**Welcome to St. George**

by[HStoner](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1564334&page=submissions)©

Sara and I were sitting by a boarding gate at Miami International, waiting for our flight to St. George. We traveled between the States and St. George a great deal and had become friendly with many of the flight crews who worked this run. However, the flight attendant who picked up the PA microphone this morning was new to us. She was a pert blonde with a wide smile and what looked like what was probably a good body.  
  
I nudged Sara. Nodding towards the flight attendant, I asked "Do we know her?"  
  
"No," Sara replied, "she must be new."  
  
"Huh," I said. "We don't see much change in the crews who work this flight."  
  
"Maybe someone's sick or quit," Sara speculated.  
  
Looking around, I noticed that the gate area had become reasonably crowded. We had about 45 minutes until scheduled departure. It looked like we'd have a pretty full flight. The people whom I took to be our fellow passengers were a pretty usual cross-section. There were, perhaps, more young couples than on a flight elsewhere. There was a sprinkling of older people and several whole families. In the corner by the window looking out onto the tarmac was a group of girls whom I guessed to be college students. Off on a Spring Break trip I assumed. Indeed, I assumed that most of the passengers were off on vacation. Sara and I were returning to what had become our primary home.  
  
Just then, the new flight attendant was joined by a brunette whom I recognized, Joyce. The blonde picked up a typed sheet and started to read the pre-boarding announcement that was a staple of a flight to St. George. Although I had heard it a great many times, I still found it enjoyable.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Flight 2745 to the island of St. George. We will begin boarding in a few moments. First, we need to alert you to some special rules which apply to this flight. By the Act of the National Assembly of 17 January 2012, every person entering the nation of St. George must be nude. Nude is defined as the face, torso, limbs, breasts, buttocks, and genitalia being uncovered and completely visible. Footwear which leaves most of the top of the foot exposed is permitted. Persons who are not nude when they present at St. George customs and immigration will be denied admission and must leave the country within 12 hours. There are no exceptions." With this last sentence, the flight attendant's smile grew a bit wider and I thought that I saw a glint in her eye.  
  
She continued, "You should also be aware that, by the Act of the National Assembly of 22 March 2014, the wearing of any clothing is prohibited at all times and all places in St. George. Waivers will be granted for demonstrated reasons of health or safety. Application for waiver must be made in person at the Ministry of Internal Affairs located in Chamberlain, St. George."  
  
"Caribbean Airlines has no obligation to provide return transportation for, or to reimburse any expenses of, persons denied admission to St. George by reason of their failure to comply with the Acts of 17 January 2012 and 22 March 2014. Therefore, if anyone scheduled on our flight today is unwilling or unable to comply with these laws of the nation of St. George, we ask that you please see the agent at the desk in the center of this concourse immediately. The agent will be happy to make other arrangements for you. You are entitled to a full refund of your fare if you can demonstrate to the agent that you were unaware of these laws of St. George at the time you booked your ticket."  
  
The flight attendant stopped reading from her sheet and looked around to see if anyone was leaving the gate to get off of our flight. After a couple of minutes, she keyed the microphone again.  
  
"Good. I see that everyone is still planning to go to St. George. We will start boarding any passengers needing special assistance in a moment. I want to welcome you all on Flight 2745 to the island of St. George. We look forward to seeing more of you, and you seeing more of us, when we get to St. George."  
  
The blonde and Joyce were smiling as the blonde placed the microphone back on the podium. The two flight attendants turned and walked down the jet way towards the plane. A gate agent replaced them at the podium and started the boarding announcements.  
  
A lady sitting on my opposite side from Sara asked, "Why do they bring the flight attendants out for that announcement? Why can't the gate agent make it?"  
  
I volunteered that "I think that the airline thinks it is better PR if that particular announcement is made by one of their employees who is going to St. George and will, him or herself, have to comply with the nudity laws."  
  
Boarding happened a bit more quickly than a normal flight. Few people had huge carry-on bags that had to be forced into the overhead bins. To my pleasant surprise, we were airborne more quickly than was typical going out of Miami.  
  
The flight to St. George took about two hours. The first hour and a quarter were much like any flight anywhere. The seatbelt light finally went off and several passengers got up to squeeze by the flight attendants with their drinks and snacks carts in the aisles. Sara dozed. I read the copy of The Economist I had bought at the airport.  
  
About 45 minutes out from St. George things changed. Unless one was paying careful attention or was familiar with this flight, passengers probably did not notice that the flight attendants, five ladies and one man, had not been visible in the cabin for the last few minutes. What you could not fail to notice was the chief of the cabin crew, Jane, a friend of ours, walking up the aisle from the rear of the plane to First Class. You couldn't fail to notice because Jane was naked except for her shoes. Jane is also a very attractive lady, naked or clothed. I swore, and kidded her, that she had a more pronounced swing in her hips when she walked through the plane naked. Behind Jane, the rest of the cabin crew was making a first pass to gather cups and cans. They were all naked too. Jane got on the plane's PA system.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, we are approximately 40 minutes from landing in St. George. Just a reminder that St. George law requires everyone to be naked to be admitted into the country. Caribbean Airlines suggests that, like the crew, you undress before we land. It is much easier to undress here on the plane than in the arrivals area at St. George airport. If you need a bag for your clothing, just press your flight attendant call button. We will be happy to provide you with a complimentary bag."  
  
Sara and I were, of course, familiar with the St. George nudity laws. In fact, we had been involved in the campaign to get them passed. We never wore much for a flight into St. George. Sara had worn a light sundress with nothing underneath, and she had quietly slipped that off once we were in the air. I had worn an old Northwestern t-shirt and a pair of cargo shorts that I had slipped off shortly after Sara disrobed.  
  
The nervous laughter and comments led me to think that we had more than a few first-timers on the flight. Just then, the new blonde flight attendant leaned into our seats, her bare breasts pointed towards Sara's bare lap.  
  
