**Summer with C**

by[morefunnaked](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1280574&page=submissions)©

This is a story in installments about the "slave" I had one summer.

this goes back a ways to pre-internet/craigslist/etc.:

I placed an ad in the downtown journal that ran tawdry personals on the back 2 pages. It went something along the lines of "seeking attractive woman interested in exploring sensual and erotic boundaries - exhibitionistic leanings a plus". I realized it was a longshot, but hey - nothing ventured...?

Much to my surprise, I received a response about a week later - it didn't say much more than that she was a 30 year old female, that she was interested in finding out more, and that she hoped she wasn't too old. At the time I was about 35 myself, so no problem there. Plus, I've always had a thing for 30ish women, even when I was a teenager.

I replied and sent her my phone number, she called a couple days later. She had a very sweet and gentle voice that I instantly liked. We chatted for a few minutes and then I suggested that she visit my office for an "interview" to see if she would be "appropriate for the position". After we established a time and I explained how to find my place, I said "dress to impress" and we both hung up.

It was a nice warm late spring day and the sunlight streamed in the big windows of my loft office. There were translucent shades at the windows, but as they faced southwest, the light suffused the big space in a warm glow. Most of the morning was devoted to a project I became totally absorbed in and before I realized, there was a knock at the door.

When I opened it I was astonished by the lovely creature standing there rather coyishly. Our eyes met evenly, meaning she stood about 5'-8" in the high heeled sandals she was wearing. She seemed to be all legs - lovely lightly tanned, smooth legs, the effect of which was heightened by a short flouncy skirt in a lightweight floral printed fabric that ended at least four inches above her knees. The skirt was topped by a silky blouse in a peach tone that matched one of the colors in the skirt. Her breasts were obviously not very large, but there was a nice pair of bumps there.

As for her face - it was quite simply angelic. She smiled nervously and brushed a wisp of long brown hair aside as I eyed her up and down. I could tell that she wasn't wearing a lot of makeup, just a touch of something on her skin, a little eyeliner, and some pale lipstick. Her eyes were deep brown and seemed right away to plead for approval as she stood there rather spellbindingly.

I came back to my senses and motioned her in, gently touching her high on the back as I also closed the door behind us before motioning toward the desk at the far end of the space. As we walked that way, her heels made a delightful clickity-clickity sound on the old wood factory flooring. Again I motioned, this time to the guest chairs in front of the desk and she sat, demurely crossing her legs, but the pose allowed the hemline of her skirt to climb higher, tatntalizingly exposing another couple inches of thigh.

Sitting down in my swivel chair on the other side of the desk, I picked up a notepad and pen to jot down some notes. We had been through some preliminary information on the phone. She'd been married for about ten years. Her husband had been the first guy to ever ask her out in high school where she had been the shy bookish wallflower. As time went by, he headed down the born-again path. Their lives were governed by a set of do's and dont's, work, and his church based obligations. Sex became a weekly and eventually monthly goal oriented ritual, namely the creation of children, but that had never happened. A few months prior to her running across my ad, she and he had parted ways and now she was looking for an avenue that would take her somewhere she could explore "the lustfullness I know is in my soul begging for release".

When I prodded her about what her sexual experience was, she seemed uncomfortable. As she was not very forthcoming, I tried being more specific, asked her if she had a favorirte position and she looked confused. After more prodding, it turned out she had only ever experienced missionary style sex, never ever enjoyed the pleasure of cunnilingus, and while she had performed fellatio, it had only been a handful of times, and never to completion, only in order to get him hard enough to facilitate penetration.

We shifted to more general topics and she relaxed a bit. Eventually I moved into getting her statistics, and I was surprised at the ease at which she told me she stood five foot five, weighed 116 pounds, wore a size four dress, size six shoe, size small panties and a 34b bra. The last two pieces of information in particular shocked me with regard to how easily she dispensed it. She asked why I need to know and I explained that most likely I would be doing some shopping for her. This brought a broad smile to her face and she said "mmmm... I think I'd like that - a man buying things for me to wear".

I asked her to stand and she did, then asked her to turn around slowly and as she did, I ran my eyes across her lovely svelte frame, relishing where I was headed with this. As we'd sat there talking, I'd developed a plan and now I was going to put it into motion.

"Take your skirt off".

She froze and looked at me stunned and a little confused. I calmly looked back at her and waited until I could see that the initial shock of the command had subsided a little.

"If we are going to go anywhere with this, here is how it will work. Don't ever question my requests, always just do. I won't hurt you in any manner and I will ensure that you're never harmed by anyone else. You more than likely will be surprised, even shocked from time to time, but that is part of the process and the thrill."

"For you or for me?" she asked.

"For both of us" I replied, "but mostly for you".

She paused for a moment and I saw the anxiety start to slip away. The tenseness in her shoulders dissipated and her posture became more fluid. Standing up, she reached for the hidden zipper at the waist of her right hip and slowly pulled it down the couple inches required to loosen the skirt, then undid the accompanying clasp. Her eyes were locked on mine as she did. They were wide with excitement and her chest rose as her breathing accelerated.

The skirt slipped off her hips, down her thighs, and landed at her ankles. Stepping demurely out of it, she kept her eyes locked on me, but mine were wandering across her loveliness. Extending past her crotch, the blouse was just long enough that nothing other than more of her exquisite legs were revealed and the effect was that they looked like the went on forever. I motioned for her to spin again and she did, this time more slowly, allowing me to soak in just how astoundingly beautiful this shy little thing was. I wanted to fix this image firmly in my brain to savor forever.

"Now the blouse".

This time there was no hesitation, and I must say there never ever was again, the entire course of the summer that ensued. No matter what my instructions, she just did whatever was requested and always looked for more, those luscious deep brown eyes sparkling in anticipation. The blouse was unbuttoned and tossed across the arm of the chair.

Now she stood wearing only bikini panties and bra, conservatively cut and simple, but nevertheless sexy in that they were white lace. I looked expectantly at her and this time she made her slow turn without needing to be told. Her pale skin was barely a couple shades darker than the white lace and was everywhere flawless, dare I say virginic. When she returned to facing me again, I could barely discern a darker area just above the crotch of the panties as well as two distinct bumps beginning to distend the fabric of the simple bra.

"The bra?" she asked.

"Yes"

Reaching behind her to unclasp it, she took another deep breath and her chest rose magnificently. Then she relaxed her shoulders and the bra fell forward and off her arms. It joined the blouse on the arm of the chair.

Her breasts were exquisitely perfect. Small, just round enough to be called globes, but petite and close to her body with barely a touch of pendulousness, they were capped by nipples that were rigidly at attention, begging to be fondled, kissed, licked, or suckled. Pert would be an accurate term for these tits and here they were exposed in my office just for my enjoyment.

She looked at me for approval and I smiled. I saw her take another deep breath, this time one of relief - she was passing inspection.

"Absolutely beautiful breasts dear" I reassured her.

"They're rather small" she replied.

"I've never seen such perfect beautiful breasts" I countered.

She smiled and tipped her head back with her arms at her side, proudly pushing her tits out as far as she could, in the process making her nipples protrude even further. They absolutely screamed to be touched.

"Pinch your nipples".

She reached up and gently squeezed them each between a thumb and forefinger.

"Does that feel good?"

"It does, but what I really like is that I know you're watching me as I do it." Her eyes were closed and her head was still tipped back. "Do you want to touch them?"

"Of course I do, but not right now. Now I think you should take off your panties so that I can see you in all your glory"

Realeasing her nipples, she tipped her head forward again and locked her eyes on mine as she guided the white lace panties off her hips, down her legs, and then off first one foot and the the other. Standing there with nothing on but the shoes, she held her legs close together. Her pubic hair was a thick but trim little nest of brown curls that begged for attention just as her nipples had.

"Turn".

As she spun slowly, I was treated to a view of the cutest little ass I've ever seen. Small, shapely, smackable.

"Stop".

She stopped facing away from me. I savored the view of her like that, brown hair cascading past her shoulders, her back tapering ever so slightly to a trim waist, flaring again slightly and softening into her asscurves with a pair of barely discernable cheek crescents splaying to the left and right of her crotch, all perched atop those long slender stems that in turn were perched atop the high heels.

"Bend over and touch your ankles".

Cautiously, she bent over and forward and slowly the pinkness of her labia emerged from between her legs. I love that view of a woman, like a succulent piece of fruit being offered up for enjoyment. Wisps of pussyfur partially concealed it, but it still did not fail to elicit a muffled moan from me.

"Do you feel a little exposed?"

She giggled ever so slightly. "Very".

"OK, finish turning for me".

She rose and completed her turn. Flush in the face, maybe from having the blood rush to her head as she was bent over, maybe from having been so exposed, she looked little-girl giddyish. Again she looked at me for approval. I smiled, no, I leered at her. Her eyes went to the floor and she fidgeted a bit.

I got up, walked around the desk and repositioned the guest chair not being used to hold clothing at an angle to the desk, then extended a hand to her. She grasped it and looked at me with a puzzled expression.

"Stand on the desk".

Gingerly she stepped up first to the chair and then the desk, not letting go of my hand untill she was firmly footed on the desktop. I pushed the chair aside and stood there on the floor with her standing above me, her crotch right at my eye level.

"Turn".

Once again she did her pirouette, albeit this time more cautiously. When completed, her pubic nest was scant inches from my face and I could see every curl and wisp in great detail as well as the slit of her pussy and her lips attempting to hide within the furry cover.

Reaching up, I ran the back of my fingers across the thatch of hair. It was extremely soft, like puppy or kitten fur. I thought "pussy - what an appropriate name".

As the back of my fingers brushed across the sofness, I felt her shiver ever so slightly. I looked up at her face and she was watching me intently, her lips parted and her breathing shallow and short. I drew my hand away and stepped back. I knew that if I could have seen her labia better that they would be moist now. I drew the chair back toward the desk and extended my hand to her to help her down. Her steps were more unsteady now and I could feel her hand trembling just barely.

"As far as I'm concerned, you fit the requirements perfectly. Are you interested in going further?"

She twitched and gave a little gulp before responding, almost in a whisper "yes".

"Fine. That's enough for today. You can get dressed now, but leave the panties and bra here".

Her eyebrows arched and eyes widened, but just as delicately as she had taken them off, she slipped the blouse and skirt back on then looked to me for further instruction.

"C'mon, I'll walk you back to your office". She had told me where she worked as a legal secretary, only a few blocks away. We headed out the door, down the flight of stairs to the street and out into the beautiful midday sunlight.

She glanced over at me as we strolled along. Her hair fluttered about in a slight breeze and her skirt did as well. Her nipples were still rigid and made their braless presence known through the lightweight fabric of the blouse.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"A little exposed, I guess" was her answer.

"I bet it feels interesting with the air drifting up between your legs to your unclad pussy".

She blushed visibly. "No one has ever referred to my vagina as a pussy before."

"At least not that you're aware of".

She giggled, this time devilishly. We had arrived at the door to her office building. "What next?"

"Come back to the office after work. I'll be gone, but I'll leave a package for you outside the door. Do you have a raincoat, I mean a trenchcoat type of thing?"

"Yes, at home though."

"Excellent. Tomorrow I want you to meet me at Starbucks at Twelve Corners at ten fifteen. I'll leave you more instructions in the package as well as someting I'm going to pick up for you today and your bra and panties."

"OK"

"See you tomorrow."

**Summer with C Ch. 02**

The next day was rainy and overcast albeit warm, just as had been predicted. Our weatherman is nothing if not reliable.

She arrived precisely at ten fifteen, just like a good little girl. As I saw her appear, I approached her silver Accord with umbrella in hand and we clung to each other under it on the way in. Starbucks was minimally populated at that hour. We headed into the short line, ordered our beverages and after I paid, I headed to the back seating area to wait for her to bring them along.

The back area was comprised of three tables that were often empty, an archway connecting to the rest of the facility, a glass door that led to the back parking lot, and another that led to the single unisex toilet. I selected one of the three tables and sat down facing the archway to wait .

Shortly she appeared. I raised my hand to signal to her to stop in the archway then rose to take the beverages from her. I whispered into her ear and explained what I expected of her then returned to my chair to watch as slowly sensually she undid the coat sash and buttons, and unfurled the lapels and front.

After our interview the previous day, I had shopped for her. In the elegant bag that I had left on the doorknob of my office, was a black lace garter belt and a pair of sheer black stockings with lace tops. What she found in her accompanying instructions was that she should wear the enclosed and only the enclosed under her trenchcoat along with a pair of black high heels.

