**Walking in the Sunshine**

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~ Key West, Florida... ~

Crossing his large, hairy arms over his paint-spattered, overall-covered chest, Arc asked, "You... want me, to do WHAT?"

Standing in the middle of his studio, Sherry Clifford smiled winningly at the burly artist. "You heard me right," she said, stuffing her hands into the back pockets of her 501's. Scuffing the floorboards with the toe of her left sneaker, she canted her candy-apple auburn-haired head at him and asked, "What? Don't think you can do it?"

Running a hand over his tanned, bald head, Albert R. Cass - aka "Arc" as the locals called him - wrinkled his brow, frowning slightly. "That's not the problem. It's just... as far as go..." Dropping back to sit his six-foot-four frame on the stool next to his drafting table, he asked "Are you sure that you want to do this?"

Sherry simply nodded, her cheeks dimpling as she replied, "Believe me, I'm sure." Beaming, her lilting, rich alto filling his ears as she explained, "This is something I've been planning on doing since last year. Everyone said you were the best in town with an airbrush... I just want to know if you can pull it off?"

Arc chuckled, rubbing his chin. "Hey what you're asking is a piece of cake," he admitted. "I can get the right mix of paints, and nearly all of my friends have done similar jobs during the festival."

Sherry grinned, her coffee-brown eyes twinkling as she raked one hand through her shoulder-length curls. "I've seen that sort of work last year. That's why I wanted to come to you for this job."

"You do realize that you're taking a big risk though." Arc frowned slightly, looking the short woman over briefly. "I mean, you could get into trouble, even with the festival going on-."

"Trust me, I know what the risks are, and I'm more than willing to take the consequences... if I get caught," Sherry said with conviction. "This is a one-time thing that I really want to do. Are you gonna help me out or not?"

Standing up, Arc wandered over to where his equipment sat on a wall rack. "Hell, girl... you could get in dutch for this... we both could! However..." He turned back and grinned at her. "I can't say no to a challenge."

Sherry felt like crowing. "So, you'll do it? Great!"

Arc's ice-blue eyes twinkled at her enthusiasm. "Hold on now, this isn't going to be like a walk in the park. I've got to prep up the right paints and do some experimenting. Since we've got a couple of weeks until the festival, you better come back in a few days so we can do a practice run, okay?"

Nodding, Sherry replied, "Brilliant! I can be here whenever you need me!"

Chuckling, Arc said under his breath, "Let's hope there is no sweat, for your sake darlin'..."

# # #

~ One Week Later... ~

The ting-tang sound of his doorbell cut through the humid air, breaking Arc's concentration briefly from mixing a can of paint at his workbench.

"Hold on a sec!" he called out, removing the face mask and shield to wipe his bald head clean of the sweat forming there. He dropped the shield and mask on the bench top and swiveled away before getting off his stool to pad on sandaled feet across the studio floor. He flicked away the sweat on his eyes, having left his home's air conditioner on halfway, which left the inside filled with the typical morning heat of the South Florida sun.

Reaching the front door, he jerked it wide open and stared, his face breaking into a smile at the sight of Sherry standing there. "Hey there," he said brightly. "Good to see you made it this morning."

Returning his smile, Sherry hopped over the stoop, dressed in a set of baggy sweat pants and jacket over a loose T-shirt, a small dufflebag slung over her shoulder. "I wouldn't have been late for today for anything," she said sweetly, tipping the ball cap on her head back as she walked past him. "Whew!" Sherry wrinkled her nose slightly as she got a whiff of the smells of alcohol and acrylic paints filling the air. "You've been busy this morning."

"Just getting the paints ready for your big day," Arc replied, walking past her. "We'll be doing most of the work over there, but the detail work and touch ups I'll do by the bench." He briefly checked the cans of paint that he'd been mixing before Sherry had arrived. "Did you prep before you left home?"

With her sneakers squeaking against the wood floor as she came to a stop, Sherry bit her lip while fanning herself with her ball cap briefly before answering. "Actually, I wasn't sure I could do a good job, so..."

Arc arched an eyebrow as he turned away from his bench, gazing down at her. "You want me to help you with that?"

Letting her small dufflebag slip from her her shoulder onto the floor, Sherry gave him a hopeful expression. "If you wouldn't... mind? I mean-."

He shook his head slowly, raising his hand to cut her off gently. "No worries, I've had to do that with some people before." His lips twisted in a wry smile. "I will admit, it was mostly backs and chests I had to do though. You sure you don't mind? I could call one of my lady-friends-?"

"No, it's cool," Sherry replied quickly. "If I don't do this now, I'm afraid I'll lose my nerve."

Arc nodded. "That makes two of us. Well," he sighed, "my bathroom's back there. I've got a few towels we can use... did you bring any shaving supplies?"

Sherry picked her duffel back up, nodding. "I brought my own."

"Good, well... go in there and strip. I'll be in as soon as I make sure we're ready to go in here, okay?" Arc said, trying not to sound too eager.

"Okay, I'll call you when I'm ready," Sherry replied, as she headed towards his bathroom...

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A few minutes later, Sherry's voice sang out from the open bathroom door: "Okay... I'm ready in here!"

"I'll be right there," Arc replied, absently rubbing the top of his bald head. Hoping he didn't sound too anxious, he slipped his hand under the metal basin, retrieving it from the sink next to the workbench. After he'd checked his gear and the paints - all ready, mixed and set - he'd taken the time to fill up the basin with water and retrieve some skin softener from the shelf over the sink, to get ready for the task ahead.

With everything in hand, he padded over to the bathroom doorway and called out, "Okay, here I come," he warned, slipping around the door jam.

Inside, his Spartan bathroom was filled with the yellowish glow of the naked bulb, hanging from the open fixture overhead. Sherry was sitting on the edge of the small sink beneath the medicine cabinet; stripped bare from her waist to her toes. She still wore her t-shirt, but had pulled it up to expose her tanned tummy and lower torso.

"Well, you're certainly ready," Arc commented thickly, his eyes sweeping down Sherry's body, pausing at the fork of her legs to take in the reddish curls peeking above her closed thighs. He couldn't help himself, as he admired the long, curvy pair of legs stretched out in front of him, as well as her cute tummy with its slight curve to her navel.

With a slight nervous lilt to her voice, Sherry said softly, "I don't... think, we should drag this out, y'know?"

Arc nodded. "Yeah... best to do this right," he murmured, breaking his gaze from her smooth body. "We still have to do the painting, after all." As he placed the basin of hot water on the back of the toilet, he spied Sherry's duffel on the floor next to the sink. Bending down, he reached out to pulled the open end to himself and rummaged around inside. He found a pair of terry-cloth hand towels, a bottle of lady's shaving gel and some disposable razors.

"Well," he sighed gustily, "we can use these... but I don't recommend these shavers," Arc commented.

Sherry blinked. "Why not? I use them on my legs all the time."

Arc said, "Well, you've got thicker skin on your legs... plus we're going to shave a more, well, sensitive area." Reaching over Sherry, Arc opened his medicine cabinet and pulled out a compact straight razor. "This will be better, I think... no chance of getting clogged with hair, and I'm more, well, comfortable with it." He gave her an arched look. "We don't want any cuts or nicks... down there, do we?"

