Weekend on the Mountain Pt. 01

by Guyanonymous Â©

Literotica

I consider myself very lucky. I have many friends, and most of them are

women. While most of these relationships are platonic, there exists a

certain flirtatious component in many of them; a certain something that

keeps things fun and exciting.

Sarah is one such friend and while we have a certain chemistry, we have

agreed that us as lovers or partners would probably not be a good thing.

That was established years ago, leaving us more comfortable to tease each

other, with those subtle innocent flirts exchanged on the understanding

that its all in fun.

This is a tale of a wonderful summer weekend several years ago that I

spent with Sarah and two of her friends, at her family's cabin at Mt.

Washington ski resort in British Columbia.

This is the point at which descriptions are usually given of the people

involved in the story, embellished to heighten the experience in its

recollection. Much in the same way that people who recall their past lives

as being that of royalty or a famous individual, descriptions in this type

of story usually involve enlargement of perceived positives and reduction

of the negatives. I would do best to stay true to the real story but

what's the fun in that.

I'm an average guy. I'm 6 feet tall, slightly curly brown hair, and eyes

that alternative from green, to blue, to grey depending on the lighting

and clothes I'm wearing, or lack there of. I have average features, padded

with a few extra pounds that I'd love to get rid of. I've got a normal

sized penis that is solid and healthy when erect at the average six inches

length. I have heard that when you lose weight it gets bigger, so who

knows what the future holds ladies!

Sarah, the host of this little trip stands out because of her long,

naturally cut thick red hair; her green eyes with specks of brown,

accentuate her freckled face and endearing smile. She's about 5'6",

voluptuous , but not fat. Over the years I've heightened my skills at

gauging breast sizes, and I'd put hers at around a B-cup size. In my eyes

she's cute and very attractive.

Sarah brought her two friends, Karin, which you pronounce "car-en", and

Ondrea, both of whom I'd met briefly, but didn't know well at all. Both

were blondes. I'm not sure why saying they were blondes merits a sentence

of its own, but it feels right. Society seems to elevate blondes into a

special category of their own when it comes to romance and erotica; the

statement that "blondes have more fun" is only the tip of the iceberg that

hints at this disparity. For me though, I've never been drawn to a blonde

based on her hair colour alone...it's the red heads and brunettes that

I've always found I'm drawn to when making a choice on a purely

superficial basis. Regardless, Karin's hair is naturally light brown,

though Ondrea is a 'true blonde'.

Karin was a bit taller than Sarah, probably about 5'8" and was a little

more voluptuous than Sarah. She was what I'd call curvy, balanced out by

her larger breasts (C-cups) and a nice round butt. Ondrea was your more

typical cute cheerleader type; she was about 5' feet tall, probably

weighed 100 lbs, and had a tiny ass, and perky A-cup breasts.

I've tried not to embellish my descriptions of these women or myself. I

write my stories as much for myself as for others, and I'm more attracted

to "real women" than I am the artificially inflated and "perfect" women

that frequent pornography these days. Well, there you go â€“ descriptions as

complete as I will make them right now. There are far too many subtle

nuances about someone, the way they walk, hold their head, lick their

lips, and gently caress their nipples through their tight...oh

wait...that's not part of this story.

Well, it was a beautiful week in late June on Vancouver Island.

Temperatures there are usually around 30 degrees Celsius and that is

considered warm here in the summer. This, though, was an especially warm

summer and temperatures had been cresting at 37 degrees Celsius during the

day and staying above 29 degrees Celsius in the evening. It was a heat

wave in an area that usually didn't have them which meant that nobody has

air conditioning in their apartments, and few have it in their cars.

Everyone was hot and sweaty.

Sarah called me at work Friday morning and suggested she wanted to play

hooky in the afternoon and escape for the weekend with a few friends. I

latched right onto that, as nothing was happening at work â€“ the mall I

worked at then had not maintained their AC and it had frozen over and

wasn't working at all. I'd spent my week in an unventilated, humid,

greenhouse. People who didn't have to shop definitely weren't stupid

enough to enter this tropic zone that instantly made all your clothes

stick uncomfortably to your skin.

Needless to say, being the boss, I made the decision to vacate immediately

and, waving goodbye to my heat-exhausted staff, sticking to the counters

they were propped against, blinked goodbye.

I was home in 15 minutes and tossing some clothes into a bag. Clothes

basically consisted of a couple pairs of shorts, some t-shirts, and my

hiking boots. My shaving kit ended up in the bag, and I considered what

else to bring. There's some great hiking up there, and a few lakes nearby,

all great for swimming. I grabbed a few diving masks and snorkels and my

Canon A-1 underwater camera. I was set.

I hopped in my car and drove off to the liquor store, deciding to stock up

now. A full cooler of ice and libations for later. I was at Sarah's house

ready to pick her up. Her car was in the driveway, and I just let myself

into her place. I yelled out that I was there as I opened the door, and

caught her walking out of the bathroom. She swore at me and did a quick

check ... the towel was covering all her bits â€“ she'd obviously just had a

shower.

I laughed and told her I liked her outfit, but that in this heat I thought

she was overdressed. She walked away toward her bedroom, and pulled her

towel wide. Granted, she was still covered from behind, but the idea that

she wasn't covered at all in the front instantly had me getting hard in my

pants. She looked back over her shoulder as she neared her door and stuck

her tongue out at me. As she pulled her arms back to her body, she let the

towel drop so that it was just covering her ass, and revealed her bare

back to me. Still sticking out her tongue, I told her to hold her pose,

I'd run to get my video camera, and that started her laughing, as she

moved into her room. She dropped the towel as the door closed, and I swore

I saw some of her smooth freckled fanny.

Ten minutes later she emerged from her room dressed in a white tank top

and short blue-jean cut-offs. I'd actually run back to my car and grabbed

my video camera, and started filming her as she emerged. I provided

commentary, "See the brown-freckled, red haired women emerge from her

lair, dressed to seduce the male of her species. Will we ever find out if

her rug matches her curtains?" Sarah struck a cheesecake pose, one hand on

her thrust out hip, and the other on her hair, and lips pursed in a

mocking kiss.

We both started laughing as I zoomed in on her cleavage and she leaned

forward even more...something she wouldn't have done if she had known

where I was zooming and what she was showing. On second thought, maybe she

did know, but that's not something I'd be able to verify. The low neck of

her already revealing shirt fell away from her chest, and showed off a

goodly amount of breasts â€“ I was transfixed, and couldn't take my eyes or

move the camera off of their target. I wasn't sure if they were just

shadows I was seeing, or if I was seeing an actual nipple on her left

breast as she leaned down, and before I could tell for certain she was

standing up again, telling me to stop being a perv, and to get off my ass

and load up the car.

As we piled into the car, Sarah told me that two of her friends were

coming, and that we were picking them both up at Karin's house. I'd met

both before at group gatherings, but didn't know much about them, so Sarah

filled me in a bit while she directed me toward Karin's home.

Ondrea, owner of an uncommon name, is a kindergarten teacher. This somehow

fit with her small stature. She had been single for a while, though she

was quite social with her female friends. Sarah's impression was that she

was pretty pure and innocent, and I was warned not to offend her â€“ I

feigned a look of innocence. Karin works in offices as a temp, and wasn't

booked to work today. Sarah told me the basics about Karin â€“ she is

recently single, kind-hearted, very smart and I was warned as we arrived,

is a big practical jokester.

