

A Bikini with a Mind of its Own

Erin drove as quickly as she could, but the evening rush hour traffic slowed her way home from work. The package lay on the passenger seat next to her, and she couldn't wait to get home and open it.

The package had arrived at her office early in the afternoon, in plain brown anonymously marked cardboard, as she had known it would. When she had placed the order for it, she deliberately had chosen to have it arrive at work, so her husband wouldn't see it. But she didn't want anyone she worked with to know what it was, either. That would have been too embarrassing. So, before placing the order, she confirmed it would be shipped and labeled in a way that gave no hint of its contents.

The package contained a bikini. She had ordered it off the Internet.

She had placed the order four days ago, after an hour or more of searching online for the right thing. She wanted to buy a bikini, because her husband didn't want her to wear bikinis, and all she owned were one-piece suits.

Erin's husband, Martin, was successful, driven, and handsome. Six years ago, when she had been only 22 and just out of college, he had swept her off her feet, and they'd married only nine months after meeting. Martin was, in most ways, a good husband: attentive, loving, and supportive of her career. In time, though, Erin learned



that Martin also was jealous, controlling, and short-tempered. The one thing that always stirred him to anger was knowing or suspecting that another man was looking at his wife. As a result, Martin always was nagging and badgering her about what she was wearing. He wanted her always to look good for him, but didn't want any other man to see her.

Erin loved her husband but chafed under his controlling, jealous nature. She worked hard to look good for him, going to the gym several times a week and watching her diet to keep her figure firm and lean. After so much effort, she wanted a chance to show off the results. But Martin wouldn't allow it. He insisted she cover herself to keep other men from looking at her.

What Martin didn't know -- what she never had been able to tell him -- was that Erin had an exhibitionist streak. In front of her husband, and in front of most people, Erin acted demure, even a little shy. But, secretly, Erin liked being looked at. It wasn't a fetish. It wasn't a disorder. It wasn't something she thought about or desired all the time. But she enjoyed the glances men (and sometimes women) gave her, and she liked the idea of showing off the slim, sexy figure she'd worked hard to get.

Six years into marriage, with no kids yet, and with a body she had toned and sculpted through ceaseless hours doing crunches, lifting dumbbells, and counting minutes on the treadmill, Erin wanted to show off the fruits of her labor -- her hot figure. But her husband's jealousy stood in the way. When they were together, he gave her few opportunities to indulge her secret desire to show herself off.

One day, about two weeks before her drive home, Erin got an idea in her head. The idea was to buy a bikini without Martin knowing about it, and to take a day off without his knowing it, and to go to the beach in the bikini, by herself. It would be an especially skimpy bikini, the kind Martin never would approve. She would enjoy the sensation of exposing herself, in front of others, and her husband would never know.

Four days earlier, Erin had gone online and looked for the right bikini. She was at work, but on her personal laptop, so no one she knew would know what she was doing. She wasn't sure what she was looking for. She wanted it to be skimpy, to show off her body, but it couldn't be scandalously or outrageously skimpy. She had limits. She wasn't sure what sort of style or cut she wanted. She scrolled through many bikini websites.

Erin couldn't find the right thing for a long time. So she punched the words "perfect bikini" into her Web browser's search bar. The search engine didn't respond right away. For a second, the whole screen went dark, and then it popped back up. She didn't see a list of search results, as she had expected. Instead, she saw a web page with a photo of a bikini on a model that looked a lot like her: fair skin, a few freckles, lean but shapely, and with reddish brown hair. The bottoms were tied on the side, and the coverage in front and back was not great but not excessively revealing, either. The top featured triangles of fabric over the breasts and a string between them. The fabric was a rich, deep green, which she thought would make an attractive contrast with her hair and skin color. She ordered it.

Now it was on the car seat next to her.

Erin wanted, badly, to try it on as soon as possible. But that might be difficult if her husband got home before she did. Rush hour traffic being what it was, he might. Martin worked as a stockbroker at an office not far from home. He got into the office early to follow the stock exchanges, and he got off work early too, after they closed. Usually he spent the afternoon playing golf with friends at the club, but sometimes he came home early. Erin knew Martin would object to her wearing the bikini and would be upset at her having bought it.

Knowing that Martin would object to the bikini, but that she had bought it anyway, made Erin feel a little guilty. She valued honesty, and she had never been unfaithful to her husband. She had no intention, now, of being unfaithful. But she did want to break free, just a little, from the chains he put on her. The idea of showing off her body had taken hold of her, and she couldn't let it go.

It had started in May, summer approaching and the days getting longer and warmer. Beach season was approaching. One day, while shopping, Erin had walked by the storefront of a swimsuit boutique, and through the window several mannequins were posed wearing the season's most fashionable new bikini styles. A big sign saying "Time To Get Ready For Summer" was posted above the mannequins on the window. This season's bikini styles seemed unusually skimpy. Revealing, Brazilian style bottoms and abbreviated triangle tops appeared to be favored. Erin thought about the beach party her



husband's office would have in July. Some of the wives were sure to wear bikinis, as they had the year before. Before last's year's party, while shopping with Martin for something to wear, Erin had held up a bikini in front of her husband. It was conservative by the standards of what she was looking at through the window.

"Martin, what do you think of this?" she had asked.

His brow knitted in response. "That shows off a lot, babe, don't you think? That's the kind of thing Emily likes to wear. You want to dress like her?"

Emily was the brokerage office's receptionist. She was younger than Erin, only 22, single, and flirty. She had gone to the beach party the previous summer in a bikini that had started a lot of tongues wagging.

"You don't think my figure is as good as Emily's?" Erin asked him.

"Your figure is every bit as good as Emily's," he said. "Better. But that's not the point. Charlie Engster's tongue was practically falling out of his mouth at that party looking at her until his wife forced him to put it back in. I don't want to see him drooling over my wife. I just think a one-piece is more appropriate for my wife at an office party."

So Erin had complied. She had worn a modestly cut floral-design one-piece suit to the party. She had only worn it to get into the water,

briefly. Almost as soon as she had come out, when some other women were mingling at the party in their skimpy tops and bottoms, Martin had come over and handed her cover-up to her.

She could see his point -- there were protocols to follow in an office setting. But Martin kept up the pressure to be modest when it was just the two of them, even when they had gone to Hawaii together. He seemed constantly on the lookout for any man that might look at her. Erin appreciated his concern for her, but she also felt stifled by him.

At last Erin pulled her car onto her street, and then into the driveway of her house. She opened the garage door with her remote. Martin's BWM was in the garage, meaning, as she had guessed, that he had come home early. She grabbed the little manila package on the seat next to her and shoved it in her purse. It fit, barely. It was a lot of packaging for a few strips of fabric, she thought.

"Hi honey, I'm home," she called as she entered the door from the garage to the house.

Martin's voice sounded from another room.

"Hey, baby, had a good day?"

She heard quick, heavy steps approach. Martin wasn't especially big, but he had a loud, plodding walk. The met in the kitchen and he gave her a quick kiss on the cheek as he headed toward the refrigerator.

"It was fine," she said. "How about yours?"

"Can't complain. Er, what've we got to drink in here?" he asked. "I'm thirsty and the game's about to start."

Evening baseball was a favorite ritual for Martin. Erin had no interest in the sport but was good at feigning it when she wanted to snuggle next to him on the living room sofa.

"I bought a six pack of your favorite last night," she said.

"You're the best, baby!" he said and started to head back to the living room. He checked himself and appraised her. "You're looking sexy today. That skirt's a little shorter than usual, isn't it?" he asked. "I hope I don't have to worry about your coworkers hitting on you!"

He said it playfully but there was an edge of jealousy in his voice, too. Erin found it difficult fully to enjoy his compliments when so often there was a warning in them. Then she heard the TV pop on and the sound of ballpark cheering wafting through the house. She'd lost her husband to baseball for the rest of the night.

Later that night Erin and Martin lay in bed together. Martin wore boxer shorts and Erin wore panties and a chemise. She was pressed against him and her hand moved in circles over his chest. Martin held his phone in front of him. Erin could tell he was looking at the scores of sporting events from earlier in the day.

Erin had been thinking a lot about the bikini, still in its package hidden under a stack of panties in her drawer. With Martin around she hadn't yet dared to bring it out and look at it. That would have to wait until the next day. But she kept thinking about it -- the thin strips of green fabric, and nothing else, covering her body, just barely. The thought of it aroused her. She draped a thigh over Martin's and moved it up and down his leg. Then she pushed herself against him so only the thin satin of her panties lay between her skin and the skin of Martin's leg.

She pressed harder still, and moved her leg up and down his, but Martin didn't seem interested. She thought more about the bikini in the drawer, unworn, but ready to adorn her body as soon as she got the chance to put it on. She thought about what the fabric would feel like against her skin. A gentle tingle started between her legs and seemed to move up her body. She wanted Martin to respond. But he seemed determined to read the day's baseball statistics on his phone. Erin was feeling horny but ignored.

Martin suddenly put his phone down on the night stand to his side.

"I'm out, baby," he said. "Have to get up early. Hansen wants to meet before the markets open."



He looked at his pretty wife, the realization dawning faintly in eyes that Erin would be doing something the next day as well.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" he asked her.

"I'm planning to take the day off," she said. "Think I'll do some shopping."

"Sounds good, babe," he said. He gave her a quick kiss on the forehead, turned the other way, and turned out the night light. "Don't max out the credit card."

As though she had ever done that, Erin thought. Erin was a careful spender, and the little bikini hidden in the drawer on the other side of the room was about as much an indulgence as she allowed herself.

"You have nothing to fear," she said. She turned out the light next to her, and then lay on her back staring at the ceiling in the dark. She almost imagined she could see the small green bikini in the dark against the ceiling. It made her smile, and a few minutes later she fell asleep.

In the morning, she awoke. Martin already had risen, and the bedcovers on his side lay thrown back in disarray. At once the image of the bikini popped back into her head. It was time to get up and get ready for her adventure. She threw back her own covers and swung

her slim legs over the side of the bed. They were bare under the loose-fitting t-shirt and thread-bare, white cotton panties she had worn to bed.

The air in the bedroom was cool. She saw herself reflected in a full-length mirror on the way out of the bedroom: disheveled morning hair unevenly framing her face, white panties peeking out from under the brief t shirt, her hard nipples tracing little circles under the shirt fabric in the cool air.

The house was silent, so she guessed Martin, who was a noisy riser, already had left. Fortunately, he'd left some coffee brewed for her, and she followed the rich scent of it to the kitchen.

Martin had left a note on the kitchen counter. It said, "Have a great day, sweetie. I've got a meeting at 5 and won't be home until 6. XXX."

The robust flavor of the coffee and the promise of the day woke her up quickly. She had things to do, so after downing two cups and finishing a bowl of oat meal, she left the kitchen. It was time to get ready.

Back in the bedroom a few minutes later, Erin resisted the urge to take out the bikini right away and instead marched to the bathroom. She showered, giving herself enough time thoroughly to shave her legs and underarms. With the hot water running over her she then spread her legs wide, leaned over, pulled her butt cheeks open with one hand, reached down with the razor, and shaved everything off

between her legs. She thought about leaving a well-trimmed tuft or strip of hair over her pubic mound, but since she hadn't seen the bikini yet and wasn't sure how much it covered, she shaved that off too. She rinsed and turned the water off, and stepped out of the shower, completely bare. She hadn't been bare for a long time.

The moment had come to see what she'd bought, and then to put it on.

She walked naked to her dresser and pulled out the package. It was well wrapped and taped, so she needed scissors to open it. Finally she cut through the cardboard, and ripped open the clear plastic lining. The bikini was inside, and she laid it on the bedcover, the top immediately above the bottom.

The bikini was a rich, solid green, darker than emerald but with something of an emerald's shine and luster. The fabric reflected the dim bedroom light, giving off a faint glow. It was small, that was obvious -- skimpier than any other bikini she'd ever worn. She would have to try it on to see how small.

She picked up the bottom and put it between her legs.

It tied on both sides. She started with the right side, and as she began tying she could not help but notice how much of her skin on either hip would be covered by nothing more than few millimeters of green string. It had been years since she had worn a bikini bottom that tied

on the sides, and she was pleasantly surprised how easily and quickly the tying went.

Once that was done she picked up the top. It was nothing more than two small green lycra triangles and pairs of strings that tied behind her neck and back. She tied it on quickly with the use of the mirror in front of her.

She was done in less than a minute. Then she stood in front of the full-length mirror to appraise the result.

The image in the mirror made her suck in her breath a little. The bikini was smaller than any she had ever worn. The bottom was no more than a few inches across at the widest and stopped low enough that a part of her pubic mound lay exposed above it. The tied-off strings on either side rose no higher than her hip bones. The back was cut in a Brazilian style -- not a thong, but leaving a large section of butt cheek on either side exposed.

The top seemed barely to contain her breasts, and it made them seem larger. A good inch of string separated the triangles over her boobs, leaving a deep expanse of cleavage exposed. The triangles covering each breast were wide enough to avoid indecency, but narrow enough to leave a portion of each breast on either side open to view. Despite the thinness of the fabric, the bikini top seemed to lift her bust firmly and nicely.