Her pert little breasts stood proudly at attention, nipples erect and that lovely patch of brown crotch fur was also fully on display for my enjoyment. My cock went hard and I caught myself moistening my lips. I made her stand there like that for several minutes while I sipped my coffee before motioning her to approach. She dropped her hands to her sides but left the front of the coat undone, free to shift about over her lithe frame as she walked, nipples peeking out a little with each step. When she sat, she draped the coat back across herself but crossed her legs such that the black lace at the top of a stocking was on show.

We chatted a bit before she relaxed some and stopped glancing around to see if anyone was in a position to see anything. There were few customers at that hour and at no point did anyone enter through the back door. Had they while she was standing in the archway, she would have been fully exposed to their scrutiny. I wonder how she would have reacted had that occurred.

"Go into the restroom, take off the coat, and wait for me." I instructed her after she'd finished most of her latte.

After another of her entrancing stares, off she trotted, disappearing behind the blonde wood door a few feet to the right of the table. I took my time finishing my coffee, imagining her standing almost completely naked behind that door. Actually, she was better than naked - she was fully exposed and well presented at the same time. I am a solid believer in the concept of how the presentation is half the experience. Today she was like a fine little treat from a patisserie.

After letting her wait like that a bit longer, I rose, went to the door, turned the lever and entered. She stood with her legs together and arms at her sides looking every bit like the most succulent treat imaginable. I pointed to the mirror and she turned her head so she would catch sight of her naked profile in it. I came closer to her as she did and raised the back of my hand, using it to graze across her left nipple, before grasping it gently between two of my fingers to gently pinch it. She turned her face back toward me and I brought my mouth close to hers so that she could feel my breath on her face while I held her nipple like that.

I felt that little tremble again, much like yesterday - I knew I was getting through.

I stood back and released the nipple as she gave me the sweetest most imploring little puppydog look that pleaded with me for more, but I had other plans.

"That was quite a bit of latte you polished off."

"Yes." was all that she seemed to be able to manage.

"You must need to pee by now I would think."

She blushed deeply and dropped her head slightly before whispering another "Yes."

I glanced toward the toilet, then back at her again. Without any other instruction she went to it, sat down on the seat and spread her legs. As I stood closer, I could see as the jet of pee emerged from her fur patch and heard the accompanying tinkling sound as the liquid met the water in the toilet. When it stopped she pulled some toilet paper from the roll to dab at herself with before standing and flushing.

She stood with her back to me as she rinsed her hands in the sink and dryed them. What a gorgeous little ass she had. I wanted to run my hands across those orbs and squeeze them as well. But that was for another time.

Taking her coat from the hook on the back of the door, I held it for her as she slipped it back on, then buttoned the front and tied the belt loosely. I smiled and she looked at me with pleasure - the look said that she knew she had done well.

We walked out. The rain had stopped and the sun was starting to emerge. I told her that I thought we should get together around lunch the day after next and that I would be in touch first before giving her a friendly peck on the cheek.

**Summer with C Ch. 03**

C and I spoke on the phone the evening of our outing to Starbucks to make plans for the next day. I asked her if she owned a bikini and she replied that she had several racerback one pieces but only one two piece. "Wear that tomorrow. We're going to go to the beach at lunchtime."

We met in a parking garage downtown the next day. She was wearing cutoffs and a pink T-shirt along with tennis shoes. Heading for the beach, she asked if I had enjoyed the show the previous day and I told her that I certainly had. She again expressed reservations about the size of her breasts and I reassured her that I found them to be just right. She said that she was deeply aroused when I had toyed with her nipple in the restroom.

"Did you play with yourself last night?" I asked.

"I almost did."

"Don't," I instructed "No orgasms until I say it's OK."

C looked genuinely frustrated.

We arrived at the beach, parked, and headed for a stretch that was relatively unoccupied. To the east was the stretch that the gay crowd frequented and to the west was empty sand for a good thousand feet before the more populated section began. I spread out the blanket and we peeled off our outerwear.

C had on a madras plaid bikini top and bottom, fairly conservatively cut and very wholesome looking. I had what for me at the time was fairly standard swimwear, a navy Speedo that supported and displayed my package in a socially acceptable manner but was still sexy. We broke out lunch and sodas.

After a bit, I reached over and placed a hand on C's back, sliding my fingers under her hair to massage her neck a bit. She stretched as I did and I felt her relaxing as she enjoyed the neckrub. My fingers wandered down her back to the strap of her top. I found the clasp and after fiddling with it a bit, I was able to undo it. She stared wide-eyed at me as the top slowly slid down and revealed her breasts.

"Off?" she asked.

"Off."

"I don't want to get arrested."

I proceeded to explain to her that in New York State it had been legal for several years for a woman to go topless in public. "Basically, anywhere a man can take his shirt off, so can a woman."

C took a deep breath and relaxed enough that she slipped the top off entirely. She glanced around and realized that no one was paying much attention to us. The handful of guys to the east could really have cared less and to the west, there was no one close enough that they would have been able to discern that she had no top on.

Her nipples were nicely rigid and I commented on that. She giggled and blushed then rolled her eyes saying "Yes, they seem to have a mind of their own."

"Kinda like a cock." was my response and she looked down at my crotch. Her inquisitiveness aroused me further and in an instant the front of my Speedo was swollen with a full bore hard-on. C smiled and her gaze returned to my face. "Nice." she noted.

I laid back on the blanket which gave my bulge full prominence. She sat gazing at it for a bit before also laying back, her breasts settling somewhat as she did and flattening out. We lay like that for a while soaking in the warm rays before I suggested we take a walk. C looked at me inquisitively and I said "No top." then rose and extended my hand to assist her up. We walked to the waters edge and then eastward.

The gay boys were strewn about the beach sunning and preening. A couple glanced in our direction, but mostly they weren't a bit interested in a male-female couple, let alone exposed female breasts. A little further on lay a deeply tanned woman wearing only a floral print bikini bottom, large breasts brazenly on display and just as dark a shade of brown as the rest of her body. She smiled and waved as we passed. Her name was Margaret and we had spoken on several occasions. I smiled and waved back and C followed suit.

Over the course of the next ten minutes, we walked by several individuals, all males, walking in the opposite direction. They all vacillated between checking out C's boobs and dropping their eyes to the ground, then back to her chest and again back to the ground. She was relaxing more and even beginning to smile as they passed, getting into the effect she had on them.

We turned and headed back. Here the beach was a sliver of sand only about ten feet before the woods started, so no sun bathers were about. A couple approached us and walked by, trying to act nonchalant but obviously intrigued by C's toplessness. Before reaching the blanket, another couple guys strode by and when we passed Margaret again, someone was visiting with her.

It had been enough sun for our first day out, so we folded up the blanket and headed back to the car. C left her bikini top off, but slipped the T shirt back on, her nipples forming lovely little bumps in the pink cotton. We headed back in to the city.

**Summer with C Ch. 04**

The following day didn't pan out for our original plans to return to the beach as it rained, so we cancelled and re-scheduled for the following. It gave me the oportunity to go do a little shopping instead. I went to the mall and picked up several things for C to wear, my intent being to dole them out one by one as the event called for. I wrapped the first little nothing in a box with giftwrap and left it at the reception desk at the office building she where she worked. It looked like a box of chocolates, but I attached a gift card in an envelope warning her not to open it in public.

In the box was a simple and plain wine colored thong, moderate coverage in the front, but high cut with little coverage in the back. I instructed her to wear it to work the following day.

When I picked her up that friday, she was wearing a khaki colored wrap skirt, white polo shirt, and the high heel sandals again. I had said not to wear a bra and it was fairly evident that she had complied. I asked if she had been like that all morning.

"No, I took it off just before I came down to meet you. Where are we going?"

"To the beach."

"Am I to wear only the thong?"

"Yes - do you have a problem with that?"

"If its what you would like to see, that's what I will do."

She took a deep breath and gave me that nervous little smile of hers. I could tell the anticipation was infesting her, a little trepidation and a little excitement at the same time. I asked her if it fit alright.

"It fits fine, but I had to trim quite a bit down there to accomodate the cut of it."

Excellent, I thought. My own anticipation began to rise and I could feel my cock swell inside the Speedo I was wearing under my jeans. It's actually a rather short drive to the beach, but it seemed to take forever that day. We parked, grabbed the blanket, towels, and lunch bag then slipped our shoes off and headed toward he sand. The spot we had chosen on our previous visit was available, so we settled in.

C slipped the skirt and polo off without delay and there she stood in all her topless and bare assed glory. Her nipples were doing that pencil eraser imitation adorning her lovely little pair of orbs. There was a faint tanline at the bottom of her asscheeks from the bikini bottom she'd had on two days earlier. A bit of a pillowy quality to the front of the thong betrayed that although she had obviously trimmed and shaved along the sides, there was still a decent mound of pubic fur concealed behind.

She stretched, arms extended above her head and I again felt my cock grow. C noticed my bulge and gave me a devislish grin, reveling in the power to be able to elicit that sort of physical resonse.

We sat and enjoyed lunch, then again headed for a walk. Today she was not the only woman topless on the beach (but she was however the only thong in sight). We passed another couple walking and she had on only a brief black bikini bottom. Margaret was there as well, her bronzed boobs prominently displayed. Plenty of single men were out for a walk and their daily dose of voyeurism, which was fine with me. I wanted everyone to see her in her near nakedness as well as to enjoy the gentle little wobble her sweet tits made as we strode along and to witness her firm ass exposed in the sunlight.

This time we squeezed another twenty minutes or so out of the lunch break before heading back. As we did, I told her not to put the skirt on. I suspected the polo would be just long enough to barely cover the bottom crescents of her cheeks as well as the triangle of fabric in front and I was right. We got in the car and headed back into the city. Just before dropping her at her office I gave her permission to don the skirt again. As she got out of the car, I handed her another package and said "See you tomorrow around eleven."

This time I had left no instructions with the package and this time the package was quite small. I wonder what she thought as she unwrapped it and realized the implications.

We were again going to the beach and I was again meeting her just before lunch outside her office. Ever punctual, she appeared just as I sat down on a bench to wait. Today she had chosen a cream linen shift that was quite short and fell loosely on her. It looked wonderful against the tan she was beginning to develop. A chunky black necklace adorned her neckline and accentuated the low cut of the dress. Black pumps completed the ensemble - sexy as all hell and at the same time supremely ladylike. I pictured her without the dress.

Once at the beach, she slipped off the shoes and after we had reached the sand and spread out the blanket, she stood with her back to me then asked for me to unzip her.

"It would be my pleasure." I responded and slowly ran the tiny toggle down her back all the way to just above her ass where it would go no more. She shrugged her shoulders girlishly and the dress fell to her feet.

My view at that point was of her long elegant neck with the back of the necklace and clasp draping across it. She had done her hair up that day.Her shoulders were proud, sculptural forms. I grasped her upper arms in my hands and drew her to me so that this time she could feel my swollen manhood through the thin fabric of my suit as it pressed against her bare cheeks. I ran my hands down further and around to her front, cupping the underside of both breasts, but avoiding the nipples. They were soft and supple, yeilding ever so slightly to my touch. I breathed on her neck and gave it a soft kiss, just above the tiny mole on the right side.

But I also wanted to see her from the front and so released her. She slowly turned and revealed her magnificence. My selection for her today had been another thong, but this one much smaller and flimsier. It had meant that she had needed to divest herself of even more of her pubic hair. I guessed that more than half of what had once adorned her lower pelvis was now gone. The triangle of black nylon was held in place by straps to each side of no more than a half inch wide each and the one up the back almost disappeared into the crack of her cheeks. The faint bikini tan line of the first day had been replaced by a similiarly faint outline of yesterday's thong.

Again, we sat and ate, then walked, this time venturing further down the beach before heading back, past the blanket and for a ways in the other direction, then back to the blanket. We napped and basked in the summer warmth. There was a nice cooling breeze which also kept the bugs away. Much too quickly it was time to head along so that she could return to work.

As she stood to slip the dress on again, I glanced around. It was a relatively quiet day at the beach today. The closest people were several hundred feet away and not paying much attention to us.

"Take off the thong first." I demanded.