Despite repeatedly looking over at Sarah's legs, and appreciating how

short her cut-offs really were, we made it safely to Karin's house; I was

pleased to see the two of them waiting outside with their bags. And

looking amazing in their "travel clothes". Karin was wearing a short skirt

which flared out a bit, and was of very thin material as evidenced by her

backlit silhouette. She was wearing a simple spandex sports top, and her

breasts filled it out well. Ondrea was wearing what I'd call a peasant

blouse, soft white flowing material with baggy long sleeves. I could see

the shadow of what I think was a blue bikini top underneath, and she was

wearing what appeared to be the matching bottoms. They were the type that

were becoming more popular these days, and to me are sexier than most

bikinis women were wearing. They looked like a pair of tight short shorts,

and the bottoms came down the sides of her hips.

We pulled up and I hopped out to show off my manly ways by carrying their

bags the ten feet to the car and load them in. Karin was happy to oblige,

and hopped into the back seat but Ondrea, thankfully asserted her

independence from chivalry. When I say thankfully, it's because she turned

around and, bending at the waste, picked up her bags. Not only was I

treated to a wonderful view of the moons of her beautifully tight hard

ass, but to the snug fit of her bathing suit against her pussy. It was a

brief fleeting moment, but one I would think of frequently on the ride up

to the cabin.

I had been the driver for the day, Sarah had been seated comfortably

beside me, legs stretched out invitingly, and Karin and Ondrea had been

relaxed in the back seat. Now our weekend was to begin.

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The drive up to Mt. Washington from Victoria is fairly direct and takes

you through several of the major communities on Vancouver Island. We drove

over the Malahat, a small mountain separating Victoria and the surrounding

communities from the rest of the island. It's a peaceful drive that takes

you past the beautiful Goldstream park, which, I believe is considered to

be a rainforest, and you soon see beautiful views overlooking Brentwood

Bay from atop the mountain. We'd all seen it before, and took it for

granted and pushed thru to Duncan. In just over an hour and a half, we had

reached the city of Nanaimo, jokingly called the "City of Malls" since the

main street and original Island Highway are surrounded almost completely

by shopping centres, stores, and businesses (if I'm not mistaken). It's

quite a strip broken up only the 13 sets of lights you have to travel

through from one side of the city limits to the other.

I needed a break from driving and followed the old Highway into downtown

Nanaimo, and parked near my favourite bookstore, Literacy Nanaimo. I made

this decision on my own, as the girls had all dozed off in the heat of the

sun and with the vibration of the vehicle. I made it a habit to, whenever

I was heading through Nanaimo, to try to stop at this bookstore and spend

$20 or so. It was a non-profit used shop, and all moneys went toward

teaching people in Nanaimo how to read. I helped out a bit, and I also

ended up with some great books.

Karin had shifted to the side, laying her head on the window, and pulling

her legs up onto the seat. In doing so, she'd managed to point her ass

right toward my seat, and her skirt was pulled up on top of her hips. The

taught pouch of her pussy was straining against some very brief light blue

thong underwear. Her ass was smooth and round, and totally bared to me. It

was a thing of beauty, more-so because she didn't know what she was

showing off. Even more amazing was the way her lips strained the material

of her thin knickers, and I was able to see a bit of darker, damp fabric

clinging to the inner walls of her lips. A few stray light brown hairs

poked out around the edges. Ondrea and Sarah were also asleep and, though

showing their legs to great advantage, were not revealing any of their

hidden assets.

I reached down to the floor for my video camera, and, quietly as I could,

withdrew it from its bag. I turned it on and began filming Sarah on wide

angle, and turned toward the back seat, continuing to film. Soon Karin was

in my sights, and I, with a quick glance to make sure everyone was still

asleep, aimed the camera toward Karin's revealed areas, and zoomed in. I

was trying to be quick, and didn't spend as much time as I'd have liked,

before widening the angle of view again, and turning the camera to capture

Ondrea asleep as well. Before I put the camera away, I pushed my luck some

more, and holding the camera a few inches from Karin's ass, hit that red

button and started filming again. I made sure the camera was focussing

close enough, and slowly moved it closer and in toward her pouting lips.

An amazing 30 seconds later, I pulled the camera back, and reached under

Sarah's legs putting it back into the bag.

"Dave, what are you doing and where are we?" said Sarah, casing me to

jump.

"Um, uh, in Nanaimo," I thought quickly. "I wanted to stop at that

bookstore I like and stretch my legs a bit."

"I mean what are you doing pawing around my legs?"

"Oh, I was going to move the camera bag as far under the seat as possible

and put a blanket over it."

"Next time wake me up," she said as she reached back to shake Ondrea's leg

and call out "Wake up you sleepy heads".

As Ondrea started to stretch out and Karin began to respond, I suggested,

"Why don't you meet me in the bookstore in a half hour or so, or would you

rather I just come back here?"

"We want to come," echoed the three of them, not realizing how much I'd

love to have them all come, albeit in a different context.

With that we clambered out of the car and trooped down the short block to

Literacy Nanaimo.

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When you enter Literacy Nanaimo, you are exposed to nice wide isles (by

used-bookstore standards), tall shelves, and a sales counter to the centre

of the room, off to the right. The upper floor contains their training

areas, and, though you can't see it when you first come in, there's a

basement full of even more books. The girls and I split up and went off to

do our own personal exploring.

I went toward the area they keep the old pulp fiction books from the 30's

thru the 60's. I enjoy finding gems in here. A gem for me can be a book

that has with an interesting story or a wonderfully designed cover. You've

all seen the old pulp fiction books, usually involving a woman smoking a

cigarette in some lurid pose, and a very catchy plot summary such as,

"Jane, a woman not to be crossed, met her match in this group of Bikers."

They're hard-boiled detective/spy/adventure/sex stories and not to be

confused with the Harlequin style of books. They're about pushing the

limits of the day, and titillating their audience. At least that's how I

see them and there are some very good stories from time to time.

I picked out a dozen of these books, and went off to explore some more. As

I wandered around the store I saw Sarah, but not Ondrea or Karin, but I

didn't worry too much about it. After picking out a few more books, I went

back to their "clearance area" of 25 cent pocket books, a place you could

find some great classics and forgotten wonders. As I approached, I could

here Ondrea's voice from the other side of the shelving.

I crouched down a bit to peer through the shelves, and could see Ondrea

and Karin talking, and I could see they were in the relationships,

psychology and sexuality area. I opted for the better part of discretion

and didn't let them know I was there...and um, just listened.

"...you don't care he saw?"

"Well not really, I know you don't understand, but it's not that big a

deal, I'm sure Dave's seen bums before."

"But you were wearing a thong!"

"I know, but you should try it sometime, I'm kinda embarrassed to tell you

this, but I find it ... a bit ...exciting to be seen like that."

"I don't understand you sometimes Karin ... that's just ..."

"- it's nothing but harmless fun â€“ he had fun and got a little excited and

so did I because he didn't realize I had sat like that on purpose."

"You what!?"

"Oh um...well, I didn't talk about it much, but my ex got me started on

flashing a bit."

"Flashing?"

"You know, showing a bit more skin sometimes, like I did in the car,"

Karin continued, "he liked it when other men and even women would see me

when they shouldn't."

"I don't understand," Ondrea expressed in an innocent way.

"It started one day," Karin said, "when I heard Simon come home after

being out with the guys one night."

"And?"

"Well, I was laying awake in bed and, well, you know I sleep nude," Karin

explained as Ondrea nodded, "so anyway, I decided to surprise him and ran

out of the bedroom and into the entry way to leap into his arms...I

thought it would be sexy to surprise him. I was the one who was surprised

as I ran headlong into his friend Dustin."

"Oh my god, that must have been horrible!"