Erin was surprised that the bikini had no lining. She didn't remember the description on the website saying it was unlined. But it was. Erin looked very carefully in the mirror to see if anything was revealed inappropriately. She didn't see anything. Her nipples, which were hard at that moment, left a faint circular outline under the fabric, but nothing too noticeable. The bottom was snug against her pussy. It left the skin on either side of her labia exposed, but the labia themselves were hidden and the way the fabric sculpted her pussy created only a faint hint of camel toe.

Erin loved it. Even though she was often critical of her body and reluctant to expose herself on the beach, she loved the way she looked in this bikini. The green of the suit perfectly set off her pale skin and the slight red tint of her brown hair. Her body looked lean but curvy. She knew she'd make an impression, assuming there was an audience at the beach to be impressed. Erin was sure there would be.

The bikini fitting now complete, Erin finished dressing. She found a short, pale blue beach dress cover-up and pulled it over, then she dug up some flip flops in her closet. She went to the closet to grab a beach bag, and pulled a towel out of the hallway closet. Into the bag went her phone, some sun screen, cash, and her driver's license. She grabbed two bottles of water and a couple of energy bars from the kitchen.

She was ready to go to the beach.

As she got in her car and started driving Erin thought about how skimpily she was dressed. A slight, short sun dress and bikini and flip flops: she couldn't remember the last time she wore so little driving down the street.

She felt naughty, as she drove. Her husband would be incensed if he knew what she was doing. Of course, that was part of why she was doing it. She felt a little bit guilty about that, but not too much. After all, she wasn't going to be unfaithful to him. She didn't plan to hook up with anybody, or even to flirt with anyone. She just wanted to show off a little -- a little more than her husband would have been comfortable with. Martin would never know. Surely, there was nothing wrong with that?

Under the little dress, the bikini felt good. Actually, it fit so well she barely could feel it all. Her nipples, which hadn't stopped being hard, poked against the bikini's thin fabric. The bikini bottom nestled comfortably against the bare skin between her legs. She almost felt naked under the cotton sun dress, and she liked the feeling.

The morning rush hour was over, so the traffic wasn't bad, and the drive west to the beach didn't take long. She knew exactly where she wanted to go; she and Martin had been there many times. As she approached she was glad to see the beach parking lot wasn't full, but it wasn't empty either. She smiled. The absence of a weekend crowd meant she was able to find a parking spot easily. At the same time, there were enough cars in the parking lot that she knew there would be other people on the beach to see her in her new bikini.

The car came to a stop. A big sign that said "No Lifeguard on duty" blocked the view immediately in front of her, but on either side of it Erin saw an expanse of pale, tan sand lying between her and the ocean, blue and still under a cloudless, windless sky.

Erin grabbed her bag on the passenger seat, opened the car door, swung her legs off the seat, and got out of the car.

It was a perfect day for going to the beach. It was warm, already, at 11 a.m., but not hot. No clouds threatened to obscure the sun, which perched high in the late morning sky and cast enough warmth to render all but the skimpiest clothing optional.

Erin walked away from the parking lot onto the beach, and then turned right. She had an idea where she wanted to go. The beach widened in that direction, and a large expanse of sand lay between the ocean and low, rocky bluffs.

The beach was neither crowded nor empty. Beachgoers lay or sat individually or in small clusters on the sand. Only a few people were swimming or standing in the water, which was still a bit chilly this early in the summer. The waves were modest and the ocean sparkled under the late morning sun.

As she walked along, Erin couldn't help but feel foolish. She had come to the beach to wear a bikini. It was no big deal, something thousands of women did at this beach every day. But of course, those women weren't married to Martin, and they didn't have to abide his

jealousy and controlling nature every day. Still, only she knew that; no one else on the beach knew her, or Martin, and probably no one would notice her in her bikini. But, even so, the possibility that someone might notice her sent a thrill running through her.

After a little while walking on the uneven beach sand, she decided to take her flip flops off. Next came the bigger step. She set her bag on the sand, and in a quick motion reached down to the hem of her cover up and pulled it up, over, above, and off her body. She scrunched it up and stuffed it in the bag before she could second guess her decision.

Erin stood on the beach, clad in nothing more than sunglasses and her brand-new, tiny, green bikini.

"Woah!"

She was startled to hear the exclamation, coming from someone nearby. It was the voice of a young male. Erin wasn't conceited, but she guessed the voice was responding to her. She tried not to react, but she couldn't help but smile. She also wanted to know who her admirer was. She kept her head straight forward, but behind the obscurity of her sunglasses her eyes scanned the beach for the source of the voice. It didn't take long to figure out who it was. About 20 feet away to her left sat two skinny young men; one was looking at her with his mouth open, and he was elbowing the other one, not very subtly. His companion looked up, and when he saw her his jaw dropped open too.

Erin kept walking forward, trying hard not to show she'd noticed the young men admiring her. But she felt a delicious thrill in the obvious enjoyment they got in watching her.

As she walked along the beach in her bikini, threading her way across the beach and around people and blankets and umbrellas, she tried to imagine what she looked like. The bikini was smaller than any she had ever worn before, and she could barely feel it on her as she walked forward. The warmth of the sun, angling higher and hotter in the sky as the morning wore on, made her skin tingle, and for some reason it tingled most on and around her breasts and on her butt.

After walking for a few minutes she found a good spot to sit down. It was about a hundred feet from the water. A low, chalky bluff rose from the sand about fifty feet behind her. She took a blanket out of the bag and flipped it out and lay it on the sand. She plopped her barely clad bottom on the blanket and pulled the bottle of sunscreen out of the bag and got to work lathering it over her fair skin. Not having lain out in the sun much this season so far, Erin had no summer tan to speak of, and she was ripe for burning without taking protection. She didn't want to have to explain a full body sunburn to her jealous husband later in the day. So, she spread the 50-SPI level sunscreen thickly all over her exposed skin. She took care to work it in well so it wouldn't leave unsightly white splotches. There wasn't much point in trying to show herself off if the sunscreen left her looking spotty and ridiculous.

When she was satisfied that she'd protected her body sufficiently from the sun she put the bottle away and lay back on her elbows, facing the water. She dug her toes into the fine grain of the pale sand off the edge of the blanket. While trying not to be obvious about it, she appraised her body in the little green bikini.

It was little, all right. And the fabric of it was so thin and light that she barely felt it. Looking down at her chest she saw her nipples pricking prominently and hard against the thin, unlined top, which was molded tight against her breasts. The triangle tops seemed thinner than she remembered them in her bedroom mirror. The lack of lining seemed more obvious than before, as well. A startling expanse of cleavage lay between the thin green strips that covered a part, but not all, of her breasts. Somehow her breasts looked bigger and fuller to her than before, too. She had the odd sense of them straining against the little top, which in its brevity seemed barely sufficient to hold them back. She had the sense that if she were rock side to side the thin strips of green would slip off and reveal her nipples. While the bikini top was not see-through, the fabric was thin enough that she thought she saw a hint of darkness where her quarter-sized areola lay, and if she was correct the edge of her areola were only millimeters from the edge of the green bikini top.

Her eyes moved down her body. Erin was pleased at the tautness and flatness of her belly. The bikini bottom was low -- very low. The side strings lay just below her hip bone, and the scant green triangle in front stretched tight across the front from one hip bone to another, leaving just a trace of a gap between the top edge of the bikini bottom and her skin. It seemed to Erin that the front was smaller than it had been before, but she couldn't figure out why that would be. Still, the

top edge of the bikini bottom was so low that if she hadn't shaved down there tufts of pubic hair would be peaking out. She guessed that the top edge of the paper-thin bikini bottom lay no more than half an inch from the top of her clitoral hood. Erin let her legs fall open a little, and she liked the way the fabric of the bottom stretched tightly but comfortably over the skin between her legs. The fabric molded against her closely enough that from her viewpoint she could see a hint of the cleft between her legs. It was noticeable enough to be sexy, but not so noticeable as to be vulgar, she thought. But, as with her top, she was conscious of the lack of lining on the bottom, and the possibility that the thin fabric stretched tightly over her pubic mound would show someone sitting in just the right position a distinct camel toe.

Deciding to ignore her exposure, or maybe enjoying it a little, Erin threw her head back and closed her eyes. The sun on her body felt wonderful. It encased her in a warm, sultry glow. She felt the heat of the sun moving over and under her skin. It seemed to pierce her, and to fill her. The boundary between her skin and the air was fuzzy. Her mind drifted. As she lay there it almost seemed that the skin directly under the fabric of the bikini buzzed with extra warmth, as though the fabric absorbed and concentrated the sun's heat where it touched her skin. Soon the extra warmth became a slight tingle, and then a stronger tingle. The extra warmth seemed to caress and almost pinch her nipples, as though warm fingers were moving back and forth against them. Between her legs the warmth settled into her cleft. She felt a sudden tongue of warmth move up and down between her lips down there.

Erin almost let out a loud gasp, but she came out of her reverie in time to catch it. Or, at least, most of it. Oh, my goodness, she thought. She had never felt anything like that before.

She looked around her. While her eyes had been closed the beach had been filling up around her. To her left sat three young couples sprawled over a few blankets. They were talking among themselves quietly; Erin couldn't make out what they were saying but she caught a hint of an accent that sounded European. A dark-haired woman, maybe a little younger than Erin, was looking at her, smiling faintly. Erin felt embarrassed. How loudly had she gasped? She wondered.

At her feet, 20 feet away and between her and the beach, sat three skinny, young men. She guessed they were college students; one of them wore a tee shirt with the Greek letters of a fraternity house. All wore sunglasses, so she couldn't see their eyes. But one of them was obviously looking at her, and the other two were laughing about something.

To her right sat a middle-age man, by himself, propped up in a beach chair and holding a paperback book in front of him. He was facing toward her rather than toward the ocean, presumably to catch the sun's rays most effectively, but possibly just so he could stare at Erin. It was hard to tell what his eyes were looking at behind the reflective lenses of his sunglasses, but he was making a good show, at least, of reading the book in front of him. Erin guessed he was in his late 40s, but his figure was lean and the muscles of his shoulders and abdomen were well defined. He wore light blue swim trunks that were unusually tight and short.

Erin suddenly was aware that she was holding her legs far apart, giving the college boys quite a view. She hadn't even realized she'd been doing that. She must have done it without noticing while her eyes had been closed and her attention focused on the warmth of the sun. She brought her legs back together, slowly so as not to act as though anything was amiss, but she didn't close them all the way.

Erin turned to her bag, fished through it, and pulled out a paperback book to read. It was a trashy, erotic romance novel. She had started it a few weeks earlier but Martin had made fun of her when he'd caught her reading it in bed, so she hadn't made any progress reading it since then. This seemed like the right occasion for it.

She opened it to the page she'd dog eared the last time she'd read it. The story was brisk and sexy and engaging. But Erin noticed after only a page or two that she couldn't concentrate on it well. She couldn't tell why at first, but then she noticed that sense of warmth between her legs again. She sat up and moved the book to the side and looked down.

Something seemed odd, but at first she couldn't tell what. Then she noticed it. The front part of the bikini bottom seemed even smaller than she remembered it being. The top edge lay even lower than before, just barely lying over and covering the fold of skin over her clit. The triangle seemed narrower, too, which didn't seem possible. Before it had been narrow, but now it seemed almost scandalously so -- no more than two inches across at its widest point. The color of it looked different, too, a paler, almost golden green, with an

iridescence she hadn't noticed before. What was odd, as well, was that, although the fabric was certainly narrower, it wasn't bunched up; if anything it was stretched more tightly and molded more closely to her flesh than before. The bikini bottom furrowed noticeably where it molded to the slit of her pussy. Erin felt a slight but noticeable pressure there that she hadn't felt before, as though the fabric was pushing back and out against her labia, doing its best to part them. Erin was mesmerized at the sight and at the feel of it. And as she looked at it, she noticed, also, that a slightly darker line of green lay directly over her pussy. She was aroused, and the damp flesh inside her vulva was moistening the thin bikini fabric.

She suddenly was conscious of what she was doing. She looked up and snapped her legs closed. One of the college boys in front of her, the one with the fraternity shirt, was looking at her, his mouth in a stupefied "o." He looked like he'd seen a ghost, or an angel, or something. Out of the right of her glasses she saw the middle aged man. He still was holding his book, and wearing sunglasses, but the position of his head was such it wasn't clear if his eyes were on the book or on her.

For just a moment, Erin felt annoyed. Then the feeling passed.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" she thought to herself. "You wanted to expose yourself, and you wanted to be noticed. Well, mission accomplished. I wanted to be stared at in a bikini, and I am, by a frat kid and a middle-aged guy."

Erin felt a little funny about it, but it was a good kind of funny. This was harmless fun. It didn't mean anything, and it was nice to be admired, even ogled. She hadn't been ogled like this in a long time.

She held her knees together and leaned over to her bag, pulling out a water bottle. She sat up and took a long swig from the bottle. Though she hadn't been at the beach that long the sun and warmth made her thirsty. She tilted the bottle in the air, and some of the water poured out over her lips and splashed onto her chest. She looked down at her chest and noticed a thin pool of water breaking into two rivulets that ran over and soaked the triangles of fabric that barely covered each breast.

The effect of the water was immediate and dramatic. The green fabric, previously thin but opaque, was suddenly and startlingly transparent. The dark skin of each areola was perfectly visible, as were the hard, erect nubs of her nipples. The cold water also gave her goose bumps, and it seemed to perk up her nipples even more. Where the fabric was wet it looked almost like there was no fabric at all.