Sherry blushed a bit. "Yeah... I guess not. Well, you're the expert here," she said gamely. "Shall we start?"

Arc nodded, "Sure, darlin'." Setting himself down on the closed lid of the toilet, he motioned for her to turn towards him, taking a nearby bath towel off a nearby hook on the wall. "Lift up," he said, folding the towel to make a cushion for her. As she complied, he gently took one of her legs and moved it to the side, spreading her open so both legs bracketed him in a wide vee. After seeing she was positioned right, he reached back into the cabinet for a pair of straight scissors and one of his old combs, placing them with the items she'd brought as he sat back down.

"Okay," he said with a gusty breath. "Now, you relax, okay? Trust me, I'm not gonna hurt you."

Sherry nodded, bracing herself on both arms as she leaned back to give him an unrestricted view of her crotch. "Okay... I trust you," she replied, her own breathing slightly pitched as she watched him expectantly.

Rubbing his hands together briefly, Arc reached for the comb and one of the hand cloths. Draping the cloth over her left thigh, he began to gently run the teeth of the comb through her red pubic curls. Careful not to snare any tangles, he soon had them combed out, laying straight against the curve of her mons. Satisfied, he reached for the scissors and - using the comb as a shield - began to cut back the long hairs with long, steady clips.

Flinching slightly, Sherry tensed as the blades moved over her pubes, but she quickly settled down as Arc worked with efficient progress. Eventually, she was shorn down to a thin stubble, which Arc covered with the hand towel after he'd dipped it in the hot water.

"Ow," she hissed slightly, feeling the heat on her nearly-exposed skin.

"Don't worry," Arc cooed soothingly. "I didn't make the water too hot... the heat will pass." He rubbed the cloth softly over her crotch for a moment longer, then lifted it away so he could run one fingertip along one side of her mound. "Good... the hairs are soft enough. This shouldn't take much longer," he murmured thickly.

Sherry shivered a bit from his touch, biting her lip as a tingle shot along her body.

Putting the comb and scissors aside, Arc reached for the can of shaving gel and gave it a few sharp shakes. He grimaced slightly at the label before he squirted a dollop of the pinkish, scented gel into his hand. "Passion Rose?" he queried, arching one eyebrow at Sherry.

She giggled softly. "Hey, a girl's got to have her favorites, doesn't she?"

Nodding, Arc smoothed the gel over his hand, turning it into a foamy mound of froth. When he had it whipped up enough, he dipped his hand down and smoothed it over the stubble covering her labia and mons. The muscles in her thigh twitched from the contact - even though he used a soft touch with his fingers - as the cool foam covered her skin. Smoothing it out, Arc couldn't help but make contact with the outer lips of her puss as he finished dabbing the lower area between her backside and her mons.

"Okay, now... keep perfectly still," he cautioned her as he tilted her pelvis up to keep everything he'd covered in view. Wiping his hands clean, he reached for the straight razor and snapped it open. Taking a moment to examine the edge critically, he then leaned close in between Sherry's legs and began to scrape the blade slowly over her skin. When he collected a good amount of cream, he lifted the blade away to wipe it clean on another hand towel, before swishing it in the basin to rinse it.

With each pass, more foam and stubble vanished, leaving behind a growing bare patch of skin. Sherry closed her eyes, trying to keep from moving as he moved from one side of her pubes to the other. Still, it was hard not to, as the touch of his hand and fingers manipulating her intimate flesh was sending sparks racing down her legs and up her spine.

Avoiding the lips of her puss as he continued to shave her clean, Arc guided the razor down to the area below her puss; clearing out the last few wisps of hair along the junctions where her legs met her pelvis. "Quit it, darlin'... I'm almost done here."

Sherry shivered. "Sorry... I'm trying."

Finally, Arc made a last critical look before he pulled the blade away and swiped it one last time. "There... that's done." He took the last hand towel and dipped it in the water, wringing it out before he used it to wipe her pubic mound down.

Leaning up, Sherry gaped at the sight of her now baby-bald mons; all smooth and only slightly pink from the razor's touch. "Wow," she breathed. "I can't believe how it looks." She giggled softly as the cloth made another pass over her slick skin. "That tickles!"

"Sorry," Arc apologized. "This will become irritated. Let's get some lotion on it," he stated. Turning, he reached for the bottle of lotion he'd brought in and uncapped it. "It's got aloe and it's water based... should be soothing enough to keep you from getting razor burns." With that, he squeezed out some onto her pubes, before deftly rubbing it around with his fingers to cover every inch of shaved skin.

Sherry shook her head back, unable to stop the soft moan from slipping through her lips as his hand moved in slow strokes on her flesh.

Arc paused for a bit, then withdrew his hand to pass the lotion bottle to her. "I... think you can finish this part, okay?" he said huskily.

There was a slight pout to Sherry's lips as she sat up and accepted the bottle. "Ah... okay, sure."

"Just rub that in and let it set for about thirty minutes," he stated, standing up before moving towards the doorway. "I'll... get everything ready in the studio, and call you when it's time. So, just sit back and... try to relax, okay?"

Sherry nodded, "Sure thing, Arc." She pulled her legs back and down, watching as the burly artist shuffled out the doorway. On impulse, she cast a short glance down as he went past her, and caught sight of a somewhat large lump in the crotch of the big man's overalls. With a slight smile, she privately chuckled at the thought of Arc's real excuse for leaving her to finish up...

# # #

Back in the studio, Arc had his protective apron and headgear on. "Okay, darlin'... I'm all set out here. Ready to get yourself set for your big day out?"

"Has it been thirty minutes?" Sherry's voice called out.

Arc glance at a clock on the wall. "Looks like it. Come on, and let's get started."

Sherry slipped out of the bathroom, twisting her red curls up into a tight bun on her head. She'd wrapped in a large bath towel, tucked underneath her arms and high over her chest. Padding barefoot across the studio to the spot where Arc had set up his drop cloths, she watched expectantly as he finished adjusting the air pressure on the airbrush and paint gun he had resting on a stand beside him.

"Well, here I am!" Sherry announced brightly. "What do you need me to do... other than the obvious?"

Pausing to lift the cover of his face shield up, Arc unclipped a pair of small goggles and a face mask from a tool belt hanging on his hips. "Here, put these on and drop that towel. We've got to finish this so you won't miss the opening of the festival."

Nodding, Sherry slipped the towel loose and let it drop to the studio floor. "Okay," she said, accepting the mask and goggles with a wry grin. "Hope you're still... up for this," she teased.

Arc stared at her, a smile curving around his lips as he watched her slip the goggles and mask over her face. Seeing her completely nude

Arc stifled a moan, realizing this was going to be his hardest job to date... literally! Seeing her completely in the nude - with her petite frame, proportionate curves and sweet-looking B-cup breasts, sporting marzipan-toned nipples - was bringing him back to the aroused state he'd been in while he'd shaved her. Already, those nipples were becoming stiff in the cold air of the studio, since Arc had cranked up the air conditioner in preparation for the painting ahead.

Shaking himself, Arc motioned towards the drop cloth-covered area. "Ah, step over there, and let's get started," he said, unable to keep his voice from getting low and husky.