"Well, I was embarrassed at first and could feel myself going red, and I

quickly ran back down the hall to the bedroom and jumped under the covers

â€“ I could hear Dustin and Simon talking quietly, obviously about what had

just happened â€“ I thought I'd never be able to face Dustin again."

Karin continued, "As I lay there, waiting for Simon to come into the

bedroom, I realized my body was still flushed red, but it wasn't because I

was embarrassed anymore, but um, I can't believe I'm saying this to you,

but I was excited â€“ you know â€“ sexually."

"But why? I mean, what, I just, um..."

"I'd started to think about the look on Dustin's face, and how he couldn't

take his eyes off my breasts, off my umm pussy, and well, it made me feel

sexy to have someone seeing me like that. As I realized how excited I was,

and thought more about someone other than Simon seeing me, I got more

excited, but I was feeling a bit worried that Simon would be mad at me."

"But it wasn't your fault, it was a mistake wasn't..."

"Yeah it wasn't my fault, and it wasn't something I needed to worry about.

Shortly after I heard the front door close as Dustin left, Simon was in

our bedroom naked and ravaging me â€“ it was the best sex we'd ever had."

Karin was breathing a bit heavier and her voice a bit deeper, "And

throughout the whole thing he kept talking about how hot I'd looked, and

how he loved that another man knew how sexy I was."

"Wow. So you started doing that all the time?" queried Ondrea.

"No no no...it wasn't until a few days later that he brought it up again.

Until then I'd spent half the time thinking about that night, but was

hesitant to say anything. Anyway we were getting ready to go out to the

pub. I was pulling on a little green skirt I've got and..."

"I love that skirt!"

"...and I felt his hands on my calves. I looked over my shoulder at Simon,

and he looked back, not saying anything, as he slid his hands up the

outsides of my legs, under my skirt, and took hold of my knickers. He

pulled them slowly down my legs, and neither of us said another word,"

explained Karin. "We went out that night and I was constantly turned on

thinking about how exposed I was. I was constantly thinking about how I

was sitting, and even got brave enough to flip up the back of my skirt a

few times when Simon was behind me and I thought nobody else was looking â€“

and sex that night was amazing too."

"I sense you two were onto something, but...well...you were liking it?"

"It was amazing, and we started playing more with clothes that could be

revealing Lots of buttons that could be left undone, and slits that could

be peeked through â€“ even thin fabric that you could see through. Knowing

that people were catching glimpses of my breasts, and seeing up my skirts

made Simon hot, and made me even hotter. Anyway, I don't know what else to

say, but now that Simon's gone, I'm not about to stop, as I've found

something I love to do. I love the feeling of control I have when I

exhibit myself like that."

"God, I can't imagine doing anything like that myself,"

"I think I could do almost anything," Karin replied.

"I bet you couldn't spend the whole weekend without any underwear on!"

"Mmmm...I like that idea...I'll take your..."

"Wait, I was just joking,"

"Too late â€“ but what happens when I win, because I know I will...let's

see..."

"Wait..."

"Nope, it's a done deal," overpowered Karin, "It's Friday now...if I don't

wear any underwear â€“ bra or underwear â€“ the rest of today, I get to dress

you tomorrow, and I get to do the same Sunday when I don't wear anything

Saturday either. Don't bother arguing â€“ you made the bet, and the terms

are set."

"Um...er...Karin, I don't know if I can do that...um...and you're wearing

underwear now too."

"That will be fixed in five minutes â€“ come on!"

I quickly grabbed my pile of books and moved to another isle, where I

bumped into Sarah.

"You look like you've been up to no good," Sarah said staring straight

into my eyes. And I couldn't deny she knew as I saw her eyes drift down to

my bulging shorts, and back up to my face. Her cheeky wink, told me she

knew I was up to something.

I was blushing and just walked away shaking my head.

At that moment, Karin and Ondrea found me and Sarah, who was following

close behind me trying to catch up.

Karin said that the two of them were going to the clothing consignment

shop next door and did we want to meet them there when we were done

looking at books.

Sarah left with them, and I raced to the counter to pay for my books.

I'd only spend $7.50 of the $20 I had planned to spend, but I didn't care.

This was no time for fulfilling my good samaritan needs, there was sexual

tension in the air. I was out the door and walking into the clothing shop

next door as quickly as I could. It was all I could do not to scream at

the volunteer clerk, "Hurry up! I've gotta get next door to the sexy

women!" I was somehow able to resist, though I don't know how.

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I must have looked a bit odd rushing into the women's clothing shop, as

the clerk, Sarah, and Ondrea all turned to stare at me. I looked sheepish

and mumbled something incoherent as I wondered over to stand beside Ondrea

and Sarah. I asked what was going on, and was rewarded with Karin's

yelling out from behind the change room curtains, "I found an outfit I

want to get!"

I looked toward the curtains, and saw movement between two of them. I

tried to act casual as I devoted all my attention to the gap behind which

I saw flesh moving. It was brief, but I was sure I saw the curve of a

breast and a darker nipple as Karin moved around. I held my bag of books

in front of me to hide my growing erection.

I quickly glanced at Sarah and Ondrea, and realized they were talking to

me, "...did you buy?"

I realized what they were asking, and resenting been torn away from

looking toward Karin, I opened my bag up while trying to cover my bulge,

and started pulling out books and showing the covers.

We were distracted, fortunately, as Karin emerged from the change room.

She was still wearing her short skirt, but was now wearing a new shirt. I

was disappointed at first, as it was a mix of bright colours and covered

here whole torso. But I realized as she spun around that, first off, she

had taken off her dark sports bra, and that the material was quite

translucent. It was wrinkly material, and looked to be very light weight.

I looked quickly around, conscious of the fact that I was staring, but

realized that Sarah and Ondrea were starting a bit too. They'd seen the

same curves of breast and shadows of nipples that I had been treated to. I

realized there was a chair against the wall behind me, obviously for bored

mates. I was anything but bored, as I backed up and sat, trying not to

take my eyes off of Karin as she spun again.

Just as I sat, Karin finished her spin and faced the group of us, and I

was certain I'd seen a light brown triangle of pubic hair just before her

skirt dropped back down to its normal position again. I could feel my book

bag shifting as my cock became even harder.

"Well, how do you like it guys?"

"Great!" from Sarah.

"Um, perfect," From Ondrea.

All I could do was nod as I realized that Karin had begun her weekend

without underwear â€“ either bra or knickers â€“ it was one of the sexiest

things I'd ever realized was happening in my presence. I realized my mouth

was hanging open, and closed it while looking up at Karin's face. She has

a coy smile on her face as she caught my eye and looked away. I realized

that, had I not heard their conversation earlier, I wouldn't have even

considered that she'd have flashed me on purpose. I looked at the ground

for a second as I collected my thoughts.

Karin walked over to the sales lady and said, "I'll wear it home," and

handed over the money to pay for it. I realized she'd put her underwear

and sports bra into her purse.

I walked behind the three women as we went back to the car.

As we reached the car I unlocked only the passenger side doors and stood

back for a moment. Sarah entered and closed her door right away; Ondrea,

rather than sit down and slide along the seat crawled into the car, with

her tight hard ass in it's clinging bathing-suit shorts pointed right at

me. Karin, though, put Ondrea's display to shame as she too bent forward

at the waist and crawled part way into the car before turning to sit

properly. I was treated to a beautiful view of the moons of her beautiful

butt, and the pink of her lips, and I also recognized that she had bunched

the back of her skirt up behind her body and was sitting, bare-assed on

the seat.

Sarah was looking at me, smiling with her eyes and smirking with her

mouth. I pretended not to notice anything was amiss as she glanced at my

crotch. I smiled back and walked around to my side of the car.