She looked at me and smiled, then slipped it down and off, unveiling her new "do". The hair was clipped short and had been reduced to a narrow triangle. God she looked sensational standing there like that, wearing nothing but the necklace, but this we could get into trouble for, so I motioned for her to put the dress back on. She did and popped the thong into the straw bag we had carried the lunch and blanket in.

We headed for the car and back to "reality".

**Summer with C Ch. 05**

On the way back downtown we talked a bit about the way things were going.

"I never ever would have thought a couple weeks ago that I would be strolling around out in public wearing nothing more than a skimpy little thong. For that matter I'd never worn a thong at all before yesterday."

"You seem to have taken to it well."

"I'd never have dreamed of doing this if you weren't in the drivers seat."

"That's my role here. I'm the master of ceremonies, the guide, just as we discussed during the interview."

"Yes and I love it. I need someone to tell me to do these things otherwise I never would. Now I'm wondering what comes next and as I try to guess I get excited. On the other hand I'm beginning to get sexually frustrated. I want to have sex so badly right now. You're tormenting me like this."

"That's a part of the plan. Once you've experienced sexual frustration you'll be amazed at just how wanton you can become and all the boundaries that come down as a result."

She was quiet, watching me as we drove along.

I broke the silence. "You really looked stunning on the beach today."

She blushed but said no more all the way back to her office. Before she slid out of the car I told her that she should come to my office the next day.

"Are we going to the beach again?"

"No we will be staying in. Knock when you arrive, but then let yourself in once you do."

When C arrived at my door the next day, she found a note taped to the door that read "Strip before you enter but leave your shoes on." The corridors of the building that my office was in were not highly travelled but someone still could have come along as she undressed. It must have been a bit unnerving to her.

Sitting behind my desk waiting I heard the knock and her entry followed. A black and white frock of some sort was draped across her arm and it didn't appear that there were any undergarments that accompanied it. Excellent.

"There's a hook on the back of the door."

She turned and hung the dress there. Definitely no bra or panties. The shoes were shiny black leather fuckmepumps with higher heels than I'd yet seen her in. I motioned for her to approach and they made a wonderful sound against the wooden floor: click, click, click ... mesmerizing as it bounced around the high ceilinged room.

She stood behind the guest chairs, waiting for me to tell her to sit. Instead I pointed to a small box on the desk.

"For you."

Bending over the chairs to reach for it her tits dangled ever so slightly and her little triangle of pussyfur rubbed against the back of a chair. Once opened the box revealed a black velvet blindfold with an elastic strap.

"I'm guessing this is for me to wear?"

"Yes. I'd like you to put it on now."

Once it was in place I pushed my chair back from the desk and rose. What she had not known through all this was that all I was wearing was a shirt which I then unbuttoned and removed. My cock was at full attention, dying for contact. But not yet - there were other things to do first.

"Walk around for me," I said, "I'll tell you when to turn or stop."

Timidly she took a few steps to her right.

"Stop. Now turn ninety degrees and take ten steps."

Carefully she did as instructed, heels click-click-clicking as she progressed. I steered her all over the large space in that manner and eventually back to right in front of the desk again.

"Do you know where you are?"

"No idea." was her reply. Now she was properly disoriented.

From the desk I picked up one of my devices, a good sized white plume that had originally come from a feather duster. Delicately, I ran it under her chin then down her back, across her breasts and finally up the inside of her thighs and against her pussy. She shuddered slightly as I drew it backwards along the crack between her asscheeks.

"Bend over and touch your toes."

Carefully she did as told, in the process exposing herself in a most unladylike but provocative manner. Her vulvae beckoned enticingly, begging to be enjoyed. I flicked the feather against them, mostly just to confirm for her that she was so lewdly on display for me.

"Upright."

I reached for the next implement. Lifting the cover of a small ice bucket, I silently removed a single ice cube then returned to alongside her. My swollen cock was mere inches from her thigh and she had no idea. Holding the ice in three fingers I brought it to rest on a rigid nipple, initiating another involuntary shudder. Moving it in a small circle, I watched the nipple get even stiffer as a small rivulet of water dribbled down her breast and abdomen.

Next I reached for an insulated coffee cup filled with piping hot brew. I sipped it, allowing my mouth to warm significantly then gingerly brought my face to the breast that had not received ice, kissed that nipple, then drew it into my mouth.

She moaned and I sucked harder before pulling away a bit and blowing on it. My breath evaporated the moisture cooling it in the process. She gasped in disappointment as I drew away.

From the sofa at the end of the room, I removed a cushion and lay it down on the floor. "Come here." I barked and then guided her vocally until she stood with it at her feet.

"Kneel."

C lowered herself, visibly relieved when she felt her knees met the soft pillow instead of the hard floor she was expecting.

"Hands behind your back." I continued with the instructions "Now keep them there."

Positioning myself right in front of her I brought the head of my penis to within fractions of an inch of her face, so close that I felt her warm moist breath grazing it. I touched the tip to her lips.

I don't believe she realized what had made contact with her at first. Her lips parted ever so slightly then paused as she suddenly grasped what was going on.

"Open wider." I commanded and she complied, opening her mouth enough that I was able to insert my fat mushroom head in. I waited for a moment then pushed in more so that roughly three inches of the shaft disappeared into the warm wetness. She started to suck slightly and I began a back and forth movement, fucking her face for the very first time.

We went on like that for ten or fifteen minutes. A couple times I tested her to find out how much she could take but her gag reflex was too strong for me to get more that about four inches of my shaft inside her mouth. Never mind, it felt wonderful and she was beginning to roll her tongue around as I continued my back and forth and back and forth and then she too was moving in unison. Eventually I just stood still and let her suck me in and out, in and out.

I reached that euphoric peak and my cock and balls pulsed violently, blasting jizz into her mouth, throb after throb after throb. The release was wonderful and was heightened by the knowledge that this was the first time she was receiving my seed.

I withdrew from the warmth and wetness of her. She knelt there with her mouth filled with my hot white spunk until I instructed her to swallow. Hesitantly she did.

"Have you ever swallowed cum before?" I asked.

"I've never had anyone ejaculate in my mouth before." was her reply, "So, no."

I helped her to her feet and led her by hand back to the desk where I pulled on my pants and shirt, then lifted the blindfold from her head. She blinked and squinted at first as her eyes accustomed themselves to the bright sunlight pouring in that she had been deprived of for the last half hour. We stared at each other for a few moments before I embraced her, kissed the nape of her neck, and suggested that she get dressed. "I'll walk you back to your office." I said after she had slipped back into her dress.

She smiled demurely and replied "Okay, if you insist."

I reached down and lifted the hemline of the short dress then ran my hand along the inside of her right thigh, up 'til I touched her soft pubic fur and then her sex itself. She was moist and warm. It was obvious she'd enjoyed today's activity. I probed at the entrance to her vagina just enough to get the very tip of my middle finger wet then withdrew it and brought it to my lips and licked the wetness. I offered the finger to her and she took it in her mouth just like she had my cock and sucked on it.

When I felt she'd had enough I pulled it from her mouth and motioned to the door. We headed out and down to the street then on toward her office. On the way we talked about the upcoming concert in the park and agreed that we should try to go. As we approached her building I issued the next instructions.

"Tomorrow evening I have a social event I'd like you to accompany me to. Your attire for the event will be delivered to your apartment this afternoon. I'll swing by and pick you up at 6:30."

Again, she smiled and again "Okay." She gave me a quick peck on the lips but instead of heading into the building she paused for a moment.

"I really enjoyed having you in my mouth today and although I was very surprised when you climaxed, I liked that as well. I only wish that I could have seen what I was sucking on."

"In due time," was my reply "In due time."

**Summer with C Ch. 06**

The next evening rolled around and I arrived at C's door punctually at 6:30, knocked, and was immediately greeted by a vision of total sensuality. She had done her hair up elaborately - some tied up, some down and elegantly curled in loose spirals. Silver pendants dangled from her ears and the scent she had chosen was intoxicating. "Obsession" I was told when I asked what it was.

What little else she wore was what I had furnished - a close fitting black dress jacket over a sheer black body stocking accompanied by strappy little stillettoes. The jacket came no more that an inch or two below her crotch, from there to the shoes there was nothing but legs clad in sheer black nylon. The body stocking was very minimal up top with tiny little spaghetti straps. This resulted in the neckline of the jacket framing bare flesh. I had imagined it would be hot, but I wasn't prepared for just how hot.

The event was an al fresco party on River Street, spilling over onto Andrews. There were lots of sexy women in skimpy dresses, lots of braless rigid nipply jiggliness, lots of raw sensuality out for a warm summer night of frivolity, but no one was as scorching as C that evening - all eyes were on her.

I watched her reaction to all the attention. Initially she was a little uncomfortable walking around as though she had left part of her ensemble at home but gradually I could see that she was getting into it. The shy and awkward walk turned into a strut and the nervous look on her face dissolved, transforming into a wide-eyed affirmation of just how invigorating life can be. A couple glasses of Pinot Grigio didn't hurt either.

Once the sun went down I reached for the front of the jacket and unfastened first one then the other of the buttons, followed by the hidden clasp I'd had sewn into the lower corners of the front. Now the jacket was free to open at any time and expose her treasures. Her nipples were faintly discernable through the sheer fabric of the body stocking for a moment or two at a time in the dim light as was the little trace of a swath of pussyfur, but just knowing that there was nothing more than mere fractions of an ounce of "clothing" was an intoxicating thing. A few people caught on and were checking her out. Eventually she realized they were and began to flash a little, making certain that they got a little longer glimpse of her semi-veiled treasures.

Slowly the crowd began to disperse. We started to as well but before she got in the car I told her to take the jacket off. Ever obedient, she did and then tossed it inside as I also instructed. By now it was about ten thirty. The event crowd was pretty much gone and the night time bar crowd hadn't materialized yet. I locked the car up again and stuck my elbow out for her to grasp. We walked back down the two blocks of River Street to the other end, then turned and returned to the car. The click of her heels echoed off the bricks and her tits bounced lightly as she strutted. Along the way we passed at least a dozen people and got a lot of stares as well as a "Holy shit!" and a "Whoa." But the best comment came from a somewhat inebriated older woman who was heading out of a restaurant gripping her companion's arm: "Oh to be young again."

Once inside the car she beamed and I fondled her breasts as I kissed her, burrowing my tongue deep into her mouth, facefucking her with my tongue the way I had with my cock the previous afternoon. She reached over and groped my hard-on through my pants. I felt her crotch and it was wet, her cunt dying to be attended to.

But that wasn't part of my plan for the evening. She needed to be tormented longer.

I drove C back to her place and we sat in the car and talked for a bit. I played with her nipples some through the sheer fabric. She asked if I wanted to come in and I replied "No, but I want to watch you walk in."

She reached for the jacket and I said "Leave that here." Taking a deep breath she stepped out of the car.

"My office tomorrow at noon."

I watched her stride down the walk to the door of the apartment building where she tapped in her code and entered the vestibule. Brightly lit, it displayed her scantily clad body perfectly. Knowing this was the case and knowing I was watching (I wondered who else might be), she waved then stuck her middle finger in her mouth and sucked on it before turning to punch the code at the second door, open it and disappear.

**Summer with C Ch. 07**

At noon the following day, I answered the knock on my office door and there she stood, this time wearing a pair of back leggings and a turquoise tube top. Matching turquoise heels finished off the ensemble. It was Saturday and she was in Saturday garb and my gawd she looked good. The headlights were shining brightly - I imagine she probably had been playing with them before knocking on the door. I motioned her in, gave her a hug and groped her breasts a bit, then slipped the top down past them. Taking the cue, she dispensed with first the top, then the shoes, and finally the leggings. With the leggings gone she was left in nothing but a turquoise lace thong, looking absolutely adorable.

I asked her to put shoes went back on and motioned to the sofa. On the coffee table, sat a chilled bottle of prosecco and two glasses. After opening the bottle, I poured C a glass of the bubbling liquid. She asked if I was going to have any and I told her no, not yet.

I told her to take the thong off and she slid it down and awkwardly past the shoes as she sat on the edge of the sofa.

"Sit back and spread your legs wide apart. Let me see that lovely twat of yours as though you're inviting me inside." She obliged and I was treated to a completely unencumbered view of her scrumptious pussy. She had been maintaining the little triangle of fur nicely and it trailed slightly past the start of her vulvae to each side. I savored the view for a while, then suggested she relax and enjoy her prosecco.