Sherry complied, stepping into the middle of the eggshell-colored cloth.

Arc moved to position her legs so that she stood with them a moderate distance apart, making sure she didn't bend or flex her legs as he started deftly wrapping two strips of cloth tape around Sherry's thighs, just a few inches below her crotch. Another loop of tape went low around her waist, with a small dip to form a vee, just below her navel.

"Careful down there," Sherry said, watching him put the tape in place.

Arc groaned under his breath, catching a whiff of her scent as he moved to finish doing this part quickly... otherwise, he'd be undone before they started, and who knows where that would lead to!

"Now, keep that mask and goggles on until I say it's okay to take them off," Arc told Sherry firmly, as he rose up to place two more strips of tape over her shoulders and down until they almost crossed under her arms. "This first layers are textile acrylics - the stuff we found you're not allergic to - and, I don't want any getting in your eyes. Oh! Almost forgot." Arc pulled out a ball of gauzy-green fabric, and stretched it out to place it over Sherry's hair. "Better safe than sorry, right?"

"Right," Sherry agreed.

"Okay, put those on, darlin'," Arc said, slipping his own mask and shield into place. "It's time to create a masterpiece!" With that, he reached for the handle of the paint gun, and gave the trigger a few pulls to prime it.

Over the next two hours, Arc worked his artistic magic on Sherry's body: deftly spraying the areas inside the tape with layer after layer of paint. Using a few techniques he'd used on other models, the dark indigo blue on her hips, thighs, buttocks and pubes was slowly transformed into what appeared to be skin-tight, stone washed denim. When he moved to her upper body - now using the airbrush for better control - he slowly built up an impressive appearance of faded, yellow chambray.

Sherry turned at his command, holding her arms slightly out to the side as he worked in the details on her naked chest and back. She couldn't see the full effect yet, but she trusted the tall artist to do his best...

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Eventually, Arc made a few last touch-ups behind her back, and stopped. "All right... it's nearly finished," he said with a heavy sigh. "We just need to put some finishing talc to set it, and you're done."

Sherry turned her head to look over her shoulder at Arc. "Really? How do I look?"

Arc didn't reply for a bit - while he lightly patted her with a puff-applicator, dusting her down with a fine powder. When he stopped, he pointed to her face and nodded. "Take those off and come over here," he prompted, backing towards a long mirror in one corner of the studio. He smiled broadly as she walked towards him, his eyes moving up and down her tiny frame with pride. "See for yourself, darlin'!"

Stepping in front of the mirror, Sherry's brown eyes shot wide open in surprise. She'd been expecting... well, not what she was seeing now! Her upper body was still as naked as all get out, but, from the first glance you could swear she was wearing a tied-off, faded yellow shirt; right down to the two tied-off shirt tails hanging part way down her tummy.

What was further down on her body was just as incredible: the painted on, cut-off hot pants appeared so real to her, Sherry nearly tried to put her hands in the painted on pockets at her hips. He'd even painted in little rivets of copper, faded stitching down the sides, even belt loops at several intervals around her waist.

"Oh my God, Arc!" Sherry nearly squealed in delight. "This... this looks amazing!" Turning around, she looked at her backside in the mirror, marveling at the sight of two back pockets painted on her posterior. "It really looks real!"

Arc chuckled, wiping his hands on the front of his overalls. "Well, you said you wanted to fool anyone that wasn't looking hard enough... so, that's what I did." he said with a smile.

Sherry giggled and turned back around, almost bouncing with glee. "This is so, gonna, ROCK!" She glanced around, and asked, "What did I do with my shoes? I can't waste any time!"

Arc laughed, "You left them back in the bathroom, darlin'."

Sherry's brown eyes twinkled as she turned and walked briskly over to the bathroom. She got to the doorway and stopped, turning to look at Arc. "Hey, you wanna come with me?"

Arc blinked. "What?"

"I said, do you wanna come to the festival with me? You know, to see your handiwork out in the public eye?" Sherry grinned.

Arc rubbed the back of his head, looking a bit nervous. "You, ah... you sure you want me to come along?"

Sherry faced him fully, planting her hands above her painted waist. "Well, this is partially your doing! I figured you might want to see how people react to this... you know?" She then flashed him a dimpled smile. "Besides, I do want you along... sort of to be there if something happens."

Arc crossed his arms and stared hard at her. "Just what do you mean by 'if something happens'?"

Rolling her eyes, Sherry gave him a look in return. "Just say you'll come with me, please? I know I'd feel a lot braver... if you were to be with me."

Arc closed his eyes for a moment, weighing the options. Either he let her go alone - and God knew what sort of trouble that could get into - or he could go tag along with her, and possibly get into trouble himself, along with her...

Of course, one part of the husky artist's mind piped in, you can go and if nothing happens, you can get to watch that sweet body walking around in the daylight, knowing all the while that it was naked as a jaybird, even if no one else clued in on that fact!

"Well?" Sherry's voice broke through his internal dialog. "What do you say, Arc?"

With a sigh, which didn't sound so awful because Arc was smiling, he replied, "Let me go change into something cleaner, darlin'..."

# # #

Out in the hot, South Florida sunshine, the sounds and smells of one of the Key's local festivals added a heady mix of spice, scents and sounds to be sampled by everyone there. Some street bands played Caribean music, bending in with the laughter and the language of the colorful crowds filling the asphalt avenue.

The sight wasn't anything new to Arc. He'd been a part of the local flavor in these festivals for several years... the crowd and the crash of everything against his senses - the tastes, the visual flavor and all - were something he relished like a fine wine.

"I can't believe this... isn't it great?"

Sherry's words shook him out of his brief musing. "Y-yeah, sure darlin'," Arc replied thickly, looking down at the tiny redhead, who was clinging with both hands to his left arm; practically bouncing up and down with excitement.

"This is just wicked," she gushed, craning her head back to give him her dimpled smile. Leaning close, she whispered, "Do you think anyone can tell?"

Pulling a faded blue kerchief from the pocket of his old gray denim shirt, Arc, mopped his forehead and offered her a weak smile. "Nah... doesn't look it to me," he said softly, trying to keep his blood from boiling as he pulled his eyes away to navigate through a narrow gap in the crowd. Moving to clear a path for Sherry, he felt a tremor of nervousness under his ribs... there were so many things that could happen, he thought. It wasn't the last time he had such a thought, ever since they'd arrived on foot at the start of this mile-long shindig.

Even so, he couldn't deny the tingle racing down his spine as he thought about the situation: walking arm and arm, down a public street with practically naked woman... he moaned under his breath, trying to keep the thickness in his green khaki shorts from getting out of control.

Sherry broke away from him suddenly, skipping over to a drink cart to smile at the dusky-skinned fellow passing out cold sodas and water to the crowds. "Hey, Arc! Got a dollar to spare?" she called back, grinning mischievously. "I...um, left my money in my other pants!"

With a rueful sigh, Arc ambled up and nodded at the vendor - who was casting his eyes over Sherry with an amused twinkle - and fished out a wrinkled five-dollar bill. "Two bottles of water, chum?" he asked, unable to keep the slight touch of nervousness from his voice, seeing that Sherry was leaning on the edge of the cart... her 'covered' chest hanging over so that her breasts were visible against the reflected metal top.