Erin was nonplussed, but she didn't want to act like it in front of her audience. She kept her head down but looked up through her sunglasses and saw the frat shirt guy elbowing a companion and obviously staring at her. She looked to her right and the middle aged guy had a faint smile on his face. She turned to her left and the young dark-haired European woman was openly smiling at her. She was wearing a bikini as well, though it was black and gold, and not as skimpy as Erin's. Erin looked up and beyond them and noticed that

a few other groups of people lay on the beach not far from her as well. In fact, it almost seemed as though a semicircle of people had gathered around her, none closer than about fifteen feet but none farther than forty. Erin had her audience. It was a little thrilling, she had to admit, but it was also a bit disquieting how much more the bikini exposed her than she had expected.

Erin decided that, as much as she liked the idea of exhibiting herself, her front was giving a little too much of her way. So she turned around and decided to read her book while lying on her stomach. That felt better. Her nipples no longer were exposed. The bikini bottom was skimpy, but not scandalously so. She wouldn't be showing anything she didn't want to.

After about ten minutes of being distracted by her exposure and its effect on the people around her, Erin finally settled into reading her book. She decided to take another swig of water, so she raised the front of her body with one hand while she reached for the bottle with the other. As she did so she felt something different on her front. She looked down and saw the bikini top, lying, completely untied, on the blanket under her. In an instant she realized the truth: she was topless.

Erin lowered her chest quickly to the blanket. How had that happened? She was sure she had tied the bikini top securely, so it shouldn't have come off. It seemed odd that it could have happened so quickly, with no effort by her to take it off. She grabbed the ties of the top at her side and reached behind her and tied it back as best she could. As she did so she noticed, looking off to the side, that the

middle-aged man had set his book down. He wasn't obviously staring in her direction, but she knew -- she just knew -- that his eyes were on her behind the sunglasses. He held his knees about two feet apart, and his tight, short swim trunks bulged noticeably.

This was getting a bit out of hand, Erin thought to herself. She wanted to show off a little bit, and she wanted to be noticed, but she hadn't expected or intended to show off her bare breasts to anyone.

Oh well, she thought. The deed was done. She was decent again, and if the middle-aged guy had happened to get a peek at her unfettered bosoms, what of it? He'd had his fun, and she'd made his day. She would be more careful from this point forward, but no harm had been done.

Erin had no desire to show off her bare breasts more than she had, so she kept her chest pressed against the blanket as she resumed reading her book. She tried to concentrate on the words on the page instead of worrying about what the people around her had seen of her. Fortunately, she was getting to a good chapter in the book. The heroine, who was under investigation for the murder of her husband, was seducing the detective on the case. Erin turned the page and started reading about how she seduced him -- how she removed her blouse, and unhooked her bra, and pulled his chest down onto hers on the bed.

Soon Erin had forgotten her surroundings. She was caught up in the story. But suddenly she noticed a buzz of warmth between her legs, and she was surprised to find that without having noticed it she had

begun grinding her pelvis into the blanket. Suddenly conscious of what she was doing, she stopped, but the warmth between her legs was still there. What was going on? She thought. There was no doubt about it: even as she'd stopped moving, she felt a warm tingle between her legs. It seemed to start at her pussy, but then it moved back toward her ass. Erin suddenly was keenly aware of the feeling of then thin strip of bikini bottom between her ass cheeks.

Wait a minute, she thought. That didn't feel right. She was wearing a bikini, not a thong.

Not wanting to call attention to herself, Erin reached her hand back slowly toward her ass, as though to make a minor adjustment to it. But at first she didn't feel any bottom -- all she felt was her bare ass, warming under the sun. Where was the bottom? Her hand reached back farther until she felt the bottom -- but there was hardly anything left of it. All Erin felt was a thin strip, perhaps no more than an inch wide, disappearing into the crack between her pert, firm, and now very exposed cheeks.

She heard the sound of male laughter behind her, coming from the direction from which the frat boys were seated.

Now keenly aware of how much she was exposing of her ass, Erin immediately turned over and sat up. She hugged her legs to her chest. Her eyes scanned the surroundings beyond her sunglasses.

The beach was much more crowded than before. The three young couples, the young frat guys, and the middle-aged man were still there. But so were at least 30 other people within 50 feet of her. And it sure looked like a lot of them were looking at her. She couldn't be sure, because nearly everyone was wearing sunglasses, but at least 20 people were turned enough toward her that they could watch her if they wanted to.

Erin had never been in a pickle like this before. No matter what position she took, the bikini seemed to expose her. What to do? Erin liked being looked at, but she hadn't intended to show off her breasts or bare butt.

For the moment, sitting up and facing the beach with her arms wrapped around her knees, she seemed to be safe from further inadvertent exposure. Her upraised knees hid her breasts from view, and her crossed ankles obscured the space between her legs.

Erin didn't want to look concerned or distressed so she stared beyond the people around her toward the ocean. It must have been about noon, for the sun was at its zenith, and the blue brilliance of the sky was reflected in the water. It was a beautiful day, a perfect day to be at the beach. Half a mile off shore, a boat sped along, and behind it someone in a parasail rose lazily into the sky. Higher and higher they rose, the tether playing out farther and farther. After following the progress of the boat along the shore for a minute or two, Erin turned her attention from the boat and parasailer to the waves themselves. The air was still and the waves were low and quiet. Near the shore the waves broke and crashed at regular

intervals. A little farther out they undulated gently. Farther out still, the waves were imperceptible, and the ocean lay flat and shiny like blue glass.

It occurred to Erin that it had been almost a year since she had swum in the ocean. This early in the season, the water would be cool, even a little chilly. But Erin didn't mind swimming in cool water. It was warm enough now that the thought of cool water on her body was appealing and inviting. The thought of it made her close her eyes, and she imagined the cold splash of the ocean against her skin, the chill, salt water on her breasts and between her legs. Erin took pride in being a good swimmer, and she imagined herself cutting through the waves with long, languid strokes, the little green bikini thin and tight and damp against her body.

Erin got lost in her thoughts until, her drowsiness taking over, her head nodded down. She suddenly felt her head falling. She jerked her head up and opened her eyes. It took her a moment to recover her bearings. She nearly had fallen asleep while sitting up.

She realized, too, that while her eyes had been closed she had changed her position again. Her legs no longer were together; instead, they were spread wide, a hand on top of each knee. Without having been conscious of it, Erin once again had exposed herself to the view of her neighbors.

She looked down, toward the bikini bottom between her legs, and she nearly gasped with surprise. It seemed to have changed color once again. Now it was nearly emerald. And it was even smaller and

thinner. The top edge of the bikini bottom was no more than an inch wide, and a hint of the hood over her clitoris now lay unmistakably visible just over it. Even more mortifying was the fact that the right lip of her pussy was peeking out from the side, just a little bit.

There was so little fabric to work with now that it was going to be a challenge to cover everything appropriately. But it wouldn't do to keep her labia on view for the crowd at the beach. Erin opened her legs a little more so it would be easier to reach down and adjust the bottom. She used two hands to adjust it and pulled it just slightly to the right. The fabric covered her right lip, but suddenly her left lip popped out into view. It seemed thicker and puffier than she remembered it. The flesh of the lip was pinker than the pale skin around it. She quickly took the bikini bottom in two hands and pulled the fabric up and out to cover everything. But her actions had the opposite effect. By pulling up on the bottom, she stretched it thinner, and it narrowed and dipped and disappeared completely -- plop! -- between the lips of her vulva. Her legs were splayed wide and the uncovered, vertical slit of her pussy, having fully swallowed and hidden the stretched front of the bikini bottom, was now fully on display to the people on the beach around her.

She heard a gasp from the direction where the frat boys sat. She looked up cautiously and could have sworn the one with the frat shirt was mouthing the words "Thank you, God." The boy next to him was holding a cell phone down at his hip with the camera side directly facing her, and she thought she heard a soft "click." The third one simply stared at her with his mouth open.

Erin looked to her left. Every one of the six Europeans was looking at her, and the woman who had been looking at her before was staring openly at her and pursing her lips and smiling. Erin thought she saw her arch her eyebrows suggestively.

Oh my God, Erin thought. She glanced through her sunglasses to her right and saw the middle-aged man holding his legs as far apart as she was, the bulge in his brief swim trunks even larger than before, and an obvious smirk on his face.

Erin brought her legs together quickly. Since she couldn't seem to fix her bikini correctly it was the only way to stop putting on a show.

By keeping her legs together and her knees up she could obscure the scant green fabric of her bikini bottom and top from view of the people around her. But the effort focused her attention even more keenly on the feel of the brief lycra on her skin. As thin and slight as it was, its fabric teased and tantalized her. Her nipples were hard like diamonds, and she knew, even though it was now hidden behind her legs pressed together, that her pussy was damp and open like the petals of a flower in early morning.

Erin was aroused, and her breaths were quick and shallow. As bizarre and unimaginable as it would have been an hour ago, the little bikini strips against her skin were working her body up to an orgasm. It made no sense at all. But Erin could feel it: the thin strip of the bikini bottom pressed against her pussy was vibrating in a faint but steady rhythm and rising temperature. If it kept going like

this, it was going to make her come. She could tell. If she did nothing, it was only minutes away.

Erin couldn't help but think that she must be presenting a spectacle for the people around her, but she didn't want to look at them. Instead she looked beyond the shore, to the rippling, thick band of dark blue water under the paler blue sky. The water looked cool and inviting. It seemed to offer a refuge from the tease of the bikini and the gaze of the people around her.

She couldn't take it anymore. Erin took the sunglasses off her face and tossed them into her bag. She stood up, heedless of whatever the tiny bikini did or didn't show, and she started running toward the water.

Without looking at the people nearby, Erin knew they were looking at her. They were looking at her firm, lean thighs, and at the perky cheeks of her butt exposed by the tiny bottom, and at the sway and bounce of her breasts barely covered by the narrow triangles of the bikini top. At this point, Erin didn't care. She just cared about getting to the water. She ran as fast as she could through the sand, dodging people and blankets until she got to the ocean's edge. She didn't hesitate at the feel of the cold water on her feet. She kept running until the water was shin-high. Then she dove forward.

A frothy wave suddenly crested, hit her, and knocked her back. She tried to stand up but she lost her footing and fell back again. Another wave, bigger than the last one, washed over her. For a few moments she was submerged. Then she broke the surface and stood up. She

coughed and spit up some salt water and swept her wet hair back with her hands.

Erin had gotten turned around and now stood knee deep in the water facing the beach. She looked down. Earlier, when she had spilled water on her bikini top, it had become almost transparent. Now, soaked by the waves, the bikini was nothing more than a nearly invisible, faintly green film on her pale body. Her nipples stood out like pebbles. The dark slit of her hairless vulva was fully exposed.

Erin looked up toward the beach. She saw more faces turned toward her than she could count. She looked up toward where her blanket was, and she could see the three frat boys, laughing and pointing in her direction. The middle-aged guy suddenly had pulled a camera with a zoom lens, seemingly from nowhere, and it was pointed toward her. An older woman sitting on a blanket closer to the water was giving her the thumbs up.

The bikini seemed to want to expose her, Erin thought. Well, she was tired of fighting it. She stood in that position, her nearly nude body on display for everyone on the beach in front of her, and her hands at her side, making no effort to cover herself. Her shoulders slumped. Her chest heaved.

Standing in the waves, she struggled with her feelings. She'd never exposed herself like this before. A part of her was embarrassed. But another part of her was exhilarated. She had wanted to be seen, to show herself off, to be appreciated. And now she had -- more than

she could have expected. It was embarrassing, sure, but it was thrilling, too.

After a minute, Erin decided to end the show and swim. She turned away from the beach and plunged again into the water. This time the waves didn't stop her progress, and she moved forward swiftly with broad strokes and vigorous kicks.

As she had guessed, the water was cool, but it felt good against her body. She swam about a hundred yards one way, parallel to the beach, then she turned around and swam back.

As Erin's body knifed through the chilly water she appreciated how little drag the suit created. Wearing it while swimming was almost like wearing nothing at all. But that thought made her suddenly uneasy. She felt her hip with the hand on the backstroke, but she couldn't feel her suit. She stopped swimming and felt herself with both hands. Uh oh. Her suit was gone. She felt her breasts. No top, either. While she had been swimming her suit had fallen off of her. Erin was naked in the water.

Raising her head above the wave and treading water, Erin looked in every direction for signs of her suit. At first, she didn't see it, but when a swell took her and raised her above the surrounding water she saw the two green pieces of the bikini, floating on the water, about 30 feet away and farther from the shore.

She swam toward it furiously. She wondered how in the world both parts of the suit could have fallen off her, and how they could have drifted so far from her so quickly. She hoped no one could see that she was naked. She was over 50 yards from shore, and no one was swimming in her immediate vicinity, so she thought it was unlikely that anyone could see her. She hoped no one was looking right at her, because as she pumped her arms and legs through the water to get to her suit she knew that the quick pace of her swimming lifted her butt up and just above the surface of the water. But she couldn't afford to go any slower and risk letting the suit drift away.

After stroking the way to where she thought the suit was she stopped and treaded water and looked around.

"Where is it," she called, to no one but herself. She was becoming frantic. She was about 80 yards off the shore, bobbing up and down in the waves, naked, with the beach now packed with mid-day crowds of people and no bikini in sight.