"May I take your cups? You have something to put your clothes in?"  
  
We handed her our cups and assured her that we didn't need a clothes bag. The flight attendant straightened. My speculation had been correct; she did have a very good body.  
  
"Are you new on this run?" I asked.  
  
The flight attendant smiled. "Yes, this is my first flight to St. George."  
  
Sara interjected, "We live there now. Enjoy your stay on our island."  
  
The PA spoke again.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain. We hope that you have enjoyed Flight 2745. We will be landing on the island of St. George in a few minutes. Would the flight attendants please prepare the cabin for landing."  
  
I had not seen the pilot on boarding. The voice on the PA told me that our friend Elaine was in command today. Elaine was one of the two pilots who had captained most of the flights into St. George since the nudity laws passed. Another little quirk of St. George law was that every flight crew coming into the island had to be given a 24 hour layover. Elaine had gotten into the habit of using some of her layover sunning on the beach just south of our house, which is how we had met her. Since we had become friends, Elaine had several times stayed in one of our guest rooms. Since I knew that she was also friends with the manager of the hotel which the airline used on St. George, I suspected that she had a hotel receipt for the nights she had stayed with us and got reimbursed, but I never asked. Elaine was good people.  
  
Watching the flight attendants "prepare the cabin for landing," I marveled a bit at how the St. George flight always had a physically attractive crew. I had been told that the airlines had stopped hiring based on looks decades ago. Yet, the people who worked this flight were always physically beautiful. Even Elaine was a very attractive woman. Perhaps it was self-selection and only beautiful people were willing to work a flight on which they would have to go naked.  
  
Once we were at the gate and the cabin door had been opened, there was the usual line in the aisle to leave the plane. Looking over the passengers, I saw that everyone had, indeed, stripped down, including a few families that were on the flight. We were in no hurry to disembark because we wanted to say hello to Joyce and Elaine when they came off of the plane. We were about the last passengers off, with our small bags, and we dawdled just outside customs and immigration.  
  
Finally, Joyce came off of the plane walking bare, tall, and proud with her small travel bag on one shoulder. Walking with her was the new flight attendant. Sara waved to get Joyce's attention (not that St. George's terminal is large enough that she would be likely to miss us). Joyce came over and gave each of Sara and me a warm, bare hug. After a few seconds of "How have you been," Joyce beckoned the other flight attendant to join us.  
  
"Sara, Harry, I'd like you to meet Kelly."  
  
The lovely naked blonde stepped forward and we shook hands.  
  
"Kelly, are you on the St. George flight permanently?" Sara asked.  
  
"Yes. I've had my bid in for this flight almost since the beginning of my time with Caribbean. There is quite a waiting list to crew these flights. I'm so happy that I finally got it," Kelly responded.  
  
"Really?" I asked. "Why did you want this flight?"  
  
"Are you kidding? Getting to work about half of a flight naked and every other day I get to spend a day someplace where it's illegal to wear any clothes, who wouldn't want that job?" Kelly responded enthusiastically.  
  
Joyce chimed in, "It drives the union nuts because they claim that it is sexist to make us strip and that St. George needs to create an exemption for flight crews. But, pretty much everyone at our company wants to work these flights. No one gives up one of these assignments. I sure wouldn't."  
  
Just then we saw Elaine coming off the plane accompanied by her co-pilot Ed. Elaine came up and gave Sara and me each a hug too.  
  
"What were you two doing up in the States?" she asked.  
  
Sara explained that we occasionally went back to tend to business interests. Then she asked Elaine, "Are you coming to the beach?"  
  
Elaine nodded. "As soon as I dump my bag at the hotel."  
  
"Can we get you to stop for dinner?" Sara asked.  
  
"Sure. That would be great," Elaine agreed.  
  
I turned to the others. "Kelly, Joyce, Ed, do you want to visit the beach on the southwest side where we live and then come over for dinner?"  
  
Ed declined.   
  
However, Joyce said, "Sure. That will be a great way to introduce Kelly to St. George." Kelly nodded her acquiescence. "Give us about an hour," Joyce added.  
  
The six of us walked towards customs and immigration. The "border" was staffed by two men and two ladies, naked except for their official caps. Since Sara and I lived on the island, re-entry was a simple procedure. The other four had to show their passports. Since the customs staff didn't recognize Kelly, they made a cursory inspection of her bag.  
  
Waiting briefly for Kelly to finish with customs, Joyce quipped, "I should have suggested a body cavity inspection just to jerk her chain."  
  
Sara replied, "Those are really more fun when you are one of the first off the plane and everyone is lined up behind you watching. There's no one around now."  
  
Kelly left customs and rejoined us. Sara fished in her bag and pulled out a tube of sunscreen. "Kelly, you are only a degree or two off of the equator here. The sun is intense and you are kind of pale. You'll burn terribly before you reach your hotel if you don't have sunscreen."  
  
Smiling, Kelly pulled a tube from her bag and began spreading the sunscreen over herself.  
  
"Don't forget the places that are usually covered," Sara instructed. "Get it in your crack and all around your pussy."  
  
Kelly dutifully covered all of her body that she could reach with her sunscreen. Then she turned to me, held out the tube, and asked "Do my back?"  
  
Being a gentleman, I couldn't refuse. I spread the sunscreen over her shoulders and her upper back and worked it in as though I was giving a massage. Initially, I stopped at Kelly's waist.  
  
Turning her head, Kelly said, "I think that I forgot my butt. Would you?"  
  
Gladly, as Kelly had a very beautiful ass. I put sunscreen on each of her cheeks and worked it in carefully. Finally, pulling myself away, I stood back.  
  
Kelly reached behind herself with both hands and spread her cheeks. "Sara said that I need sunscreen here too."  
  