There was a knock at the door and she looked startled. I headed back across the room to answer it, opening it wide to greet my friend Anita whom I was expecting. We hugged and I led her in and across the room to a rather surprised C. Introductions involved C rising and a handshake with Anita. She was so deliciously naked and exposed while we two others were dressed.

"Would you please pour Anita a glass of prosecco?" I asked and as C did so, Anita started to unbutton her jeans, wriggle them past her hips, then kick off the short boots she was wearing so that the jeans could be completely removed. The peasant style blouse she had on came way past her waist and at first revealed only her darkly tanned legs. C offered her the glass, which she accepted, took a modest sip of, then followed with a deep gulp.

Anita passed me the glass to hold while she proceeded to pull the blouse up off over her head to reveal a flesh colored bra and panty set, then unclasped the bra and stepped out of the panties. With her clothes in a pile on the floor now, she reached for the glass back from me and enjoyed another swig.

Anita possesses the only true blonde pussy I've ever seen and at that time she kept it nicely groomed, but long and flowing. Although it was not as light in color as the short cropped hair on her head, it still contrasted shockingly with her darkly tanned body. Her breasts were ample, I would guess probably large c-cups and she was tall and athletic.

I savored her nakedness, but now it was my turn and I unbuckled my belt, unzipped my fly, dropped my jeans to the floor and pulled my black T off over my head. Having chosen not to wear any underwear that day I was suddenly just as naked as these two lovelies and sporting a raging hard-on. I looked over at C and she smiled approvingly.

Anita set her glass down on the coffee table and approached me, reaching out to grasp my cock. The feeling of her hand holding, then gently stroking it was delightful and I got harder still. She fondled my balls for a bit before returning to stroking then dropped to a squat in front of me with her legs spread wide. As she opened her mouth to accept the head of my cock, she reached down to her pussy and started to masturbate. I saw a finger disappear up inside as she took my entire shaft deep into her mouth. Her other hand went back to my balls, gently massaging them as she began a back and forth motion with her head, my shaft sliding in and out of her mouth, her finer in and out of her cunt. Every once in a while I would withdraw completely so that she could lick the shaft and so that C could get a glimpse of my fat mushroom cockhead glistening in the mid day light.

I told C to come over and kneel down on the floor so that she could see better. Positioned with her face less than a foot away, she had a ringside seat watching a true expert deliver an incredible blowjob. Anita doesn't care for conventional sex, but loves to give head and is a real pro at it. She deep throats and seems not to have any gag reflex. My balls spent a great deal of time pressed against her chin. At one point she pulled her sopping wet fingers from her pussy and wrapped them around my shaft to jack me for a bit before returning them to her hot hole. Her cheeks dimpled as she sucked earnestly on my swollen fuckpole.

Eventually her magic reached the point where I couldn't hold back any more and I withdrew from her mouth, grabbed my shaft, pointed it at her open lips and blasted spasm after spasm of hot white jizz onto her waiting tongue. Anita groaned and shuddered in her own self-induced orgasm.

After the last drops had been squeezed from my cock, Anita swallowed, then softly wrapped her mouth around my shaft again, making certain that she had milked every ounce of cum from it. C stared wide-eyed and lips parted, breathing almost as hard as Anita and I.

Anita stood and offered me her fingers, from which I eagerly sucked her musky love juices. She took another swig of her drink and then started to get dressed again. I slipped my jeans and T back on, saw her to the door and returned to offer my hand to C. She stood and retrieved her clothes, also getting dressed again.

"So are you happy? Now you've seen my cock."

"Well, not exactly..." was her response.

I laughed and said "You're not supposed to be... at least not yet."

**Summer with C Ch. 08**

Sunday we went for a drive. It was a glorious sunny summer day and I started it off by calling C. I told her I'd be over in an hour and that she should be showered and ready to head out. I would bring her attire with me, so she should answer the door naked, but otherwise ready go.

I rang for her at the vestibule and the doors buzzed in sequence as she remotely signaled me in. Finding her apartment was a bit of a challenge, but eventually I knocked at 34B (lol) and it opened to reveal my naked little slavegirl, all primped and prepped and ready for her next adventure. I put my arms around her, drew her close and kissed first the nape of her neck, then her lips, then both nipples. My hand went to her crotch and I caressed the soft fur there before running a finger along the slit between her vulvae. I kissed her again, this time adding a little tongue to the act and as I did, her whole body writhed in a little dance of submission.

Releasing her, I asked "Coffee?" She nodded affirmatively and headed for the galley, her marvelous little ass sashaying ever so slightly as she did. Returning with my cuppajoe she asked "What's on the agenda today?"

"Ever been to Sun Acres?" I asked, knowing full well she probably had not.

"Never even heard of it." was her reply.

"Its at the south end of one of the lakes - about a two hour drive." I handed her a brown paper box secured with a pink ribbon. C released the bow and took off the cover. Tucked between the sheets of pale pink tissue was a teddy I'd selected at a posh lingerie boutique, lilac silk with ecru lace. She held it up by the tiny little straps and let out a cute little "Ooooh!" before stepping one foot at a time into it and pulling the straps up over her shoulders.

Wow. It clung to her delicate curves like some form of lavender liquid. Her nipples formed rigid crests in the thin material. An inch wide swath of creamy lace trimmed the high cut leg openings as well as the bodice. It was as though she had stepped out of an expensive French pastry shop the look was so scrumptious. I knew she and it had been meant for one another, but I was absolutely stunned by the effect with the two actually combined.

She disappeared for a minute and returned wearing the sexy high heeled sandals I'd seen her in several times now. The way they made her walk always caused her tits to jiggle so provocatively but clad in this fluid wisp of lingerie, the movement almost made me cum in my pants.

"Ready?" I queried.

She took a deep breath and responded "What the hell!"

There was no one in the corridor or down the stairs, but on the way from the vestibule to the car, she was right out in the open and I'm certain that a number of people must have caught a glimpse. One lucky devil happened to be walking up the sidewalk and was able to experience her right up close. Clickitty-clickitty, jiggly-jiggly.

I always enjoy the drive down to the southerntier, but her presence made it even more so. Before I realized it, we had arrived and hollering into the squackbox to gain admission.

It was immediately apparent to her that this was a nudist camp. Lots of people were strolling about wearing nothing more than a pair of sandals and a smile. I stepped out of the car and immediately stripped down then retrieved a bag and some beach towels from the trunk. She slipped out of the pastel confection, hung it from the rearview mirror of the car and we headed into the lodge to register for the day.

The pool was busy, but there were still a handful of chaises available. We settled into a pair to enjoy the sun and peoplewatch - all sorts of shapes and ages, all enjoying the day, and many checking out this newcomer. They'd seen me before but not the lovely sylph that was accompanying me. C fell asleep for a bit and I pulled out a book.

When she awoke she decided to take a dip and cool off. I joined her and we played in the tepid water for quite a while before emerging to towel off some. Lunchtime came and we had burgers.

I told her I had a special task for her to do. She looked at me quizzically and I reached for a small leather case in the canvas bag from the car. Handing it to her I explained that it was a shave kit, that there was cream, a razor, and several fresh blades. I wanted her to go to the restroom and shave off all her pubic hair.

She was shocked, but took the kit and headed off for the lodge. Around twenty minutes later she reappeared, her snatch completely bald, much to my approval. Nothing concealed her gash at all now. It was like heaven revealed.

"How does it feel?"

"Interesting, very interesting." was all she could say. A few minutes later she added "Now I feel exposed, very exposed."

People were checking her out, both male and female. It was long enough ago, that most women still didn't shave or wax or laser their muffs and no one else there that day did. Plus, they had seen her less than half an hour earlier sporting a sweet little triangle of neatly trimmed light brown pubes and now here she was with her sex fully exposed.

I realized suddenly that I was getting a hard-on and C noticed too. She giggled and seemed a little more comfortable as a result. We settled back into our sun worship and eventually she even spread her legs enough that the beams paid a visit to her bare slit. Anyone who walked by could steal a glimpse of it. We lasted about another hour before deciding that we'd had enough sun for the day and headed back to the car. She slipped back into the teddy and I put on shorts and a T. I fired up the engine and we headed home.

We took our time driving back, headed south first for a bit and then looped back up the east side of the next lake. The entire time she wore only the teddy. For the most part no one noticed and when they did, I'm not certain they really got more than a glimpse or had a clue as to what was really going on. We hit the city around six and I stopped at a liquor store, picked up a bottle of Tequila and some triple sec, then ran into the supermarket for limes. C stayed in the car.

At her apartment complex, things were pretty quiet. It had turned into a real scorcher of a day and I think that everyone was inside with their air conditioning on, but I bet a few again got a real eyeful as we walked from the car to the vestibule with her dressed as she was. Once inside, we ordered a pizza and I made Margaritas.

No, we (she) didn't flash the delivery guy, but in hindsight that would've been a good idea. All the sun that day coupled with the drinks found us both out like logs in no time at all. I slept for a couple hours, waking to find her curled up in her recliner, sound asleep still wearing the delicious little lilac teddy. I found a blanket for her as well as a sheet of paper and pencil. Before heading out, I jotted down a note for her and suggesting she come to my office at noon the next day.

**Summer with C Ch. 09**

When the knock came on the door the next day, I was already naked and semi-hard in anticipation. C was rather surprised to see me like that when I opened it and decided to take advantage of the situation by reaching out to greet me by fondling my shaft, turning it rock hard in an instant by doing so. We stood there for a minute with the door open and her hand wrapped around my manhood. No one came by, but the fact that they might was tantalizing.

"Undress."

She took off the skirt and blouse, the same attire as on the first day we met, but this time minus panties and bra. Still not closing the door, I pointed to the sofa cushion I'd strategically placed on the floor just inside the entrance and said simply "Kneel." She lowered herself to the cushion as I instructed. I stood in front of her and positioned my cock inches from her face her so that when she opened her mouth like a good little slave I was able to slide it right in. It felt wonderful in there.

Never closing her eyes, she accepted it and proceeded to suck, kiss, lick and fondle it. I loved the sight of it going in and out of her lips as I mouthfucked her. I pulled it and out and stood just out of reach for a few moments with her kneeling there mouth agape craving to be filled again and then obliged her by shoving it back between her lips. She couldn't yet take it very deep, but it felt exquisite anyway. I knew I wasn't going to last long but that wasn't the objective today. I needed release and my little suckpuppy was going to take care of that for me.

Soon enough I felt the familiar crescendo approaching and told her to hold my balls. As soon as I felt her delicate fingers gently cup them, my cock throbbed in her mouth, blasting a load down her throat, my balls pulsing as they emptied the pent up jizz. It went on and on but eventually stopped. I pulled it out so that she could swallow everything. Inches from her face it continued to quiver slightly and a small bead of aftercum oozed out which she dutifully attended to with her tongue, holding it steady with her hand as she did.

She looked up at me for approval.

"Good girl. Now dress and leave."

I finally closed the door once she had disappeared.

Twenty minutes later the phone rang. It was C. That morning I had arranged for a delivery of fresh flowers to her office so that they would be waiting for her when she returned.

"Thank you," she whispered "For both gifts."

"My pleasure."

She giggled and said she needed to get back to the project she was working on. I suggested we go to the beach the next day.

"Okay, Bye."

I also had an envelope delivered to C's office before the end of the day. In it was her attire for the beach, a tiny turquoise blue thong with a g-string style back. The next day she wore it to the beach and was stunning in it. Now that she was completely shaven, the way it clung to her crotch resulted in her pussyslit telegraphing through in what we these days we refer to as a cameltoe. Very very sexy.

The day after was the same routine, only a bright yellow version of the same thong. Victoria's Secret had them in a zillion colors and I'd bought her a fistful. Her tan was getting deeper and deeper and the bright colors against her browned skin looked terrific. Always a nice cameltoe was in evidence.

That evening after dinner I gave her a call and asked if she would be home around ten. She said yes, and I told her I'd stop by then for a few minutes.

At ten, after buzzing me in, she opened the door to her apartment wearing nothing more than the stockings and heels from the Starbucks/raincoat escapade. The only illumination was from candles scattered around the room and she had lit some incense as well. I had worn a pair of paisley silk boxers and a black T, both of which came off immediately. She sank to her knees and took my cock in her mouth. Her hands grasped my thighs as she slurped and sucked, sliding up and down, in and out. It felt wonderful and I wanted it to last forever. On and on, in and out, her eyes closed most of the time, but occasionally opening them to stare up at me.