And then she saw it. It had drifted a little farther out into the ocean, about thirty feet away, both the top and bottom somehow miraculously still floating within two feet of each other.

To keep the suit in sight this time she breast-stroked toward the suit with her head above water, not taking her eyes off the tiny pieces of green fabric skimming the ocean surface.

Despite her strong and determined strokes and vigorous frog kicks, though, the suit wasn't getting closer. The current seemed to carry it just out of reach. She swam like this for a minute, picking up her pace but not getting closer. She stopped to catch her breath for a moment and the suit appeared to stop drifting farther as well. It lay on the waves only about 20 feet away, tantalizingly close but just out of her reach.

Erin let herself turn around quickly to see how far she had swum. She was much farther from the shore now, well beyond the point where the waves broke, and, she thought to herself, farther out in the water than she was comfortable being. She didn't want to have to swim any farther to get her suit. She needed to grab it and head back to shore.

She turned her gaze back out to sea. The suit was there. A few strong strokes would take her to it, current or no current, and she could put it on.

A flash of white passed suddenly over her head. It was a gull, a big one, wings flapping audibly no more than ten feet from her. It was descending, its orange feet stretched out to prepare to land on the water.

It was headed right for her bikini.

"No!" Erin shouted at it. "Go away!"

She resumed swimming toward her suit, but, as before, she kept her head up so it wouldn't leave her sight.

The gull splashed down in the water next to her suit. It turned to her and fixed its beady eyes on her and opened its beak and let out a mocking "skraawwwk." Then it dipped its head to the water, and in two quick motions snapped up both pieces of her suit.

Erin was close enough that she tried to splash the white bird and distract it.

The gull ignored her. It extended its strong wings, and with a few vigorous flaps lifted itself into the air. It took off and flew quickly away, the green bikini firmly in the grip of its beak and sparkling like a jewel in the mid-day sun.

Erin treaded water for a full two minutes, watching the gull fly in a straight line close to the water and parallel to the beach until it was out of sight.

"This can't be happening," she thought. "It can't be."

A damned seagull had stolen both parts of her bikini, and now she was treading water and tiring quickly. She also was butt-naked and 200 yards from shore.

She couldn't tread water forever. Erin had no choice but to swim back to the beach.

She swam slowly, resuming a steady but now unhurried breast stroke. She had to get back to shore but also give herself time to think about what to do. She scanned the beach. Although she couldn't see her blanket she knew approximately where it was from the distinctive height and curve of the bluff behind it. She knew her blanket and her bag, with the cover-up stuffed inside it, lay about 100 feet from the water's edge, and a dense throng of beachgoers now crowded the space in between her and it.

As Erin approached the place where the waves broke she knew she'd have to decide what to do, and quickly. Her feet still couldn't touch the bottom, and she was getting tired. Once she got close enough to shore to stand up, however, the rise and fall of the surf would leave her at times exposed to view. There was no way she simultaneously could keep her feet on the ground and avoid exposing her nakedness to the crowd on the beach.

She thought she might be able to ask someone to get her cover-up and bring it to her. On the other hand, they might not cooperate. They might see her nudity and call attention to it, and that might attract more attention. It also would be hard for her, bobbing in the waves, to point out where her blanket was.

Not only that, but there was no one in the water near her at the moment. Off to her left, a hundred yards down the beach, she saw a man and woman with three little kids, wading slowly into the waves.

They were too far away to help, and she wasn't about to bother a family with little kids.

In the other direction, a little closer and now standing ankle-deep in the surf, stood two young men, shirtless and in colorful board shorts.

"Oh no," she thought. They were two of the frat boys that had been sitting near her on the beach.

And one of them was holding a cell phone.

The other one suddenly looked in her direction. Erin was close enough that she supposed he could see her, and even tell it was her.

Sure enough, the one looking in her direction elbowed the other and said something she couldn't hear over the din of the waves. Both frat boys looked up and over in her direction and smiled. The one with the cell phone held it up in front of his face as though he wanted to see if he could take a photo.

Erin thought, "This isn't going to go well."

She was getting closer to the shore, and the water level dropped suddenly and she felt her toes touch sand for a few seconds. Erin guessed that the frat boys were still about 60 feet away from the point

where she would exit the water to get to her blanket. But they were moving closer.

Erin had no choice. The longer she waited the more likely she was to become the photo subject of a pervy frat boy. She decided to get out of the water and make a run for her blanket.

Erin had never gone streaking before. Before she had met Martin she had at times enjoyed showing off, but always clothed. She had never been naked in public.

Until now.

With the frat boys approaching and holding up a cell phone, time wasn't on her side. Erin decided to make a run for her blanket, naked or not.

She waited until a wave was almost on her, and then she thrust her hands forward and kicked furiously. The swell carried her forward and for a moment she was body surfing just below the crest of the wave. As the wave angled toward the beach she guessed that any beach goers looking her way were getting a good view of her pale ass.

Suddenly, the wave broke hard over her and pushed her down under the water. She wasn't ready for the strength and weight of the wave on her, and she felt salt water enter her open mouth. Her body

twirled and tumbled under the surface. Her face and her knees smacked against the sandy bottom at the same time.

The water pulled back from her quickly, and before she knew what was happening she found herself on her hands and knees, coughing out briny water, hair partly obscuring her vision. The ocean had, without further ado, given her up, naked and gasping, to a large, surprised audience on the beach.

She pulled sopping strands of hair out of her face and looked past the shoreline. Sure enough, there must have been 200 pairs of sunglasses turned in her direction.

For a few seconds she sat crouched and exposed and unable to move. She knew that as soon as she stood up she would be fully nude and exposed to everyone looking at her.

The sound of a young male voice calling "Holy shit, dude!", coming from the direction of the frat boys off to her side but out of sight, spurred her to action.

Erin stood up and took off sprinting. She tried to, at least. The wet sand gave way under her strides, almost making her stumble. When she hit the tideline, the sandy surface was dry and heavy and uneven, and it was harder for her to keep a steady pace.

She still couldn't quite see where her blanket was past the throng of faces and bodies. She looked for it desperately. At the same time, she had to focus on the dense groups of people around her to avoid running over or into them. Her feet danced awkwardly around and between the beach blankets as she looked for her blanket.

"What if it isn't there?" she suddenly wondered. "What if somebody took it, or my bag?"

The way things had gone so far that day, it didn't seem like a stretch to imagine her bag and cover-up being stolen.

But then she saw them, the blanket and bag exactly where she'd left them. She was no more than 50 feet away from them.

Even as Erin focused on the bag and tried to ignore the dozens of heads turned in her direction, her mind's eye gave her a clear picture of what she looked like to the people around her. She was pale and gloriously naked, moving fast across the sand but not fast enough to avoid putting herself on display for her audience. Not fast enough to stop half a dozen cell phone cameras from snapping photos of her as she stumbled quickly by. Not fast enough to avoid putting on a show of her breasts, firm and thick and topped off with pert, upraised nipples, bouncing and heaving in every direction. Not fast enough to avoid exposing her hairless pubic mound and the little slit of her pussy with every long, awkward stride.

As Erin drew near her blanket she heard the murmurs and shouts and laughter coming from the beach crowd around her, along with exclamations: "Did you see that?" "My god, she's naked!"

She even heard someone say, "Nice pussy!"

Then she got to her blanket. She had meant to draw the cover-up out of her bag and throw it over herself as fast as she could, without drying herself off. But what she saw, spread out on her blanket, drew her suddenly to a stop.

She stood naked and still dripping under the warm sun, over a hundred people still craning their necks to get a good look at her, and she stared at what was on her blanket.

There, lying dry and stretched out against the pale blanket, was her green bikini, the top neatly laid out next to the bottom.

"Fuck," she called out, not believing what she saw and not caring if anyone heard her.

She stood gaping at the little bikini, her arms at her side, and her mouth open in amazement.

At the sound of a cell phone camera clicking behind her she moved again. She ignored the bikini and dove for her bag. She pulled out

the little cover up dress. Her hands tore at it to find the bottom, and as she struggled to find it she realized that her ass was up in the air and her legs were apart and she was putting on a show for anyone behind her. The second audible click of a cell phone camera told her the show was being appreciated.

Finally, her unsteady hands found the bottom of the little garment. She pulled it open, fell down on her knees on her blanket and pulled it quickly over her head. She felt the water on her still-damp body getting soaked up by the cotton fabric. The wet fabric against her body immediately made her cooler. Now crouching on her shins and knees she lifted her butt up to pull the cover-up down past her ass. It wasn't much of a cover, and the dampness of it caused it to mold tightly to her body, but she wasn't naked anymore, thank goodness.

She fished her sunglasses out of the bag and put them on. She looked up and, not moving her head much, she glanced from side to side through the shade of her glasses to see the people around her.

There were twice as many people in her immediate vicinity as when she had gotten up from the blanket to get in the water. Most of them now were turned away from her, or at least partly away, to make a show of not caring too much about the young woman who had been naked just moments before. But a few people still obviously gawked in her direction, and she was sure that others were staring at her behind the anonymity of their sunglasses.

Erin was beyond caring.

She had had enough of the beach.

Erin gathered her blanket and stuffed into the bag. She stood up and walked, fast, in the direction of her car. She didn't want to look at the people around her, but she couldn't help it.

The middle-aged guy still held a book in front of him, but he was smiling slightly, and at his hip he was giving her a thumbs-up symbol.

As her eyes swept the other way she saw the three frat guys together again at their cluster of blankets. All were looking at her. One of them was holding up his cell phone, again, and obviously preparing to snap a photo of her.

The young Europeans were talking among themselves, other than the one dark-haired woman that had smiled at her before. She was smiling at Erin and mouthing words that Erin couldn't make out.

Erin left them and walked briskly in bare feet over the sand toward the parking lot. The sand was hot now and almost burned her feet, but Erin wasn't about to stop to put her flip flops on.

After a few minutes, she was back at the parking lot and her car.

She opened the door and sat down in the front seat and tossed the bag on the passenger seat. It fell over, and the blanket spilled out, along with the little green bikini, and the bottle of sunscreen.

She didn't want to get any sunscreen on the car seat -- that wasn't something she'd want to have to explain to Martin -- so she reached over to put it back in the bag. She did so, but when she pulled her hand away from the bottle her fingers were doused in the thick sunscreen lotion.

She looked around for something with which to wipe her hands off, but didn't see anything.

Then she noticed that the little cover-up was pulled up at her waist. Her vulva was on view again, hairless and pink and damp between lips that were opened wide. Erin looked up quickly to see if anyone in the parking lot might see her. There was no one nearby. An empty pickup truck sat to her right, off the passenger side. On her left, off the driver side, was an open space, with a beat-up SUV in the space next to it. The "No Lifeguard" sign blocked most of the view in front of the windshield. She looked in the rear view mirror and there were no people or moving cars visible behind her.

Without thinking more Erin plunged her lotion covered fingers into the pink flesh between her pussy lips and pulled them up toward her clit. She turned her fingers this way and that until nearly all of the lotion had come off her fingers and lay in a messy lather in and on her pussy. She looked to the side and saw the green bikini, the source of so much unexpected exposure and adventure that day. It lay on

her blanket, and it looked the same way it had when she had tried it on that morning, as though it was protesting its innocence and disputing her memory of what had happened earlier. The sight of it aroused her. She stared at the bikini and at the same time mashed all of the fingers of her right hand against her pussy, pressing and spreading her lips around and pinching the nub of her clit between her fingers. Then she pushed two of her fingers, pressed together, deep into her pussy, and she bent her fingers into the shape of a hook and pushed farther until their tips pressed against the tender flesh of her g spot.

Erin looked up again, and still there was no one in sight near her car. She looked back at the bikini and then began moving her fingers back and forth in and out of her pussy, pressing up against the g spot with each inward thrust.

Staring hard at the bikini next to her and losing her caution she used her left hand to pull the lever needed to push the seat back. Then she brought her legs up and put her feet against the dashboard to either side of the steering wheel.

Her fingers, lathered up with sunscreen and her own wetness, worked in and out of her wet depths with greater urgency. Erin closed her eyes. She saw herself on the beach again, the little green bikini on her body. A crowd was gathered around her, intently watching her. Both triangle patches of the top were pulled to the side, showing off her nipples to everyone. The bottom was pulled to the side as well, giving a free and easy view of her pussy to the entire crowd. The lips were parted wide and the damp, pink flesh of the

inside of her pussy was on view, and she was frantically pushing her fingers into it and pulling them out.

Erin's vision didn't last long because it brought her to orgasm almost immediately. Eyes still closed, she arched her back and felt a small gush of wetness between her legs. Her eyes snapped open at the same time she let out a small, thin gasp. She pulled her feet off the dashboard and brought them down, and her legs quivered. She didn't remove her fingers from inside her pussy right away. They felt good inside her, stretching and filling her damp, spent sex.

As the orgasm subsided, something on the driver's side caught Erin's attention. On the other side of the half-rolled down window next to her was the young man with the frat shirt. He had a cell phone in his hand, but he held it off to the side and wasn't taking a picture. He was just staring at her with his mouth open.

Erin and the young man looked at each other, and neither moved at first. Slowly, it dawned on her that her still-finger-stuffed pussy was on view for him. She pulled her fingers out, her pussy making a little audible wet "plop" as she did so, and she pulled the hem of the little beach dress down to cover herself. She didn't stop looking at him and couldn't think of what to say.