Oh God, it was going to be an interesting weekend.

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Weekend on the Mountain Pt. 02

by Guyanonymous Â©

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I realized that I would probably be a bit too obvious if I tilted the

rear-view mirror such that I could stare directly at Karin, or rather at

Karin’s lap, so I resisted. I also resisted turning around every ten

seconds to look directly at Karin in the back seat. The fact that she was

without underwear, sitting with her bare ass on the back seat of my car

kept me perpetually aroused. Luckily I was sitting such that my shirt

covered the obvious bulge in my pants.

Sarah sat beside me, and was leaning against the window, her head nestled

between the window and the head rest of her seat, facing inward. Her

sunglasses prevented me from knowing if she was asleep, but I thought she

was.

Karin and Ondrea were relaxed in the back seat, and I could hear them

shuffling around and the odd whisper over the music. I’d glance back and

smile every once and a while, but tried to be too obvious in that I was

hoping for another glimpse of naked flesh. I was sure I was hearing a

giggle now and again as I turned back toward the road and kept on driving.

I finally had to shift my swollen member, and tried to do it subtly with

my left hand so that nobody would notice. I finally managed to place my

cock in a comfortable position within my shorts, and went back to driving.

I swore though that ‘sleeping’ Sarah’s expression changed quickly as I

finished and I saw a little pink tongue moving back into her mouth.

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The remainder of the drive to Mt. Washington was rather uneventful. That

is to say, I concentrated on the road as much as possible, and the

previously described patterns continued. I was thinking about what had

passed so far, and remained hard, with my balls aching. I was excited

about the flesh I had so far seen today, and the prospects of seeing more;

I was also thinking hard (no pun intended) about the idedas of being seen

by others. Sarah’s seeing me shifting my cock in my pants compounded with

my overhearing Karin’s conversation with Ondrea about how she got turned

onto exhibitionism really had me worked up.

My mind was beginning to fill with scenarios that involved my seeing the

women exposed in various states of undress and also scenarios that might

involve me being seen by them. I was stolen away from my arousing dreams

by our arrival at Sarah’s Cabin.

Sarah’s cabin was not right on the main part of the Mountain, but rather

set in a more private area on its own. We were able to pull up right in

front of it, and I backed in so that the car could easily be unloaded. I

put my hand on Sarah’s knee and after she failed to respond, I gently

massaged it. She let out a soft growl, and reached up lazily to pull her

sunglasses forward. Looking over her glasses she told me, ‘If you don’t

stop, you might end up doing that all weekend.’

I smiled and drew my hand away, tracing my fingers along her leg. As the

connection was broken, I winked, and opened the door. As I stood up, my

previously comfortable hard cock was forced in a direction it shouldn’t go

and I quickly doubled over using the blazingly fast reaction times all men

are able to call forth to protect their twig and berries.

Idquickly shifted my unit as I stood back up so that it was lying more

comfortably, and hoped that my shirt covered it. I looked toward the car,

and the girls who were climbing out. Well, Karin was climbing out as was

Sarah, but Ondrea was looking straight out the window at my crotch, seeing

I was standing right there. I froze for a second, and decided to not say

anything. I moved to the back of the car to start unloading as Sarah went

to unlock the cabin.

Karin waved her arms above her head to get my attention, which it did as

her skirt was raised precariously high, and I was again able to see her

silhouette and the shadows of her nipples through her translucent shirt.

‘Dave, don’t you lift a finger. You drove us all the way here and I think

it’s only fair that we do all the unloading. You go sit there on the

stairs and we’ll do everything while you supervise.’

I was only too happy to accept the offer.

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I sat down on the lowest step and leaned back, my arms on the step above.

I stretched my legs out, and basked in the sun. Don’t think I took my eyes

of these girls for even a second though â€“ I recognized a good opportunity

to take in a beautiful view.

Ondrea was leaning into the trunk pulling out our stuff. Her tight blue

bikini shorts must have ridden up while we were driving. Even more of the

moons of her ass cheeks were peeking out â€“ amazingly smooth, and begging

to be caressed. Even more eye-drawing to me, though, was the dark patch

between her legs â€“ was she aroused thinking about her bet with Karin â€“

which was enhanced the way the fabric was pulled up between her lips. It

was, indeed, the perfect cameltoe.

Karin, to my disappointment wasn’t doing the same stretch with her ass

pointed out toward me. This disappointment didn’t last long, though, as

she was taking the luggage that Ondrea unpacked, and taking them up the

stairs into the cabin. My eyes drew toward her as she neared, her skirt

swaying, her hips moving seductively. As she walked up the steps near me

she began speaking, ‘This should take a minute, just sit and relax â€“ in

fact, Sarah will bring you a drink.’

This gave me an excuse to keep looking at her as she stepped beside me and

then started to move above me, ‘Thanks, that’s umâ€¦great.’ I was briefly

flummoxed as she stepped up and past me, as I was treated to an amazingly

enticing view of her light brown triangle of pubic hair. She wasn’t a

hairy person, in fact, it was more a slight covering that started above

her lips and covered only a small triangle. Her lips were glistening as

she walked past, and â€“ I swear â€“ slightly parted and flushed with arousal.

As I leaned back looking up her skirt and my view of her pussy changed to

one of her rounded ass, I saw Sarah coming out of the cabin shaking her

head at meâ€¦she knew what I’d done. I momentarily panicked that she’d call

me on it and embarrass me, but relaxed as she handed me a Smirnoff Ice,

‘Here you go, time for you to cool off.’ As she said this, she pulled a

clear jug of water and ice from behind her back and poured it on my head

and body, and, again, I’m sure, dumping most of it on my crotch.

My nipples became instantly hard, so that my cock wasn’t feeling alone

anymore and I jumped up to give chase. I ran past Ondrea who was just

depositing the last of the luggage on the living room floor and I caught

Sarah a few seconds later in a gentle bear hug. I didn’t give thought to

the fact that she could feel my hard aching cock pressing into her butt,

as I was too caught up in the chill I felt from the cold water. She

squirmed in good fun as I pulled her over to the couch and pushed her down

on back. I straddled her legs just below her hips and held her wrists

tight.

She and I were both laughing as I asked her how she liked the feel of

something so cold. I held the sweatingly chilled bottle of Smirnoff Ice

over her right arm, which, along with her left, I held above her head with

my free arm. I lowered it slowly as she shrieked, and then touched the

side against the inside of her upper arm. She screamed as it touched and

squirmed all the more, ‘I’m sorryâ€¦..hmmhahahaâ€¦stopâ€¦.’

Karin and Ondrea had since followed us in to watch, and were pointing and

laughing at Sarah’s well deserved comeuppance. I did a double take as I

realized that Ondrea was absentmindedly stroking her left breast with her

hand, and recognized that something about this was turning her on.

I turned back toward Sarah who was squirming a bit more and told her she’d

suffer the way I’d suffered as I held the bottle to the side of her

beautiful neck. The cold perspiration of the bottle had it’s desired

effect. I then moved it down her neck to her bared left shoulder, dragging

it slowly, leaving a glistening trail of cold water. Sarah was still

squirming, but it was more from her hips than her whole body now, and as I

leaned over her, I could feel her body moving against my cock; it didn’t

matter to me whether I was imagining it or not â€“ it felt amazing.

I laughed aloud and checking that Karin and still-touching-her-self-and-now-flushed Ondrea were watching and approving with their laughter. I lifted the bottle up and lowered it slowly as Sarah looked quivering in, well, something, ‘Sarah â€“ you got my head and neck wetâ€¦my shoulders wet, and you made my nipples hard enough to cut glass.’ With that I lowered it onto her right nipple, which was already hard, and

held her shirt tight for a moment.