I resumed, spreading sunscreen as far in between her cheeks as I thought necessary. I couldn't resist lightly fingering her rosebud a time or two, though. When I finished, Kelly turn around to face me. Smiling, she said "thank you" and then gave me a peck on the cheek.  
  
Ed had already gone on. We said temporary goodbyes to Elaine, Joyce, and Kelly as they set off on the short walk to the hotel the airline used. Sara and I flagged one of the cabs marked "All Island."  
  
Internal combustion engines had been banned from St. George. Bicycles were the common means of transportation, including special bikes with passenger benches that served as cabs. Most were dual and pedaled by two cabbies, usually one man and one woman. However, because the interior of the island was hilly, if not borderline mountainous, some cabs had a battery-powered motor to assist the cabbies. These were the "All Island" cabs. Needless to say, St. George cabbies were all very fit young men and women.  
  
We had our cabbies stop at a market on the outskirts of Chamberlain so we could get food to serve at dinner that night. After leaving the market, we skirted around the perimeter of the island for almost 40 minutes until the cab dropped us at home.  
  
After putting our purchases in the refrigerator (the island has very reliable power, generated largely from a farm of solar cells and wind turbines at the island's highest point), we opened up the house. Privacy isn't much of a concern on St. George and there is virtually no crime. Consequently, we were able to design our house with moveable panels for walls. That enabled us to open virtually the entire house to the outside. As we were only a few meters from the beach, there were reliable breezes that eliminated any need for air conditioning.  
  
Our house was on a small cove, and we had our "own" beach (all beaches to mean high tide are actually public property). However, just around the point was "Southwest Beach," one of the more popular beaches on St. George.  
  
About 20 minutes later, another cab dropped Elaine, Joyce, and Kelly in front of our house. They each carried a large towel and Joyce had a beach bag in which I could see the tops of a couple of bottles of wine. Sara and I loaded more drinks into a cooler and gathered our towels. The five of us walked down to the beach and around the point. It was early afternoon on a weekday, so Southwest Beach wasn't crowded. There were about 35-40 people on the beach. Southwest Beach was not one of the designated "family beaches" on the island, so the crowd was all adult.  
  
We spread our towels and sat down. Joyce pulled a bottle of wine from her bag along with an opener. After opening the bottle, she distributed the wine into five paper cups and passed them out.  
  
After a few moments, Kelly said, "I think that it's a great idea, but why is it illegal to wear any clothes on St. George?"  
  
Sara nodded at me to answer. "Well, I'll have to give you a short lesson in island history. It starts with the fact that, in the 1960s, St. George was very inexpensive and became very popular with what I guess you'd call 'hippies' or 'flower children' from the US and Canada. Some of them never left. That was, of course, the era of the 'sexual revolution' and the island acquired a pretty relaxed attitude. After independence, the island was looking for some way to develop an economy. We don't really make or grow much here, so tourism was the obvious choice. However, the challenge was to differentiate St. George from all of the other resort islands in the Caribbean."  
  
I sipped some wine and then resumed. "No one here really cares about nudity, so the first thing done was to create several officially permitted nude beaches. That brought a few people, but didn't do much to make St. George a more desirable destination than, say, Jamaica or St. Martin. About ten years ago, it was thought that we'd boost tourism if we let people go nude everywhere on the island. That worked, but we also got a lot of 'gawkers' who came just to see naked bodies and stayed clothed themselves. That was a real deterrent to a lot of people who wanted to enjoy St. George in the nude. Finally, a few of us, Sara and I were involved, began pushing to make nudity mandatory. Our idea was that visitors would be more at ease going nude if everyone else was nude too. Surprisingly, the idea got a lot of support from the full-time residents and became law about six years ago."  
  
"What happens if someone is wearing clothes without a permit?" Kelly asked.  
  
Sara responded, "Well, if you did that as a tourist, the police would take you to the station. You'd be stripped naked and your face and genitals would be photographed. Those photos go on the government's website and never come down. Then, you'd be fined about $ 2,000 and put in a boat to St. Kitts immediately."  
  
"What if you live here?" Kelly asked.  
  
"I'm not sure because it has never happened," Sara answered. "Everyone who lives here is perfectly happy to stay naked."  
  
I looked at Joyce and asked her, "Did you show Kelly the Garden?"  
  
Joyce just smiled.  
  
"What Garden?" Kelly asked.  
  
I nodded at Sara. Sara explained, "In colonial days, a huge, very lovely park was built in the center of Chamberlain. Even when nudity was just optional, it became understood that anyone in the park was looking for sex. It splits so that the northern half is hetero and the southern half is gay/lesbian. You can certainly decline if you're in the Garden and someone asks you to have sex, but people don't go to the Garden if they're just interested in looking at flowers. The other thing is that no one hides behind the bushes. Sex in the Garden is very open and anyone is welcome to watch."  
  
Kelly seemed a bit shocked, "Really?"  
  
"Yes," Sara continued. "Like Harry was saying, it's probably a holdover from the Sixties, but folks on St. George don't consider sex something to be done in private. We also don't place a lot of importance on monogamy. You can certainly enjoy sex with many people besides the person you love."  
  
Kelly was obviously trying to get her mind around the freedom of the Garden.  
  
Sara added, "The Garden is really a great place. Harry and I go there often, sometime together, sometimes individually."

I told Sara, "Tell her about the amphitheater."  
  
Sara smiled. "Part of the Garden is a natural amphitheater. So the Government built a small stage with a roof over it and built benches into the hillside. There are arts performances there, but on Tuesday nights it is traditional for people to have sex on the stage. It may be a couple, a gay or lesbian couple, a group, or just one person masturbating. It's kind of a sexual 'open-mike' night. It draws a good crowd usually."  
  
Joyce and Elaine already knew all of this. All Kelly could say was "Wow."  
  
