whole back. It was held up by a knot behind her neck and showed some cleavage. On her feet was a pair of flat dressy sandals in a slightly darker green than her dress.  
  
"We just came from the movies," stated Rayne as I walked up.  
  
"Hey, Amber, how are you doing? I didn't expect to see you until she needed to be cleaned," I said with an easy smile. I stepped next to Rayne, pulling her to me, and looked in the car. Alex had handed Kitty her top and she was frantically trying to pull it on. It was clinging in the wrong spots and he was trying to help. In the process his hands brushed her tits a few times.  
  
"I'm doing great, Ryan. I'm giving myself one last weekend on partying with smoking added to the mix. On Monday I'm quitting. I have friends who are going to make sure I don't cave into a craving," Amber said bringing my attention back to the two women near me. Rayne had her hand on my hard-on and was squeezing it while she watched the crowd.  
  
"That's great!" exclaimed Rayne. "I knew you should quit but I didn't want to impose my ideals on you." Kitty and Alex finally came up to us. "Amber these are our friends, Kathryn and Alex." They smiled and waved. "Now that we're all ready I think it would be best if we got inside. See you later Amber." And we walked around the building to the entrance of the club.  
  
Again Rayne paid. I would have but on our first date Rayne told me that my money was to buy her presents and nothing else, she was going to pay for everything else. We entered the bottom floor and Rayne lead us up the stairs and to a dark corner of the all age room on the top floor. My feet had started to move to the beat as soon as we entered the building.  
  
After settling at the table in that corner Rayne handed me money to get all of us alcoholic drinks. Remember Kitty was only nineteen at that time. Rayne assured me Kitty was going to be okay and pushed me away. Alex came with and we got two sex-on-the-beaches for the ladies, a tequila sunrise for Alex and a whiskey sour for me. We took the drinks back to the table. I grabbed Rayne's hand and pulled her to the floor before she could take a sip of her drink.  
  
We danced and ground up on each other. Her skirt continually rode up when she was grinding her ass into my crotch. Sometimes she would smooth it back down before turning around but there were times when she would leave it as it was. Kitty and Alex joined us on the dance floor soon after. Rayne and Kitty would change partners every so often. Alex's hands were wandering all over both there bodies while he danced and enjoyed the dirty dancing.  
  
We danced for close to forty-five minutes before taking a seat again. We were all covered in sweat and almost downed our drinks in one pull. We discussed things I do not remember now. All through the rest Rayne and I had a hand in the other's crotch.  
  
She leaned over to me and whispered in my ear, "Next time we are on the dance floor lift my top and be ready for a quick fuck. We may not be able to get off that time, but we both will on that dance floor before the night is out." She licked my ear as she sat back with a devilishly hot smile.  
  
Once we were rested we moved to the dance floor again. She started dancing around me and rubbing her hands all over her body. I finally noticed, after she had made one full circle around me, her hands would pull the hem of the skirt up a little every time they went up her body. She danced around me one more time before drawing me into a passionate kiss and grinding her almost bare pussy onto my rock hard pant-cover cock.  
  
We stopped moving and just swayed there until she pulled her body off me enough for her hands to slip between us. She unzipped my pants and pulled the Rod out. She turned and ground her ass over it. She leaned her back into my chest and raised one arm over our heads while the other went behind my head; my arms wrapped her to me. My hands found her hard nipples through the fabric of her top and pinched. She moaned and shifted on my cock. I pushed the top up like she asked but I too wanted to reach her nipples with no obstruction.  
  
That is when I felt her skirt move up and my cock slid between her ass cheeks. She bent over escaping my arms for a moment and pulled me through her legs and into her very wet pussy. She stood back up and my hands engulfed her tits. By this time Rayne was sliding front to back on my rod. Also Kitty and Alex were on the floor.  
  
Kitty had her top pulled up and her naked chest mashed into his. They were swaying and making out right in front of us. I did not even know that Kitty liked Alex. I did mention to Rayne once that Alex thought that Kitty was a little hottie, but she was too young to do anything with.  
  
The others on the floor glanced at us trying to figure out what we were doing but it was dark enough. I have no doubt a few figured it out. Rayne had her hands on her crotch while we rocked back and forth. Her skirt had turned into a belt again. Rayne's hands were rubbing her clit and what ever she could touch of me. Her pussy was clenching and releasing as she slid on my cock. Sometimes she would grind down like she had when we were dressed, but most of the time she slid me in and out of her hot, juicy cunt. We continued at that pace for the rest of the song. At the end of the song Kitty and Alex bumped into us.  
  
Rayne stopped moving and slowly slid me out of her. She pulled her skirt down and turned to kiss me. Her hands went to my cock, slipping it back into my pants and under the elastic band. As she released the kiss I pulled her top back down. Once we were dressed we went back to the table.  
  
I kissed her as we sat down. She grabbed some cash and sent me to get more drinks. I went off trying to find a comfortable stride, it was hard. When I got back to the table Alex and Kitty were there also. They were out of breath and smiling. We sat there drinking and talking for a while. I do not remember what we talked about, but I do know it had nothing to do with what happened on the dance floor.  
  
The next time I went to the dance floor, I was lead there by Kitty. She had grabbed my right hand with her left and sashayed her tight ass onto the floor. Here thong was riding higher on her hips than when we left my place some hours before. Her hair had fallen loose from all she had done that evening. When she turned to me I saw that her top was not seated on her chest as evenly as she had had it when we got into the club. She had mischief in her eyes and a devilish smile.  
  
She had me twirl her then she leaned into my and whispered over the music, "I'm having a great time. I never realized how much power women had over men. Of course you and Alex are willing, but I have noticed how the men and some of the women in this room look at me. It's with lust and admiration. They look at Rayne more with lust and they truly understand her confidence." She finished talking, licked my ear and danced away. I followed. I caught her and she started to grind into me. At that time Rayne pulled Alex onto the floor. They danced close the whole time. I think she went topless again, but I was distracted by the nineteen year old firecracker in front of my.  
  
She would grind her ass into me for a few seconds then turn and kiss me quickly, after the kiss she would maneuver her body away and behind me, or just away across the dance floor. On the third time around the floor going through these motions, I was getting tired and frustrated by following her. I would catch her long enough for her to do her thing then she was off again. When I tired of chasing I ended up next to Rayne and Alex. I confirmed that Rayne had her bare chest pressed into his and her arms were around his neck, no kissing at the moment.  
  
Kitty, seeing that I had basically quit chasing her, ran from the far side of the dance floor and jumped up wrapping her arms around my neck and legs around my waist. It caused me to lose my breath with a grunt of pain. The pain was from the impact to my dick. Her pelvis had hit my body at the level of my hips; it pushed my hard cock in a way that was not comforting. I was barely able to draw a breath before her mouth was covering mine. Her tongue was exploring my mouth like she had never kissed anyone before.  
  