I repeated the same with the right as she cried out, ‘Enough! Stop!

Please!’

As I drew back laughing, and pulled myself free from Sarah, I was drawn to

the dampened rings on her whit shirt, her nipples plainly visible in their

brown beauty. They were now hard as diamonds, and Karin wasted no time in

pointing this out as Sarah started laughing again and told me, ‘Okâ€¦ you

got me fair and squareâ€¦but watch out, this means war.’

Sarah quickly covered up as we all started laughing â€“ Ondrea had stopped

caressing her breast at some point â€“ and Sarah turned to me and said, ‘You

shouldn’t laugh, you’ve got something hard going on too.’ The three girls

were now staring at me, well, not me so much as my bulging cock. The

shorts were soaking wet and clearly outlined my truly aching penis. I just

shook my head and said, ‘Umâ€¦sorry, I guess with the heat and umâ€¦’

‘Don’t worry about it Dave, its ok. Everyone gets them now and then.’

This was from Ondrea, the shy one, and we all turned to look at her in

shock that she’d say anything about something sexual in front of me at

all.

She was still looking right at my wet-cloth-covered-cock, which didn’t

help matters for me, when she realized we were all staring at her in

amazement. ‘Well its true isn’t it?’

I shook my head grinning with excitement and embarrassment and stood there

during a very long moment of silence. I don’t think any of us knew what to

say, but finally Karin broke the silence as she picked up my bag from the

ground and threw it at my chest, ‘Go cool off in the shower big boy.’ And

with that comment, we all broke into laughter as I turned and went toward

the bathroom.

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I closed the bathroom door behind me and leaned up against it, my bag in

my arms. I was flush and breathing quickly. Hmmâ€¦.breathing fast â€“ air;

flushed â€“ fire; I was soaking wet â€“ water; and I was rock hard â€“ earth;

all the elements at once. OK that wasn’t actually going through my mind

thenâ€¦but thinking back now...

I stood there for a second with my heart beating in my ears. I finally

stood up straight, dropped my bag and started pulling off my clothes. I

hung my shirt over the bar on the back of the door and my pants hung from

the doorknob. My underwear, I lay across the sink by the door. I reached

into the tub and turned on the faucets, mingling the hot and cold water to

a tepid temperature.

I stepped into the tub and slid the glass shower door shut. The water

cascaded over my body and I just closed my eyes, and leaned my head back

under the spray. The water felt amazing, cooling my body down without

causing me to go into shock. I stretched my muscles and worked out some of

the kinks gathered from the long drive up.

I grabbed the shampoo that was there, some fruity scented stuff, and

lathered up my hair. I felt so amazingly relaxed under the water, and just

stood there, enjoying the feeling. I started thinking back over the day so

far. Stolen peeks at Sarah’s flesh at her house; the discussion of Ondrea

and Karin in the book store; Karin’s exposure; my secret videoing in the

car; seeing Sarah’s nipples through her shirt; feeling her body against

mine; the girls all seeing my hard erection through my wet shorts. All

these memories combined to make my still hard cock even harder, and my

hand slowly reached down.

I started stroking slowly, the tension building fast. I was broken from my

reverie by some noise and the girls laughing through the door. I realized

where I was and turned to rinse the shampoo out of my hair and off my

face. As I did this I reached down and turned the hot water down. I did so

at a slow enough rate that I wasn’t shocked by the cold, but I did feel

it. And it had the desired effect of reducing my erection. But God, my

balls were swollen.

After a few minutes of my frigid relaxant, I stepped from the shower,

tension in my neck and shoulders (from driving released), tension in my

genitals somewhat held in check. I reached for the pile of towels I’d

spied on the shelf by the sink only to find it empty. My shirt, my shorts,

and my underwear â€“ even my bag â€“ were gone. Now I knew what the burst of

laughter I’d heard was all about. At that point it didn’t cross my mind

that someone had to have come into the bathroom while I was showering,

behind clear glass doors, and taken all the clothes.

I paused for a sec laughing at my predicament. Then I paused again

realizing I was naked, in the bathroom, with nothing to cover myself up

with. And three absolutely gorgeous women were outside the room, fully

aware of my situation. I stood, dripping on the floor â€“ the bathmat was

even gone â€“ and realized I’d stood there, eyes shut, savoring the

wonderful water on my body totally ignorant of the mission they’d

undertook successfully against me. It didn’t escape me that this was, in

fact, a fantasy of mine, and that I loved the idea of being caught naked

like this, and being ‘forced’ to expose myself.

Now that it was here, I didn’t know what to do.

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Thinking about my dilemma and the humiliation of walking out there was

getting to me â€“ and I mean in a good way. My recently subdued cock was

starting to rear it’s purple head.

I decided to open the door a crack and see if they were all standing there

waiting for me. I slowly turned the handle, and pulled the door inward

just opening it a crack. I put my eye to the crack and looked out into the

hallway â€“ totally bare. They’d even removed the carpet. I could see the

open door to what was usually my bedroom halfway down the hall and

considered making a break for it.

I considered that if I was careful, I could make the room without them

knowing I had opened the doorâ€¦I just had to be quiet.

Well, I’m sure you can guess what happened, but you’d be wrong. I made it

down the hall to the door and peeked around the corner into the room. It

seemed empty and I started to reach toward the handle of the door to push

it open all the way and enter.

‘Say Cheese!’

A flash at the end of the hall went off as one of Sarah took a photo of me

standing there naked, penis at full mast. I reached for the door again

just as it slammed shut and I saw a string tied to the knob leading down

the hallway. I didn’t know what to do as the flash went again. I was like

an aroused deer in the headlights. I flattened myself against the wall,

pressing my cock against my belly. And the flash went again. Just then

Sarah ran past me to the bathroom, her body brushing my ass as she ran.

The three of them were laughing as Sarah blocked the door.

It was only then that I noticed that Ondrea was at the end of the hall

with my Video Camera, filming the whole embarrassingly erotic experience.

‘Come on you guys, a joke’s a joke, and you got me good, but where are my

clothes?’

The three of them all started laughing, and I couldn’t help but notice

Ondrea massaging her breast again with her free hand.

‘Out in the living room Dave, which is where you’ll be sleeping this

weekend. Each of us each gets our own private room this trip,’ spoke

Sarah, a glint in her eye.

I made a break for it then, covering as much of my groin with my hands as

possible, running toward and then past Karin and Ondrea, the flash going

again and again on Karin’s camera. I saw my bag with my clothes on top

sitting in the middle of the room, and I quickly grabbed my shorts,

forgoing my underwear, and pulled them on.

They were actually warm to the touch, and I realized that the girls must

have put them in the dryer while I was finishing my shower and getting up

the nerve to escape the bathroom.

I turned to find the women clapping as Ondrea handed me my video camera.

‘Nice job there Dave, you really can run quick when you need to,’ Ondrea

said.

‘Sorry, we had to get you back for what you did to Sarah,’ came from

Karin.

‘And I wanted to see something of yours since you showed everyone

something of mine!’ laughed Sarah.

‘Ha Haâ€¦ok, now you’ve all done it, don’t think I won’t get evenâ€¦.somehow,’

was all I could come up with, standing there in my tented shorts,

quivering in embarrassed excitement.

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They started laughing.

‘Sure you will.’

‘Not with the three of us working together.’

‘Mmmmmm’

We all did a double take at that as we turned to Ondrea who was still,

absentmindedly massaging her breast. She stopped suddenly realizing we

were all looking at her, and all of us burst into laughter together.