"Cum for me," she said, breaking the silence "I want your cumjuice."

That did it. I ejaculated in her mouth and she squeezed my thighs harder as I did. After swallowing, she licked my shaft, then rose and disappeared for a moment, coming back with a damp washcloth which she used on my cock and balls. We embraced and kissed, then I hung around for a while, waiting for my hard-on to subside enough that I could slip the T and boxers back on to head back to the car without making a total spectacle of myself. I slept very well that night.

**Summer with C Ch. 10**

We did the beach again the next day, this time the thong was magenta. Her tan was getting dark enough that the aureoles of her nipples had almost disappeared, but that was easily made up for by the fact that the nipples seemed to be perpetually hard.

On Friday, she took the day off and we got an earlier start at the beach. This time I'd provided a thong in a black fabric that had alternating opaque and sheer horizontal stripes. Up close you could discern the beginning of her gash, but from a few feet away not. We walked the entire length of the beach around ten, but then stuck to the east end of it for the next couple hours.

I told her that I'd like to take her to dinner that evening and she was very enthused. She knew that I had some form of showing her off in mind. I told her that we would go to the mall and shop for something for her to wear beforehand, but that she should be dolled up and ready to go out around five.

At five she answered the door in a white blouse and short black skirt. It looked almost like a waitress outfit, but her hair was all done up and piled atop her head and the shoes she had chosen were killer - strappy little black stilettos. Perfect I thought. We embraced, kissed, and for the first time, had some tongue to tongue contact before heading out.

At the mall we found a parking slot right near the entrance where I hoped we would and headed inside. There were few people about the mall at five-thirty in mid summer. Once inside, I steered her directly to Victoria's Secret and we poked around for a while until Greta approached us and asked if she could be of assistance.

"Certainly," I replied "How about bringing out the little number you set aside for me this afternoon?" Greta disappeared and returned shortly, a padded clothes hanger with a dangle of silk on it in hand. I had been in the previous day to make a selection and asked her if she could have it steam pressed and ready when C and I returned.

"I assume that you are "C," Greta purred "He's right, this should look wonderful on you." She took C by the hand, steering her toward the dressing rooms. They disappeared for what seemed like an eternity.

Eventually C marched out wearing the luscious little nothing I'd selected earlier - a simple navy blue silk chemise draped over her svelte frame like deep blue water cascading over smooth mountain stones, shimmering and glistening, glimmering as the light caught every little ripple. It hung from her shoulders by two tiny little spaghetti straps and ended a scant few inches below her crotch. She flashed me her most seductive smile and I almost came in my pants right there in the store.

It was sexy in the way that a little black dress is and then some. Greta appeared from behind her and slid her hands across C's hips, sliding the hem of the chemise up to C's waist to show me the matching thong panties underneath.

There were two other women shopping in the store at the time and I glanced at both of them. They smiled admiringly. One looked at me and gave me a quick wink. The other just stared at C - I swear she was drooling. Greta headed for the sales desk and we followed. She rang up the sale, I paid, and then Greta handed C the bag she had put the blouse and black skirt in.

I held out my arm for C to hold onto, then headed out and into the mall. We strolled along past a dozen or so stores then out to the parking lot to where we had left the car with her like that, a scant few ounces of sensuous fabric slithering back and forth across her body. The bumps formed by her nipples practically sparkled in the late afternoon sunlight as her breasts jiggled deliciously and with every step it seemed the hem was ready to ride up a little too high and give a glimpse of the scanty little crotchwrapper beneath. We climbed into the car and headed for dinner.

The restaurant was on Aragon Street in the lower level of an older apartment building. I'd been there several times before and knew it was exactly the sort of atmosphere I was looking for. From the moment we walked in people kept sneaking glances at C. Men universally leered. Women either sneered or stared slackjawed until they realized what they were doing or snapped out of it once they saw their man in a similar state of awe. Our waiter that evening was a young man who attended to our needs with a little more than the usual vigor. I ordered champagne to start things off and we feasted on superbly prepared filet mignon (her) and steak au poivre (me) accompanied by a wonderful Zinfandel.

After the waiter brought the check and I sent him back with my credit card. I suggested that C visit the ladies room. "While you're there, take the panties off." I added. She disappeared, then returned just after the waiter had brought my receipt, one hand doubled up in a fist.

I looked at the fist and asked if that was where the panties were before she had a chance to sit down again. She shook her head affirmatively. I pointed to the center of the table and said, "Leave them right there. I've tipped our waiter nicely, but I'm certain he'll appreciate you leaving him a little something extra just as much."

C extended her arm, opened her fist and deposited the little wad of blue silk right smack in the middle of the table. Looking around the room, many of the other diners witnessed the gesture. Each of them knew that as we left, not only was C wearing no more than what would normally be considered a skimpy little undergarment, but that she was wearing absolutely nothing beneath. There were five or six steps up from the dining area we had been to reach the ground level and I have no doubt that everyone was watching to see if anything would be revealed, but it wasn't until we'd stepped outside into the twilight and had the car brought around that anyone caught a peek. As she slipped into the passenger side she allowed the hem of the chemise to slide almost to her waist, giving the doorman holding the car door a spread legged clear view of her succulent shaven snatch. He glanced at me, grinning ear to ear and as we pulled away I saw him give me a thumbs up in the rear view mirror.

**Summer with C Ch. 11**

It was a short drive to Main Street and the hotel where I had reserved a room. I dropped her at the side entrance and parked the car, returning to find her the focus of attention from everyone who walked past. She sighed in relief when I appeared, then took my arm and pressed her body against mine as we walked for the elevator. Once inside the cab I pressed floor 14.

"Take it off."

As she was only wearing the delicate little chemise there was no mistaking what I intended. She slipped it up over her head and off then handed it to me when I extended my arm. There was barely enough time for me to absorb the lusciousness of her naked body before the chime announced the arrival at our floor. We stepped out and into to corridor then headed on down to the far corner of the floor. As we strode along she was more magnificent than ever, breasts jiggling away in that naughty little dance that happens when a woman walks naked in high heels and her shaven slit proudly on display. I was aware that my dick was straining against my slacks, dying to be set free.

At the door to the room I slipped in the access card, waited for the click and then turned the lever. We entered and I told her to go stand in front of the window, spread her legs, and wait while I undressed.

Once I too was naked and my straining manhood had been released I approached her and placed my hands on her hips, allowing my cockhead to graze against her belly. I kissed her and again we touched tongues. My hands went to her breasts and grasped them softly, my fingertips played with the nipples and then I bent over enough to take first one and then the other in my mouth, running my tongue over them, sucking on them, and gently nibbling them. Her hands were on my shoulders and I sank to my knees, kissing her stomach, then her lower abdomen, and finally coming to rest mere inches from her pussy.

I let my breath waft across her beautiful slit and then ever so gently kissed her right there. A shudder ran through her body accompanied by an tender little whimper. Holding my mouth in place I extended my tongue and began to explore her quim. It was wet and it parted with no effort at all, releasing inner lips that were virtually dripping with hot juiciness. I probed with my tongue, exploring and tasting her sex. I sucked her labia inside my mouth and swished them around, then burrowed between them and upward until I found her hard little clit.

Focusing on it, I continued my ministrations with the tip of my tongue, up and down, back and forth. I placed one finger right at the entrance to her lovehole and then slowly slipped it inside until I could go no further. I wiggled it as I worked on her clit with my tongue. The finger was withdrawn, but only long enough so that a second digit could join it buried deep inside her. Now I could feel her cervix and I wiggled the tip of my middle finger there, keeping time with the movements of my tongue.

Her knees began to buckle and a sweet groaning sound came from her mouth followed by a series of convulsions and shrieks as she came loud and hard. Her thighs clamped around my head, forcing me to come up for air. Sensing she was about ready to collapse, I steered her over to the bed.

Climbing atop her, I spread her legs and slipped between them. Her hole was wet and begging to be filled. My cock was dying to explore its depths. In I went, first the mushroom head and then the entire length of my shaft until my balls pressed against her perinium. She felt wonderful - tight, hot, and wet. I began the in and out motion that I knew so well would bring us both to the level of ecstasy we were craving.

We fucked for what seemed like forever, at first just simple missionary style but then with me holding her legs up high so that her knees almost touched her head, allowing my cockhead to slam against her cervix with each thrust and finally with her legs wrapped around my back as she climaxed for the third or fourth time and I spewed my load of spunk deep inside her.

Then we laid there connected like that for a long time before separating, each taking a wobbly-kneed turn in the bathroom before returning to the bed and falling asleep naked in each other's arms.

**Summer with C Ch. 12**

Dawn arrived and I awoke. C was lying on her front, face toward me. She looked properly disheveled and sexy as all hell. Before I headed for the bathroom I gently peeled the sheet back to reveal her lovely body. The position she was in provided a great view of the succulent fruit that I'd feasted on the night before. I looked down at my erection and thought that we should do something about that. In the bathroom I quietly washed up. The soapy warm water felt wonderful and I stroked my self for a while like that before rinsing and drying, then headed back to the bed.

Gently I crawled onto and across the bed so that the tip of my cock was positioned inches from her face, then lowered myself until it grazed her lips. Involuntarily she parted them lightly and then a little more, eventually enough that I was able to slip first the head in and then some of the shaft. Slowly I began a little in and out and slowly she too awoke. She became more actively involved, sucking and them using her hands to stroke my balls and play with my cock. I reached down and played with her pussyslit which was getting more and more juicy by the moment. My middle finger slipped inside her and I simultaneously fingerfucked and facefucked her.

But I wanted my cock inside her cunt. I lay down and pulled her over and atop me, then watched as she straddled and lowered herself onto my shaft. I watched as it disappeared inside her. It was that gooey sloppy morning after type sex. C bounced up and down slowly and sensuously with her eyes closed and a deeply satisfied look on her face. Her tongue would dart out between and across her lips from time to time and occasionally her eyes opened and stared at me as she impaled herself over and over and over. Her tits bounced ever so slightly as she did and each stroke took me closer to the edge. She ground her pelvis against mine and I thrust my hips high off the bed as she did.

Just as I thought I couldn't hold out any more, she convulsed intensely, locking her legs around my sides, sending me into my own throbbing climax. It seemed to go on forever, but eventually she collapsed against me, still kneeling with her legs at my sides, like a fetal position straddling me with my cock still inside her. We lay there like that for at least a half hour. My cock eventually went limp and slipped out of her and she headed for the bathroom. There was a huge puddle of cum at my crotch and I was immensely pleased when C returned with a warm wet washcloth to mop it up. After she peed we climbed into the shower together and had a hot slippery session soapy of groping and fondling and bodies sliding over each other.

I dressed and went to the car to retrieve her purse which she'd left there the night before. I'll never cease to be amazed at the amount of stuff a woman can get into a purse, but out came hairbrush and cosmetics, the hairdryer in the bathroom was revved up and before long she was ready to head out.

Except that she was still naked. All that she'd worn the night before was the chemise, and pulling that off in broad daylight on a Saturday morning was really stretching things. I went to a drawer in the dresser, pulled out some things that I'd left there the previous afternoon when I had first checked into the room and handed them to her. On went sassy little white cotton thong panties, a white T, and white Reeboks with pale grey striping. It was both cute and sexy as all hell at the same time, the white contrasting her tan nicely. The hem of the T came barely past her crotch, so it seemed like she was all legs and the fabric did little to disguise her nipples. She looked in the mirror, then pawed through her purse for a minute to locate a band to pull her hair back in a ponytail. Perfect.

We headed for the lobby and then the car. As we drove to her place she confessed "Last night was the first time I've ever been on the receiving end of oral sex". I glanced over at her.

"It was incredible. I guess it was also the first time I've ever really had an orgasm. I thought I had in the past, but nothing ever like what I experienced last night and this morning."

"Maybe its just the degree of one that's the difference." "No, it was entirely different. I've never been consumed like that, never lost control of my body like that. In the past I've experienced something that was pleasant in some cases, but I always wondered what the big deal was all about. I knew there had to be more to it than what I'd felt."

"We'll have to make certain that happens often."

She sat there with a very sweet and contented look on her face before getting out. I sat in the car and watched longingly as she skipped up the walk to her building then disappeared into the vestibule.