My arms had involuntarily wrapped around her waist when she hit me. As I got into the kiss my hands moved. One hand cupped her denim covered ass, while the other roamed her back before sliding between us. That hand pushed her top over her diamond hard nipples; once her nipples were free that hands started to pinch the pink nubs. She started to moan into my mouth and lowered her booted feet to the floor. We swayed back and forth and slowly moved across the floor under my direction. I was taking us back to the table. We never pulled apart until we sat.  
  
My mouth left her mouth for her chest. I licked between her tits before licking up and around her right tit. I would lick to just her areola then move away again. I repeated the teasing on her left tit. After a couple minutes of teasing her by switching between her tits, I finally licked her right nipple then sucked it into my mouth. Her hands had not been idle during this. One hand had been pinching the nipple of the tit I was not on at the moment while the other was on the back of my head trying to direct my mouth.  
  
When my mouth took her nipple in she let out a moan of pleasure. I switched to her other nipple about a minute later, repeating the motions I did on her right nipple. I licked and flicked her nipple with my tongue from every direction and every so often I would gentle nip her nipple with my teeth.  
  
Just after I had moved to her left nipple, my hands moved to her waist and the button for her pants. That is when I felt another hand on my head, gripping my hair and pulling me back. It was Rayne, I saw this rather quickly due to my head snapping around. She was glaring at me and shook her head.  
  
"You can't do that here. She looses her pants the jig is up. You will feel it soon enough," she said, sternly to me as she sat. Alex was looking at me questioningly, Kitty just seemed disappointed.  
  
"Sorry, got caught up in the moment," I said, wrapping my right arm around her.  
  
About a minute later she dragged me back to the floor. She gave me a deep but short kiss before repeating her grinding and circling from earlier. This time though she only went around once and her skirt went all the way up. She stayed about a foot away from me when her hands pulled the Rod back out. With a kiss she turned and pulled me back through her legs. I could feel the heat and the wetness even before my cock touched her. I slipped into her even easier than I did earlier. She took me to the hilt and stood there vibrating in another orgasm. We were standing on the dance floor with my dick unmoving in her hot little cunt. If someone were to look at us they would have seen her half-naked and me holding her in a hug.  
  
When she came down she started to move and I lifted her top. She would alternate from fast short movements to slow and long ones or she would mix those. All the while she was squeezing her pussy muscles. My hands were kneading her tits and pinching her nipples. We continued to fuck on the dance floor through two more songs.  
  
I was really starting to get tired of not being able to reach my orgasm. Because of how many times we had fucked by then she could tell how close I was to cumming and at those times she would just slide me all the way into her and stop moving. The last time she stopped she pulled off of me. She turned and jumped up and somehow planted her juicy pussy right on my hard and ready to pop cock without use of hands. Her legs wrapped around my waist as she sank on my pole. It was kind of a repeat of the way we had sex right after I woke up. Her mouth found mine and our tongues wrestled. She slid up and down three more times before I reached the point of no return. I grunted into her mouth as I spewed my white stuff into her pussy. I shot at least four times. On the last shot she lowered her left leg to the floor. Once she was sure that I was done she rose onto her toes and pulled my quickly deflating cock from her and put it away in my pants. As she put me away I put her tits away. After that she pulled her skirt down and danced away to the restroom to clean up. I headed to the restroom too.  
  
I got to the table before her and was applauded by Kitty and Alex. They had broad grins and were creating an audience because of the applause for me and then Rayne, who showed up to the table as I was sitting. Rayne smiled, finished her drink then walked to the exit. I had thought that we would sit and relax for a while then be on our way, but it looked like Rayne, our ride, had other plans. Kitty, Alex and I exchanged glances then hustled towards the exit.  
  
Rayne pulled up to the door, topless again, and we hopped into the car. This time I sat in the passenger seat while Kitty sat behind Rayne. Rayne had stripped down to her boots before picking us up.  
  
"Where are we going?" I asked. I then kicked off my shoes; they start to hurt my feet after I go dancing.  
  
"I thought that we should go to my house, since none of us want to talk to Kitty's mother," answered Rayne as she floored it. Her right hand found my crotch shortly after we turned onto the freeway. That hand unbuttoned and unzipped my pants then with my help pushed the pants to my knees. I had started to get another hard on when I saw Rayne in the driver's seat and it just kept getting harder as I saw she was nude then her hand undressing me got it to the same hardness as when we were on the dance floor.  
  
I glanced into the back a couple minutes from Rayne's house to see Kitty in just her thong and it was pulled to the side. The small amount of hair that was there the night before was no longer there. Alex had his right hand in her crotch, at least one finger was inside her and her clit was being worked by his thumb. They had there mouths locked onto the other's. Alex had lost his shirt exposing a barrel chest and washboard abs with no hair.  
  
Rayne brought my attention back to her with a pinch on my dick. She had been stroking it while driving. I looked at her, smiled and took my shirt off then kicked my pants the rest of the way off. I also placed my left hand on her pussy. I teased her but not much, did not want to crash.  
  
As we pulled into the drive for Rayne's house we heard a deep moan from Kitty. Rayne pulled the car near the front door and turned it off. She then ran inside. I followed as quickly as possible. She had kicked her boots off by the time I found her in the living room. She was lying on her back on the coffee table. We had found out a couple weeks before that the table puts her at the right height for me to fuck her when kneeling.  
  
Instead of dropping to my knees and sticking the Rod into her again, I knelt and buried my face in her hot cunt. I tongue fucked her while my nose rubbed her clit. I would make deep strokes of my stiff tongue then lick the lips right around the hole. When I pulled my nose away from her, I licked from her anus to her clit. She squirmed when I tickled her anus and moaned when I hit her clit. I started to lap at her pussy like I was a hot dog at the water bowl. My broad tongue spread her juices and my saliva all over her thighs and my face. She started to buck soon after I started to focus on her clit, which I did about a minute later. I alternated my licking between broad strokes and narrow, pointed strokes.  
  
As I was about to slip my right index finger into her, I felt a tongue licking my cock head. The surprise caused me to pull away from Rayne and look down. Kitty, now fully nude, was just sticking my cock in her mouth. She started off like she had the night before, but soon slowed down. She was able to take half the length into her mouth easily; the rest was taken care of with her hand. She would go straight down then twist and turn coming up. Her hand was mimicking her mouth just the opposite way. Her tongue was writhing all over the head and underside.

Once I was satisfied that it was not Alex sucking me, I turned back to Rayne. When I did, I she too was sucking a cock. Alex had lost all his clothing on the way in and was sporting a seven inch long piece of wood that was more than half buried in Rayne's mouth. She was doing similar things to his as Kitty was doing to mine. Rayne wrapped my head in her legs pulling me back to what I was supposed to be doing, eating her out, which I did with abandon. I went back to her clit and I inserted a finger in her. My finger went found and pressed into her spot causing instant orgasm. This time I was surprised because I felt her ejaculate onto my chin.  
  