Sara went on. "Harry and I go there a lot. Several of our friends from around the island usually come. It's great to see them and talk to then knowing that they'll be watching you fuck in a few minutes and, of course, we get to watch many of them fuck too. But, the real fun is being watched. I promise you that you will never have an orgasm as intense as one you have when you know a large group of people are watching you come."   
  
Kelly asked, "Is sex open everywhere on the island?"  
  
Sara replied, "No. There are several designated 'family' beaches, mainly on the east side of the island, where sex is absolutely prohibited on the beach. Apart from the Garden, there is no public sex in Chamberlain. Generally, you will not see sex on the beaches. Now, a sort of a convention has developed at many beaches, like this one, that people who want to have sex go back into the dunes." Sara giggled. "Of course, it is also accepted that, if you see a couple going back into the dunes, anyone else who wants to is welcome to go back and watch."  
  
Thinking that Sara was exaggerating the public sex on the island a bit, I interjected, "There really isn't sex on plain view outside of the Garden. The Government has tried to encourage family tourism on the island, and it seems to be working."  
  
"Really?" Kelly said with some surprise.  
  
"Yes," Sara said. "I've forgotten the number, but the Government claims that many thousand families with children visit the island each year. We actually met and have become good friends with one of them."  
  
Kelly laughed, still somewhat disbelieving, I think. "How did that happen?"  
  
Sara gave a summary of the story. "It was five years ago. Harry and I were on a flight back from the States. Harry likes to have an aisle seat and, as we were on the three seat side of the plane, I took the middle seat. There was a girl about 16 who had the window seat. We quickly figured out that the three people in the row in front of us were her parents and her brother. I think that the brother was about 14 then. We got talking to them. It turned out that none of them had gone nude publicly, or with each other, before. The parents, Bill and Sue, thought that it would be interesting to try and persuaded their kids, Sally and Jeff, to come along."  
  
I picked up the story. "It was fairly obvious that the parents were looking forward to an adventure. The kids, on the other hand, seemed to have great trepidation. I give them credit for trying it because their parents really did give them the option not to take the trip."  
  
Sara resumed, "It was interesting when the cabin crew made the announcement about stripping down before landing. Bill and Sue kind of took a deep breath and stripped right off. It was obviously the moment which Sally and Jeff had been dreading. I'll give them credit though, they did get naked. I think that was the first time Sally and Jeff had seen each other, or their parents, nude."  
  
"Any way," I picked up, "we ran into them the next day and invited them down to this beach. By their second day on the island, when they came here, all four of them were having a great time and loved being nude. They have come back as a family at least once every year since that first trip. We've gotten together with them each time they come to St. George."  
  
Sara added, "When Sally started college, they started coming down on her Christmas break. Of course, Jeff is in college now too so they scheduled their trip to fit with both kids' breaks. Actually, they're staying with us this year."  
  
Realizing that we were not pulling her leg, Kelly said, "That is so cool."  
  
I glanced towards the southern end of the beach. There were a couple of huts that sold short order food and drinks there and, just behind, an area for parking bikes. I saw a group of girls get off of their bikes and walk onto the beach. They looked like the group of college girls who had been on our flight that morning.  
  
Just then, two couples of twenty-somethings walked up to us. One of the guys was holding a volleyball (there was a volleyball net erected on the north end of the beach). "You guys want to play?" one of the girls asked. "We could use a few more."  
  
Elaine wasn't interested, but Joyce, Kelly, Sara, and I agreed to play. One of the two couples went to each side of the net. Joyce and Sara joined one couple while Kelly and I joined the other. We played five games. The two couples who invited us were significantly better players than Sara and I. Kelly was also a very good volleyball player.  
  
"I played varsity in high school," Kelly told me between games.  
  
After five games in the afternoon sun, we were all very hot and very sweaty. Everyone dashed into the ocean to cool off. I surfaced several yards out where the water was just below my chest. Kelly surfaced next to me. With her blonde hair washed back, she looked stunning.  
  
"This is great," Kelly said. "I've played beach volleyball a bunch of times and always got sand in my bikini. Not this time!" Kelly smiled broadly.  
  
Once we came out of the water, it was late afternoon. The five of us packed up our beach gear and went back to our house for drinks. After a drink, Sara and I got working on dinner. We had a convivial dinner. Most of the dinner conversation was just small talk. Then Kelly broke in.  
  
"Guys, this is all a bit new to me. Yes, I know that I bid to work the St. George flight because I thought that it would be fun to get naked some. What I didn't realize is how much fun it is. I mean, I like a naked guy. I've enjoyed looking at Harry's dick all afternoon and I enjoyed looking at the guys we were playing volleyball with. But, I think I enjoy it more knowing that everyone is seeing me, my cunt, my asshole, and my tits. Am I weird?"  
  
"No dear," Elaine responded. "It is naturally stimulating to be seen naked."  
  
"What she's really saying, "Joyce interjected, "is that you are an exhibitionist. We all are. We all get pleasure from being seen naked. I love it that I can walk down the aisle in the plane and my bush (Joyce's bush is very neatly trimmed) is level with everyone's faces. Now, you need to take the next step and get fucked with people watching. Like Sara said this afternoon, it will be the most powerful orgasm you'll ever have. Especially that first time."  
  
Kelly sat thoughtful for a moment. "You know, when I got on the plane this morning in Miami I knew that I was going to take all of my clothes off in front of other people. That actually excited me. But, the idea of sex in front of other people, well, no way. But now, the idea does sound enticing."  
  
It was starting to get dark. Joyce said, "We'll leave that for another time. We'd best get back to the hotel. Harry, where is your phone? I'll call a cab."  
  
"Foof, " Sara exclaimed. "Harry and I bought a passenger bike. We can take you back."  
  