‘The least you three can do is to cook me dinner now.’

‘Fair enough,’ said Sarah, as she walked up and pushed me over the arm of

the couch, ‘Something nice and tender, coming your way, and here’s your

drink to help keep you cool.’ She handed me my Smirnoff Ice, that I’d left

untouched, and I found it was still cold â€“ the must have put it back into

the fridge. I grabbed my shirt, lay back on the couch, my legs over the

arm, and closed my eyes.

To them I was just resting, but I was really reliving the last 10 minutes

and the emotions and feelings that were still coursing through my body.

The three of them went about organizing the place. The supplies were

unpacked, the bags distributed to their respective bedrooms. Aside from

the one bedroom off the hall, there was one large and another small one

off the living room. I would peek out from under my eyelids as I heard

them move about. At one point I looked over toward the kitchen to see

Karin bending over at the waist, her edible ass pointed toward me, as she

emptied a case of beer into the fridge. Her skirt had ridden up and I

could see most of her ass, and, more enticing, her lovely, still engorged

lips aiming back at me. I didn’t move, and I don’t think I took a breath

in those 20 seconds, but then I heard Sarah whisper sharply, ‘Hey, what

happened to your underwear girl?’

Karin stood upright at that and smoother her skirt down over her cheeks.

‘Sorry, I forgot, umâ€¦.sorry.’ She cast her eyes down, hidden slightly

behind her hair, and I swore she looked out of the sides of her eyes to

see if I had seen.

Sarah’s return whisper, which was still loud enough for me to hear, was

cut off as Ondrea turned on the stereo and Abba started pumping out. Sarah

and Karin got close together and spent a song or two talking. Sarah’s eyes

got big once or twice and she looked in my direction now and then. I still

feigned my restful eyes-closed state, just moving my right foot in time to

the music, my drink coming to my lips every minute or two.

I couldn’t see her, but Ondrea was dancing around behind me, I think, as I

could her bumps on the floor, more in sync with the music than my own

foot-jiving was. I have to admit, I have no sense of rhythm at all. My

friends laugh as I can only clap by visually watching other people

clapping, not by actually finding the beat in the music itself.

My arousal had finally subsided somewhat, and I decided to get up and do

something constructive. I opened my eyes fully and started to get up off

the couch. Ondrea was indeed dancing away behind me, her shirt now

unbuttoned and her arms up in the air. I could now see her blue bikini

that had lain hidden all day behind her white peasant blouse. It wasn’t a

tiny string bikini, but rather matched her shorts-style bikini bottoms. It

hugged her small breasts tightly though, and showed them off to good

advantage. What really froze my attention for a few minutes though, were

her nipples.

They stood out at least a centimeter and were a centimeter across. They

were amazingly defined by the fabric of her bathing suit top, and I could

see, surrounding them, the raised bumps defining the outer edge of her

areolas. I suddenly realized I was staring and looked away as quickly as I

could. Despite her dancing, I think the smirk that briefly crossed

Ondrea’s face meant I’d been caught. She kept on dancing though.

Karin and Sarah, in the meantime, had finished their little chat and had

finished unpacking everything in the kitchen. There were no chores to do,

nothing to unpack, and it was time for the relaxation to begin. I decided

it was time to try to forget about the sexual antics that had come before,

and to just work on having a great time with a great friend, and some

relatively new friends. Nothing sexual at all.

Yeah right.

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Weekend on the Mountain Pt. 03

by Guyanonymous Â©

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The evening continued in relaxed way. We sat around joking, talking,

sharing stories and just plain having fun. None of us alluded to the

earlier goings on â€“ I think that we were hesitant to bring it up again.

After an hour or so of this easy camaraderie, Sarah asked us if we wanted

to play a game. We all said sure, and Sarah jumped up and walked over to

the shelves at the side of the room. She stood looking at a wall full of

board games. Her family had the place well stocked. Monopoly, Scrabble,

Cranium â€“ all the old and current classics.

Sarah was reaching toward the top shelf, and I couldn't help but

appreciate the curve of her back as she stretched. I was, though, more

appreciative of the moons of her ass ass they peeked out the bottom of her

now stretched cutoffs. I broke my stare for a moment and looked at the

others â€“ Ondrea wasn't paying much attention as she held her cold beer

bottle against her neck â€“ Karin was, however looking at the same sight I

was. I can't be sure she was looking at Sarah's ass â€“ but she was looking

in that direction, and she wasn't looking up toward what Sarah was

reaching for.

Sarah stopped reaching and asked me to come over and help. I got myself

up, glad that I hadn't developed another erection, wandered over and gave

her the look, "OK, what do you need?"

Sarah asked me to reach for a game in a pink box â€“ the title Pass Out on

its side. Sarah was between the shelves and I, and I stretched out to

reach the game, purposefully pushing trapping her soft beautiful body

between me and the wall. I reached higher, and could feel the firmness of

her breasts pushing into my chest. I grabbed the game, not really

hurrying, and pulled it down. She looked at me and whispered, "Thanks" in

a breathy way, and then jabbed me in the gut with two fingers and a laugh.

We returned to the rest of the group. Karin and Ondrea has dragged over a

coffee table to play on. They sat on the couch, leaving an easy chair for

Sarah and the floor for me. At least that's the way it turned out, since

Sarah took the chair. Sarah had taken the game from me as I sat, and

explained the rules as she pulled out the board and pieces.

Pass Out was a British game that, as you might have guessed, was a

formalized drinking game. Each of us received a playing piece of a

different colour. Surrounding the board were many squares, most of them

saying things like "Yellow take a drink" or "Blue take a drink" or "All

take a drink". It wasn't a complex game.

There was a bar you got sent to instead of Jail. There were Pass-out cards

which told you to "Skip a drink", "Advance to the next Green Take a Drink

Square" or even the more complex "Take 7 Drinks and move to "Start Here"

square or Take 2 drinks and move forward 3 spaces, or take 1 drink and

kiss your partner".

I can't remember what it took to actually win the game â€“ we never got that

far, but every time you passed start, you had to say a tongue twister from

the Pink Elephant Cards...things like "Does your shirt shop stock short

socks with spots?" If you screwed up, as I was prone to do, you had to

take a drink. And repeat until you got it right.

The game was an aid to getting drunk.

What made us all laugh, though, was the final warning in the instructions

which stated: NOT INTENDED FOR USE WITH ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

Well, we all started playing. I admit that I wasn't paying a lot of

attention to the game. My position relative to the three women I was

playing with took care of that. Because they were all seated on the couch

or the chair, and I the ground, I was basically looking right at their

crotches â€“ if I cared to â€“ which I did.

The three of them sat, each enticing in their own way, in a range of

relaxed poses. Sarah sat, her legs apart, and elbows on her knees. Her

cutoffs were fairly loose the way she was sitting. Her freckled thighs

were smooth to the glance and led, temptingly, to the crotch of her pants.

I could see the light colour of her knickers, which, I though, were either

very high cut or thongs. The crease where her leg met her underwear was

tempting as one might imagine, her looks cutoffs cut too short to offer

any protection. I couldn't help to think what it would be like to slowly

slide my hand up there â€“ feeling her heat as I neared her swollen lips.

Lightly touching the cotton holding in her lips. Feeling the dampness...oh

sorry...you're all more interested in hearing about the game than my

fantasies.