She moaned and groaned onto Alex's cock, since he had not had a chance to get off during the night, that moaning finally pushed him over the brink into his first of the night. It seemed like he blew a large load, but I quit caring soon after he started because Kitty had almost literally crawled up my body and kissed me.  
  
During the kiss she slid her hot, wanting pussy onto my condom-covered cock. I do not remember her ever putting it on, but it was there as she planted herself on my hard member. She started to ride me slowly all the while still in a lip lock with me. My hands found the young ass in front of me and started to knead the flesh, reveling in how soft it was. I could tell from her movement that she was trying to go slow and make it last, but I did not want to. I had been going slow all night; all I wanted at that moment was a quick fuck. I adjusted us so we were laid out in the missionary position and I began fucking her like I was a convict just released from prison after ten years in solitary. As I did this, Kitty just grunted and growled like an animal in heat. It did not take long after starting this for me to cum and I came hard, almost blacking out. My vision became fuzzy and I collapsed onto Kitty. I think she came around the same time.  
  
I glanced at Rayne and Alex as Kitty and I caught our breath. Rayne was seated in the reverse cowgirl position atop Alex's again hard cock, both on the floor. I had not softened one iota after cumming in Kitty, I do not know why, probably because of all the sex in the air. Once I was able to I pulled my still hard cock out of Kitty, who was still trying to collect her wits. I sat up to find Rayne was riding Alex with her asshole not her pussy like I thought while I was lying with Kitty. I pulled the condom off, tied it and tossed it. Kira was going to have a bad day when she got in.  
  
I crawled over to Rayne and kissed her. She pulled me closer to her and, with a little movement for us, pulled the Rod into her pussy. It was quite weird fucking her with another man in her ass. That is something we have never done again and I do not want to. It was exciting and made for an interesting time. Rayne was the one who directed the motion. She basically had Alex lay still so she could ride him while I stroked in and out of her a little as she moved up and down. Even though I had orgasmed so recently I felt ready to blow with in a couple minutes of entering her. Feeling Alex's cock through the wall of flesh separating pussy and asshole was somehow very exciting.  
  
Rayne came within a minute of me entering her and never really came down. That was another reason I got to the edge so quickly, her pussy was milking my cock continuously. Just before I came I felt Alex's cock tense in her ass, I assumed he was cumming. My orgasm hit me strongly, my hands slipped and I collapsed on top of Rayne and we both fell on Alex. I became flaccid quickly and slipped out of Rayne. I crawled off as son as I could and Rayne popped off Alex's soft cock. That is when I noticed the tattoo of a diamond on his right hip.  
  
"Hey, Alex, what's with the tat?" I asked  
  
"The diamond is a reminder for me of a saying someone told me once. My grandmother on my mom's side told me I was a 'diamond in the ruff'. The ladies I've been with think I will be getting them one soon, when they see it," he answered, with a smile, and then he yawned. I glanced at the clock to see it was three in the morning.  
  
"Why is it on your hip?" Kitty asked as she crawled to his side and laid a hand on the tattoo. His cock twitched like it was trying to wake up.  
  
"I didn't want to piss my parents off anymore. They have no idea that I have it. I got it on my eighteenth birthday with the money they gave me. I had it put there cause I knew my parents were never going to see that part of my body," he answered bitterly. "I'm tired. Rayne, do you have a bed I can crash in?"  
  
His last question made Kitty frown, then she smiled and asked, "Mind a bed buddy?" This surprised me, considering a little over twenty-four hours earlier she had never even been in the same room with a naked man.  
  
"Not at all, I was actually hoping you would join me," he said with a smile. He placed his left hand over hers on his hip and his right on her shoulder. Rayne had disappeared when he asked, but back in the room with a smile for us.  
  
"The first room on the right has a queen bed and is ready for you," she said to Alex. The couple on the floor slowly stood and walked to the doorway hand in hand.  
  
Alex turned to Rayne and said, "Thank you." Then they walked off.  
  
"There are condoms in the night tables, if you need them," called Rayne as she pulled me to my feet. We headed to her room and spooned on the bed. We made love and fell asleep in each others arms.

**Rayne's Adventures Ch. 04**

This chapter happened two weeks after introducing Alex to Rayne's adventures. The Sunday after that night Rayne and I discussed a lot of things and made a decision that I was going to move into the house with her. The following Tuesday we recruited Alex into helping me move from the apartment. We couldn't do it that Sunday because I slept late again and Rayne had taken Alex and Kitty home already. We couldn't move anything the first weekend because Alex had to go out of town on business.  
  
The weekend, the third weekend of May, that this chapter takes place in Rayne left town to visit friends in the Bay area. This weekend was also the weekend before finals at school. Alex came over as I pulled up with a rented moving truck. Most of my furniture was going to Goodwill as Rayne had better stuff and we didn't need another bed in the house, there were five already. Alex and I seemed to run through packing the truck and by noon it was full and my apartment was close to empty, only the TV and one chair left. As we hopped into the cab my cell phone rang. It was Rayne, "Hey, baby, I forgot to give you something. It's in the kitchen at the house. Enjoy." I never said a word before she hung up. She seemed in very high spirits.  
  
I have no doubt my expression was showing my mystification. Alex looked at me questioningly, so I told him that Rayne had left something in the kitchen. He jumped at the chance to go to the house. He told me later that he was a little jealous that I was moving in to that mansion. With his encouragement I drove the truck there. God I hate those trucks, you can't see anything behind you.  
  
We entered the house and went to the kitchen. Next to the fridge was a bag full of clothes with a note on it. 'Please take these to Goodwill. Love Ya, Rayne.'  
  
I grabbed the bag a little peeved and started to storm out of the kitchen, when Alex said, "Hey, Ry, who's Jenny?"  
  
"What?" I asked turning to him and dropping the bag down.  
  
"I found this note here on the counter next to the bottle of Gentleman Jack here. It says, 'Thanks for the tip' and the name Jenny is on the other side," he answered picking up and handing the slip of paper to me. It was from a small notepad.  
  
"I don't know who Jenny is, but I think I could find her at The Skyline," I replied, pointing out the logo in the corner of the page on the side with the note. The logo has an old style propeller airplane flying towards the sun on the horizon over a desert. A signpost sticking up high from the desert floor had the name written across it. "Let's finish with the truck then head on over."  
  
"I'd love to man but I have to get back to the apartment early tonight because I have an early flight out in the morning."  
  
"Man when are you going to be able to stay at home for more than a week at a time?" I asked, giving him a smile, picking the bag up and leading the way out of the house.  
  
"I like the job and I don't mind the travel. I get to see a lot of things I probably would never see otherwise," he said with a huge grin as we hopped into the truck and took off. Little did I know what it was that he saw. He told me about a year ago. This whole thing takes place around four years ago.  
  