The vendor nodded, palming the paper money before reaching into the open compartment in his cart, pulling two plastic bottles out amid a swish of melting ice. "There you go!" he offered, wiping them off with a cloth and handing them to Sherry, before turning away briefly to count out Arc's change from a metal till box. As he gave the money back to Arc, he smiled broadly as Sherry gave Arc his drink. "Have fun, girly!"

"Thanks!" Sherry beamed, taking one of the bottles and unscrewing the cap. "I am!" She giggled, raising it to her lips to take a few swallows before she stopped and told Arc, "C'mon! Let's check out what they're selling down the street!"

Slipping the change into his pocket, Arc shot the vendor another smile and shrugged. "After you, darlin'," he said helplessly, shuffling after her as he uncapped his own drink to take a refreshing swig.

Getting into the part of the street where more stalls and carts were clustered together, the two made their way from one to the next; Sherry pausing long enough to giggle and chatter with each seller for a few minutes, turning from time to time to drag Arc into the conversations.

All the while, Arc wasn't able to keep his eyes off of Sherry, even though he tried his hardest: her lithe body prancing around in the crowd ahead was a hard thing not to ignore. As she moved from every vendor and stall lining the street - laughing and enjoying herself amid the sea of tourists and locals - Sherry looked like the perfect picture of innocent fun...

Unless you looked pretty damn close at her 'clothing', he mused.

He paused a few feet away from his lovely walking canvas, watching as Sherry stopped to admire some colorful marionettes a fellow on a trike-cart was selling. Crossing his arms as he stood watching, she chatted with the vendor, looking over some of the small puppets on the cart's rack...

She then dipped down to get a better look at one of the free-standing ones on the sides, making Arc do a double take... because the cover job he'd done with Sherry's lower half wasn't as complete as he'd hoped.

"Oh hell," he muttered, his eyes wide as she spread her legs to balance on the balls of her feet. This forced her thighs apart and allowed her most intimate area to be exposed! Arc stole a quick look around to see if anyone else noticed her unknowing exposure, but it didn't seem that the passing crowds had noticed... yet! It wouldn't be too hard for someone to glance down and see her pink, open puss in the middle of the faux-denim paint.

As quick as she'd dipped down, Sherry rose back up and said a few more words to the vendor before moving on. Shaking himself, Arc had to hurry to keep up with her. Considering what just saw, there was a good chance that Sherry could land in major trouble if she flashed herself in view of the wrong person... or the local police!

The ting-tong sound of steel drums got Arc's attention next... a small group of nearby men and women had put together a improvised band on the grass at side of the street, filling the air with the infectious rythum of tropical music.

Already, a small bunch of enthusiastic couples had clustered around the band, swaying and dancing to the beat of the song. Standing at the edge of the makeshift dance floor, Sherry watched the moving bodies for a bit, before she turned and fixed Arc with a grin.

"Wanna go dance?" she asked him.

He waved one hand defensively. "No way... I never could keep up with that sort of music," he replied with a half-hearted chuckle.

Sherry pouted, but her smile returned full-tilt as the band started playing again: the song being a local favorite that was all up-tempo and hot as banana peppers. "Ooo! I can't say no to that song!" she cheered, and without warning she hopped into the throng and started moving her lithe body to the beat.

Arc half-called out to her in protest, about to reach out to drag her back, but he stopped when he realized he couldn't get through the press of bodies that were speeding up to match the beat of the drums and melody. Raising up on the balls of his feet, he tried to get a look as to where Sherry was in the throng. He sidestepped one twirling couple and nearly got smashed on one toe as a dark-skinned Jamaican beauty bounced by.

"Hell!" he swore, pulling back a bit before he tried to step through the wall of milling dancers once more.

Suddenly, a space cleared as a cheer went up from the crowd and the band. There was Sherry, oscillating her hips and thighs in a dance called "the butterfly" as she swayed in front of a young, suntanned fellow in cut-offs and a open, sleeveless shirt. He was facing her back, arms raised over his head. clapping to the beat as he grinned down at the shorter woman Totally into the dance, Sherry swayed her body as she opened and closed her legs, bent at the knees to allow her butt to swing out behind her.

Arc goggled at her, seeing once again that her movements were allowing her crotch to become open again... Her pink, inner flesh was completely exposed, and anyone that was looking where he was would certainly see it!

"Sherry!" he shouted, trying to be heard over the crowd and the music. "Come here, darlin'! You're... puttin' on a show!"

Sherry looked up at Arc, her cheeks flushed rosy-pink as she beamed, mouthing the words 'I know!' at him. She dropped down lower, swinging her hips a little before standing up to turn to give the young man behind her a dazzling smile. He seemed to appreciate her attention - and the display - since Arc could see his eyes light up like fireworks.

Arc grumbled, before calling out again: "Sherry, come on! You're gonna get into a mess of trouble, girl!"

Sherry turned and swayed her way back through the dancers to his side. "Okay, okay! I was just having a little fun, Arc," she said, though she wasn't as upset as he thought she would be.

Taking her by the hand, Arc led her back from the band and the dancers into the middle of the street. "Gezus, darlin'! I know you wanted to have fun with this-."

"Believe me, I am," Sherry replied, her face filling with a perplexed look when she saw the look on Arc's face. "What's wrong?"

Arc paused, staring down at her as they came to a stop. "Sherry... don't tease, okay."

She moved in front to face him, holding up her hands in confusion. "Tease? What do you mean?"

Rubbing the back of his head, Arc realized she honestly didn't know what she nearly did... twice! He looked up and around at the crowd, gauging the situation. A trio of men walked by - one of them the young dancer Sherry had been with just a few moments ago - chattering animatedly between themselves. The one fellow glanced over at them, his eyes walking up Sherry's body as he grinned so wide, Arc thought his face was going to crack. He then nodded to his friends, and they all started up laughing as they continued on by.

"Darlin'," he said, just before leaning down to put his mouth next to her ear to whisper, "you're showing off more than you realize!"

Sherry turned and pulled back to face him, her eyes wide with surprise. "What?"

With a discrete dip of his eyes to her lower body, Arc muttered softly, "You showed off... um, some pink, down there." For emphasis, Arc jerked his head back towards the dancing crowd behind them. "When you were doing that Boca-dance..."

At that, Sherry's hand shot up to her mouth, stifling the gasp bursting from her lips. "Oh God! I... really?"

Laying a hand on her bare shoulder, Arc offered gently, "Sherry, you're having fun... but, try to be careful." He swallowed thickly. "Just, be careful, okay?"

With a shiver, Sherry nodded, and he noticed she drew her legs together on reflex. "Um, okay... God! I didn't know."

He rubbed her shoulder in a calming gesture. "No worries, darlin'. Come on... if we're careful, we should be able to make it to the end of the block." He nodded towards where a street taxi - a trike with a two-seat compartment in the rear - was parked with several others. "If you want, I'll grab us a ride back to my place... that is, unless you still wanna risk sticking around?"

Glancing down at herself, Sherry mulled this over for a brief span... then, she looked back up with a sly smile. "Do you want us to quit?"