I hauled the bike out of the garage. Kelly, Joyce, and Elaine climbed into the passenger carriage. Sara and I mounted the parallel seats and started peddling. It was about 40 minutes back to the ladies' hotel. However, because we took the relatively flat route near the beach, it was not particularly strenuous for Sara and me.  
  
It was dark as we began peddling back to our house. Given the island's tropical climate, it was perfectly comfortable to be nude on St. George any time night or day. On the road just past our home, we saw two figures walking along the road. People walking the roads at night were not common on this part of the island, so we peddled on to see who it was. The figures turned out to be Gretchen and Beth, an older lesbian couple who lived part way up a hill on the inland side of our road about a quarter mile from our house.  
  
We stopped. Gretchen and Beth greeted us warmly. We caught up on what had happened in the neighborhood while we were in the states.  
  
The biggest news came from Beth. "That house way up the hill just south of your place sold. The word is that some very rich guy from New York bought it for a ridiculous price. He's supposedly never been here. Joe at Bare Pleasure Realty said that the guy bought the house so that his college age daughter would have someplace 'safe' to go on her breaks." Beth shook her head at the extravagance of the very wealthy.  
  
Sara asked, "What are you guys doing out?"  
  
Gretchen responded, "We got an urge to go down on the beach and make love. No one should be there after dark. You guys want to come along?"  
  
We agreed and rolled our dual bicycle off of the roadway. It was a lovely night as we walked onto the sand. Once we were in the center of the beach, Beth leaned down and began sucking one of Gretchen's nipples. Gretchen spread her legs so that Beth could start fingering her too. While it may not sound that exciting, standing there naked with Sara watching the two older naked ladies start on each other was quite exciting. From her nipples, I could see that Sara was getting turned on too.  
  
Soon, Gretchen was on her back on the sand. Beth was on her elbows and knees over Gretchen. Gretchen's face was buried in Beth's cunt as was Beth's face in Gretchen's. That was too much. I was swiftly on my back on the sand. Sara straddled me and then settled down on top of me, taking my dick inside her.  
  
The sensations that Sara and I were giving each other were intense, and were augmented by the sounds of Gretchen's and Beth's sex right next to us. At one point, I vaguely thought I heard voices, but I really didn't care.  
  
Sara and I had been together long enough that we could synch with each other. We came more or less simultaneously. As Sara breathlessly collapsed into my arms, we heard applause. Sara sat up, startled. I was still inside of Sara, but, looking around, I saw Gretchen and Beth, and six much younger women. Sara got off of me and I stood up, still semi-hard.  
  
With a chuckle, Beth said "Harry, Sara, you do know how to make a first impression. These girls are from the house on the hill that I was telling you sold."  
  
One of the girls, with a splendid ripe body, stepped forward and extended her hand. "Hi. I'm Joanne. My dad recently bought the house on the hill over there." She pointed towards the inland hills. "These are my friends. We're on break from \_\_\_\_ (she named a prestigious school on the US East Coast that was very difficult to get into). We've never done it before, but, since the house was free, we thought it would be interesting to spend a whole week naked."  
  
Sara and I introduced ourselves and explained that we lived just around the point that formed the north end of the beach. I was a little embarrassed because my erection was not going down. It also dawned on me that these were the girls on our flight down.  
  
"So, how do you like being naked all of the time?" Sara asked the girls.  
  
A taller girl with large breasts answered, "Being naked is wonderful. We haven't been here a full day yet, but what we're finding so far is that there aren't that many guys our age here and the ones who are here think that, just because you're naked, you automatically want to be fucked by any bare dick you see."  
  
Another girl, whom I took to be blonde in the dim light, said, "Its really kind of fun being looked at, and I'm starting to enjoy bending over and giving people the full cunt and asshole view, but I'd at least like the guys to act like they think that there is more to me than that."  
  
Sara put her arm around my waist. "I can promise you," Sara said, "there are men on St. George who appreciate both your naked beauty and your mind." Sara leaned up and kissed me.  
  
I still wasn't sure how to play this situation. Sara took it out of my hands.  
  
"Since we're neighbors, why don't you come over for breakfast in the morning?" Sara said to the six girls. They giggled, but accepted Sara's invitation.  
  
We chatted a few more minutes. Beth and Gretchen walked off first, then the six girls. Sara and I went back to our dual bike and peddled the short distance back home. Once the bike was garaged, we began opening the walls. When we were finished, our bedroom was open from floor to ceiling on both the beach and road sides to allow the breeze to blow through. It had been a long, but pleasant, day. Sara and I soon went to bed.  
  
I tend to sleep on my stomach. A byproduct of that is that I am grinding my dick into the mattress and usually have a hard-on. Sara's way of addressing that, which she used that night, is to guide me into her. Then we go back to sleep united.  
  
That is how we still were when we awoke the following morning. Except, our six new college age friends were standing around us. With the walls slid back, they could see us in bed from the road and had only to walk over.  
  
A truly stunning natural redhead, whom I learned later was named Stacy, said, "You guys and fuck in full view of the road and the beach? That is great! I like it."  
  
Sara and I got out of bed. I said to the girls, "Excuse us for a moment while we shower."  
  
Sara and I stepped out of our bedroom to the outdoor open-air shower in the yard. I washed Sara off and then she washed me. Our new friends had followed us and watched our shower.   
  
As Sara and I were toweling off, Joanne said, "You have my Dad's place beat with this outdoor shower. Do you mind if I come down here to shower? I feel that, if I'm naked all the time anyway, I ought to be able to enjoy an outdoor shower."  
  
I wasn't quite sure how to answer a very beautiful girl who looked about 20 asking to use our outdoor shower. Once again, my Sara took the lead."  
  
"Certainly, any of you are welcome to use the shower whenever you wish so long as you don't mind if Harry or I join you." That was acceptable to the girls.  
  