He spoke first.

"Please don't stop," he said.

"I'm sorry," Erin said. "Show's over."

The young man looked at Erin, with what seemed to her a unique combination of lust and sincerity.

"I think I'm in love with you," he said. "Will you marry me?"

He almost looked sincere, or, at least, as sincere as a lusty young frat guy looking at a partly naked woman can look.

"I'm already married," said Erin. "And I'm a little old for you, I think. I'm sorry but I'm going to have to say 'no.'"

"You're breaking my heart," he said. But then he smiled and held up his phone. "At least I'll always have memories of you."

Erin let out a big exhalation of air. She noticed the young man's companions were getting into the SUV and calling to him. Evidently, they hadn't seen her and didn't know what he was doing by the side of her car.

"Knock yourself out with that," she said. "Bye bye."

She started the car and pulled out quickly, leaving her admirer standing there taking one last photo of her as she left.

As she steered her car onto the road to get home, still shaking slightly from her orgasm, Erin heard her cell phone ping.

She picked it up. She had received a text message.

It was Martin. The message said, "Hey baby. My meeting ended earlier than expected. Work is done and I'll be home soon."

"Shit," Erin said. It still was early afternoon, and Erin hadn't expected Martin home until 6 p.m. She couldn't let him get home first. She didn't want to come home and have to explain being in a damp, salty cover-up, wearing underneath, and with a beach bag in tow.

She pressed her foot against the gas pedal. She sped up. She had to beat Martin home.

Traffic still was relatively light. Evening rush hour hadn't started yet, so the roads were not crowded. Erin was able to keep up a steady pace to the house.

She pulled the car into her neighborhood, onto her street, and saw the driveway ahead. With the click of the remote she opened the garage. It was empty. Martin wasn't home, yet.

"Thank goodness," she said to herself.

Erin made sure to gather everything in the car and throw it into the bag. She left the car and simultaneously shut the garage door and scampered into the house.

She ran to the small room with the washing machine and stuffed the beach blanket and her cover-up into it. She pushed the button to start the machine. She took the bikini into her hand -- she couldn't risk the slight possibility that Martin might pull open the washing machine and see it inside. She ran naked from the pantry room to her bedroom, pulled open a dresser drawer, and shoved the green bikini under her panties and bras.

She took out the contents of the beach bag, ditched them under a cabinet in the bathroom, and then ran over to the closet to hide the bag in a corner.

Still naked, she ran back to the shower. It was time to wash off all traces of the beach -- the salt and the beach lotion.

She showered quickly. The steady spray of water calmed her as she reflected on the insanity of the day she'd just had.

Conscious of Martin's imminent arrival, she finished her shower and dried off in a hurry. The instant she walked naked and dry out of the bathroom she heard the door to the garage open and shut with a bang. Martin was home.

She ran quickly to her dresser and pulled out a pair of brief cotton shorts and an old, tight t shirt. She put them on. She heard the sounds of Martin opening drawers and moving around the kitchen.

Erin left the bedroom, checking one more time to make sure no sign of her beach visit was on display, and walked down the hall to the kitchen.

Martin was there. He had just pulled a bag of chips out of a pantry cabinet and had poured them into a bowl. He was munching away, loudly.

She walked up to him in short shorts, tight top, and damp hair, and gave him a hug.

Martin looked her up and down and gave her a quick, "Mmmmm. Looking good, darling."

He gave her a quick, perfunctory kiss on the cheek.

"What've you been up to today, babe?" he asked. "Looks like you got some sun."

She let herself smile for him.

"I guess so," she said. "I went for a run. I ended up running longer than I expected to."

"Got to be careful out there, baby," Martin said. "You don't want to expose too much of your skin."

There was nothing Erin could say to that.

Martin grabbed a bottle of beer from the refrigerator, popped the top off, and started walking out of the kitchen. He turned back to her as he got to the door.

"Sorry not to talk, honey. Hard day. I'm going to turn the TV on and see how much of the game's left. You had a good day, though?"

He had turned the other way and started walking out the kitchen door before she had a chance to reply. Erin thought about the day she had had. She thought about the bikini, now lying under layers of socks and bras and panties in her dresser drawer.

"It was perfect," Erin said, to herself.

Anything for The Sale

The doorbell rang.

Jackie Jerelsen walked briskly on four-inch heels over a fine-grained wood-plank floor to open the house's massive door. The 10 o'clock potential buyer had arrived, right on time. She threw her shoulders back and put her game face on. It was time to make a sale.

The house was, by far, the pride of all her listings -- a high modern-style mansion of angular white walls, pale maple floors, and vast, floor-to-ceiling windows opening to expansive views over a high bluff, looking over a river below. The house was much admired, but it was expensive, too. Few people could afford it. But she had little doubt that the man with whom she had her current appointment-- Victor Maxon -- could afford it. She just had to convince him to buy it.

She had the sales chops to do it. She knew it. She was the number two sales agent in her realty firm's regional office, close on the heels of her long-time rival and nemesis, Cynthia Beele. If she got this sale done, Jackie would beat Cynthia and be number one for the company's fiscal year, which ended on July 31, just over two weeks away.

She opened the door and gave Victor Maxon her biggest and most confident smile.

"Mr. Maxon!" she said. "Hello. I'm Jackie."

She almost faltered in her delivery. Victor Maxon was disarmingly handsome -- very tall, with wavy hair and broad shoulders, a powerful jaw line, and piercing eyes. He wore dark slacks of a fine wool and a neatly pressed cotton blue shirt. He radiated money and confidence, but he also projected an air of casualness, even indifference, as though he was keenly aware of his success but didn't care if anyone else knew about it. He carried a slim, dark briefcase. He had come by himself, unrepresented by a real estate agent of his own.

"You're right on time," Jackie said. Her voice sounded thinner and less confident to her than she wanted it to. She beckoned with her hand and Maxon walked through the door.

"I'm always on time," he said. "I said I'd be here at ten, and I'm a man of my word. And please call me Victor."

"OK Victor." Jackie turned away from him to lead him to the kitchen, where she expected to begin the house tour. She was aware, as she walked ahead of him, of the brevity of the gray skirt she had chosen to wear that day. It was fashionable, and form-fitting, and it showed a lot of leg. She had asked around about Victor Maxon before his visit, and she felt sure this was the best skirt to wear to get his full attention. She imagined his eyes on her firm, rounded ass as she walked ahead of him.

"I heard that about you," she said. "That you keep your word. You have a good reputation."

"You did your homework," he replied as he set his briefcase down on the kitchen floor. "I did too. I heard that you're very good at what you do, and honest. On your company website you're listed as number two in sales in your office. Right behind Cynthia Beele."

"You saw that? You really did do your homework." Jackie pivoted on her high heels on the floor to face Victor again. She was ready to show him around. He seemed to be in no hurry, though. He looked intently at her.

"I saw Cynthia yesterday," he said.

Jackie was startled. She hadn't known that. "You did?"

"Yes. At another house. On Crawford Avenue. You know the one? She showed it to me yesterday."

Jackie knew that house well. It rivaled the house she was showing right now in opulence and size -- and in price. It hit her in the gut, suddenly, how important this sale was. Whoever sold her house to Victor Maxon would win the realtor of the year prize in her firm's regional office -- and the recognition and substantial bonus that would go with the win.

Jackie wanted that bonus, badly.

Jackie resolved to herself to beat Cynthia.

Putting on her best smile and hiding her thoughts about the competition with Cynthia, Jackie showed Victor around the house. She took him through the living room and dining room, inspected the kitchen with him, took him around the back yard and showed off the seemingly endless views from it, and then escorted Victor upstairs to look at the bedrooms. She started with the master bedroom and then showed him the guest bedrooms. She knew that Victor was single, and she was surprised that he was interested in buying a house with so many rooms.

But, as she was aware, rich men often wanted more than they needed. And Victor Maxon was rich. He, too, was in the real estate business -- he had been buying and developing land in the area for over 20 years. He was famous in the industry as a shrewd operator and tough negotiator. It was said that he never made a bad deal.

They entered one of the guest bedrooms. Out of the corner of her eye Jackie noticed Victor running his gaze up and down her body. It felt like she was being undressed, but she didn't wholly mind. Cynthia might have been her senior as a realtor, but Jackie had a better figure, and she knew her looks gave her an advantage over Cynthia. She threw her shoulders back and her chest out and knew that as she

passed by Victor, he would be looking at her firm and full breasts, encased in and molded by a cream blouse, in profile.

She felt a twinge of guilt at what she was doing, but just a twinge. She was a realtor. A saleswoman. The sellers had entrusted her the task of selling their house at a good price, and she was bound and determined to do it. And her fee would be significant. So, too, would be the bonus from her firm if she beat Cynthia Beele as the realtor of the year.

She turned around again to face Victor and held her hands out to show the room to him, but he wasn't looking at her. He was looking off somewhere else, into the depths of the room, with a distant and hard-to-read expression on his face.

"A pity I don't have any kids," he said. "So many nice bedrooms. But I have many friends, Jackie, in many places, and they can visit me. This room would be a nice room for them to stay."

Jackie nodded and almost spoke, but Victor interrupted her.

"You have kids, don't you, Jackie?" he asked. Now he looked at her, with steady and almost unblinking eyes. Jackie felt uneasy.

"I do," she said. "Two. How'd you know?"

"I do my homework, like I said. You have one that's about to go off to college, don't you?"

"I do. My son Matthew. He's going to Duke next year. I'm very proud of him. I have a daughter, Lillian, who has two more years of high school."

"Duke," Victor replied. "A private school. Very expensive tuition. That's a lot of money to pay for college, even for a successful realtor. And another child will be going off to college, not far behind. You've got your hands full."

It was unnerving to Jackie that Victor seemed to have such a clear view into her own needs. It was true that Jackie was doing very well as a realtor, but the upcoming expenses for college were going to be enormous, and she knew that her deadbeat ex-husband would be no help. He'd lost his last job and could barely make his minimal child support payments already. There was no chance he was going to contribute to paying for the children's college. Jackie knew it was up to her to do that, and she fretted about being able to cover the expenses in full.

It was cool in the house, but Jackie could swear she felt a bead of sweat on her forehead. Nobody ever made her sweat, but somehow Victor Maxon did.

"Why don't we continue the tour?" she asked, and she led the way through the rest of the house.

They finished the tour in the kitchen, where they began.

"So, what do you think?" Jackie asked. "It's an amazing house, isn't it?"

"It's an excellent house," Victor replied, slowly. "You've done an excellent job showing it off. I'm definitely interested."

"That's great!" she said. "I'd be happy to answer any more questions about it."

Victor paused, for a long time.

"I do have a question, Jackie," he said.

He paused again.

"Do you know what day it is?"

Jackie was nonplussed. Victor Maxon was very hard for her to read.

"It's Tuesday," she said.

"Well, I don't mean that. I mean, do you know what's special about this particular Tuesday?"

Jackie vaguely recalled that there was something unusual about this day -- something odd -- but she couldn't remember what it was.

"I don't know," she confessed at last.

"It's National Nude Day," Victor said, with a thin smile and eyes wide and steady on Jackie's face.

"Oh, I didn't know that," Jackie said, not knowing what else to say and wondering where this was going.

"Ah," said Victor. "I thought everybody knew. Yes, it's National Nude Day. So, I assume, since you didn't know about it, that you have no plans to celebrate it?"

"Oh no," Jackie said, trying to keep her voice serious and steady and feeling more uncomfortable by the moment. She laughed uneasily. "Do you?"

"Oh yes," Victor said, looking away from her, through the large window to the river beyond it, saying nothing more.

He was silent again, unnerving Jackie.

"What's your plan?" she asked.

Victor turned his eyes back on Jackie.

"It involves you," he said.

"What?" she asked, staring at Victor and not knowing what else to say. She felt very small, suddenly, and felt that a hole might open in the maple floor under her expensive heels and that she might fall through it. Victor stared at her, and it seemed to Jackie that his eyes grew larger and darker and more unblinking.

"I'm a businessperson, and a salesperson, like you," Victor said. "I buy and sell property. I'm always trying to make the best deal. I have to. I have people -- employees, investors, family members -- who count on me. I always want to make the best deal possible. And I'll do just about whatever I have to do to get that deal done. I hear you're the same way.

"I know you want to sell this house. You'll make a big commission, and you'll be realtor of the year, and you'll get a nice bonus. It would be great relief to you to know you can pay all that college tuition.

"I like the house. I like it about the same as the house Cynthia showed me yesterday. I might like to buy it. But there's something I want you to do for me, first. For National Nude Day.

"I want you to get naked, Jackie. Now."

Jackie stared at Victor, her jaw dropping and her mouth wide open, saying nothing for several seconds.

"Victor," she started to say, "That's ridic ---"

He cut her off, holding his hand up.

"I knew you'd say that. You're a woman with self-esteem and class. You're educated. You make good money. I'm sure you've dealt with male clients and male buyers ogling you and leering at you. I have no doubt you know how to deal with them. But you've never had any make a proposition like I'm making, right?"

"That's right," she said. Her voice sounded very small to her.

"You have your reputation to think of, don't you?" he asked, his voice pressing her.

"Of course. In this business, reputation is everything."