**Summer with C Ch. 13**

Sunday we headed back to Sun Acres for another day of nakedness in the sun. The weather prediction was for a scorcher and being outside with nothing on seemed like the perfect way to spend it. I suggested that C wear the white T ensemble and when she reappeared from the vestibule that morning I was surprised to find that she had upped the ante a bit by substituting a white ribbed singlet. It bordered on transparency - you could barely discern the outline of the white thong underneath. I smiled approvingly as she slid into the passenger seat. We headed southward.

Once again, we immediately disrobed when we arrived and then set up camp by the pool. It was hot indeed and we were in the pool every fifteen or twenty minutes to cool off. Eventually we'd had enough sun for a while and I suggested we go for a walk.

There are many trails and paths including a lovely woodland one which we chose for the shade it would provide. C marched along wearing only her Reeboks and I in a pair of black sandals. We'd both been consuming a lot of water that morning and at one point I stopped to pee along the trail. When I finished, I looked over at C who had been watching intently. She spread her legs apart and let loose a stream of her own, saying "Power of suggestion."

Watching her pee so nonchalantly like that I immediately got an erection and she laughed, continuing to giggle as we headed along and my hard-on persisted. It bobbled back and forth and up and down as we walked. At one point she grabbed it and led me along like that, which didn't help any with regard to my regaining "social acceptableness". Eventually it relaxed to semi-turgidity, dangling but still swollen.

We emerged from the woods to the back meadow area. There were a few people about, two couples out walking, a couple more single guys, and a small cluster of a half dozen lounging under a tree. As we walked by they were very absorbed in some form of discussion and one of the men was copping a feel of one of the women's tits.

Beyond the meadow lay cornfields, with the plants around four feet high at that point. There are broad mowed paths around the perimeter of several large fields and we proceeded to hike along several of them. Hedgerows separate one field from another and as we turned a bend at one point, a couple was off to the side and seemed startled that we'd appeared. He quickly turned his back, but not before we caught a glimpse of erect penis. She looked flustered, but continued to face us as we passed by.

C glanced at me, a smirk on her face. I smiled and said "Looks like they were having fun, eh?" She continued with her cat-that-ate-the-mouse look and I stopped then said "Let's go back." We retraced our steps and this time approached the spot where we'd seen the couple this time approaching in a more stealthy manner. Sure enough, she was squatting on the ground, his cock in her mouth. We kept our distance and watched as she sucked away. I got hard again and C took hold of my tool and stroked it. Eventually she too sank to her knees and took it in her mouth, but positioned herself so that she could also keep an eye on the other two.

We went on like that for quite some time, them oblivious at first to our presence. At one point he glanced around furtively and noticed us, up to the same thing. C saw that he was watching and proceeded to play it up, taking my cock out of her mouth, licking the shaft, kissing the head of it, swirling her tongue around the mushroom bulge and pumping it with her hand before taking it back into her mouth again, deeper than she had been able to take before. I stroked and petted her on her head.

The other woman was oblivious to our presence and was focused on the cock in her mouth, pumping away furiously. Suddenly he grabbed the back of her head and shoved his groin hard against her face, holding it there while his body tensed up. They were too far away to see any more than that.

I pulled out of C's mouth and suggested that we head along, but if she would like to, she could lead me along by my cock as she had in the woods. We waltzed by the other two as she was getting up, licking her lips as she did. A dribble of cum had oozed out of one corner of her mouth and she was again startled to see us and realize that we had probably been watching. C had her hand firmly on my shaft as we passed. He smiled silently and we continued on our way. A little further up, I suggested we stop and that C finish the job, but do so with her hand. She did as told and was rewarded in no time at all with me blasting a dozen or so arcs of white spunk for several feet in front of me. Then she knelt down and gently sucked and licked me clean.

We walked around the cornfields for a bit more before heading back to the pool. It was even hotter now and after a final dunk in the tepid water, we headed for home.

**Summer with C Ch. 14**

The next week's activities were minimal, as C had her monthly visitor. Some people are into sex during that, but neither of us were. She ended up heading out of town for a few days to visit her mom in Ohio. We kept in touch each day and I was actually a good boy for an entire week.

We ramped things back up the following Monday with a trip to the beach. This time I had her wear a lime green G string thong. Nothing out of the ordinary happened other than running into a friend of mine who couldn't keep his eyes off the nearly naked wench at my side. C knew it and at one point she played with one of her nipples just to torment him a bit.

That evening I visited her at her apartment. She answered the door in the stockings and heels as I had requested, but this time with the addition of a garterbelt. Something about it added just the right touch of sluttiness. In no time at all my clothes were off, my cock was in her mouth and then we were on the carpet in 69 position, each intent on getting the other off. We both came like that, her on the bottom arching her back and me atop her, spewing my load deep down her throat.

After a rest and a glass of wine, we were at it again, this time a doggy style fuck, which didn't last all that long, as I seem to be unusually sensitive to that position. I can only last a couple minutes worth of drilling a woman from behind like that before I lose it. She told me she liked it immensely and hoped we could do it again soon. Around midnight I said goodnight and left her lying naked on the floor.

Tuesday was rainy and overcast, but still warm and muggy. There was no threat of lightning and that evening I invited her to come to my place around eight. She asked me what to wear and I told her to be barefoot and wear her raincoat. When she arrived at my door I was already naked. Her raincoat came off immediately and we headed to the back deck which overlooks a golf course. Ordinarily there would be people on the course even at that hour, but with a day of steady drizzle no one was around and we fucked like little rabbits on the deck, trying out several positions. After she had climaxed via my oral ministrations and again with her standing bent over against the rail with me ramming it home from behind, I stood while she finished me off orally.

This time when I came I pulled out of her mouth at the last instant and much to her surprise blasted a big load of milky white semen all over her face. It ran down her cheekbones, off her chin and onto her chest. The drizzle largely rinsed it off, but I showed her my outdoor shower tucked into a corner of the deck and she gave herself a more proper rinse. I headed in to pour us each a glass of wine and when I returned to the deck I found her on all fours, chest pressed against the boards and ass stuck up in the air with her sex prominently displayed. I was hard again in no time, went over to her and straddled her in a crouch position, then guided my cock into her. I pumped deep and hard but again it took next to no time before I blew my wad. I continued to thrust away after and she squealed with delight as it went on until I could stand the hypersensitivity no more.

For a variety of reasons, the next day didn't work for either of us. I set the next play date for Thursday evening and told her to meet me at a bar on the west side. It was one of those dark wood paneled places and it connected to a hotel. I'd selected a mocha colored silk camisole with black lace at the neckline for her that evening, accompanied by opaque brown pantyhose and finished with her highest black stilettoes.

She garnered a lot of attention at the bar and from time to time I would caress her ass. It was unbelievably sensuous. After we were served our second drinks I said "C'mon, I have a room reserved". We trotted out of the bar, past the pool and after swiping my guest card, in through one of the back entrances to the hotel. The halls were much more brightly lit than the bar or patio had been and she suddenly looked very underdressed.

Using the card again we entered the room and I began fondling her and peeling the clothing off, but not before I'd produced the blindfold that we had used the first time she was permitted to suck my cock. She asked "What's this about?" but I simply said "Shhhhh..."

Once she was naked, I lay her on her back on the bed and proceeded to work my magic with my tongue on her labia and clitoris. She got wetter and wetter before I turned her over and onto all fours. On my back I slipped my head between her lags and continued lapping away at her pussy. Her moans got stronger and stronger, but each time I sensed that she was ready to come I backed off, keeping her right on the edge. When I slipped out from that position she was trembling in anticipation of my cock, dying to be taken over the edge.

I let her stay like that for several minutes. In the meantime, Rick tiptoed out of the bathroom where he had been hiding. He and I were swing acquaintances, both about the same age, height, weight, and endowment. Gently and smoothly he climbed onto the bed, positioned himself between her legs and slipped his rigid member between her pussylips and started slowly and smoothly to fuck her doggy style.

Rick had no problem lasting. He went on and on and she came several times as he relentlessly thrusted away. After fifteen or twenty minutes I positioned myself at the edge of the bed where she was clinging with her head over the it as he soldiered on. Her mouth was agape in ecstasy and it was an easy matter to place the head of my cock right inside it before she had any idea what was happening. Mindlessly closing her mouth around it she started to suck, then froze.

Every part of her body went rigid in shock. Suddenly she found a cock not only in her pussy, but another in her mouth as well. Rick stopped still, his cock still inside her. I reached down and stroked her and simply said "Shhhh - I'm here and it's OK".

Gradually she relaxed and Rick resumed his inexorable rhythm again. She moaned ever so slightly and closed her mouth around my cock again giving over to the sensations rushing through her body. Rick's thrusts were becoming more and more urgent and C's moans more so as well. She spasmed as another orgasm crested and Rick delivered one final thrust. As they both peaked, I shot my load in her mouth and groaned in delight.

We all three twitched and shivered for several minutes in that manner until both Rick and I had emptied all our jizz, he into the condom I'd insisted he wear and me down her throat.

After a minute or two, Rick pulled out, tidied up a bit in the bathroom and disappeared out the door. C collapsed onto the bed and I sat next to her, stroking her hair and body, then removed the blindfold. She blinked several times, even in the dim light of the hotel room.

"Wow," she said "That was a shock."

"Did you like having two cocks at once?"

"It took me a couple minutes to get into it, but yes, I did like it. I love feeling your cock in my mouth and having another inside me at the same time was definitely intense. Who was it?"

I just smiled and said "Lets get dressed and go home."

**Summer with C Ch. 15**

I never let her know. She asked questions like "Is it someone I know?".

I would reply "No." When she asked a few days later if it was someone she had seen at some point I said "Yes."

"Before or after?" was her next query.

My response was "After." That drove her wild trying to figure out who it might have been.

Actually, Rick saw her out in the sunlight the very next day at the beach. I told him we would be there and if he wanted a peek at her in a g-string catching some rays to come check it out. That day she was attired in a pale pink thong with a very pronounced cameltoe, very earthy and very girly at the same time. After that we didn't cross paths with Rick again for quite some time.

In the evening we were both quite tired and went our separate ways. I told her that I had something planned for Saturday night and that I would pick her up at seven thirty then handed her a package with her attire for the event. I smiled as she walked from the car to the door of the building where she worked. She was wearing the black and white dress and the way it draped across her svelte frame was delightful. If I worked with her I'd not be able to accomplish anything with her looking so scrumptious all the time.

At the appointed time the following eve, I rang her bell and was buzzed in. The attire this time consisted of a black lace bustier, sheer black hosiery, a short black leather miniskirt, a sheer black blouse, and of course, black stilettoes. I knew she was pantyless, as I'd not included any in the package. It bordered on totally tramp, but somehow avoided going completely there. We made our way to the car and then headed for the suburbs. Down a wooded side road with a half dozen nice but not extravagant homes and at the end was our destination. I rang the bell and we were soon greeted by Denise, a bubbly blonde who stood around the same height as C, also in tall stilettoes, but wearing only a black lace bra and matching bikini panties.

Denise was joined by Stan, a man who stood a good six foot tall and was dressed in dark olive slacks and a cream colored polo. They greeted us warmly and asked us in. We all sat on camel colored leather sofas in the living room and Denise fetched us nibbles and drinks. She convinced C to have a cosmopolitan with her. Stan and I had vodka martinis. We chatted for a while about the golf tournament that had just wrapped up and the havoc it wreaked on the village each year. Then the subject wandered to a recent incident regarding a certain local broadcast personality and rumors about her sexual proclivities.

C had been squirming on the deep seated sofa, trying to present herself with some sort of decorum. Denise had plopped down with her legs curled up beneath her, but the leather skirt and lack of panties made that posture almost impossible for C to achieve in any sort of ladylike manner. Denise headed back to the kitchen for some other snacks and asked C to give her a hand. When they returned, after C had set down the tray she'd ferried in, Denise said "Lets get you more comfy sweetie." She then proceeded to unfasten C's blouse and followed by the skirt, letting it drop to the floor whereupon C stepped out of it. Denise made the blouse and skirt disappear, leaving C standing in the middle of the room with Stan gazing admiringly at her. While the bustier concealed her breasts, there was no bottom to it and her freshly shaven snatch was in clear view. Garter straps that were part of the bustier clipped to and held up the black stockings. It was really something to behold and both Stan and I had to adjust our equipment as it bulged in our pants at the sight.

"Have a seat over here." Stan said, patting the broad arm of the leather chair he was ensconced in. C perched sidesaddle alongside him.