The eight of us went back inside. I made fresh mango juice while Sara assembled a large plate of sliced meats, cheeses, and fruits for breakfast. Over breakfast, the girls questioned us about St. George and the mandatory nudity rule, much as Kelly had the day before. They also asked how we had migrated to St. George and how we liked living in the nude.  
  
"I love it," Sara said. "I can go months without wearing a stitch and that's great."  
  
Another girl asked, "You don't mind being seen naked?"  
  
Sara responded, "Well, you've been naked since before you got off of the plane yesterday. A lot of people have seen all of you. Do you mind?"  
  
"No, but it's a novelty for me, a bit of taboo breaking," the girl responded. "Does the thrill wear off?"  
  
"You get used to being nude all of the time," Sara said, "but, you know when someone is looking closely at you and that thrill never wears off."  
  
Stacy said, "Well you two look very fit and good with your all-over tans."  
  
Sara replied, "All six of you are very beautiful women. Don't you agree Harry?"  
  
I did and said so. In full light, I realized that my initial impression from the day before was correct. These were very beautiful young ladies.  
  
Sara and I turned the questioning around, trying to learn a bit of our new friends' backgrounds. They were all American. All of them came from well-off to wealthy families. Joanne was studying architecture (Sara's background). Two were in chemical engineering. One was studying physics. One was studying chemistry.   
  
"And I'm the odd girl out," Stacy said. "I'm a dual major in dance and political science. I love dance, but I know that I'm not good enough to be a featured dancer with one of the renowned companies. My tits are too big. So I'm planning on law school."  
  
Sara shot me a look. In a prior life, I had been a lawyer. A fairly good one. Sara immediately told Stacy that.  
  
"Oh, can we get together and talk?" Stacy asked me.   
  
What do you say when a very beautiful 20 year-old girl who is completely naked asks to get together with you? I said "certainly."  
  
Sara said, "I've got classes most of tomorrow" (Sara had been a swimmer in college and taught swim and swimming fitness classes for children and adults at the municipal pool in Chamberlain). "Harry, why don't you take Stacy, and anyone else who wants to go, out on the boat?"  
  
We kept a decent sized sailboat at the marina in Chamberlain.  
  
Stacy said, "That would be great. While my Dad was alive, I used to sail with him on San Francisco Bay several times a year. May I go sailing with you Harry?"  
  
"Sure," I said. "Although, if you can handle the Bay, you're probably a much better sailor than me. The waters around St. George are usually pretty placid. Anyone else want to go sailing?"  
  
The other four girls demurred. "I get seasick" one said. Another added, "I want to go shopping. I've never gone shopping naked."  
  
Joanne asked, "Sara, could I go with you to your classes? I swam in high school. Maybe I can help out."  
  
Sara gave Joanne an appraising look, which Joanne gave right back. I thought that both of them liked what they saw. Sara answered, "Of course. That would be wonderful."  
  
After a time, the girls moved on to the beach. Sara and I had things to do around the house. There was also a phone call with Kelly and Joyce before they got to work on their return flight to Miami. During Sara's part of the call, I heard her saying something about taking Kelly to the amphitheater in the Garden next Tuesday.  
  
That night, before we went to sleep, Sara looked me in the eye. "Harry, when you take Stacy out on the boat tomorrow, please fuck her. I know she'll enjoy that."  
  
Sara and I have a somewhat open relationship. There is no doubt in either of our minds that we love each other very much. However, neither of us believes that love should be a barrier to either of us enjoying life as much as possible. Sex with other partners in allowed and even encouraged. Our only rule is that each of us needs to know whom the other is fucking.  
  
The other four girls rode into Chamberlain with Sara and Joanne in our dual bicycle carriage. I assume that was a good workout for Sara and Joanne. Stacy and I rode individual bikes to the marina in Chamberlain.  
  
It quickly became apparent that Stacy was, in fact, a better sailor than I. With her taking the lead, we had the boat out of the marina swiftly. I took a reach tack towards the northeast.  
  
"There is a reef a few miles up. We can anchor off of the reef and snorkel," I explained.  
  
That is what we did. My choice of site was validated by an unusually large number of colorful fish swimming around the reef. Snorkeling behind Stacy in the water, I got a good look at her nude form. Stacy was a very beautiful woman with a fantastic figure. Although I could see how her chest, while not disproportionate, might hinder her dance career.  
  
After a couple of hours in the water, we went back to the boat for a light lunch. I also broke out some wine. We were sitting on deck, facing each other. Stacy and I talked at length about the pros and cons of law school and lawyering. I explained that the profession was changing drastically and that I didn't think it was as good a thing to do as it had been when I started.  
  
Finally, I shifted the conversation away from law. "How did you end up on break on St. George?" I asked.  
  
"Joanne's a very good friend. I knew that her Dad, who has shitloads of money, had bought a house in the Caribbean. I was thrilled when Joanne asked us to stay at it with her," Stacy replied. "Of course, I knew about St. George and the mandatory nudity. That was part of the appeal to me. I'm an exhibitionist."

I raised an eyebrow. "Really?"  
  
"Oh yeah. I've already danced four or five roles nude at school. When I was a freshman, the dance department at school staged an experimental dance. There was one dancer who went naked the whole dance. I tried out for that role and got it. It was so cool. We did eight performances and every performance, I ran around naked while everyone else was wearing clothes."  
  
Stacy went on, "That created a bit of a stink, especially when people found out that I was only a freshman and I was dancing naked for audiences. So, the school decided no more nude dancers. But, one of my instructors works with a very progressive dance company in town. Thanks to him, I've gotten to dance several other nude roles."  
  
"What interested you in dancing naked to start with?"  
  
Stacy laughed. "Well, if you think about it, a dancer's medium is his or her body. It never made a lot of sense to me why that medium should be covered up."  
  