Time flew by while we drove to Goodwill, unloaded the truck and returned it. At five we were puling back into the parking lot for the apartment complex in Alex's car. He dropped me at the foot to my stairs and almost floored it leaving.  
  
I ran up and showered quickly. Dressed in the same clothes that I wore during the day before going to the movies and Haven, I slid down the stairs and into my car. It took about twenty minutes to get to The Skyline. I drove past and went to get something to eat and saw a movie. I wanted to wait until eight o'clock or later before going into the joint. I didn't want people to think I was too much of a perv if they saw me.  
  
The Skyline is a gentlemen's club that Rayne and I have been frequenting for years now. Ever since the February of the year we met. She took me there as a surprise on our third date. After that we were there at least twice a month if not more.  
  
The first time we went one stripper caught my eye. Her stage name was Raven. She stood about five foot six, with the stripper heals on she looked six foot tall Rayne in the eye. Her stripper persona was a Goth chick. The only color she wore was black and sometimes she wore crosses. Her hair was the color of her name and fell in layers to the middle of her back. Her skin was pale which with the black hair made her blue eyes pop. Her lips were soft and always blood red. She had a D-cup chest, that I found out later was fake. She had three tattoos; on her left shoulder blade was a tattoo of a female angel in the shape of a cross, the wings were spread straight across and the angel had her arms up over her head; on her lower back was Celtic knotting that extended from one hip to the other and down to the top of her ass crack; the final one, a Celtic cross, was to the left of the very narrow landing strip of pubic hair, that she always wore. Depending on the type of panties she wore anyone could glimpse the left arm of the cross.  
  
When I walked in to the foyer, I heard and felt a Rob Zombie song blasting from the speakers. Rich, a bull of a man, was on door detail that night. Even though he had seen me in there before he still wanted to see my ID, which confused me. When I handed it over it almost disappeared in his meaty hand. He looked it over then produced a black light penlight from the pocket of his black, tuxedo-style vest. His body strained the white dress shirt and black slacks he wore under the vest. He showed it to the DJ sitting in the booth next to the entrance.  
  
The booth blocked the view of the main stage across the room from the entrance. The room is roughly the size of a little league baseball field, squared off instead of rounded like a baseball field. Let's say home plate was at the entrance where Rich stood. Along the first base line, which was an uncarpeted walkway, was an ATM, the nonalcoholic bar, the small raised and curtained area for private lap dances, and in a hallway passed the wall enclosing the room were the restrooms, women's room first. The third base line had the DJ booth next to home plate, beyond that was a bench that ran all around the room on the wall, including the small hip height wall separating the walkway from the main room. There were four doorways into the room, the entrance for the customers, the hallway for the restrooms, one door on the same wall as the restroom hall, and a small hall leading to the door for the dressing room about three quarters down the wall of the third base line. The door on the restroom hall wall was almost directly across the room from the small hall and between the stages. There are about a dozen small round tables surrounded by chairs in the middle of the room and another dozen tables spaced evenly around the room near the bench.  
  
There are two stages in the room. One, the second stage, separated the restroom hall from the other door. The main stage was attached to the only wall I have not mentioned yet. Both stages are the same size; about fifteen feet on the wall and stick out into the room about ten feet with rounded corners. Along the outside of the stages are rails and low counters for the customers' drinks. The stages are two tiered with one pole attached to each stage set stage right and forward on the upper tier. The lower tier runs along the edge of the entire structure next to the railing and is about three feet wide from upper tier to tip rail at any point.  
  
Rich finally handed my driver's license back, took my money and allowed me to enter. There were about two-dozen people in the club; that includes the employees. There were two bouncers, the only male employees in the club that I saw, Rich and another bear of a man nicknamed Bear. I have never heard him called by any other name. The DJ and bartender were seated in their respective positions. The DJ, DJ Cee, was dressed in shin length board shorts and a loose tank top. When she turned to look at my license, I was able to see the side of her right tit. The bartender was in a low cut, almost to her crotch, tight fitting black dress that fell almost to her knees.  
  
There were two waitresses. They were the two female employees in the room with clothing that they could have worn on the streets, if they wanted to. They wore a thin white t-shirt, with the club's logo across the back and there name on the upper left chest, a black bra visible through the shirt, tight denim skirts that barely cover their asses and two inch heels that could have been bought at any shoe store. One of the girls actually had her top tied in a knot on her back displaying her midriff and belly button ring.  
  
The rest of the employees, the six dancers, were scattered around the room. One of them was on stage, it was Raven, topless and the rest were seated with patrons or, in the case of Rayne's favorite Ivy, talking with Bear near the dressing room. There were Ivy and Raven, as I mentioned, plus Candy, Siren, Topaz and a new girl.  
  
Ivy is five foot three and fit, as most dancers seemed to be. She had a D-cup chest, also fake, and a nice hourglass figure. She tended to wear earth tones and generally had some type of ivy headband in her almost ass length brown hair.  
  
Candy was the only black woman there that night. She is five foot five with C-cup breasts and short blonde hair. She wore bright pastel colors or clothing with candy prints.  
  
Siren is a five foot two inch tall Asian woman with B-cup breasts and long straight black hair. She wore togas and or golden colored costumes. I always found it interesting that the little Asian woman was dressing to be part of the Greek/Roman mythos.  
  
Topaz was about five foot nine with a DD-cup chest that was all natural. She always wore her hair up in different coifs with topaz covered hair bands. I don't think I ever saw her in anything other than blues and yellows. She got her name from her bright topaz blue eyes.  
  
The new girl was maybe an inch or two shorter than Topaz and seemed nervous. She had to be maybe a small B-cup and she seemed to be close to ten pounds under weight. She barely had an ass even though she was curvy. She was wearing a referee's shirt cropped to just below her chest, a pair of black spandex shorts that left little to the imagination, high top sneaker heels, a whistle around her neck, and black eye paint under her eyes. I had never seen her before, but I don't think I really paid attention to any of the waitresses ever, so she could have been working there the whole time I had been going.  
  
I headed to the tip rail for the main stage, since my favorite dancer was up there. As I sat down she threw her black thong at me, but not off the stage, and smiled. She was bending, writhing and twisting on the stage for the three other guys and me. She kept her crotch hidden from me until she stood right in front of me. It was bare of all hair and she had a piece of jewelry piercing the hood of her clit. It was a barbell with black balls on the ends running perpendicular to her slit.  
  
My jaw fell to the floor and my eyes stared in lust at the new addition. She squatted, spreading her legs on the way down, closing my mouth for me in the process and gave me a wicked grin. My eyes bounced between her crotch and her eyes. She then continued in her routine, bending and writhing around the stage and the pole all the while touching herself. Her hands ran over everything from her chest to pussy and ass. She pinched, spread and squeezed to excite the men. Her stage time ended to quickly for my tastes. I knew that I was going to be getting at least one lap dance from her before I left. She knew it, too. Little did I know what was to come.  
  