Looking at me Denise spoke next. "Now we need to get you more comfortable as well. You boys are definitely overdressed." She helped me peel off my jeans and shirt, leaving me in my black and white stripe briefs, through which she began to fondle the bulge in the front of them a bit.

Stan looked on approvingly and Denise slipped a hand inside the waistband, took hold of my penis, then tugged the briefs down far enough that it was exposed but my gonads were still covered. She smiled and said "Yummy, nice hard cock all ready for play."

I wanted the briefs gone entirely, so slipped them off my hips and down to my ankles at which point Denise finished the job. I reached for her bra and undid the clasp. It fell from her shoulders freely, exposing a pair of dangly C cup boobs with enormous aureoles and big chunky nipples which she immediately presented to my mouth for attention. She had my cock in her hand stroking it as I sucked and nibbled on first one and then the other of her orbs. I pushed a hand inside her panties and found a thick mound of pubic fur capping an extremely wet cunt. The panties came off and I started some serious fingerfucking, working three fingers deep inside her while rubbing my thumb on her kernel.

But she wanted cock. Producing a condom from somewhere she unwrapped it and then wrapped me. Lying lengthwise on the sofa she lifted one leg up on the back and spread the other out to the side, foot planted firmly on the floor. Her pussy was like a gaping vortex demanding to be stuffed. I positioned myself and then drove it home, deep inside her in one deep thrust. It was hot and extremely juicy in there.

I looked over at C who was watching intently with an expression of half lust and half jealously. Stan slid a hand along her thigh and then to her shaven snatch. As I fucked his wife, I watched him poke a finger into C and probe around a bit, then withdraw it and offer it to her to suck on. She complied and then he stood, disrobed and stood before her with a half hard penis. C knew what was expected and took his meat first in her hand and then her mouth until it was erect and proud. Stan had a good sized schlong and C seemed concerned, but after he donned a condom and positioned her on her back in the sofa right next to us with legs splayed wide, she took it all.

We fucked like that for at least a half hour watching each other the whole time. C was mostly quiet but from time to time let out little groans of pleasure. Denise had a mouth on her like a truck driver and was constantly saying things like "Fuck me baby. Fuck my red hot pussy. Gimme that nice hard cock. Harder harder harder!" Stan said something about how tight a cunt C had and I mostly kept quiet, which is my nature while having sex.

When I came, I looked over at C and looked deep into her eyes as I did. Denise hollered "YES! YES! YES!" as she felt my member throbbing inside her. It took a while longer, but Stan also climaxed, bellowing like a bull moose as he did.

Realizing we were all dripping with sweat, we extricated protrusions from orifices and slid off condoms, then all took a quick rinse in the large walk-in shower down the hall. Afterward I toweled C off and she seemed grateful for the attention. We stayed long enough after to be sociable and finish fresh drinks that Denise prepared for us. She remained naked even after the rest of us had dressed and saw us to the door like that, pecking us both on the cheek as we slipped out. I had the distinct impression that she and Stan were going to go another round before they called it a night.

C was quiet on the way home and when we stopped at her place, I asked if everything was OK.

"Yes", she replied, "I just was sorta jealous as I watched you and Denise fuck." I was surprised and pleased to hear her finally use the f word. "I wanted to play with your cock tonight and I didn't get a chance."

We were in a darker corner of the parking lot. I unzipped my jeans and exposed my limp penis. She leaned over, took it in her mouth and in no time at all it was hard. She sucked and slurped away bringing me to the verge of a climax several times before I erupted in her mouth. When she came up for air I asked "Better?"

She simply smiled and swallowed, then kissed me on the cheek before hopping out of the car and saying " 'Night. See you tomorrow?"

"Yeah, talk to ya' in the morning."

I was halfway to my place before I realized my dick was still hanging out of my pants.

**Summer with C Ch. 16**

Sunday we took a long drive down through the Southerntier. I had selected a white bodysuit for her to wear along with a short wrap skirt that was easily removed (and was rarely on). The bodysuit molded itself to her contours quite nicely displaying her shape well and doing very little to conceal the form of her nipples. The legs were high cut and the snugness of the fit between her legs produced a very nice cameltoe.

At one point in our travels, I stopped the car and had her get out, then drove ahead for a ways, having instructed her to walk to where I parked. Several cars passed by as she strutted along the side of the road.

She might as well have been wearing nothing but paint and it was intoxicatingly sexy.

Eventually we found a quiet place to pull off, hiked up a low hill and both stripped naked to fuck in the wide open at the crest. She got on all fours and I entered her from behind. This time I managed to hold my own for quite some time as I pounded in and out of her juicy quim but as soon as she spasmed and whimpered, I was ready to explode. I managed to hold on long enough to get my dick out of her pussy and into her mouth before the white stuff gushed out. She swallowed and said "Thank you." We walked back to the car with her naked and drove for quite a ways before I suggested she get dressed again.

That week we went to the beach every day at lunchtime and each time I had another tiny thong for her to wear. On Tuesday evening I took her to a place on West Avenue where a foxy little blonde pierced her nipples. It was really quite surprising how quickly she did it and how little fuss was involved. After being fitted with a pair of little barbell shaped "retainers", C checked herself out in a tall mirror. She had worn a gauzy broomstick dress which got removed during the procedure, so was standing there in nothing but a pair of silky red panties. There were a half dozen other people in the shop and she made certain that everyone got a good glimpse. What a true little exhibitionist she had developed into.

Friday we skipped the beach but I had a package delivered to her at lunchtime with the usual instructions about wearing it that evening and told her that I'd be picking her up around ten. When I arrived, she was wearing the sexy black teddy along with heels and had done her hair up. I wanted to take her right then and there, but I'd made other plans for the evening. "Grab a skirt to wear with that." I instructed. She disappeared then returned with a short purple number that I'd not seen before. I smiled approvingly so she slipped it on and zipped it up.

Driving south and then eastward, we headed through the burbs and into a more rural area with pockets of new subdivisions popping up. Turning down one of these roads, we soon came to a cul-de-sac and pulled into the driveway of a simple two story colonial. A few lights were on in the house.

'Take the skirt off now."

C unzipped the side and slid it down her thighs and off her feet. I opened the car door, walked around and opened her side. She stepped out into the moonlight wearing only the teddy and heels looking glamorous and oh so desirable. Clickiety clicketty we walked to the front door and rang the bell. As we waited for an answer she whispered "Will I get to fuck you tonight or will I be servicing someone else again?" I just smiled and said "We'll see. Maybe you won't get fucked at all tonight." She gave me a big pout.

The door was opened by a svelte blonde of almost identical height and build as C. Her hair was very short and she was wearing a red silk minirobe with dragons embroidered all over in black and gold.

"Come in," her eyes roaming all over C "I'm Abby. You look scrumptious my dear." We introduced ourselves and Abby showed us through to the back room den where C met Michael, a middle aged professional type of medium build who was balding but obviously quite fit in his shorts and T. He and I had known each other for quite some time and had shared a number of women, including Abby on a couple occasions. Michael immediately gave C a kiss and hug, then stood with his arm around her waist as he asked whether we'd had any trouble finding the place. He kissed her again and copped a feel of her scantily clad asscheeks before offering us drinks.

Michael mixed and Abby delivered, first mine and then C's. She hovered next to C and while Michael and I discussed a recent business triumph of his that had been in the paper, they chatted about shoes and C's teddy, hair salons, and other girls stuff. Abby asked what scent C was wearing and when C said "Fendi" she leaned right in to touch her nose to C's neck, ever so slightly pressing her body against C's. It was ever so brief, but after, Abby hovered even closer to C than she had been.

Before long, we had all finished our first round of drinks and Michael prepared another long island for each of the girls and martinis for he and I. As he handed Abby hers, he kissed her and fondled a breast through the silk robe, then reached down and loosened the sash which held it closed. This allowed him the opportunity to slip a hand inside for more direct contact with her tit. He left her with the robe dangling tantalizingly open, revealing the center of her chest but not her nipples. It also clearly exhibited that she was wearing sheer red panties.

Abby knew I was looking at her and decided to give me what I really wanted right then, a clear view of her sweet C-cups. To my delight, the robe came off. It turned out that the panties were sheer front and back, barely a wisp on her. She played coy and used C as a shield so that Michael and I couldn't see, in the process again pressing her now nearly naked body against the back of C.

C giggled at the silliness and played along acting as the human shield. We all laughed and Abby reached around the front of C to offer her a sip of her drink saying something about a four fisted drinker. After disengaging herself she stood in front of C raising her now half empty martini glass and offered a toast "To tits!"

and we all laughed some more before she tossed the rest of the drink back. C decided to follow suit and the two of them eyed us expecting similar behavior. Michael and I looked at each other, rolled our eyes and each took another sip of our nearly full glasses. Its a lot easier to toss back a long island than martini.

Abby at that point sidled over to C and again pressed herself against C's back, but this time not to hide. Her hands wandered around C's waist, down her thighs and back upward, cupping her black satin clad breasts for a moment. C looked at me with a somewhat surprised expression, but the effects of the alcohol and Abby's forthright sensuality were gaining the upper hand. Abby's hands were on C's shoulders, sliding the straps of the teddy down, down her arms, revealing C's recently pierced breasts with the little dumbells firmly in place. Continuing to peel the teddy downward she spun C around so they were facing one another tits rubbing. When she could peal it no further because of reach, she sank to a squat and peeled it all the way to the floor, holding it while C stepped out of it.

Running her hands along C's calves, up her thighs, and then cupping her asscheeks, Abby's face wound up right at C's crotch level. She studied the slit there intently, then gently placed a kiss right above it. C's mouth was part open as she watched Abby stick her tongue out and explore the top of the slit where she could reach before prying C's legs apart enough that she gain access to the entirety of her sex.

All that Michael and I could see was Abby's face firmly planted at C's crotch, the expression on C's face, and the way in which her chest heaved as Abby lapped at her, firmly holding C's asscheeks all the while. Little by little C's look of astonishment gave way to one of complete bliss. Abby spread C's legs wider and inserted first one and then a second finger into her pussy as she continued to lap at her clit. C's hands alternated between holding Abby's head and fondling her own breasts before she locked both hands behind her neck as she shuddered and bucked to a spectacular climax.

Her knees seemed wobbly. Abby rose and embraced her, mashing their bodies together and locked their lips together. C just wrapped her arms around Abby and held her tightly.

Abby loosened her grip and steered them both toward a sofa where she sat down, pulled her panties off and spread her legs wide to display her now glistening cunt which sported a mere wisp of pale brown fur. C removed her shoes, took a deep breath and knelt between Abby's legs. Gently she kissed the wet labia that beckoned to her, then licked them, kissed them some more and explored a little with her fingertips. One finger entered Abby, at first just s bit, then more and more. She removed it and tasted Abby's inner juices. Finally, she planted her face firmly between Abby's legs and began attending to her love button.

Michael and I watched entranced as C experienced sex with another woman for the very first time. Abby smiled in deep contentment and licked her lips. Her hands guided C's head, stroking her hair. She offered encouragement with comments like "Yes baby, yes" and groans and moans.

C's ass was poised up in the air with her swollen clam proudly on display and absolutely dripping wet. I stripped and positioned myself behind her, aiming my cuntdrill at it and then jammed it in. Straddling her I began a slow rhythmic fucking, trying not to be too forceful that it would disturb or distract her from the attention she was giving Abby's twat. Michael stripped too and positioned himself so that he could facefuck Abby at the same time. We went on and on and on like that, everyone enjoying the sensations and sights.

Abby came first. She suddenly released her jawclamp on Michael's member and let out a gurgling little scream of pure pleasure. C's head popped up and Abby's thighs clamped shut with C's head resting on her knees. She held herself and squirmed in her own private little ecstasy with her eyes shut tight. It was too much for C and she bucked wildly coming a second time. I pulled out and reached C's face just in time to join Michael as we both emptied the contents of our balls all over it.

We all collapsed for a bit before Abby took a look at C and said "Cmon honey, lets get you cleaned up." But rather than head her for the bathroom, she proceeded to kiss and lick every last drop of manjuice from her face, being certain to share some of it with C via deep prolonged kisses. When the girls were done polishing off all the semen, the four of us shared a shower then climbed into their king sized bed where during the middle of the night Michael had a turn with C and I with Abby, fucking them both doggystyle while they faced each other and sucked face. This time we painted Abby's face and let C do the cleanup detail.