"But," Stacy went on, "there's more to it. It was really my mom who got me interested in letting other people see me naked. The story I was told was that mom didn't have a lot of money when she was in college. So, she got a job being a nude model for her school's art department. I guess she liked it. I think that she stopped modeling when she married Dad. Dad died of cancer while I was in middle school. I guess Mom was bored and she started modeling again. Mom is still in great shape."  
  
"Anyway, when I was a sophomore in high school, I went to one of her modeling gigs with Mom. I watched Mom standing naked in the middle of the room while all these people looked at her very intensely and drew her. I thought Mom was the person who was really having the fun and I thought it would be a great thing to do. As we were driving home that day, I asked Mom if I could model with her. I was really too young to be a nude model, but Mom worked it out somehow so, along with dance class, I started being a nude model with my mother."  
  
Then, Stacy turned the focus of the conversation to me. She asked how I'd met Sara and thought that it was funny that I'd been naked and Sara had been dressed the first time we met. I explained how we came to St. George.  
  
"So, you have a great tan. How do you feel about everyone seeing you naked?" Stacy asked.  
  
"I'm very comfortable with it."  
  
"Do you enjoy people seeing your dick?"  
  
I laughed. "I guess I do now that you ask."  
  
"Spread your legs," Stacy directed.  
  
I unfolded myself from the quasi-lotus position I was in and extended both legs. Then I spread the, so that Stacy had an unobstructed view of my dick. Stacy looked at me for several seconds.  
  
"May I touch you?" she asked.  
  
"Of course."  
  
Stacy leaned forward and gently ran her index finger along the top of my shaft and then around where I'd been circumcised as a child.  
  
Stacy looked up at my face and smiled. "I've been laid a bunch of times, but I've never really looked at a guy's dick. I like it," she said.  
  
Stacy ran her finger along the underside of my head. I was starting to get a bit hard from her touching.  
  
"Would you stand up?" Stacy asked.  
  
I stood and she sat up onto her knees. My dick was right in Stacy's gorgeous face. She put her hand around my shaft, lifted me up a bit, and kissed the very end of my dick. That, of course, made me harder. Then, Stacy opened her mouth and took my head into it. I could feel her tongue circling around my dickhead. She knew something about giving head.  
  
After a few moments, Stacy took me out of her mouth. She looked up into my face. I saw real desire in her face, which made her even more beautiful.  
  
"Fuck me, now, bareback, please." Stacy lay back on the deck, spreading her legs. I reached down and fingered her once. Stacy was already very wet, so I lowered myself over her and slowly slid into her beautiful cunt. Stacy was a good lover. Her pelvic muscles were well-developed and she clamped down on me so that I was getting the maximum sensation. After a few seconds, I figured out where her favorite spot was and began thrusting my dick against it.  
  
We were going pretty hard when Stacy leaned up slightly and bit my earlobe. She whispered "I don't want this to end."  
  
In deference to her wishes, I slowed my pace. We kept each other happy, but not quite at climax for maybe an hour. I know another boat went by while we were at it.  
  
Finally, Stacy looked at me and said "Now!"  
  
I picked up my pace again and focused on the spot in her cunt that seemed to please her most. Soon, Stacy was moaning, and I was close to coming.  
  
Between moans, Stacy gasped "Come. . . in . . . me." I did.  
  
Just as I came, Stacy let out a shriek that must have been heard back on St. George. Her whole body convulsed. She did it a second time, and then relaxed.  
  
We were both sweaty and breathing hard. I kissed Stacy and started to back out of her.  
  
"Don't, please. Let's just stay like this," Stacy said. We lay there, kissing, for quite a while.   
  
Finally, Stacy said "ok." I pulled out, stood and helped her up. We both dove over the side to wash off. We swan around a little, then Stacy went over to the ladder I had put over the side for snorkeling.   
  
Stacy grasped the sides of the ladder, turned her head back to me, and said "help me up." So, I put one hand on each of her ass cheeks and gave her a boost. Stacy went up the ladder with her legs apart, giving me a wonderful view.  
  
Back on deck, we realized that the sun was approaching the horizon. We swiftly took up the ladder and hauled in our anchor. Due largely to Stacy's skill, we made in back to the Chamberlain harbor quickly on a close haul. As we boat the boat alongside the dock, Sara and Joanne were waiting for us smiling.  
  
"Did we have fun?" Sara asked.  
  
More to Stacy than me, Joanne said, "the other girls took a cab back to the house."  
  
Sara asked Stacy and Joanne, "Do you guys want to get an early dinner? There's a place here in Chamberlain run by a friend of ours."  
  
The girls said that would be nice, so we took them to the Crayfish Boil, a Cajun restaurant run by a friend. We had a wonderful meal.  
  
As we were finishing, Joanne said, "Well, this was something new. I've never had a meal in a restaurant naked before."  
  
Sara asked, "How did you like the experience?"  
  
"Its odd," Joanne answered, "but I really think that the meal tasted better because I have no clothes on."  
  
"Most things in life are better if you are naked," Sara opined. Then Sara asked, "Hey, are you guys still here next Tuesday?"  
  
"Yes, we're here two weeks," Stacy answered.  
  
Sara explained a bit about the live sex at the Garden amphitheater. "Would you like to go?"  
  
Joanne and Stacy looked at each other. They both smiled. In unison, they said "Definitely!"  
  
Walking back from the restaurant to the marina where we'd left the bikes, Joanne asked, "Do cruise ships stop in St. George?"  
  
Sara chuckled. "Most of the big lines won't because our mandatory nudity rules mean that most of their passengers won't leave the ship. There are one or two that stop when they are on an alternate itinerary. It is amusing to watch when one comes in. Anybody who wants to get off here has to strip on the ship. You'll nearly all of the passengers standing around watching the gangway to see who among them has gotten naked."  
  
We peddled back to our house. Joanne said that she was going to walk back to her father's house. Stacy wanted to talk a bit more.  
  