Arc blinked... when did this become us? he wondered. He kicked himself mentally, remembering that he agreed to come along on her little public exhibition. "Do you think we will get caught?" he queried back.

Sherry countered with, "I dunno... but, this is too much fun to let a little flash stop us now, hm?" She reached up and gripped his hand on her shoulder, squeezing lightly. "Well... let's get to the end of the block for starters. Then, lets see, okay?"

Heaving a sigh, Arc chuckled and nodded. "Okay... fine. To the end of the block, then. Just be careful."

As the continued walking, Arc noticed it was dimming overhead. Glancing up, he spied a bank of dark thunderclouds advancing from the ocean. A soft flash illuminated a lightning strike out on the ocean, followed shortly by a deceptively-gentle rumble of thunder in the air.

"Uh-oh," he said, tapping Sherry to point it out to her. "Looks like we're in for one of our notorious weather changes."

She winced as another peal of thunder boomed nearby, giving him a worried look. "Will this stuff-."

"Not unless you had soap or something else that can dissolve it," he stated, cutting her off. "That acrylic's supposed to be waterproof. Still... we shouldn't take the risk," he offered, seeing they were closer to the end of the block now. "We might want to get you under some cover soon."

Turning around and walking backwards, Sherry grinned, "True... but, if I'm waterproofed, then why not stick around a little longer?"

Arc groaned. "Sherry!"

She laughed, "C'mon! What's the worst that can happen?"

As they got next to the end of the block, where a small common dining area which had been set up next to a large circle of open grills, fryers and beer taps, a raucous wave of laughter rolled over the sounds of Island-theme music. Suddenly, a tipsy fellow in garish-colored tourist clothes burst into view, flailing his one arm as he stumbled towards them. His other arm was tucked in close, trying to keep a slopping pitcher of cold beer from being spilled completely.

Arc's eyes widened with concern. "Hey! Look out, there!" he shouted. He started to reach out to pull Sherry back behind him... but it all happened too fast: Sherry had heard his shout, and was turning around to face the drunkard, just as the man got his two feet tangled together. With a yell, he tripped over himself, flinging out both arms to try to stop from crashing onto the hot asphalt. Forgotten, the pitcher of beer upended and sailed out of his grasp; it's cold contents splashing all over Sherry's torso and belly.

"EEE!" She shrieked, getting thoroughly drenched from collar to crotch by the pale-wheat colored draught.

Arc grimaced sharply. "Hell!" he cursed, unable to not watch as the alcohol in the beer immediately began to break down the layers of paint. In seconds the well-crafted images on her body began to smear, losing the definition he'd worked for hours to create.

Almost on cue - as if things weren't bad enough - the thunderstorm overhead decided to cut loose with a vengeance! In an eye blink, several small drops turned into a rushing downpour, covering the entire festival in seconds. With the arrival of the rain, a lot of the crowd began to break up and run for what cover they could find.

Arc was getting drenched, but that was the furthest thought from his mind...

"Oh God! Arc!" Sherry called out, panic in her voice as she turned around. The rain was mixing with the beer-soaked paint, becoming a total mess that was running down in streams along her belly, hips and thighs.

Unexpectedly, the drunk - who was sitting on his butt, becoming equally soaked - peered up at Sherry, blinking through his thick glasses before saying loudly, "Hey! You got no clothes on!"

That was the last straw for Arc! He quickly unbuttoned his short-sleeved shirt and whipped it off his stocky torso. Darting towards Sherry, he slipped it over her body, pulling it tight to give her as much covering as it could offer.

"Damnit, this isn't good," Arc hissed.

"Oh no," Sherry squeaked, suddenly looking over Arc's arm. "It's worse!"

Looking to where Sherry had her sights fixed, Arc nearly felt the world get yanked out from under him: a pair of local policemen - dressed in summer shorts, uniform shirts and ponchos - were moving against the retreating crowd headed up-street, as they were working to reach where he and Sherry were standing in the deluge. Arc didn't need a second to know they'd spied her condition...

"Hold on!" he growled, scooping Sherry into his arms before making a mad dash through the rain. His sandals splashing through the quickly-forming puddles, he slipped into the thinning crowd behind the common area and ducked through a gap between two portable toilets. He heard the drunk calling to the cops behind them, and made for a space between two houses beside the street...

"Arc!" Sherry whimpered, holding on tight as he ran for their lives down the alley separating the houses.

"Hang tight," he puffed, "I'll get us out of here!" He grimaced as they turned a corner, hoping he could reach his house before the police could catch them...

# # #

Hustling through the tall wooden side gate that opened into his back yard, Arc glanced behind him to check if any of the officers had managed to trail him back to his place. Not seeing any, he sighed and leaned against the fence post, still hugging Sherry's soaked, messy body to his chest.

Looking up at him, Sherry sighed shakily. "Well, that didn't go as planned, did it?"

"Not... exactly as planned, I'd say," Arc replied ruefully. He glanced down at her, and blew a gust of air over his own wet face. "Mother Nature didn't really lend us a hand in the end..."

Shivering a bit, Sherry wrapped her arms around his neck a bit tighter. "Not really... I thought we were gonna get in trouble when those police showed up!"

"Well, you were the one that said you knew what the consequences were," Arc stated wryly. When he saw Sherry frown, he added lightly, "Still, I don't think the police followed me back here. All those people running around to get out of the downpour helped as well." With that, he lowered Sherry so she could stand on her own feet.

"That's good... though, do you think they'll come looking for me? I mean, us?" she asked. "Oh damn! If they do-!"

"If they do, they'll be hard pressed to identify you or me," Arc said soothingly. "I really don't think they got a good look at either your face, or mine." Shrugging, he added with a chuckle. "Besides, I think they might have had a hard time doing that, considering the rest of you was distracting enough."

"Oh, you!" Sherry had to laugh, giving the tall man a slap on his hairy arm. "Well, for as much of me that was in view, I guess you're right about them being... distracted," she sighed, looking down as she opened the tails of Arc's shirt to see the remains of her painted-clothing: the ruin of the faux-hot pants and top still clinging to her damp skin. "Yuck... looks like your masterpiece is shagged," she said with a sigh.

"Well, you'd have had to clean it off before long anyway," Arc replied. Glancing over her head, he nodded, pointing with his chin towards the center of his backyard. "Come on... you'll make a mess if you go inside. I've got an outside shower that you can clean up with."

Taking her hand, Arc led Sherry around a low row of palmetto bushes, to where a large cement circle sat in the middle of a grass patch. In the middle, a small convex slope dipped down into a white drain plate, over which a single iron pipe rose up, ending in a flat-flanged shower head.

Sherry gave the apparatus a look, then glanced up at Arc. "Is it safe to... well, use this like..."

Arc chuckled, "What? Going shy on me now?" He set her down on the concrete and added, "I've got privacy fences and shade trees on both sides of the yard, darlin'. The only way someone can see us is if they walk up from the beach, or if they look out of their upper floor windows." He jerked his head towards one of the houses next door. "Besides, my neighbors are both snowbirds... they won't be in until wintertime."

With a relieved sigh, Sherry shrugged. "Okay... I was just, well, worried... considering the trouble I nearly caused-."