As Raven left the stage, after collecting her tips, the new girl walked to the center. I had gotten up to go say hi to Raven as DJ Cee announced the new girl's name was Chelsea. I was not the only one who had gotten up, everyone else had too.  
  
"Hey, Raven. Nice addition. When did you get it?" She was pulling her panties back on as I spoke.  
  
"Hey, sweetie. Thanks. I got it about a week ago. I've been horny ever since. I can generally get off now with a little movement of it," she said and gave me a hug, then pulling her robe-like sheer black gown on. She pulled me down to sit at the tip rail and watch Chelsea, who had just shed the top by doing a handstand, the neckline was easily bigger than her head, and was prancing around the stage topless. "I told her I would watch her at least once. She is a little hottie, but she seems to never get any customers. She's been working here for three or four months, as a waitress and just this last week became a dancer. She tried dancing a couple times before but was discouraged from it because she never got a single tip."  
  
I sat back to watch with Raven. I knew that I could get a lap dance from her later. Chelsea used the whole stage but mainly focused on us, we were front and center. By the time the first song in her set was over she was covered in a light sheen making her glow on stage and caused the me get excited again after losing a little of my sexual buzz when Raven sat me down. About ten seconds into the second song her shorts were rolled into a ball and with her top at the back of the stage, there was nothing under the shorts.  
  
That's when she started working with the pole. Somehow she got enough momentum that she got all the way around the pole once with just her hands holding her up. (I never thought there was enough room to do that.) She climbed the pole to be two or three feet off the stage. With just her legs holding the bar she laid out flat and tweaked her nipples. She then continued over to put her hands on the stage. Her legs unwrapped from the pole and slowly moved to be directly over her. Once she was straight she spread her legs. This put her pussy on a pedestal. The lips pulled apart and glistened and the small triangle over them seemed to glow. After staying there for a few seconds she set her legs on the floor by bringing them forward and finished her routine. I tipped her twenty just for the incredible gymnastics. She gave me a huge smile.  
  
As I stood up to head back to a table in the middle and talk to Raven before my dance, Bear came over and asked for my ID. Raven moved off to congratulate Chelsea. I pulled it out and handed it to him not understanding why everyone was questioning the card. He took it, slipped it in a vest pocket and walked away towards the door between the stages. I followed him to and through the door, getting angry and confused.  
  
"Why the hell are you taking my ID from me?" I asked as I entered. Bear said nothing. He handed the card to a woman, no older than thirty-five, in a crisp gray business suit. Her suit coat was unbuttoned and hung loosely from her shoulders. All that was behind the coat was a small black lacey bra. (I couldn't tell what type of cup the bra was.) Her blonde hair fell past her shoulders in curled layers and her eyes were so dark they looked black. She took the card and looked at it then at me, setting the card on the desk.  
  
"You're Ryan Grant?" she said all business.  
  
"Yes," I answered, pissed and confused.  
  
"Well Ryan, it looks like you have just become a VIP member of this club. Your girlfriend," she consulted a page from the ledger in front of her, "one Rayne Crow, has upgraded you for the full year. Congratulations!" She stood and extended her hand. I shook it still not understanding what was happening. She then picked up my ID and another card and handed them to me. The second card was the VIP card. On the front are the club logo and my name and the back has the instructions.  
  
"Now as a new member you get to go on stage. Only this time. But before you do, you need to change." I blanched. Upon seeing my expression, she continued, "No you are not going to dance. You will get a one song lap dance by each of the girls her tonight and then a three song dance by my VIP girl all in front of the club," she said. She waved to a rack of t-shirts and shorts. "We will leave you to change." She then buttoned her jacket and herded Bear out the door. "Just hit the DJ button on the phone when you're ready."  
  
After she closed the door, I went over and sat in the comfy leather chair. While seated I looked in the drawers, nothing significant. I stood up and went to the clothes. There was a sign hooked to the rod.  
  
It said:  
  
Please Change Pants, Shirt and Shoes.  
  
The shirts were the same as what the waitresses were wearing, just in three colors, white, black, and red. There were three lengths of shorts, hot pants, mid-thigh and knee length. All the shorts were khaki colored. The shoes were like slippers with a paper sole.  
  
I chose a white shirt, that even in my own size was close to skintight, a pair of mid-thigh length shorts, that again were tight, and the correct sized shoe. I changed my shirt quickly and with out thinking, then with a glance to make sure the door was closed dropped my shorts and worked the club's shorts on. (Funny to think that I was nervous about dropping my pants when that's all Rayne does to me.) They were tighter than the shorts I'm used to wearing, but not so tight that I was totally on display. I never mentioned that my cock shrinks about two inches when flaccid.  
  
I had directed my cock down the left leg of the shorts and tested how they would look when I sat. I sat in the leather chair again and the shorts pulled up. Just the tip stuck out past the hem of the shorts. I grinned thinking on the reactions I would get from the dancers, then I realized I was going to get hard and it's very uncomfortable holding my cock at that angle. I stood and opened the shorts, pulled The Rod up to point at the waistband of the shorts, and closed them again. It was easy to see my cock with it in this position, but when I sat the bulge all but disappeared from sight.  
  
Now that I was satisfied with the shorts, I grabbed a pair of shoes and hit the DJ button. About a minute later Bear knocked and entered the office. In his hands were a plastic bag for my clothes and a towel, also sporting the club logo. He handed me both and stood by the door. I gathered my clothes and stuffed them into the bag neatly, then I wrapped the towel around my waist. Apparently they wanted to make sure my dick was not shown to anyone. (Interesting idea considering what happened later)  
  
Bear led me to the exit side of the main stage. Set in the middle of the stage, slightly back from true center was a nice armless chair. It had a high comfortably cushioned back and was upholstered in a deep burgundy colored fabric. The fabric shone like silk and felt like velvet. Standing next to the chair was the lady from the office. She beckoned me forward with her left hand because her right held a microphone. I approached and as I sat she whipped the towel off me. I sank a couple inches into the seat and kicked back.  
  
"Ladies and Gentlemen, My name is Danni Tucker. I am the manager of this establishment. I have the privilege tonight to introduce you all to our newest VIP. This is Ryan Grant," she waved to me. "He will be initiated into VIP status with a special lap dance ten songs long. There will be seven one song lap dances and then a three song lap dance from my special dancer. The order of tonight dancers will be Candy, Topaz, Siren, Chelsea, myself, Ivy, Raven – his favorite – and then our special girl. So without further ado, on with the show. Cee, spin it." She turned to me and winked then walked off stage the way I came on. I watched her hand the towel to Bear then walk to the DJ booth, where Cee was still digging the music out. Danni set the mic in the booth and then headed into the dressing room. While watching her I noticed that there were more customers in the room now.