Once Joanne left, Sara asked Stacy "Would you like to stay the night with us?"  
  
"I'd like that very much if it is no imposition, "Stacy answered.  
  
"None at all, we'll be glad to have you," Sara said.  
  
It was fun. Stacy had her first experience being eaten by a woman and eating a woman. Stacy also said that she had never seen a guy jack-off, so I had to give a demonstration. After opening the bedroom up to the air, Sara, Stacy, and I slept together. In bed with two highly intelligent, very beautiful naked ladies is not a bad thing.  
  
Stacy stayed with us the rest of the week. As promised, Joanne came down each morning to use our outdoor shower. Sara and I both helped her get clean. Joanne stayed one night with us. She and Sara used one of our guest rooms while Stacy and I slept together. Well, we really didn't sleep that much.  
  
Tuesday came sooner than seemed possible. Sara had organized quite a group to go to the amphitheater. In addition to Stacy and Joanne, their four friends came along. We met Joyce and Kelly, who were on their layover, in town.  
  
Shortly before 6:00 p.m., the ten of us were walking into the Garden. The area around the main entrance was heterosexual. We saw the usual range of copulation, blow jobs, and the like. I could have been wrong, but it seemed to me that most of the participants were tourists taking advantage of the freedom of St. George.  
  
When we walked into the amphitheater, it was almost full. Sara and I saw several friends from around the island. We exchanged greetings and introduced our new friends.  
  
On the stage, there was just a table with some padding on the top. To one side was a cart with a lot of towels and two dispensers of disinfectant wipes. There was no MC or announcer, but, on the dot of 6:00 p.m. everyone sat down. After a few minutes, the guy who owned one of the dive shops walked up onto the stage. He already had a hard-on; the product, I think, of his girlfriend's efforts. On stage, he began wordlessly stroking himself until he spurted. Everyone applauded and he went back to his seat.  
  
Next up were two gay guys who were also the best carpenters on the island. Bob did his partner Ron in the ass. I'm not much for gay sex, but the girls seemed to be fascinated.  
  
The carpenters were followed by an older couple, friends of ours who ran a nice little hotel on the east side of the island. Ken lay down on his back on the table and his wife, Karen, rode him until they both came.  
  
I was sitting between Sara and Stacy. As Ken and Karen were finishing, Stacy stood up and grabbed my hand.  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"Come on," Stacy said.  
  
"What?" I asked again (slow on the uptake, I admit).  
  
"Harry, I want you to fuck me up there on stage," Stacy declared.  
  
I glanced at Sara, who gave an approving nod. So, I got up and started walking towards the stage with Stacy. Looking back to our seats, most of Stacy's friends seemed a bit shocked. However, Joanne and Sara were smiling broadly. Behind them, I could see Joyce and Kelly smiling also.  
  
I followed Stacy down the steps to the stage. Like some other redheads I'd met, Stacy's skin had a reddish cast. Almost two weeks naked had obliterated her tan lines. Her bare, tan back, ass, and legs looked exquisite. The idea that in a couple of minutes I'd be fucking her in front of a couple hundred people was having its effect. I was getting hard.  
  
On stage, Stacy moved me over to the table. I was standing with my ass against the edge of the table. Stacy bent down so that her face was just above my hard dick. Then Stacy looked up at the audience. She nodded her head once, and I could see many people in the audience nodding in response. Stacy gently pushed me back so that I was lying on my back on the table.  
  
Stacy got on the table, straddling me. She grasped my dick and guided it into her cunt as she lowered down on me. Then she rose back up so that I was out of her again. Oddly, that motion felt great. Stacy looked out at the audience and shrugged her shoulders. I saw audience members nodding again. Stacy lowered herself back down, again guiding me into her. And then she rode me, almost frantically. Much sooner than I'd have liked I was ready to come. I was trying to hold back.  
  
Stacy started telling me, "Let go, let go."  
  
I did let go with an ejaculation so forceful that it actually hurt. Stacy leaned forward so that she was now lying on me. Her nipples were hard as stone. Stacy began yelping. Then she had the convulsions I'd experienced with her on the boat. They lasted longer this time.  
  
Finally, Stacy's convulsions stopped. She lay on top of me panting for several moments before she whispered in my ear, "That was so hot! I love you."  
  
Finally, we stood up and faced the applauding audience. Stacy saw a bead on seaman on the head of my dick. She wiped it off with her finger, and then put her finger in her mouth. Then she kissed me.  
  
As we walked, somewhat unsteadily, back to our seats, we met Sara and Joanne heading for the stage. They did an enthusiastic 69, by which time Stacy's and Joanne's college friends were completely shocked.  
  
I had just sat down to watch Sara and Joanne when I felt a hand on my back. It was Kelly, sitting behind me. She leaned forward and said into my ear, "next Tuesday, you're doing me up there."  
  
Late the next morning, Sara and I took all six girls to the airport for their flight to Miami. We bade a good trip to Joyce and Kelly as they walked, still naked, to board the plane and start their prep.  
  
Saying goodbye to Stacy and Joanne affected me more than I had anticipated.   
  
Joanne told us, "This was great and you guys are special. Now that Dad has that house, I expect that I'll be here a lot. You also need to meet Dad. He is interesting. He and Mom split up about three years ago. Now he's got a girlfriend who three years older than me. Still, she's pretty cool and Dad's heart is in the right place. I'll see you both again soon." Pointing at my dick, Joanne added, "Next trip, that goes in me."  
  
Stacy hugged Sara, and then she hugged me for a long time. We had traded e-mail addresses and phone numbers earlier that morning. All she said was "thank you, thank you very much. I'll be back soon."  
  
As we bicycled away from the airport, Sara said, "I think we've found some long-term friends in Stacy and Joanne. We need to get them both here and keep them here.