Ondrea was actually kneeling on the edge of the couch. Her knees, curled

under her, actually pushed her pelvis more forward than I'd have though,

and the bulge of her pubis was evident. Each time she rolled and I shifted

my gaze to her (I didn't want to get caught staring at any one person!) I

looked toward the crease in here shorts. To me it looked to be recessed

slightly, trapped between her labia, beckoning to me...ready to trap my

tongue in her folds much as a black hole would trap a thrusting rocket of

...oh right the game. Well, at this stage it was Karin's turn. She had

been sitting on the edge of the couch, her feet on the ground, but

carefully keeping her legs together. Well, at least she had been before

her third beer during the game. At that stage, they'd slowly started to

part, and this provided me with an increasingly open (pun intended) view

of her beautiful, lightly furred pussy. I couldn't help but appreciate the

fact that her lips, puffy and slightly damp were opening up like a flower.

That I knew she knew, inside, what she was doing to me and probably

enjoying every minute of it.

My eyes moved around the group, trying to glance at their faces as much as

the rest of them â€“ which was probably a lost battle. I couldn't help but

notice Sarah's eyes as she noticed Karin's display, and was relieved she

didn't say anything. It was probably my imagination, but Sarah's legs were

a bit wider apart after that, and her knickers started to look a bit

wetter, and a bit pinker...were they becoming more sheer perhaps?

We went around the board many times, and before we knew it, we were all

three sheets to the wind.

The girls did shift positions now and then...I wasn't always treated to

such enticing views. Karin wasn't always bared to me, nor was Sarah. I

could, though, have, with the help of a sketch artist recreated perfectly,

the beautiful views that had entranced me. Ondrea did, for a while sit on

the edge of the couch, her legs spread wide, and her bathing suit most

definitely was wrapped around her lips, defining them quite well for the

desperate glances I shot their way...er that should be her way. Her shirt

had remained unbuttoned this whole time too, here proud nipples remaining

defined and on display through her bikini top. I had nothing to complain

about her way either.

It may seem that this beautiful dreamlike situation lasted for hours...but

it was more like an hour. By that time, we'd all lost track of the game,

couldn't say a tongue twister if our lives depended on it, and were more

interested in the sound of the dice hitting the table than actually moving

the pieces.

I can't remember who it was, but someone suggested we try another game,

and we all agreed. Sarah laughingly tried to put this one away, but for

some reason the lid wouldn't fit. It probably had something to do with her

forgetting to close the board before trying to fit it into the box. We

just put it aside and left it while trying to decide what game to play

next.

Alas it wasn't strip poker as many of you would expect.

We tried playing Clue. Well, nothing much exciting there, but I was

treated to more amazing views.

As you might imaging, I had been harder than steel for most of this time.

I just sat there cross legged, my cock held tightly against my leg by my

shorts. If any of the girls cared to look (and I hope they did), they'd

have seen it clearly outlined by the cotton fabric.

Clue wasn't that exciting, as I said, though I'll point out one nice thing

about having Ondrea concentrate while drink and wearing tight clothes. At

one point, while trying to see her cards through what must have been

blurry vision, she absentmindedly was stroking here breast with her free

hand. Her nipples were fully distended, and it was her left nipple on

which this hand concentrated. Her index and middle fingers were slowly

tracing around the nipple in a clockwise motion which would change ever

few seconds to counterclockwise. It probably took her 30 seconds to decide

what to do...but it was a good 30 seconds for me.

At one point, Karin slurred out a query to all asking the time. "Just

after one AM" reported Ondrea, to which Karin laughed, "Time to get you

changed then isn't it...er I mean, us to all get changed and ready for bed

isn't it."

I think Ondrea both went pale and blushed at the same time as she realized

that it was technically the next day and that she'd lost the first part of

her bet with Karin. Sarah looked curiously at both of them, and just

shrugged her shoulders and took another sip of her beer. Karin stood first

and reached out a hand to each of the girls, straddling the corner of the

table. She was leaning over quite a bit, and I could see her lips parted,

and just about came right then and there. She pulled the two of them to

their feet and they traipsed off to one of the bedrooms to get changed.

I just laid back on the ground....and closed my eyes.

Images from the day ran through my head...Sarah's frequent temptations and

glimpses of her flesh hidden, yet so available. Ondrea's similar

exposures. Karin's definite exposures. My own exposure earlier. That alone

kept me hard, and getting harder.

I considered the bet between Karin and Ondrea. For each day Karin went

without underwear, she got to dress Ondrea for the next day. Sarah must be

aware of the bet by now. She seen that Karin was without underwear under

her skirt and also under her translucent shirt. Likewise they'd had a good

discussion after Sarah first noticed.

I listened carefully to the bumps and noises coming from the bedroom. I

could here a bit, but not much. After a minute or two I carefully got up

and moved toward the room.

I put my ear as gently as possible against the door and listened. I could

suddenly hear surprisingly well.

"I don't think I can do it Karin."

"Ondrea, you have to a bet is a bet isn't it Sarah."

Sarah agreed, "Yep...and you've seen for yourself, Karin hasn't worn a

thing under her clothes all day."

"And Dave has noticed too hasn't he...you've been torturing him...his

balls must be so sore by now Karin," Ondrea said. I guess I wasn't as

subtle as I'd hoped. And my balls were aching and sore.

"So we're all in agreement...and you can do it...I'll even up the stakes.

If you wear what I tell pick out for all of today, you can pick out what I

wear for tomorrow. How's that sound...so revenge can be yours if you want

it. Besides...you've obviously been enjoying yourself hasn't she Sarah?"

said Karin.

Karin and Sarah started giggling to Ondrea's "What are you talking about?"

Sarah broke the news, "Ondrea, you've been touching your breasts all

night, and your nipples have been constantly on display, not to mention

your camel toe."

I could feel Ondrea's blush through the closed door. "No I hav....wait..I

have...oh my God! Why didn't you tell me I'm so embarrassed...oh my..."

"Oh please! David loved it, and compared to Karin, it was nothing."

"Yeah," said Karin, "and admit it, you've been liking it. It's obvious.

And you are starting to like the idea of showing off a bit aren't

you...why else would you be so obviously aroused and caressing yourself

all night?"

Silence.

"Well, maybe a little bit."

"Ahah...ok...now what to put you in for bedtime. Something sexy, and

teasing, but not too embarrassing for you to wear in front of David."

"Oh God, be kind Karin."

Sarah, kindly pointed out, "I have my cotton shorts and this t-shirt to

wear. What about you Karin, what are you going to wear?"

"I've got a t-shirt and knickers to wear."

Ondrea, though was having none of it, "Um, Karin. Aren't you forgetting

something?"

"What?"

"You aren't aloud to wear any underwear."

"But my t-shirt doesn't even cover all of my butt-cheeks. Isn't that..."

I'm guessing Karin noticed the looks on the faces of Ondrea and Sarah,

"OK..fine. I said I'd do it."

A few seconds later Sarah spoke, "See that's not so bad. You can stand

there and it's fine. You just can't raise your arms, stand above David,

stretch, sit, or really move without showing him, well, everything."

"I think it's perfect," said Ondrea with a slight evil quality to her

voice.

"Fine, but now it's up to me to pick out what Ondrea gets to wear, and

don't worry, it involves underwear."

More silenced, and then rustling around through a bag â€“ Ondrea's I

presume.

"And what else then?"

"That's it. That's all you get. It's appropriate bed-time clothing."

"All you've given me is a pair of thong underwear and a bandana."

"Yep."

"Sarah, tell here this isn't fair."

"I'm not getting involved in this anymore...you're both on your own and

both dug your own graves. Besides, I'm enjoying this. Probably not as much

as Dave will, but still..."

"Besides, we're all going to crash soon, I'm sure. In fact, let's just go

out there and tell David goodnight. That's all you have we have to do."