Candy had walked up to the pole and was lazily spinning counter clockwise on it while we waited. As Cee started the Mandy Moore song, 'Candy', the dancer Candy, dressed in a bikini with candy canes on it, spun around the pole one last time and as she came from the front of the stage she fell gently landing to sit in my lap facing me. She wrapped her arms around my neck and hugged me. Then she spun and slid her back down my front. She rubbed her blonde head against my slowly hardening cock. She spun to face me on her knees and placed her chin on my cock, rubbing it up and down a couple times.  
  
As she started crawling up my body she slipped bikini top off. She crawled, rubbing her bared tits up and down on my body and face, high enough to straddle my body, which she did. She bounced up and down like she was fucking me. Her feet were on the stage. She repeated these action in different ways until the song was finished. I enjoyed the dance, but it was a six on a scale of one to ten.  
  
Cee waited until Candy had left and Topaz, in a bright blue thong tankini, was on stage and ready before spinning up, "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" by the Righteous Brothers. She went slowly and in time with the music the whole time. She started behind the chair on my right with slow sensual touches and movements. She stepped forward and slowly lowered her self into my lap straddling and facing me. With very little movement her silk sapphire colored panty covered pussy was running over my now hard cock. After the tease of her pussy she stood and in doing so practically buried my face in her double d's. After that all I remember was getting another face full without the top. Everything else was just sexual touches that I don't remember. I would rate the dance an eight of ten.  
  
Again Cee waited for the dancer, this time Topaz, to leave the stage and the next dancer, Siren, to take the stage. Siren sat on my right knee kind of facing me in her loose gold toga as we waited for DJ Cee to spin, 'Venus' by Bananarama. She grinned and smoothly stood up spun and planted her ass cheeks around my hard cock. She ground into me and would have had me cumming if she had continued. After maybe thirty seconds she stopped stood and with one full spin her toga flared out and fell to the floor to reveal her tiny golden thong.  
  
She climbed on me and mashed her tits into my face, actually sticking a nipple into my open mouth. All the while her hips were rotating and grinding and as she lowered herself her thinly covered pussy made contact with my cock. Once it did she started sliding up and down like we were fucking. It seemed like she was trying to get me or her off. She did this until there was only thirty seconds in the song. At that point she got up, closed my legs and stood on the chair outside my legs. Then she did something I didn't think was going to happen. She pulled the silk covering her pussy to the side and gave me a close up view of her thick black heart shaped pubic hair and her thin pussy lips. As the song came to an end she fixed the panties, stepped down and grinned at my stunned expression. That dance was an eight of ten.  
  
As we waited for the next dancer, Chelsea, to take the stage Siren gathered her toga and walked straight to the dressing room. The crowd seemed to be growing as the night went on. Chelsea came on stage dressed the same as she was when I entered the club and stood right behind the chair. DJ Cee played, 'Come Baby Come' by K7. Chelsea pulled my head into the back of the chair and leapfrogged me. She landed straddling my lap near my knees. After making sure she wasn't going to fall she sat and pushed back, rotating her hips into my crotch, her back on my chest. Her hands rubbed over her chest then pulled my hands to her hips. She sat up and pulled the top off. She pulled her legs together, still rotating her hip, and used them to spread my legs then placed them between mine.  
  
Chelsea continued rotating her hips and slid down until she was on her knees in front of me. She went to all fours and carefully lifted her legs to rest on mine. After she was certain that I wouldn't get hurt she crawled backward on her hands, rubbing her lower body up mine. When I felt her hands on my knees, her spandex covered pussy was at eye level, giving me a great view of her camel toe. That is also when I felt teeth on my cock. She bit a couple times then continued her backward climb, using my hands to help her. I felt her sides, her shoulders and her elbows as she pushed her body over my head. In the process of climbing her pussy came to rest on my face then some how both her tits ended up in my mouth. I was not trying to do that, she was the one who manipulated her globes into my mouth. As the song ended she ended up back where she had started. That dance was definitely a nine out of ten. It lost a point because of her body pressing my head back into the chair; it was nice but a little uncomfortable.  
  
Up next on stage was the manager, Danni. Chelsea left the stage as Danni came on and stood next to the pole, about three feet from me. She was dressed like she was a teenager from the eighties, in a pair of stonewashed denim cutoffs that had been altered into a very short skirt, her solid red top was one of those off the shoulder types, her shoes were black stilettos, and she wore the lace fingerless gloves like Madonna used to wear. Her attention was on the DJ booth. DJ Cee started the song and Danni started moving, rocking her hips. Then she stopped realizing that the song playing was 'I'm Too Sexy' by Right Said Fred. She glared at the booth and we could hear Cee's laughter. "Sorry, Danni. I hit the wrong track," she yelled. A ripple of laughter ran through the large very mixed gender audience.  
  
Danni nodded and returned to her first position. We waited until 'Let's Talk about Sex' by Salt-N-Pepa started. Again Danni rocked her hips and moved like a real dancer to the music until she turned to face me. That's when I saw the five cut lines in her top showing her cleavage. When she faced me she dropped to her knees between my legs. She started writhing like she was cumming and pawed at her shirt and chest. The pawing was somehow straining the cuts in her shirt and they were tearing away revealing to me the same skin I had seen earlier at first, but she didn't stop until there was a tear from neck to hem. She shrugged out of the shirt and smiling at me climbed into my lap. She stared writhing again and tore the skirt off at the left seam. She straddled me and rubbed the thin black silk of her tiny panties into my hard-on. Her hands pulled my face between her tits. At that point I estimated them to be at least a C if not a D. (They were definitely fake. But what man cares when his face is buried in between them?) She was directing my face and brought it to her left tit and my mouth over her nipple, which she pushed into my mouth. I licked then she moved me to the other tit and I licked it too.  
  
The next thing I knew was she was sliding down and off me back to her knees on the stage. Her hands were the last things to move. They slid from my head over my shoulders down my chest and stomach to stop in my lap right next to the very noticeable bulge in my pants. Each hand rubbed the area around The Rod a couple times then she brought her face and mouth into play as her hands left me. She nipped at my bulge a couple times before rubbing me with her chin. Then she stood and straddled my right leg on the shorts. She rocked back and forth a few times then stood and repeated the move on my left leg.  
  
After she was done and the song came to an end she stood to show that she was naked. I looked where she had rocked and saw two small wet marks on the legs of my shorts. I hadn't noticed that she had taken her panties off because she had directed my hands to the chest just below her tits. I was in heaven from that, but she would not allow me to touch her tits.  
  
She gathered her clothes, all torn, and walked to Bear, who was standing at the stage exit with a robe. She put it on and went back to the dressing room. As she left my view she smiled at me. That was a nine point eight out of ten. She got the deduction because of her age. At that time I was stupid, I didn't realize the significance of age equaling experience.  
  