"Same with me," Victor said, his words pouring out in a confident torrent. "My reputation is everything. I'm very discreet." Jackie saw

his eyebrows rise, and his eyes bored into hers. "As are you. What happens during business negotiations . . . stays in business negotiations. Nobody needs to know. Nobody but us. Nobody will ever know."

Jackie still had trouble grappling with what Victor was saying.

"Victor, what are you --"

He interrupted her again.

"I want you to take off your clothes," he said. "All of them. I want you to be completely naked, and I want you to put on a little show for me. I'll tell you what to do. All you must do is follow my instructions. I know you can do it. Do it, do it well, and please me, and I promise you, I will buy this house. Today. I've already read all the paperwork you sent me yesterday. I can contact my banker in 30 seconds with my phone. You'll get your sale, your commission, your prize, and your bonus.

"All you have to do is get naked for me, now. And it's done.

"You have my word."

Jackie's head swam -- with outrage, anxiety, nervousness, a burning competitive desire to beat Cynthia and to be number one, but also a

fierce, internal pride, and disbelief and anger at what Victor had asked her to do.

"Your word?"

"My word. I told you I always keep my word. You did your homework, so you know I do. You said it yourself."

They stood athwart each other, neither saying nor doing anything for a moment. Jackie felt the force and persuasiveness of Victor's personality behind his next words.

"Jackie, listen. You're not married. I'm not married. There's no reason you can't do this. It's . . . irregular, I admit. But there's nothing immoral about it. And I think you'll like it."

"And why would you think that?" She folded her arms over her chest, aware of her breasts pressing against them.

"Look how you dressed today," he said, his chin pointed up toward her. "You dressed for me. To impress me. To be sexy for me. I'll bet that skirt's a bit shorter than usual. I'll bet that blouse is tighter than normal. I'll bet those heels are higher than normal. You dressed this way, today, for me, to get the sale done. Because you'll do what it takes, including looking good for me, the buyer. You know it. You already were prepared to put on a show, and you have -- a good one. I'm just asking for a little bit more of a show than you planned for."

Jackie didn't move or speak for a moment.

"Even if that's true," she said, slowly at first, but gathering in pace, "It's not the same as what you are asking, and you know it. What you are asking is completely different, and it is outrageous. There's no way I can do what you ask." But she shivered with nervousness as she said it. The words were confident, but she didn't feel confident.

"Did you do this to Cynthia, too?" Jackie asked. "Ask her to get naked?"

Victor said nothing at first, and then he laughed. The laughter struck an odd, but welcome, note to Jackie's ears. It dispelled some of the tension hanging over them and she felt glad to hear it.

"Cynthia?" he asked, laughing more. "No. I didn't want to see Cynthia naked. You might have the wrong impression. This isn't just some sicko power trip. It's not just a business deal -- although it is partly that.

"You're a beautiful woman, Jackie. You're one of the most beautiful women I know. I want to see you naked. I want that so much; you have no idea. As I said before, I did my homework. I knew how beautiful you were. And I admired your success, too. It makes you even more attractive, makes me want this even more. I've asked around about you."

"Asked around?" Jackie asked. "You're a strange man."

"Maybe I am," he said. "But I don't care. I'm a man who knows what he wants and knows how to get what he wants, and what I want, right here and right now, is for you to take your clothes off. Do that, Jackie Jerelsen, and I'll buy this house."

Jackie stared at Victor, paralyzed. What he asked was impossible, but . . . was it more impossible than letting the deal fall through? Those words bored into her -- "I'll buy this house" -- and the impossibility of turning away from that promise tussled with the impossibility of doing what he wanted her to do. Two impossibilities. Which was more impossible?

"I have a reputation --" she started, instantly feeling ashamed for saying the words.

"I know, and so do I," he said. "My biggest client now is the First Covenant Church. Heard about them? Very conservative evangelical church. I'm buying and developing land for them for their new sanctuary. I can't lose that deal. If they heard about this -- what I've asked you to do -- well, the church vestry wouldn't be too happy about that. There's no way they'd continue doing business with me. I need discretion every bit as much as you do. If I spilled the beans about you, about today, and word got out -- that could really hurt me. You don't have to worry about me telling anyone."

"No one will ever know, Jackie. No one will ever know. No one but you and I."

Jackie didn't say anything. She felt mute. She felt her feet rooted through her high heels to the wood floor beneath her. She felt unable to say anything or do anything.

She wanted to shake her fist at Victor Maxon and tell him to go to hell and tell him that there was no way, ever, that she would or could do what he was asking her to do.

But she didn't do it. She couldn't quite do it.

And she knew that Victor Maxon was watching her, closely, and that he knew, already, that she hadn't told him to go to hell when she could have.

Victor walked two paces to the side of Jackie and pulled a tall stool away from the kitchen island. He pulled it back, and Jackie heard its legs whine across the floor, and she hoped that they didn't scratch it.

"Jackie," Victor said, hopping up on the stool, and holding up his phone and pointing to the time display on it, "It's 10:35 am. I booked a two-hour appointment. No one will be here until noon. We have this house to ourselves for almost an hour and a half.

"Take off your clothes. Get naked for me. Do it and I will buy this house."

Somewhere, inside her, amid the sky-high anxiety and conviction that she had gone mad, Jackie knew that Victor spoke the truth. He wasn't shitting her. If she got naked, he'd buy the house. She'd win, and she'd get her bonus. She knew -- somehow knew -- that however obnoxious and absurd his request was, he would keep his word.

She didn't do anything, still, but her shoulders slumped and her body sagged. She looked into Victor's eyes and she knew he knew he'd won.

"Hop up onto the island, Jackie," he said. "It's Nude Day, Jackie. Just tell yourself it's Nude Day. It's Nude Day and you're going to celebrate. By getting nude. Now. For me."

It was Nude Day and she was going to get nude. Something snapped, and she made up her mind. Jackie put her hands behind her, against the granite island counter, and lifted herself up, until her butt rested on the cool granite tile and her high heels dangled in the air below.

Her short skirt pulled up, shorter still, exposing long, lean legs, bent over the edge of the counter to Victor's view. Jackie held her knees together, but she knew he could see a lot, regardless. Victor sat still and upright on the stool, several feet from her. His eyes were fixed on her. Jackie knew she had his full attention.

But she did not know what to do. She waited. She knew the tall, handsome, and charismatic man sitting a few feet from her and staring at her knew exactly what he wanted her to do.

"That's a nice blouse you're wearing, Jackie," he said. "Unbutton it. Slowly."

She thought about the firm bonus and what it would mean for her -- and for her son's college tuition -- as her hands lifted off the mottled granite counter and moved to the top of her blouse.

Slender fingers moved deftly over the top button, and then it was undone.

Jackie breathed deeply, chest heaving. She felt more sweat gather on her brow. In different places on her body, her skin flushed.

"Next one," Victor said, his voice strong and even.

She unbuttoned the next one, and then the next one. Without looking down she knew that the skin of her chest lay exposed to Victor, and that he could see her cream-colored bra under the now-opened blouse.

Her mind scarcely understood what her hands were doing. It was focused elsewhere: on the hum of the air conditioner, on the

goosebump-inducing coolness of the circulating air, and on the sweet scent of roses she'd picked from the garden in back and set in a vase now four feet from her on the island. It couldn't quite focus on her hands -- those mischievous hands, now heedless of decorum and busy unbuttoning her shirt to bare herself to a man she had met only forty minutes earlier.

The hands kept going. Soon all the buttons were undone.

But the hands didn't stop. They tugged at the shirt fabric until the tails of the shirt were pulled, fully, from underneath the tight waist of her skirt. She pulled the shirt back. Now he could really see her.

Jackie was proud of the condition and shape of her body, and her abs were a particular source of pride. She knew looks were an important selling point for her job, and she kept her figure lean and sculpted by eating carefully and working out in the gym five days a week. She had just enough fat to fill out her feminine curves nicely, but her torso was lean enough to show a hint of her abdominal muscles. Sometimes, at the gym, while on the stairclimber or treadmill, she wore only brief shorts and a sport bra, and she could feel the eyes of the men nearby on her figure as she ran. She enjoyed that feeling.

But she'd never, in her life, done anything as brazen as what she was doing now. What she felt now was different from anything she'd ever felt in her life. She didn't know what name to put to that feeling.

"Continue," said Victor. "Take the shirt off."

"OK," Jackie said. The softness and meekness of her voice in her ears annoyed her. If she was going to do this, she wanted to do it confidently. But she couldn't quite muster anything quite like confidence even as her resistance to Victor's request ebbed away.

She sat up straight and lifted the shirt off her frame. She tossed the shirt, carefully, to another part of the island, near the flowers.

Jackie's skin prickled from nervousness and from the cool air. The air conditioning had been running all morning to ward off the summer heat and keep the house comfortable for potential buyers.

Now the coolness, kissing her bared skin, heightened her awareness at her condition.

Her bra, fully on display to Victor's eyes, was of a cream lace design, matching her cream blouse, with a deep, plunging neckline. Victor, she knew, had a sweeping view of her cleavage, and she imagined her wide, rosy areola lay just barely hidden beneath its upper edge.

"Keep going," Victor said.

Jackie's hand waivered. It didn't know whether to go up or down.

"Your choice," Victor said, obviously knowing what she was thinking.

Jackie's hands went to the zipper behind her skirt. She sat up and pulled down. She unzipped herself, the zipping sound surprisingly loud in the otherwise silent room.

When she was done, she simultaneously hopped off her butt and pulled at the skirt in short tugs. It wasn't easy to do, but she imagined Victor didn't want her to jump off the island. He wanted the show to continue right where it was, and giving him a good show was what she must do.

Finally, after a few more tugs the skirt was off her hips and at her legs. She bent her knees up, and in another moment she had the skirt in her hands. She placed it next to the shirt and turned back to Victor.

He sat impassively, smiling faintly, but not lewdly, with the same air of casualness he had affected when they met. Jackie was still nervous, and half in disbelief about what she had done so far, but his casual demeanor eased her nervousness, at least a bit.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked, surprising herself with the boldness of her question.

"Very much," he said. "You are beautiful, Jackie. Now show me everything."

The brassiere unsnapped at the front. When the cups parted from each other, the bra's elastic force pulled them apart. Jackie shucked the bra off, one arm at a time, the other hand and arm covering her breasts from Victor's wide, steady eyes.

I'm really going to do this, she thought.

"You're doing great, Jackie," Victor said. "Keep going."

She lowered her arm, showing her breasts to Victor.

Jackie was fortunate among women she knew to like her own breasts. They were full and rounded, with wide pink nipples that jutted forth so conspicuously that Jackie always was aware of the need to dress carefully to avoid showing off "headlights." Jackie was 41, so her breasts had lost some of the loft and perkiness of youth, but not so much that she had felt the need to get a boob job, as so many other women in her line of business had.

The cool air -- which seemed even colder now -- tickled her nipples, and Jackie knew they greeted Victor's eager eyes fully erect and hard. His eyes left her face and wandered over her chest, taking in one breast at a time. He smiled appreciatively.

Jackie knew she needed to put on a show, so she slid her hands, fingers splayed, slowly up her sides, in sinuous curves, until a hand

cupped each breast. She lifted one, then another, then moved them in achingly slow circles. Her thumbs flicked against the pert tips of her tits. She caught Victor licking his lips, and this time she smiled at the reaction she'd received.

Jackie had stripped for her husband, of course, when she had been married, and for other men she had known in the bedroom, but she had never put on a show that was so agonizingly slow, so brazen, and so sexy.

Despite the prick of cold air on her skin, an unexpected warmth grew inside her. She began to enjoy her own performance.

She threw her head back and sighed and her hands wended their way down her torso until her French-manicured nails contacted the upper edge of her panties. She brought her head down and gazed ahead so she would know exactly what Victor was looking at. His eyes had followed her hands, and his attention now was fully focused on the tiny thong that barely covered Jackie in a creamy lace that matched the discarded bra.

Jackie always wore thongs under skirts. She usually wore skirts that were short and tight and made of thin material, and it was important to her never to show panty lines.

This thong was tinier than most -- just a little triangle of lace held together by long, pencil-thin strips of cream lace embroidered with a few tiny rose-shaped dots to add a touch of color and variety. The

triangle was so small that it had to be kept in just the right place to preserve whatever modesty Jackie had left, which, now, was very little.

But this was no time for modesty. Jackie had gone this far, and she was prepared to go all the way.

She would not, however, go too quickly.

Her slender, elegant fingers teased the tiny lace strips along her hips, and delved under them, lifting the thin strips away from her skin. She pulled one strip up, and one strip down.

Victor's eyes were glued to her thong. They looked at nothing else.

Jackie pulled up tightly on the strings of the thong, shrinking the width of the triangle and stretching it tightly over her pubic mound. She parted her legs and pushed her hips out so Victor could see better. She looked down to see better, too. A noticeable, vertical cleft appeared now under the lace, and the triangle was so thin that the edges of her outer labia appeared on both sides.

She took a finger from one of the straps and touched it to the lace, tracing a line along the dimple under the paper-thin fabric. She felt moisture. She pushed, and both fabric and finger dipped into her cleft. The triangle narrowed still further, and there was no doubt about it anymore -- the full expanse of her outer labia was on view.

Only the slit of her pussy itself remained hidden. Wisps of neatly trimmed hair emerged into view as well beyond the edges of the lace triangle.