Holding up one hand, Arc cut her off gently. "Look, you didn't know that was going to happen... we've always had weird weather down here, and you couldn't have known that dope was going to splash you, now did you?" He gave her a small push towards the shower. "Get stripped and get wet. You've had your fun, now let's get you clean."

Giving him a small smile, Sherry nodded, "Okay... sounds like a plan to me." She started to bend down to untie her sneakers, when she paused and looked back up at him. "Arc... how did I look, out there?"

Arc shot her a half-smile, then shook his head and finished it completely. "Sherry... you were so hot out there."

Her cheeks dimpled. "Really?"

"Really-really," Arc chuckled. Just then, he snapped his fingers. "Damn, if you're going to get that paint off, you'll need soap. Sit tight, I'll get you some." He stepped off the circle and started walking towards the house.

Sherry laughed at his retreating back. "Where do you think I'm going to go, looking like this?"

Arc just threw up his hands as he trotted towards his back porch, stopping long enough to kick off his sandals; stomping up the wood steps to knock of the last of the sand of his feet.

Opening the back door and making his way towards his work space, he whistled a nameless tune while pulling a bar of all-purpose soap off the shelf next to the metal sink. With that in hand, he padded across the studio to the bathroom, and tugging the linen closet open, he reached inside to swipe a couple of dry towels for Sherry to use.

As he was about to turn away from the doorway, he spied Sherry's clothes from that morning - folded and stacked together - resting on the bathroom sink. "Hm, she'll need those," he murmured, snatching the entire pile in one hand before heading back to the back yard.

Kicking the door open with one foot, Arc emerged into the late afternoon air, coming down the porch steps as he called out, "Got you your clothes for a quick change, darlin'. Hope you... don't... mind..."

His voice trailed off in awe as he looked up before stepping close to the concrete shower. Sherry had removed her socks and sneakers, leaving them at the edge of the circle with his paint-smeared shirt she'd used as a cover up. Standing under the running spray of the shower head, her trim, nude body was now covered with water and more smears of the blue and yellow paint, running down from her bobbing breasts to her sleek legs.

Running her hands over her tummy, Sherry grimaced at the sight of the streaks of yellow-white on her skin. "Ugh, this stuff came off better with the beer-bath I got!"

Shaking himself, Arc moved to lay the towels and her clothes down by her sneakers. "Here," he said huskily, lobbing the soap towards her. "This soap will work better than suds."

"Great, thanks," Sherry beamed, catching the bar with her wet hands. "I think I'll have paint in places where I didn't think I had places,' she added ruefully.

"Well, you shouldn't have any trouble... I'll, um, be over here to keep an eye out for anyone coming along the beach," Arc offered, turning to head towards sands beyond his backyard.

Sherry let him get a few steps away, before calling out, "Hey... actually, I could use a little help."

Stopping in mid-stride, the burly artist swiveled half-way around, staring at her in nervous disbelief. "What, did you say?"

Biting her lip, Sherry turned back into the spray, looking down over her shoulder at her backside. "Well... I guess I want to make sure all the paint's gone," she offered with a shy smile. "That is, if you don't mind... lending a hand?"

Swallowing against the lump in his throat - and the thundering blood in his ears - Arc turned completely towards Sherry and looked her straight in the eye. "I... ah, I don't mind. Are you... sure you want, my help?"

Sherry's cheeks changed from light tan to dusky peach as she blushed, glancing down at the bulge that had returned to Arc's crotch once more. "Yeah. I don't... mind." She looked back up, seeing him start to step towards her. "Um, you might want to strip yourself. That is, unless you want those shorts to get wet... again."

Looking down his chest to his lower body, Arc pondered the situation for a second... then, with a shrug, he slipped his thumbs under his waistband. "Hell... in for a dime or a dollar," he murmured. "As damp as they are, I don't think it matters, does it?" Without waiting for Sherry's answer, he shoved both shorts and his underware down to his feet, stepping out of them.

Sherry blinked, then smiled softly, her own pulse quickening as she took in the view of him, now naked as Sherry was...right there in the open air of his backyard.

Arc wasn't completely covered in muscles - a slight pair of love handles and a round belly gave testament to that! - but, his large frame was thick, and mostly fit, covered in tanned skin and dark, thick hairs from throat to his feet.What got her attention the most, was the thick shaft of his cock, poking out at half-mast from an unruly nest of curly hairs at his groin.

Stepping slowly onto the cement circle, Arc gave her a small smile, holding out one hand. "Well, darlin'... can you please hand over that soap? Let's get clean, hm?"

She returned his smile, giving him the soap before she turned and reached out to grip the tall pipe with both hands, bending over to give him a tantalizing view of her backside. "Please?" she asked, almost in a begging tone.

With a deep intake of air, Arc stepped in close and thrust the soap under the spray for a moment or two, getting it wet before he cupped it in both hands and rubbed it briskly, forming a thick cloud of lather. He then lowered both hands to her back, resting them gently on Sherry's wet skin before moving them around in slow, opposite circles over the streaks of paint. Moving closer, he reached up under her hair to get the spots near her neck and shoulders, idly moving her ruby locks out of the way as he softly scrubbed the colors away.

Sherry sighed at the first contact of his large hands on her, arching slightly as he rubbed the soap over her back. Tingles that had been trilling along inside were now arcing like sparks along her nerves. Feeling his heat and nearness, she couldn't help the moan that slipped from her lips as he curved his fingers over her shoulders, across her collarbone.

Arc sighed, relishing the feel of her soft skin as he cleared the paint away with every stroke. "It's... coming off well," he murmured quietly. The sounds of the surf from the beach, along with the soft sounds of the wind in the trees and grass, seemed to form a bubble of solitude around them.

Rolling her shoulders, Sherry said sibilantly, "Yes... feels good..."

Arc let the smile on his lips spread, as he moved his hands back down Sherry's back. Swiping across her skin in broad strokes, he went past her waist and down onto her blue-streaked buttocks. Cupping them in his palms, he rubbed around and around, slipping his fingers down into her crack and underneath to get all of the paint left there.

At this point, Sherry let out a small gasp at his hands intruding there. Rising up on her toes for a second, she calmed and lowered back down, keeping her bottom arched out so he could get to every nook.

"Hmm, still sensitive?" Arc asked, moving the soap around on her thighs - both inside and outside surfaces - as he crouched to get a better view.

Shivering, Sherry bit her lip again and moaned, "Ah-huh..."

At that level, Arc was in line with her bottom; his gaze fixed on her rounded cheeks... and the lather-coated, intimate flesh now winking at him pinkly between her legs. Heart racing, Arc pursed his lips and blew a soft stream of air over her nether region, grinning as her legs trembled under his hands as her vulva contracted slightly.

"Ooo," she squeaked, her voice tight with heat and tension.

Arc sloughed the suds downwards, getting to the runoff trails of paint that had leaked down to her lower legs. Following the sleek lines of her legs back up, he continued on until he reached her crotch and bent waist. "Raise up, darlin'," he whispered huskily. As she complied, he rubbed over her groin and hips, following the flow of her torso upwards as he rose to continue his scrubbing. Crossing her tummy, he felt her shy away as he hit a ticklish spot, but he pulled her back so that she was pulled up flat against his front.