We climbed back in the car at dawn, C wrapped in a blanket and caught a beautiful sunrise.

**Summer with C Ch. 17-18**

Saturday we took a breather, but on Sunday I picked C up to go to a pool party at Holly's house in Batavia. It was a beautiful warm summer day and I had C wear a white T and white lace G-string for the ride. Her tan was now very dark and the contrast of the attire was very striking. She no longer showed any form of trepidation with regard to prancing out the door like that or trotting in to Starbucks for an iced latte' en route. What made it even sexier was that she had chosen a pair of chunky white high heeled shoes to complete the outfit. After getting our beverages and before getting back into the car she "accidently" dropped her napkin and proceeded to bend over to retrieve it, baring her asscheeks for all that were watching to see. She was so striking in her minimal attire that I'm certain many were.

When we arrived at the renovated farmhouse a short ways outside the city limits, Holly, a very well preserved woman in her forties with a sleek A-cup body and shoulder length dark hair greeted us in the nude and then led us to the back yard. There we met Anna, a B to C-cup hottie with creamy mocha skin and the greatest nipples I've ever encountered as well as Ellen, a ravishing thing of Irish descent replete with auburn locks, freckles and a great B-cup body. Anna and Ellen were both in their mid thirties and like Holly sported perfectly smooth snatches. They all knew me well as I'd been with each of them before, in one on ones as well as threesomes and once all three at the same time - what an evening that had been. I'd not been able to walk properly for the next couple days.

C must have felt overdressed and quickly slipped out of her T and G string. The girl talk began in earnest at that point. She didn't even notice as I slipped away, leaving her in the very capable hands of the other three. I had set this up so that she could experience a true girl only escapade with no cocks a part of the equation, only tongues, lips, fingers, and... dildoes.

What she didn't know until much later was that Holly had four surveillance cameras set up in the corners of the yard and the entire afternoon was captured on glorious black and white video that was later shared with me. I saw as they lay about, swam, chatted, and more importantly as the other three "ganged up" on C, smothering her with affection, massaging, kissing, and exploring every bit of her body, introducing her to her first (and second and third) dildo, taking turns eating her out and then having her return the favor, using a strap-on on her, lying crotch to crotch joined cunt to cunt by a double headed dildo, and even managing to briefly poke a little anal plug up her rosebud at one point. They cuddled and caressed and played as only a group of naked women can. I so regretted that there was no sound to accompany the tape, but it was easy to imagine the giggles, sighs, and moans that undoubtedly took place.

My favourite scene involved C on her back with Ellen on all fours, face buried between C's legs, Anna behind Ellen giving her a good fucking with a strap-on while burying a thumb up her anus as well, and Kelly squatting over C's face getting eaten out. It went on and on like that before C, Ellen and Kelly all came at once in writhing pile of female flesh. This was followed by the three of them ganging up on Anna, one on each tit and the third between her legs until she too was squirming in orgasmic ecstasy.

When I picked C up that evening, I asked how it went (I'd not yet seen the tape). She looked at me with a dreamy smile and just said "wonderful" and that she was exhausted, which soon manifested itself in her falling soundly asleep. I could barely rouse her enough to get her out of the car and into her apartment. I undressed her and tucked her into her bed, making certain that her alarm was set for the next morning

That week saw more of us at the beach each day. C had become the queen of the cameltoe, now always in one of the many g-strings I'd purchased for her. Pink, white, indigo, celadon, and neon green went the week. On Wednesday night we went to a new bar in the East End with her wearing only a black lace chemise. It was very revealing in that the lace was quite open in weave, but with the dim lighting in concert with her deep tan and shaved snatch, it ended up not being all that much of a show. We ended up only staying for one round of drinks before heading off to another smaller bar on Main Street for a second. There we wound up having sex in the men's room there with her perched on the sink with my cock thrusting away in her cunt until someone walked in to take a leak. We both came with him standing there stroking himself as we did, whereupon C lent him a hand and helped him to finish off, spewing his wad into the ice filled urinal.

Friday evening we headed out for another house party. This was hosted by Ferd and Gina in a home right on the lake, actually quite close to the beach where we had been spending so much time. Ferd recognized C immediately and she him from walking the beach. He said something about not recognizing her at first because she had clothes on, but that was stretching things a bit, as she wasn't wearing all that much that evening. When we left her apartment she had been wearing a short black pleated skirt and gold lurex tube top that exhibited her nipples nicely. At the last minute I had her shed the skirt and leave it in the car, leaving her wearing only the tube top, her black fuckmepumps, and black lace panties with high cut legs when we'd rung the front bell.

Gina was attired in billowy slacks and a sheer black blouse with nothing underneath. She really had nothing at all going on in the breast department other than some nicely tweakable nipples, but she did have incredible long legs, shoulder length blonde hair, and one of those truly beautiful model type faces with perfect skin and high cheekbones.

We were introduced to a couple of other guys that had arrived before us and soon after a two more showed up. I really can't remember their names, had never met them before, but they were friends of Ferd and Gina's. C garnered a lot of attention in her skimpy attire and before long all four of the guys had chatted her up a bit. Ferd mixed drinks and distributed beers while Gina flirted a bit, but generally just kind of watched the goings on. After the second round of drinks had made its way around I drew C aside and instructed her to go to the powder room and change into what I'd left her a few minutes earlier. She trotted off to fulfill her mission.

Five minutes later she reappeared wearing the heels, a pair of black stockings, and a lacy black garterbelt. The guys were all over her in a flash, standing as close as they could get and embarrassing her with comments about how sweet of titties she had all the way to "I bet that's one tight lil' pussy."

Gina stepped in at that point, slipping an arm around C's shoulders and drew her away. The living room was on two levels, one three steps higher than the other. She took C by the hand, leading her up the steps and then stopping at the top. There she proceeded to kiss her deep and passionately, pressing their bodies together as she did.

We all watched slack jawed as Gina slid out of the elastic waisted slacks revealing those legs that just went on and on. Slowly and provocatively she unbuttoned her blouse until it hung open and then slipped it off her shoulders. Not having worn any panties, her exquisite muff of flaxen colored hair was clearly on view. Placing her hands on C's shoulders she pushed downward sending C to her knees, presenting her with an even better view of that bush than the rest of us had.

C knew what was now expected of her and she kissed, licked, and probed with her tongue as Gina lifted one leg to rest her foot atop an ottoman just to her right. Her labia were distended and C tugged at them with her mouth before burying her tongue between them, probing away until she located the little kernel of love that Gina needed licked. As Gina grew more and more aroused, C slipped the thumb of her right hand between the flaps of flesh and as deep inside as she could while fanning her other four fingers out to clench Gina's perineum and asscheeks. For what seemed like an hour she lapped away at Gina until the cries of ecstasy reached a peak and Gina was reduced to a quivering mass of nerves, doubling up and sinking onto the ottoman.

Ferd was now naked, as was I. We each took one of C's hands and led her to the oversized bedroom at the far end of the house. All four of the others had unzipped their pants as they had been watching and had been stroking themselves. In the bedroom they all got fully undressed and the six of us proceeded to take turns with C, wrapping her hands around our shafts or facefucking her or sinking our cocks deep into her juicy quim. It continued like that until we had all experienced both pussy and mouth at least once. She was extremely aroused and nearly ready to cum when I reached down and began manipulating her clit with my finger.

Almost immediately she gasped and let out a long sensual moan that grew louder and louder as she peaked. As she came, so did we all, one by one stroking ourselves and splattering our loads all over her chest, face, and abdomen. By the time we were done she was coated with a thick film of milky white spunk and when she finally sat up it slid and dripped down the front of her as she made her way across the hardwood floor to the master bath. Gina joined her there where the two of them popped into the shower together, lathering up and sliding against each other, fingering each other until each had cum one more time. Then they dried each other off, combed and dried each other's hair before re-applying some of the makeup that had washed off. Gina wrapped herself in a robe and handed another to C.

We rode back to C's apartment with her like that and as we went inside we passed her neighbor Charlie who gave us the strangest look, but hey, who cares, right?

**Summer with C Ch. 19**

Saturday we took a road trip to Niagara Falls. All the way there I had C wear what was supposed to be a broomstick pleated skirt but with the elasticized waist up under her armpits it became a micro minidress, coming just below her crotch when she stood and doing very little to conceal her nipples which firm little nubbins all day. After we got through the toll booth I handed her a box with a bow around it which she immediately opened. Inside was a large purple double headed silicone dildo.

I told her to suck on it. She proceeded to put on quite a show for me as well as several truckers we passed, licking and sucking both ends of the monster. After twenty minutes of this I then instructed her to insert it in her pussy. The hem of the skirt got raised and she slowly shoved it between her now juicy cunt lips and deep inside. I kept urging her "Deeper, deeper, deeper."

"I can't fit any more."

"OK, now jerk away on it like you're a guy wanking off to nude photos of you."

C did as instructed, seven or eight inches of the monstrous device buried out of sight deep inside her hot juicy quim, but another ten or twelve available for stroking away with both hands. If that had been a real fuckpole, the guy attached to it would have cum several times. As she cranked away on it, she also rammed it back and forth inside her hot juicy cunt, leading to several orgasms as we drove along. By the time we reached our exit, there was a pool of her juices on the leather seat.

When we arrived at our hotel, "Barney" got put away again and C tottered along beside me as we signed in. I instructed her to remove the skirt once we were inside the elevator, just as I had the chemise a couple weeks previous in a different elevator. Our room was on the 15th floor, but the elevator stopped on 14 to allow a young couple aboard. They did their best to ignore her nakedness, but I wasn't going to go for that and before the doors opened again at our floor, I reached over and fondled one of C's breasts and nipple. Again, they were very gracious in their lack of response, although I did hear her say as the cab doors were closing after our departure at our floor "wow! That was hot!"

C again strutted along beside me until we found our room her luscious tits jiggling away. The door was ajar and it turned out that housekeeping had not quite finished yet. We still entered and dropped our bag, all the time with C naked except for the high heeled straw sandals she still had on. C made a beeline for the toilet and sat down to pee leaving the door open and she on full display for the maid.

The maid was a lovely little asian creature decked out in the hotel livery of grey dress with burgundy piping. She looked at me with a great degree of uncertainty and I told her to take her time finishing up, we were in no great hurry to be left alone. She half smiled and shook her head before continuing to tidy up and then starting to change the bed linens.

C finished her pee and started the shower. As the maid continued making the bed with her back to me, I slipped out of my jeans and shirt, then slipped off the black silk briefs I'd worn that day. Just then the maid turned around to find me naked with the beginnings of a hard-on that quickly became a full fledged ful-mast as her eyes roamed over my body. I grinned and as I headed for the bathroom asked if she could bring some towels in for us.

A couple minutes after I joined C in the shower, the door opened again and in slid the now also naked maid to join us. Her breasts were virtually non-existant and she stood no more than four foot nine. She sported an ample crop of dark pubes and her hair was short cropped. She wasted no time slipping in between us and taking over the soap bar, lathering us both all over, then herself, turning herself into the slippery middle of a sensual sandwich. Her soapy hands stroked my cock and balls then wandered between C's thighs and explored her pierced nipples.

Not a word was said. She stopped with the soap and steered us both into the stream of water so that it would rinse away, then dropped to her knees to alternately minister with her tongue to C's slick snatch and then wrap her mouth around my cock, back and forth between the two of us before settling in with my shaft in her mouth and several of her tiny fingers buried in C's quim. Eventually I saw all four fingers disappear, then her thumb and finally her entire hand was inside C's fuckhole and she proceeded to slowly fist her at the same time slurping away on my dick.

C and I pressed against each other with the maid wedged between our thighs. The water was just the right temperature and we locked lips, tongues darting in and out of each others' mouths. C began to tremble as an immense orgasm overtook her. The sensation of her peak took me over the edge too and I erupted in the maid's mouth, gushing away blast after blast of hot white joyjuice.

She stayed in that crouched position and extended her hand up, uttering the only word she did the entire time, "Soap." I handed it to her and she again soaped us both up before coming up for air, then sliding back out of the shower.

I turned the water off and opened the door. She was already dried off and had a towel in each hand, but refused to let either of us dry ourselves, instead very attentively attending to that for us. She lingered over my cock a bit, then gently kissed the tip of it before disappearing out the door of the bathroom. A minute later I heard the door to the suite close. We never saw her again.