Up next was Ivy, Rayne's favorite dancer. Her hair was pulled up and piled on her head in an elaborate design held that way with ivy headbands. She was dressed in a floor length halter dress that was backless. The back started about an inch below where her ass started. The dress looked like it was made of vines, but that was just an illusion. With the backless nature of the dress I could tell that she was nude under it or at least seemed that way. This excited me more. After this dance I was going to ask for a break to relieve myself, mainly of cum but also I needed to pee. I probably shouldn't have had the soda at the movies.  
  
Ivy stepped to the front of the stage opposite the pole and struck a pose, leaning slightly forward with both arms extended and hands poised like she was holding something between them. We waited for Cee. Cee started 'Heaven is a Place on Earth' by Belinda Carlisle. When the song stared Ivy shifted from the pose she was in to another one, standing straight with hands together next to her head, plus she was closer to me. She stayed like that and moved to me. When her foot hit the edge of the chair, she turned and sat in my lap.  
  
She slid between my legs and off the chair onto her butt on the stage. I sat back to make sure her shoes didn't hit my face. She was bent in half and the skirt of the dress had fallen to bunch at her hips. Her hands finally separated. They touched her hair and undid the knot in the dress behind her neck. As the top of the dress fell, she spread her legs and had me help her up. When she was high enough she straddled me and pressed her naked tits into my chest. Her hands were running over both our bodies as her hips rocked in my lap. After a minute of this she slipped her left leg between my legs and slid back along my left leg until she had to stand on her own.  
  
When she stood the dress fell totally off her. Apparently the only thing that held it on was the neck tie. What I saw in front of me then was a beautiful naked exotic dancer. She may have been a little shorter than I like my women, but she wasn't bad to look at and maybe fantasize about. She had her bush shaped into a small heart.  
  
She grinned and went back to a more traditional lap dance. She rubbed her body into mine, front and back, in time to the music. As the song was coming to an end she was sitting in my lap over my closed legs with hers opened wide. She slipped her right middle finger into her gaping pussy with average sized lips then into her mouth on the last note of the song. I got to watch her tongue swirl around the digit as she stood, stepped over me turning around in the process and bent over pushing her ass and pussy right in my face as she picked up the dress. She draped it over her arm and walked off stage and straight to the dressing room. My mind was kind of fuzzy then but I would give the dance a ten of ten.  
  
Bear stepped on stage, without me calling for a break. He pulled me to my weak legs and helped me to the restroom door. I entered went straight to the stall, locked it and freed the Rod. Two strokes and I was painting the toilet bowl with four strong shots. Once I relaxed some I pissed then cleaned up and exited the room. Bear was there to escort me back to the stage. It seemed that every seat in the club was full.  
  
I sat back anticipating what Raven was going to do. I was also starting to speculate on this special dancer that Danni had mentioned a few times. Either way, I didn't have to wait long to see what Raven was going to be wearing and taking off for me.  
  
Raven came out of the dressing room in a black leather dress that ended just above her feet, which were in shiny black leather dancer's heels. The dress hung on only one shoulder, leaving her left bare, and had slits up the sides all the way to the hip. The heels were boots that came up to just past her knees. Some of her hair had been pulled up to create a loop of hair at her neck and her makeup was making her very pale. She looked elegant yet naughty.  
  
She stood right next to my right knee facing the room and spun to face me right in front of me as DJ Cee played 'Tainted Love' by Marilyn Manson. Her hips rocked from side to side with the beat of the music. She shuffled to the edge of the chair while her hands slid all over her body, every so often catching on the slits of the skirt. The skirt would move to reveal smooth pale skin from hip to top of boot.  
  
As Manson started to sing she flipped the front of the skirt up to give me a peek behind. It was too quick to tell but I thought that she too was going to be nude when the dress came off. As the front fell to land in my lap she stepped over my left leg and sat on it. She rocked back and forth moving toward my body. When the name of the song was said at one time she stood and whipped her body away from me and behind the chair. I tried to follow her but her hands held my head in place. I got a vague idea that she was moving behind me and was going to come out in front of me on the opposite side from where she went behind.  
  
She did and she was topless. The top of her dress was bunched at her waist and the entire dress was barely holding on. Instead of moving fully in front of me again she stepped over my waist, flipped the front of the dress's skirt up and sat down. I could feel one of the balls from her new piercing pressing into my dick, which had hardened again. The leather bunched between us as she pressed her D-cup titties into my chest. She slid them upward into my face. Again I got to taste a dancer's nipples, but this time Raven took control and rubbed one then the other around my lips, tracing them before pushing them into my mouth. My tongue licked, my teeth nipped, and my lips sucked each in turn. She gave whispered moans to me.  
  
As she sat back into my lap she continued to press her lovely globes into my chest and somehow pulled her legs between mine, probably while I was focused on her tits in my mouth. She slid to the floor never taking her chest from my body. At my crotch she rubbed up and down a couple times then sat back. Her hands went to her hips and the dress. Standing on her knees she shook her body and pushed down on the dress. It moved from her hips and she stood to show me her bare pussy and the barbell pressing into her body. I only got a glimpse as she turned and sat with her ass surrounding my cock. She ground into me for at least thirty seconds before turning back to face me again.  
  
To do that she stood and quickly straddled my lap, pressing her hot pussy onto my khaki covered cock. I could feel the heat and I a little wetness. (Maybe that last was my imagination.) She again ground into me; this time she took my hands to hold her upper body on her sides with my thumbs touching right under her tits. She continued this way for the last twenty to thirty seconds of the song. As it ended I think she came, at least the silent spasms she had were an indication that led me to that conclusion.  
  
She slowly climbed off me to the scattered applause from the unseen audience, since my eyes were glued to her body. Standing in front of me she stuck her right hand between her legs, rubbed then placed a glistening fingertip on my lips. She smiled, bent over at the waist while facing me, picked up the pile of leather and slowly walked off the stage. I felt like the break was too soon, but then again I don't think I could have lasted through Raven's dance without spilling my load. That dance was even better than Ivy's, but I can only give it a ten of ten, since I was the one that came up with this stupid scale.  
  
I took a deep breath and looked down on myself. The shorts were covered in tiny stains. The three most prominent were the two from Danni, one halfway down each leg, and the newest one, bright and wet, from Raven right over the middle of my cock. Also some time during the evening the shirt had started to split at the seams near the hem. Maybe that was from me, but I doubted it.  
  
I looked up from looking at my clothes to see a tall mass of white walk out of the dressing room. It walked to the stage and stood, I assumed, facing away from me. I couldn't see anything other than white layers of fabric. DJ Cee started up 'She's Got Skillz' by All 4 One. That's when I found out my assumption was correct. The woman under the layers raised her arms through the openings in the fabric and she started moving and turning to face me. Her hands and arms were covered in white gloves all the way to the shoulder.  
  