"Hey, where you goin'?" he rasped deeply, moving the soap and his hands over her stomach in wide, lazy circles.

With a deep, alto giggle, she replied, "Well, give a girl warning when you... oooh!" Her scold slipped off into a open groan as she felt Arc's heavy cock against her backside; the long shaft wedged between her butt cheeks like it belonged there.

Chuckling, Arc leaned over to murmur in her left ear: "Sherry... here's your warning." As he said this, he slid his hand up over her pert breasts, covering them each in his big, hairy hands as he worked soap over the last traces of paint on her chest.

Leaning back, Sherry openly moaned out her breath as he cupped her breasts. Her nipples, which had be hard before he started cleaning her, turned to solid stone under his caress as they drilled into his skin. Raising her arms, she looped the around his neck as she canted her head back onto his hairy shoulder. Flaring her nostrils, she took in the rough, male scent of him, mixed with the neutral smell of the soap lather covering his hands and her body.

Unable to keep still, she undulated her backside, making it slide over his groin and his trapped manhood.

Hissing, Arc squeezed her tits, making them bulge through the small gaps between his fingers. "Geez, darlin'!"

With an answering trill, Sherry rolled her wet head back on his body. "Don't... stop, please!" she begged. The situation, which had started as a light tease was not racing far beyond that boundary... Sherry was now turned on like a light; burning with lust. She dropped one hand and covered one of Arc's, squeezing her breast along with him. "You... ahh! Feels so good..."

Arc had to agree with her, feeling her lithe frame rubbing and squirming under his touch. Letting go off the other breast, he slowly turned her so she was back under the full forced of the spray, quickly rubbing her down to remove the foam and the last of the paint from her body. Under the rushing water, her peach-cream skin returned, now glowing from the heat kindled in her blood... rushing as her heart beat faster with every passing second.

When he was sure she was squeaky clean, Arc smiled and dropped to his knees in front of her.

"What... hey," Sherry gasped, lifting one hand to wipe the water from her eyes.

"Got to make sure you're completely clean," Arc offered with a grin, wrapping his hands around her thighs before tugging her towards him.

Sherry's mouth formed an 'Oh' of surprise, which suddenly turned into a drawn out 'OH!' of pleasure when she felt Arc fold himself, dipping his head down until he could tilt it sideways and thrust it forward into her puss. Her legs snapped taut as she felt the slippery, rough texture of his oral appendage delved between the flaps of her outer labia, and she threw her head back into the spray of the shower as a millrace of sensations rocketed from her crotch, racing around her body like she'd been dipped in pure energy.

Moving her legs apart, Arc edged closer to her as he sat back on his heels to get a better angle. Working his tongue deeper into her, he flipped it back and forth between her vaginal walls, tasting a liquid thicker than sugar water, sweet like cinnamon and key lime mixed together. It coated his tongue and mouth like slow, rich cream. Slurping softly, he drew upwards until his lips encountered the swelling hood of her clit. Slipping his lips over the hard nub hidden under that fold of skin, he lashed at it with flickering strokes, while letting a low, baritone hum flow from deep in his chest, out into her sensitive flesh.

"Oh, God, yes! Yes!" Sherry cried out, trying to be quiet even though she knew they were alone. The rush to her head... driven by the fire Arc was stoking below, was making her more and more incensed with need.

The fact they were outside, within eyesight of the beach be damned! She didn't want this to end! Curling her fingers over his bald head, Sherry canted one leg outwards as she bucked her pelvis into his face, urging him on with coos and moaning sighs.

For Arc, he was getting a crick in his neck, and his knees were getting sore from kneeling on the concrete... but he wasn't about to stop just yet! Running his hands up to cup Sherry's backside, he squeezed her firm flesh as he redoubled his efforts on her puss. Savoring her feminine musk and taste, he was bound and determined to make her orgasm before he saw to his own...

"Ahh... damnit!" Rolling her head back to look down at the burly man between her legs, Sherry felt the pressure swelling inside her. "Arc, honey... ooo, shit! It's so, oooh, Christ!" Her litany of swearing seemed to drive her passion higher and higher, accompanied by the skillful mouth working her closer and closer to that first climax.

Just then, Arc captured her clit - now exposed from its protective skin - and worried it between his lips and teeth; flicking the end with his tongue tip like a beating humming bird wing.

"Oh, oh... oooh, GOD! YES!" Sherry's voice shot up several octaves as the electricity wracked her body, unleased from deep inside her as her orgasm rippled outwards along her straining limbs and body. With a shriek of ecstasy, she latched onto Arc's shoulders for support, bucking her hips uncontrollably.

For his part, Arc rode out her storm, pressing himself deep into her groin as he clasped her butt cheeks firmly. Her sweet essence flowed out of her like pure ambrosia, and he drank and drank until only tiny dribs were oozing out of her puss. By then, Sherry was gasping for air, trying to pull away from his face and crying softly as she was so sensitive.

"oh...oooh, ahmmmyGawd," she breathed, trying to catch up to her runaway heart, racing under her ribs.

Taking his cue, he removed himself from her crotch and slowly rose up; keeping a grip on her body to keep her from wilting to the concrete beneath them. As Arc regained his feet, she melted into him, clinging fiercely to his arms as he held her upright. Unable to form anything more coherent, she buried her face in his wet chest and shivered as the aftershocks wracked her down to her curling toes.

Leaning down, Arc placed a gentle kiss on top of her head. "Hey... still with me?" He asked, his own voice soft yet deep with his own need.

Sherry moved her head up and down, nodding silently. Plastered to his front, she was keenly aware of the hot piece of man flesh poking her tummy... rubbing on her wet skin with a slickness born of his own arousal.

"Mmm," he sighed, holding his own passion in check as he held her, letting her recover. "You feel okay, darlin'?"

Sherry didn't answer for several moments. This worried Arc... until she slipped her arms around his upper body, tugging downward to bring his face close to hers. Tilting it to the side, she hungrily walked her lips across his jaw until she covered his with her open, seeking mouth. Surprise gave way to rekindled fire, as he felt her small tongue breach his lips and teeth, twisting around his own in a whirling dervish of saliva and heated breath.

Not breaking this kiss, Sherry got her feet back under herself and - in a bold move - began to climb Arc's tall, hirsute body like it was a tree. When her legs could encircle his waist, this forced him to bring his hands down under her thighs to keep her from falling down. Arc hissed through the side of his mouth, as her puss came in close with his raging cock. The sheer heat made him wince, thinking it would melt him down like copper in a smelter.

Sherry uncoupled their lips, gazing into his eyes with her own; twin chocolate pools that were smoldering, filling the air between them with a smoky haze. "Fuck me," she said softly, arching her nether region towards his straining member. "Fuck me... you want it so bad, and so do I-Aieeee!"

Before her words had barely been spoken, Arc had arched sharply upwards, tilting his torso and lowering hers so that his cock was wedged at the entrance of her puss. It didn't stay there for long, sliding on through her soaked labia and lips with little to impede its passage. Along with her squeal of impassioned delight, Arc cut loose with a rumbling growl of satisfaction as he felt himself bottom out in her gripping, rippling sheath.