Karin's comment was followed by a moment of silence followed by a bold

"OK" from Sarah and a quiet one from Ondrea.

I moved back to the floor and laid back down, back against the floor,

staring up at the ceiling.

Waiting.

A few minutes later, the door opened and the girls came out. I turned my

head toward the door and took in the view.

Sarah was in some cotton shorts and a t-shirt, tight against her chest,

showing off her firm breasts and currently hard nipples.

Karin was wearing a grey t-shirt which came to just below her crotch â€“

barely. From my vantage point, I fancied I might be able to see her pussy

if she moved even slightly.

It was Ondrea that caught my attention. She was wearing the tiniest pair

of black thong underwear I've ever seen. From this vantage point I

couldn't see her ass, but the underwear couldn't have been larger than

half a dollar bill in the front. The tiny V covered her vagina

(unfortunately), but made it obvious that she had no pubic hair at all.

The strings supporting it cam up high over her slender perfect hips and

wrapped around back. She had the bandana I'd heard about wrapped around

her breasts and obviously tied at the back.

The girls told me, "We're going to bed David, you get the couch and we get

the rooms."

I was fine with that, "OK, but aren't you going help me get the couch

ready?"

I wanted to prolong this moment. And see more of Ondrea's exposed body.

Sarah broke the moment, obviously enjoying their predicament. "Sure we

will. Karin, you and Ondrea pull out the bed, and I'll get the bedding."

Sarah vanished down the hall, and I just laid there, "Thanks so much, I

don't think I can even stand up," I slurred.

The two of them hesitantly came over. Each walked on either side of me,

and I decided to follow Ondrea with my eyes. As she moved past me to the

table, I was greeted with a side view. Her stomach was tight and smooth,

and her ass was amazingly firm. I looked at the smooth curve as her back

flowed in and then out around her bottom.

She turned toward me more and I was greeted with a closer view of her tiny

thong. The skin of her hips and lower stomach was so smooth as it moved

toward her pubis. The black material of the thong was smooth and tight

against her flesh. The strings were the only thin distracting me.

As Ondrea bent over to get grab her side of the table, the bandana moved

away from her body. I think I gasped a bit, as she turned her face sharply

toward me. I smiled awkwardly, and she turned back to her task at hand,

perhaps trying to move a bit quicker. I had gasped because her beautiful

tiny breast had been revealed, the light pink nipple standing proud and

true. It was an amazing sight for a breast man such as myself.

Her arm blocked my view a bit and I glanced back toward her face. She was

actually looking right at me. And by me, I mean the tend in my pants. It

was my turn to be embarrassed, but I was also excited, a fact betrayed by

a twitch of my cock.

I turned toward Karin, to see if she too had noticed my predicament. She

was trying to shield herself somewhat. It was funny, after her obvious

exposure earlier, she was a bit shy now. She was bending over to pick up

her side of the table, but her bottom was facing away from me.

None-the-less, I was greeted with the smooth curve of the side of her

buttock, and loved every second.

The two of them lifted the table up and moved it out of the way. I sat up

a bit trying to hide my arousal with my the bottom of my t-shirt and

pushed myself out of the way with my feet.

Karin and Ondrea put the table down as it was earlier, and came back to

the couch.

They quickly picked up the cushions and threw them to the side. As Karin

did that, I was treated to a full view of her lower torso. Her hair was

indeed light blond all over, and fairly sparse. It reached up 2 inches

above her beautiful lips. Unlike Ondrea's which, from her thong underwear,

I gauged were basically hidden between her legs, Karin's pussy came upword

into the front of her pubis a couple inches. It was beautiful and to my

eye (which was fixated closely) was glistening.

Karin's hand quickly grabbed her t-shirt as she pulled it down to cover

her privates. She was bright red, on her face, her, upper chest, and even

her thighs.

I stupidly said something, "You are dressed for bed I see."

It wasn't witty, funny, or even made much sense.

Ondrea spoke up, "We all are, only you are still dressed." She quickly

went red realizing she'd drawn my attention back to her.

At that moment Sarah returned, and walked over, arms full of well, a

pillow and a couple sheets. She sighed, "You two are so slow, get out of

the way." Sarah quickly pulled the bed out of the couch and walked around

the far side away from me.

She dropped her load and took the under-sheet and flipped it open, across

the bed.

"Grab your side Ondrea and tuck it in."

Ondrea turned toward the bed and quickly grabbed the sheet.

The string of her thong vanished completely between her cheeks. Her tan

lines were plainly visible, and as she bent to tuck the sheets in, I was

able to see the tight pouch of her thong between her legs, barely

containing her lips. I could also see the sides of her breast, on one

side, and then the other as she tucked in the sheets.

As they finished, Sarah turned to me and told me, "OK, you're all set, get

up and get ready for bed."

"I'll get ready as soon as you guys leave. I have to get changed.".

"Nonsense, we're all friends here, you get ready while we finish making

your bed."

I hesitantly stood as Karin unfurled the other sheet across my bed and

Sarah positioned the pillow.

I grabbed my bag and held it in front of me as I searched through it for

my pajama bottoms. They weren't there. I'd forgotten them. And I noticed

something else. My underwear wasn't there either. Where were they? Even

the pair I'd worn up here was gone. It appeared that the only pair of

clothes I had for my bottom were the shorts I was wearing. I looked up to

see the three of them looking at me. Arms were crossed and they looked

impatient.

"Um...my bedclothes are missing."

"That was foolish to forget them. We tossed your underwear in the washing

machine with the towels and stuff," from Sarah who I now realized was

having a blast.

"I guess I'll just sleep in my shorts and t-shirt. Thanks girls. Have a

good night."

"Actually, we'd better wash those too," said Sarah, "right girls?"

"Yes" was the chorus from them.

I shrugged, not sure how to respond, letting the alcohol guide my judgment

(along with the excitement of being nude again).

I climbed onto the bed and pulled up what I discovered to be very thin top

sheet over my waist. I felt more comfortable now, and slipped off my

shorts and t-shirt and handed them to the girls. Ondrea turned away, once

more, and took them out of the room toward the washer and dryer.

Sarah had a smirk on her face and was looking toward the tend in the

sheets that I tried, ineffectively, to cover with my arms. Karin too was

looking there, and, to my cock-hardening surprise, was stroking her thigh,

her shirt pulled up slightly, showing more than I think she realized.

Suddenly, Sarah turned, grabbed my bag, "I'll just put this out of the way

so nobody trips on it tonight," and took it into her room at the start of

the hall.

I heard the bang of the washing machine lid just before Ondrea returned.

She grabbed Karin's arm and pulled her toward the hall, "Goodnight Dave!"

they yelled as they flicked the light switch in the hall. I heard their

doors shut.

Sarah returned from hers a few seconds later, "Do you have everything you

need?"

"Um....I guess so."

She sat beside me on the bed, and leaned close to my face, "I hope so. I

know you know about Karin and Ondrea's bet, and I know you're loving it."

I felt her hand on my thigh.

"I'm going to do everything I can this weekend to make sure you have fun.

I'm enjoying it too you know."

I turned toward her, a look of confusion on my face.

"Not seeing them I mean, but being in control. I also know that you're

enjoying being embarrassed and seen naked. I intend to make sure that

continues too."

I was red in the face realizing that I wasn't a closed book like I

thought.

At that, she gave me a light tantalizing kiss on the side of my mouth, and

stood up.

I watched as she walked to the side of the room, flicked the light switch

and left me for her room.

Left me naked under a light-weight thin sheet, without a stitch of

clothing within reach.

Damn I was enjoying this weekend.