I couldn't see much of the writhing and body bumping she was probably doing, but I could see the layers she was removing. Everyone she took off she ran across my body, either from top to bottom or visa versa. Either way she would place her hand on my hard-on, a couple times squeezing it.  
  
The layers were slowly falling away to litter the stage. With each one I saw more of her movements. Her hips were moving like she was a belly dancer, fast and slow. By the end of the first song her lower legs and feet were visible, well actually the white boots were visible. I was surprised to see no heel to the boot.  
  
As 'The Perfect System' by the Shufflers, Rayne's parents, started, this dancer peeled away a thick layer from her chest. Under this layer was a very thin almost mesh layer. These tits were at least a C-cup and perfectly formed. My mouth started to water just thinking about taking those nipples and tits into my mouth.  
  
She turned around and undid the layer of fabric covering her back, baring the tanned skin underneath to me. Then the stuff that covered her shoulders fell away to show the top of the gloves. Her hands fell to her hips, which were still rocking, and pulled the layer or it could be layers, I couldn't tell, from her ass, but it still was totally hidden from my view. I was grinning and feeling more excited than I had all night.  
  
The woman turned back and pulled the layer off her lap and again there was a thin mesh layer between me and the white thong barely covering her hairless pussy. My eyes were focused on her crotch while she removed the last layer of white fabric from her back side. She had a white belt covering her belly button and it had been holding all the different layers of fabric she had had on her lower body.  
  
Maybe fifteen to twenty seconds before the song ended she sat on my lap and removed the choker holding the last of the top layers. This made her topless. She was rocking her hips, but not touching my cock. With the last note of the song she took the belt off and stood up, pulling the fabric away with one hand while the other did something while I wasn't paying attention to it. I found out what it did when she placed her gloved hand on my chest was that was stripped of the front of the shirt.  
  
She squatted in front of me, between my legs, as 'Lap Dance' by N.E.R.D. started. I laughed a little, partly because it was fitting for what was happening and partly because it was one of Rayne's favorite songs of the moment. Her hands were playing with her body, tweaking her nipples, squeezing her tits, and disappearing from my sight near her crotch.  
  
Maybe thirty seconds into the song she started to crawl up my body. She started by placing both hands on my legs right at my crotch then pushed a little as her body moved up my body. It looked like she slipped and grabbed the shorts. I wasn't really paying attention to what her hands were doing as my eyes were glued to the swaying of her tits.  
  
The next thing I know she falls back on her ass with legs spread and bare pussy visible. I was stunned and so surprised that I didn't immediately notice that she was holding some khaki fabric in her hands. When I did I looked down to see I was sitting in view of at least a couple dozen people fully exposed and harder than I had been in a few weeks. Before I could get up or do anything, this woman tossed the front of the shorts away, stood up and straddled my lap. Our sexes were just a couple inches apart.

She leaned forward, pressed her tits into my chest and whispered, "You're welcome, baby." I was stunned. I recognized the voice of my girlfriend. She pulled her head back, took her hood off and kissed me. She slid forward and with the help of one hand slid me into her. She took me as far as we could go before rocking up and down. I believe the line in the song, "Chicks nick-name me prador, they get high off my dick" was the line where we started fucking. Neither of us needed much in the way of foreplay.  
  
Her hips were rocking and I slipped lower on the chair so I could get more into her. That was one of the best surprise fucks she has given me. By the end I was practically on the chair with just my shoulders and head. She was bouncing and my hands were on her tits. The biggest surprise of the night was that we both blew as the song ended.  
  
Rich and Bear both came on stage and lifted us just as we were about to collapse to the stage. They carried us into the office, depositing us on the floor and left. I was softening inside her. She rolled off me as the door opened again, this time it was Danni, again in her business suit.  
  
"That was quite a performance," she said, a little breathless, as she sat behind the desk. "I've already been approached by other customers about becoming VIPs. Ryan, you are the first, just to let you know. Also this whole thing was Rayne's idea."  
  
"The only way anything like what just happened is if it is a woman asking. The guys can help pay, but no man will ever strip in this club. They can be stripped though," said Rayne, with an evil grin and winking at me.  
  
"Why are you dictating policy, baby?" I asked. I rubbed her back.  
  
"I bought this place awhile ago." Rayne stood walked around the desk, grabbing a few tissues on the way and cleaned up. "How many inquiries did you get?"  
  
"Five, but they were all men. I'll inform them of the new policy before they go home and post a sign near the door saying, 'Talk to manager about VIP. Men need not apply.' Or something to that effect."  
  
"OK. I think I need to get this bad boy home and fuck him to sleep. We'll see you later, Danni," said Rayne as she stepped back over to me. I had stood up while they were talking.  
  
"Where are my clothes?" I asked, looking for the bag.  
  
"They've been taken to the house. Kira took them about the time Siren was dancing for you." I blanched as she continued, "Hell, I don't have anything to wear either." This excited me. "And I don't have a car. Your wallet and keys are in your car. Your car's unlocked. Let's get home." She kissed me and stroked my hardening cock.  
  
"Nice to meet you, Danni. Maybe we'll see each other again," I said on the way out into the main room. Rayne led the way. This time through the room I did notice that almost every seat was filled and all the customers were looking at me strangely. Candy was on stage, fully nude.  
  
"That was fun," called out the bartender as we passed her.  
  
"Hey, Rayne, are we going to do that again, sometime?" asked DJ Cee.  
  
"Ryan, sorry about deceiving you. Hope you had fun," said Raven. She was in the leather dress again and was standing near the ATM. As I got close to her she gave me a hug, making sure to press her chest into me and my hard cock into her. While like this she whispered, "My real name is Jennifer, Jenny for short. That note was written by me." She kissed my cheek as she released me. Before I could say anything she was in the main room and Rayne was pulling me past Bear.  
  
"Good show and good night. Have fun you two," he called as we exited the building. Not only was my car open it had been moved. It was moved to sit right at the edge of the street and everyone that drove by could see it. We walked, calmly to the small car. I tried to run to it but Rayne stopped me with a stroke on The Rod. We climbed in and Rayne put her feet on the dash. I noticed the time was ten o'clock. I didn't realize how long that whole thing took.  
  
I drove home to her house, soon to be our house. All the while she was playing with her swollen, glistening pussy and The Rod. Every time either of us got close to cumming she stopped playing with it and concentrated on the other. As I stopped in front of the house she dropped her head to my cock. Two or three times she bobbed on it before I shot three strong shots into her mouth. She pulled up and kissed me. That was the first snowball I had ever had.  
  
After the kiss and swallow, I told her to stay put. I got out of the car, went around to her side, opened her door and picked her up. As I kicked the door closed I kissed her. I carried her up to her bed and we fucked for hours. I got one more snowball before we slept.  
  
In retrospect I should have realized that Rayne was the one under the layers, considering that she was the one who paid for me to be a VIP. I wasn't even thinking of her when I went to the club and the clues just flew over my head.