Jackie still felt nervous and vulnerable, being almost naked, as she was. But she felt a delicious power, too -- the power of a stripper over her audience. Her performance so far had utterly mesmerized the powerful and handsome Victor Maxon. She knew she was putting on a good show, and it was about to get better.

Quickly, Jackie lifted her knees and legs and swung to the side, so her heels rested on the island counter and her body was sideways to her audience. Victor could no longer see between her legs. She reached down and with agonizing deliberateness snaked the thong off her hips, up her thighs, over her knees, and down her calves, until it lay in a little lace puddle at her feet. With the point of a four-inch heel she kicked it away.

Now she sat completely naked in front of Victor Maxon.

"Magnificent," he said.

"I'm just getting started," she replied.

She paused, holding his eyes with her own, and then pivoted on her bottom and swept one leg grandly around, until at last she sat fully spread and exposed before Victor, heels up and on the island

counter, knees bent and pointed away from her to the ceiling, and her nude body at last fully on display to Victor.

Jackie kept a well-trimmed patch above her clitoral hood, but beneath it everything was shaved bare. And her bare vulva now lay open and exposed to Victor's view. She sat that way, legs open, with her hands on the island counter propping her up. She sat still.

Jackie saw with satisfaction the way Victor's eyes feasted on her body, and specifically on the junction between her legs. For perhaps a minute he said nothing, but a bulge grew noticeably in his pants, and his hand moved up from his thigh to the bulge and lightly and absent-mindedly stroked it. The bulge grew more.

Victor broke the silence.

"Play with yourself, Jackie. Make yourself come for me."

The forefinger and middle finger of one of Jackie's hands snaked down between her legs to her pussy, and each finger peeled a lip back, until the lips were spread as wide as they could go and the full pink depths of Jackie's pussy was exposed. The finger from the other hand traced up and down the length of her deep rosy furrow until both her cunt and her finger glistened with wetness. When her fingertip was noticeably moist Jackie withdrew it, and she put it to her mouth and sucked everything off it.

Then her finger went back, plunging into her pussy while the fingers of her other hand held it open in a lewd show for Victor. Jackie felt brazen and vulgar, but she didn't care anymore. She'd given up any pretense of modesty and reveled in the lust that radiated from Victor's face and body. He sat upright on his stool, like a panther coiled and ready to spring at his prey. So far, he had barely moved. But Jackie wondered if that would continue for long.

Lust welled up inside Jackie, too.

She knew something that would make Victor move.

She withdrew a very wet finger from her depths, and she held it up in the air. Then she stretched it out, toward Victor's face.

He didn't wait long. He stood off his stool, leaned forward and sucked the juice off Jackie's outstretched finger, ending the sucking after a few seconds with a loud "smack."

"Delicious," he said.

Jackie's fingers turned their attention to her throbbing clitoris. She mashed her hand against it and moved it over and around her aroused nub in tight circles.

She enjoyed herself so much she almost forgot Victor was there. The feeling of her rapidly moving hand rubbing between her legs was all-consuming. The sensation blocked out all else. She closed her eyes. She lost track of time.

It could have been five seconds or five minutes later that she opened her eyes, for all she knew. She lost track of time. But when she opened her eyes, and saw Victor, she grew alarmed. Victor held his phone in his hand, upright, between them, and it was plain that he intended to snap a photo of her.

Instantly, Jackie covered her pussy and her breasts with her hands.

"Hey!" she said. "What's that? You didn't say anything about photos, and I didn't give you permission to take any!"

Victor lowered the phone.

"I thought you wouldn't mind, under the circumstances."

"Of course, I mind! I can't risk you having photos of me like this. If they got in the wrong hands . . ."

"You're right," Victor said, with a firmness in his voice that surprised Jackie.

He pointed to something on the kitchen island near her.

"That's your phone, right?"

"Yes, it is," she replied.

"Pick it up," he said.

Jackie picked up her phone and held it before her.

"And?" she asked, looking at Victor.

"Open the camera app," he said.

While Jackie obeyed, flicking her thumb over the phone screen to get the camera ready, one of Victor's strong hands unzipped the fly over the bulge in his pants. A few fumbblings with his hand later, Jackie saw his cock spring forth from his pants. It stood tall, thick, and magnificent -- a smooth, lordly shaft thrusting up from his lap and pointing arrogantly straight up at the ceiling. Jackie couldn't help but let out a little gasp. It was one of the biggest cocks she'd ever seen in person, and, she guessed, from its girth and its vertical posture, one of the hardest.

"There you go, Jackie. Take a photo. You do me and I'll do you. If one of us rats on the other, the other can do the same. Mutually assured

destruction. We both go down. I have even more at stake with my reputation than you do."

Jackie held up her phone and snapped a photo of Victor. She checked the result on the screen to confirm it showed his face and his long, upright penis.

"My turn," Victor said.

Jackie put her phone down and faced Victor. She sat up tall with her legs apart. Victor saw everything and could capture everything on his camera. She scarcely could believe that she was submitting to his request. It would have been inconceivable only 15 minutes earlier. But she was spurred on, not just by his dubious logic of reciprocal destruction, but, she had to admit, by the thrill of exposing herself to him. She'd long since given up any pretense at modesty and given in to brazen exhibitionism. And it was that much more fun to know how much it thrilled him. His hard cock gave proof of the effect her naked body had on him, and she reveled in the effect.

Victor snapped his photos. Unlike Jackie, he took more than one. Jackie complied, turning this way and that and striking different poses for him.

When Victor stood up from his stool and drew closer, Jackie knew what he wanted, and she opened her legs wider so he could get it. He held the phone close to her pussy. She held it open for him. She

knew he wanted close-ups, and she wanted to give them to him. He snapped away.

"Exquisite," he said.

"What are you going to do with the photos?" she asked.

"Keep them to myself," he said. "You can be sure of that."

He took a few more photos and then sat back on his stool.

"Now play with yourself again, Jackie," he said. "Make yourself come for me."

Jackie already was in a high state of arousal, and Victor's request gave her the chance to get relief. Without delay her hand flew down to her pussy, found her clitoris, peeking out from the hood enfolding it, and it began rubbing, slowly at first, but growing faster and faster.

She saw with satisfaction that Victor put his phone down and began running his hand up and down the cock sticking up straight from his pants. His hands were large and his fingers were long and Jackie observed with approval that his nails were well manicured. Jackie appreciated men who took good care of themselves, and Victor was an excellent specimen of such a man. She wanted to come for him.

The rubbing had its effect, heightening the pitch of her sexual fever and driving her on closer to climax. Jackie began moaning -- partly for effect to entertain Victor but mostly because her body couldn't stop it. Her body no longer seemed entirely hers to control. It was swept up and away by desire and need.

Her moan turned to a high-pitched cry as her body suddenly gave way and shuddered to a climax. The orgasm overtook her and her whole body shook. Her legs, especially, spasmed uncontrollably. She kept rubbing, although the climax made further contact with her sex almost unbearable.

The whole time, Victor's eyes never left her body.

Jackie's lissome figure grew still as she came down from her orgasm. But she didn't close her legs or move her body. She leaned back, weight on her hands on the counter, and waited for Victor to say something.

She felt confident she'd put on the show he wanted, and that the sale was hers.

"That was superb," Victor said. "That might have been the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life."

Somewhere deep inside, Jackie felt a twinge of guilt that she took so much pride at the smile she'd put on Victor's face. She should have



felt embarrassed at having given in to his request and put on such a brazen, shameless show to stoke his lust. But the truth was, she didn't feel embarrassed. She felt good at having put on such a good show.

Victor stood up, approached the island, and held out a hand to her. She took it and hopped off the island. Her body rocked unsteadily for a moment when the high heels hit the floor, and her body swayed forward, against Victor's. Her nude body felt the strength and muscular firmness of his own clothed body.

I'd like to know more about that body, she thought.

Victor put a hand out to steady her, but his other hand didn't leave hers. It held on, and then he pulled away and began walking out of the kitchen, toward the back of the house, pulling her along after him.

"Wait a minute," she said, resisting. "I put on the show you wanted. You're going to sign the purchase papers now, aren't you? You gave your word."

"I gave my word, and I intend to keep it. But only when the show's done. It's not done. It's time for act two."

"Act two?" she asked, dismayed. "What's act two?"

"Follow me and find out."

He pulled her along, through the house. Jackie was keenly aware of her nudity and the distance Victor was putting between her and her clothes, still piled on the kitchen island.

They arrived at the back door.

"What are we doing?" Jackie asked.

Victor pointed, beyond the door.

"We're going out there," he said.

"I can't do that!" Jackie said.

"Why not?" Victor smirked at her.

"There's no back fence!" she cried. "It's totally exposed back there. Anybody on the river or across the river can see this back yard. If I were out there . . . naked . . . someone might see me."

Victor looked where she was pointing, to the back yard and beyond.

"They might. But it doesn't look from here like there are many people out there. And they're probably not looking this way. And even if they were, they're so far away they wouldn't recognize you."

He tugged at her hand and opened the door, walking through with Jackie pulled along after him.

The first thing Jackie noticed when she exited through the back door was the summer heat on her body. It was late morning and the sun was high and she wore nothing to shield herself from its rays.

The second thing she noticed was . . . she was still naked, but there were no walls around here anymore. She stood on high heels, and nothing else, on a geometrically shaped patio of square stones. Beyond the patio a bright green grass lawn extended for a while, sloped down, and ended at a bluff high over a river. Beyond the river, one hundred feet below, a tree-filled park spread out, and beyond that neighborhoods filled with houses extended in every direction.

She stood on an open stage, under the sun's spotlight and a cloudless blue sky, exposed to a potential audience of uncountable numbers in three directions.

Victor pulled her forward, to the edge of the patio, and then to the lawn.

"Victor, stop!" she cried. A heel stuck in the grass.

Victor stopped, and he turned back to her. He smiled. Then he walked slowly around her and behind her, and he rested his hands on her shoulders. Jackie felt his chest against her back.

"Victor, I'm naked," she said. "Anybody can see me."

She heard his voice, firm but soft and soothing, in her ear.

"They can see you, maybe, if they're there to see you, and if they're looking. But look around. Do you see anyone?"

Jackie looked. Perhaps a half-mile stretch of river lay exposed to view from the lawn on which she stood. That meant anyone on that stretch, or across it, could see her, if they looked carefully enough. She saw a raft with people upriver, maybe a quarter mile away. She saw a kayak just downriver, facing the other way. In the distance, she thought she saw someone walking on the far shore of the river, on the edge of the park.

"Come with me, Jackie. Walk with me to the edge. Will someone see you? Probably not. But maybe. But that's part of the fun. That's part of the show. Don't stop now."

The show. Jackie thought about the show. She'd started it, she'd done it well so far, but Victor was telling her it wasn't over. She had to finish it.

Victor continued to escort her to the edge of the lawn. At its perimeter, just a few feet from the edge of the bluff, was a stone bench. Victor led her around it. He sat down, and he pulled her onto his lap, her back to him, her front facing the bluff -- and everything and everyone that was beyond it.

Jackie sat on Victor's lap. Despite the intense summer heat, she shivered. She had never been so publicly exposed in her life.

She felt Victor's soft breath in her ear again.

"This is the last part of the show, Jackie. I want to fuck you. Here, on the bench. Exposed to the world. I want you to fuck me back and I want you to make me come inside you. And don't worry about me - - I won't get you pregnant, and I won't give you anything unwanted. OK?"

She wanted to tell him to go to hell and that he couldn't do this to her, but she didn't.

"Yes," she said.



"I'm going to fuck you now, Jackie. You want that, don't you?"

Despite everything she thought her better judgment would tell her, she knew the answer -- knew it was the answer, in this moment, even if selling the house no longer was at stake.

"Yes," she said.

Victor hadn't tucked his cock back into his pants since their time in the kitchen, so it still poked out of his fly. Jackie felt it against her thigh. With two strong hands Victor lifted Jackie off his lap, and then he brought her back down. As she rose his cock lifted, pointing up, and as he brought her down her still open pussy met its tip and engulfed it.

Instantly, Jackie was overwhelmed with the length and girth of his penis inside her. Her pussy was still sensitive from her recent orgasm and she cried out as his cock filled her. She wondered If anyone would hear her, but she was beyond caring enough to do anything to control what she did or what sound she made. Victor was right: she wanted to be fucked, and if he wanted to fuck her here, in the open, with a possible audience of strangers, then so be it.

She pushed down on him. She took in his entire length and her pussy lips hit his crotch and she moaned again.

Victor pushed up, against her. Jackie closed her eyes and imagined what it looked like inside her, standing straight, piercing and filling her to her depths.

She opened her eyes again, and the full force of what she was doing -- bouncing up and down on Victor's big organ, fully nude and spread wide open, for all the world -- hit her again.

"Victor," she said, her words interrupted by short, sharp breaths as he thrust into her, "This is crazy! We're having sex in public."

"You're putting on a show, Jackie," Victor said.

"But people might see me!"

"They might. But they're so far away they won't know who you are. Relax. Let them see if they want to. Enjoy them seeing you."

Jackie found it hard to argue with Victor when his cock felt so good inside her. Up and down, up and down her body moved at a steady pace.

She didn't resist. Even if she'd tried it might have been difficult with Victor's strong hands holding her at the waist, keeping her body on his. But she didn't resist. She didn't try.