"Ahh, Geezus!" Arc wrapped her tightly around him, bending his knees to get more support under her small frame. He could easily hold her up like this, but he knew the shift was needed to begin thrusting hard like he wanted... no, like he needed to!

Sherry for her part was off into orbit, as she felt him completely inside her. Arc wasn't as big as a porn-star... but, what he had was more than enough. He filled her to the brim, stretching her cunt fully and making her know just where he was inside her. Wriggling like she was impaled on a hook, Sherry squeezed around his cock like she wanted to make it part of her forever.

"God, Arc... oooh, mercy!" Sherry cried and cooed.

Arc pulled back for a long stroke, and pressed back into her, feeling fire race along his nerves as he relished her ridged walls conforming to his cock. "Ah, hell, darlin'... you're so, sooo good!" He withdrew and pushed home again, hissing with pleasure as he stopped testing the waters and started thrusting in and out with determination.

Sherry couldn't hold herself still, even with Arc doing his best to do all of the work. Shifting so her arms were braced on his shoulders, she began mirroring him and rocked down to meet his upstrokes. Tossing her head back, she cried out with pure bliss: "Aah, damnit! You fit me soooo nice!"

Arc panted, "Like your 'clothes', eh darlin'?" He grinned, grunting as he began to hit his stride.

With a laugh bubbling up from her chest, Sherry gazed back at him, moving her hands to cup his bald head with a lover's caress. "Like you were made for me, baby... ahh, that's it! Fuck me... Fuck me! Ahh, God, don't, stop!" Her voice became stuttered as his strokes became shorter, and more powerful. "Oh, ohh, yes, yes... harder! More!"

Arc did as he was told, pulsing his hips at a jackhammer pace. Needing more leverage, he backed Sherry up until they were fully under the shower head, propping her against the thick metal pipe. As the water cascaded down over their heated, steaming flesh, Arc shifted so that he could rub the top of his cock along her upper surface of her puss. This sparked against her clit, sending more energy into their rutting, rollicking lovemaking.

Water streaming into her eyes, hair and face, Sherry didn't care at that point. Another orgasm was building with almost-frightening speed in her cunt, sending her back out of her mind as she tried to keep up with her lover's thrusts. "God, ahh, ahm, my, GOD!" She wrapped her arms around Arc's neck, pulling his head into her breasts as she gasped, "Baby... I'm... so, damn, close!"

"Ahh, damn!" Arc felt his own release teetering on the edge. Sherry's puss was milking his flesh like a silky, slippery hand; sending his nerves into total bliss with every passing moment. "Hell! I'm, almost, there..." he muttered hoarsely against her wet flesh. "I gotta... can't..."

Sherry sensed his intent. "No, baby... in me! Do it! It's safe!" She silently thanked her lucky stars for the pill she'd been taking for months before. To have him pull out now... She gripped him tighter in a death lock, her nerves catching fire in a chain-reaction as the last straw for her own release suddenly dissolved as the thought of his release into her set her ablaze! "Oh, god, Arc, YES! CUM!"

Feeling her muscles roll strongly down and up his shaft - and the addition of her permission to release himself inside her - finally tipped Arc over the edge. With a cry that was a muffed roar into her chest, he punched his hips flush with her own, holding them there while his cock spurted thickly into her sheath.

Sherry's head flew back, her throat exposed to the sun peeking out through gaps in the fading storm clouds, as she gave full voice to her and her lover's release. The summit reached, they rocked through the waves of their own personal storm, riding the sensations out through to their ultimate end as their naked, wet bodies were kissed by the warm rays of the late afternoon sun...

# # #

With the last of the storm clouds long since gone, the sun hung like a bright reddish ember over the horizon, ready to dip into the cool sea waters for what was shaping up to be a spectacular sunset.

Lying back in the hammock in the corner of his back porch, Arc sighed as he sank back into the cotton throw he'd draped over the cords, crossing his feet to prop them on the one end of the support ropes. Still naked - and quite content to remain so - he reached out with one arm to push against the wall closest to the hammock, making the sling bed sway gently in the balmy, early evening breeze.

A rich and equally satisfied giggle filled his ears. "I think you liked what we did... under the shower, I mean," Sherry cooed softly, her equally naked form lying at his side, resting one leg across his hip as she curled into him.

"Nah... didn't like it," Arc replied idly, taking his free hand to run it through Sherry's candy-apple locks. "Loved it."

Sherry's cheeks dimpled with a smile, as she ran her tiny fingers along his hairy chest. "Fancy that... I loved it, too." She leaned in to place a soft kiss on his left nipple, giggling more when he breathed deeply in reaction to her electric touch.

Arc craned his head to gaze down at her. "Hell of a way to end a day out, hm?" he asked warmly, letting his touch trail down her bare arm.

"Uh-hm," she agreed, nuzzling closer. "Though, I almost wish you hadn't taken so long to decide to make love to me," she said softly.

Arc raised his eyebrows at that. "Was I that obvious?"

Turning her face to his, Sherry regarded him through hooded, smoky eyes before nodding. "I'm surprised you didn't try... well, when you were shaving me, you know?"

With a low chuckle, Arc hugged her close. "Believe me... it was, tempting darlin'. I didn't know how you felt though-."

Sherry reached up and pressed her lips to his, silencing him with a kiss. "Hey, do you think a girl would let some guy see her like this? If she didn't want... well, you know..."

Arc shook his head slowly, then returned her kiss with one that practically curled both their toes. "Believe me, Sherry, I know," he breathed. Running his hands over her body, he sighed deeply before asking, "So, where do we go from here, darlin'?"

Sherry shivered under his touch, enjoying the sensations for a bit before replying. "Well... considering how this started, why not just go with it and see where it takes us?"

Nodding, Arc smiled, "Sounds like a plan to me."

With a grin, Sherry pulled herself up so that she was laying along his tall body, wrapping her arms around his shoulders as she rubbed her breasts against his furry chest. "You know what else sounds like a plan?"

"No, what?"

"Seeing if we can make that paint job you did more waterproof... so we'll be ready for the next festival!" she said with a twinkle in her brown eyes.

With surprise, Arc gripped her by the arms and pushed her back a bit. "What? Don't you think we nearly got into enough trouble this time around?" he asked astonishingly.

With a flirty pout, Sherry replied, "Hey, so we didn't prepare for getting wet... but, more importantly, we didn't get caught. Thanks to you, my speedy knight!"

Arc rolled his eyes, but had to grin as Sherry started to wiggle against him in a suggestive manner. "Okay, I get the point! Still, are you sure you want to run the risk again? Even if it's a while until the next festival or so..." He trailed off, his dark eyes fixed on her beautiful brown ones.

Melting back into his arms, Sherry murmured with conviction, "Hey, as long as I know you're watching... I think there's nothing I wouldn't want to try in public." She leaned forward and gave him a impulsive nip on his nose. "Don't you want to have fun trying?"

With a laughing groan, Arc wrapped both arms around her sleek body and pulled her close. "Oh hell..." he murmured lovingly, before he silenced her further suggestiveness with a soul-melting kiss.

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The End