She didn't want to.

However brazen and vulgar and risky and crazy her actions were, the fucking felt fantastic. She had come only moments before, but she knew her own body well enough to know that she would come again soon.

And she wanted Victor to come, too. That was the climax of the show. She wanted that sale. She had to make him come.

She focused her attention on her pussy, so wet now that with every stroke it made an audible, sloppy squelching sound sliding over Victor's cock. She squeezed, applying every ounce of body control she'd learned from hours of Kegel exercises, and she felt the grip of her vagina tighten on Victor.

"Yes!" he cried. "Oh, Jackie." He felt it too.

Jackie was wholly in the moment now.

"Are you going to come inside me?" she asked in a little voice, her body continuing its steady rhythm over his.

"Oh yes," he said in a husky voice.

"I want that," Jackie said. "Give me your cum. Fill me with it."

Jackie looked out over the bluff, and she saw below that in a still place on the river a kayak sat, unmoving, and its rider looked directly at her. She didn't flinch or pause. She judged that the distance between them was enough that he could see that she was naked and see that she was fucking a man but that he probably couldn't see her face clearly. The kayaker would have no idea who she was unless he already knew her, knew the house, and knew she was the listing agent for it.

There was a very small risk of that -- but Jackie had long since decided that the thrill and pleasure of Victor's eager fucking of her in public was worth the risk. She threw her shoulders back and her chest out so the kayaker would see her nude body better.

A thin film of sweat now covered her body in the summer heat. The sun blazed overhead in a perfectly blue sky. The air was warm and her body was on fire.

It was time to make Victor come. She pushed down and squeezed hard and pressed for an extra second when her wet lips hit the bottom of his shaft where it met his balls.

"Oh, yes, Jackie," he said.

"Come now," she said.

"I'm coming."

"Give it to me. I'm coming too."

"Here it is."

"Yes!" she shouted. She was sure the kayaker could hear her shout from across the water.

She felt Victor's thrusts then become faster and harder until he stopped and his hands clamped harder on her waist and he held her against his lap and he pushed up against her and she felt him shudder. Jackie shuddered too and she knew that his cum was spilling into her and filling her.

She saw the kayaker still watching her from the river, watching her as she shook and orgasmed over Victor's cock.

She writhed against Victor, milking his cock for every drop of cum she could get. Their movements against each other slowly subsided.

After another minute like that, Victor's grip on her loosened, and she stood up, off his lap, and turned around. The show was not quite over. She had one more thing to do.

She sat on the bench, to Victor's side, and kicked one leg up high, over the back of the bench. With the heel on the other foot still balanced on the ground, she had splayed herself wide for Victor. One hand held herself up on the bench.

The other hand snaked downward. She opened herself wide so both Victor and she could see.

His cum started to flow out of the open, pink folds of her pussy, in a thin white dribble.

She took three fingers to scoop some of it and she popped them in her mouth, sucking all of Victor's cum off them.

Jackie didn't always like the taste of cum, but now it was the most delicious flavor imaginable.

She repositioned herself on the bench, crouching on it, and then bent over. She took Victor into her mouth as far as she could, and then drew her mouth slowly off him, lips tight on his shaft, sucking all the cum off his cock.

She moved again, crawling onto Victor's lap, knees on the bench, straddling him.

The she took his strong face in her hands, and she kissed him, deeply, open-mouthed, so his tongue would taste the residue of his cum on hers. Jackie reflected on the fact that it was the first time she had kissed a man only after masturbating for him and fucking him. Every other time, it had been the other way around. But this was not every other time.

Victor kissed well -- firmly and forcefully but not clumsily. His tongue moved deftly against hers, swirling inside her mouth. Then she pushed back, and her tongue was in his mouth. His arms encircled her nude body and his hands were on her back and her breasts were mashed against the muscles of his chest.

Finally, they broke the kiss and pulled back and stared at each other. Their hands remained on each other.

"Amazing show," he said at last. "Best Nude Day ever."

"So . . ." Jackie smiled and raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, you've got your sale. Let's do it."

"Let's."

They stood up. Victor tucked his cock, not yet completely flaccid, away in his pants. Jackie stood up tall and waved goodbye to the

kayaker below. He waved back and she heard the word "Thanks" carry across the water.

Victor took Jackie's hand and led her back inside the house, to the kitchen.

Victor set his briefcase on the island, opened it, and removed the paperwork. Jackie remained naked, standing beside him. She stared at the paperwork, surprised.

"You've already signed the papers."

She looked up at his grinning face.

"You stinker."

"I told you I liked the house. I'd done the research on it and was pretty sure I'd buy it. I knew I'd buy it after your tour."

"All that stuff about me having to put on a show for you --"

"I would have bought the house anyway. I wouldn't have said 'no' if you had declined. I wouldn't have done that to you."

"But you did this," she said and her hands swept down her nude body.

She saw Victor's eyes on her thigh and noticed a trickle of his cum trailing down it.

"I did, and I'm glad. You put on an amazing show. And I could tell you enjoyed it."

"Yes, I did." Jackie could not deny the truth.

Victor pulled out his phone and called his banker to arrange the financing. He and Jackie went quickly over the paperwork, and it was agreed that she would meet with the homeowners that afternoon and finish the transaction.

When they were done Victor held out his hand, and she shook it.

"It's been a pleasure doing business with you, Ms. Jerelsen."

"The pleasure is mine, too," she replied.

"You're still naked," he said, eyes scanning her body.

"I guess I don't need clothes to sell a house."

"You sure as hell don't. You might even sell better without. You might be on to something."

After everything, Jackie blushed.

"I have other business and I have to go now," Victor said. "And you have to call to cancel your noon appointment soon before they get here."

"Yes," she said. "I'm a bit of a mess. Even if I get dressed I won't be in suitable shape to show off a house."

"Not for someone else, anyway. Definitely suitable for me."

Victor picked up his brief case and took her hand.

"Since you're still naked, come with me and see me to my car."

"You want me to go outside, in the front yard now?"

"Yes."

"Um. The show is over."

"Think of this as the encore."

Against her better judgment, Jackie let Victor lead her to the front door. She opened it, and they walked hand in hand out of the house, once again into the sun, and stood on the driveway beside his BMW.

The house sat back from the street, which was mostly shrouded with trees and shrubs, but the street was visible where it intersected the driveway, and anyone walking along the street past the driveway who happened to turn the right way would see her naked.

It was a risk, but she had taken so many risks already that she was willing to take one more.

Victor kiss her, deeply, one more time. She kissed him back. They held each other.

He opened the car door and placed his brief case inside the car.

"Victor, I don't understand something," Jackie said as he moved to enter the driver's side car door.

"What's that?"

"If you thought I was so attractive and desirable, why not just ask me out? That would be the normal way to do things. Rather than this crazy Nude Day challenge you put me to. You're attractive. And goodness knows you're confident about yourself. If you were attracted to me you could have approached me in the normal way and asked me on a date."

Victor nodded.

"You're right. I could have. But I didn't."

"Why not?" Jackie asked.

"Because I'm not normal. You said it yourself. I'm a strange man."

"Oh," Jackie said.

"And you know what else?"

"What's that?"

"After today, and what you've done, I'd say you're not normal either. Are you?" His open hand gestured toward her nude body.

Jackie paused and put her hands on her hips and posed for him. Her breasts swayed as she laughed. She shook her head.

"I guess not."

"Well," said Victor, and he stood tall and lean and masculine before Jackie and grinned like a wolf. "We have something in common. And I guess that leaves just one more thing for you and me to do."

"Oh yeah?" Jackie said. "What's that?"

"We need to talk about the next time you get naked for me."

Victor stepped into his BMW, closed the door, and rolled down the window.

"Good day, Ms. Jerelsen. I'll call you soon."

At Play on the Sand with Mom

Adam turned right at the street running along the coast. He knew from years of experience that the beach house was only a mile away. Although his family had gone to the beach house every summer for fourteen years, this was his first time driving to it. In previous years his dad had driven. But dad couldn't do that now. This summer it was just Adam and his mom, sitting in the seat next to him.

"We're almost there," Adam said, breaking a long silence. He tried to sound cheerful.

"Almost," said his mom, after a moment's pause. "I wonder if it's any different."

"Probably not. It's never changed before. I'll bet it's the same."

Two minutes later, Adam pulled the Toyota into the driveway of the house. It looked the same as ever: angular and modern, clad in stained, gray wood vertical plank siding, designed to mix with the other houses around it and not to distract from the windswept landscape of the Northern California coast. Beyond the house, a treeless, gentle slope blanketed by sun-browned grass extended a hundred yards or so before falling away in a steep bluff to the beach, a hundred feet below. On the far side of the land's end the Pacific Ocean spread out in a muted blue plane in every direction, until it met a thin, smoky smudge hanging over the western horizon -- the

fog that with clocklike regularity rolled in and over the coast before sunset.

Adam urged his mom to go in the house and relax while he brought the luggage in from the car. They would only stay a few days, so there wasn't much to carry. He lugged the small suitcases to the two bedrooms and put the food in the cupboards and refrigerator. When Adam was done he pulled a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc out of the refrigerator and poured generous helpings into cheap long-stemmed wine glasses. He took the glasses to the deck, where his mom sat in a chair looking out at the ocean. The quiet was broken only by the music of low wind and nearby surf.

"I thought you'd like this," he said.

"I see you poured yourself some, too," she said, with a thin smile.

"I sure did. I'm legal now, mom. Remember?"

Adam had turned 21 in the previous year. He'd graduated from college three months earlier.

"It's easy to forget," she said. "Or maybe I make myself forget because it makes me feel old to think about your age. But we shouldn't really be drinking so early in the day, should we?"

"It's play time, mom," Adam said. It was one of his dad's favorite phrases. Every year they'd show up at the beach house. Adam's mom, Mara, might be tired or withdrawn. Adam might miss his friends and video games. But his dad, Kirk, could not be slowed. He'd pull himself straight and upright and with a lumberjack voice call "It's play time, kids!" Mara and Adam would have no choice but to comply. To foil or cross dad was unthinkable. His energy and enthusiasm were boundless and irresistible.

Adam's dad had died in a car crash ten months earlier. His big, booming, playful voice had been silenced forever. Without dad around the family was much quieter. Adam's mom, unlike his dad, was soft-spoken and reserved. Adam wasn't as quiet as his mom, but he didn't have his dad's ebullience, either. He tried to do his part to pick up his mom's spirits, but it didn't come as easy to him as it had to his dad.

Adam knew his mom still grieved. In recent months she'd gotten out more, seeing friends and tending to her personal needs, but she still went through extended periods of withdrawal and silence. Adam grieved, too, but college graduation and the need to get a job kept him busy and prevented him from wallowing in despair at the loss of his father. But he felt a responsibility to help his mom. It pained him to see her still hurting.

On the deck, warmed by the mid-day sun, Adam wanted to pick up his mom's spirits.

"Dad would be glad we're here," he said.

"You think so?" Mara asked her son.

"I know so, mom. Dad always wanted you to be happy. There was nothing more important to him."

Mara smiled.

"Nobody knew happy like your dad. He was happy every where he went. He infected everyone around him with his happiness. Sometimes it was annoying. I can't tell you how many times I'd be napping or relaxing on the sofa and your dad would burst into the room and scream, 'Time to play, Mara!'"

"He really loved you. He told me that all the time."

"Yeah?" she said, looking up from her lap. "Your dad wore his heart on his sleeve. He was unusual for a man in that way. You're more like me. You hold it in."

Mara stared at her son and Adam stared back. He wondered what his mom was thinking, but as always, he didn't know. His dad always had been an open book, but his mom always had been a closed one. Adam had no idea what his mom was thinking.

Adam scanned the horizon beyond the house deck. The band of fog at the horizon still was far off, but when it came it would come quickly, and then it would be too cold to spend time on the beach.

"Let's go play, mom," Adam said. "We've got time to relax. Let's enjoy the warmth while we can and go to the beach. You know that's what dad would say if he was here."

"He would, I'm sure. O.K. Let's do that."

Fifteen minutes later Adam and Mara walked down the steep path from the house to the beach. The sun beat on them, warming them, but a steady cool breeze blew off the ocean, heralding the oncoming late afternoon gloom.

They took off their sandals when they reached the beach to let their bare feet touch the sand. They walked to the surf until they reached the high-water mark, where loose uneven sand gave way to compact moist sand and the walking was easier. They stopped and took in the view.

"I think I built a hundred sand castles in this spot," Adam said.

"I think you did. Your dad helped you," Mara said.

They stood together and watched the waves come in, one after another.

Adam stood just behind his mom and looked at her. He wasn't sure what swimsuit she wore because she wore a short, loose yellow beach dress over it. Her figure looked firm and eager and youthful, and Adam, who had mourned his dad's death in his own way for months, felt a twinge of the sadness his mom must have felt for being too young to have lost a husband.

Mara took Adam's hand.

"Come with me," she said. She pulled him to the right and they began walking along the beach.

It was mid-summer, and the sun beat down on them without the interruption of clouds, but it was only middling warm. The water off the Northern California coast looked inviting, but in truth it was cold all year long, and the riptides were fierce. The cold water cooled the air flowing off the ocean, and even at the peak of summer it was seldom truly hot.

Adam and his mom walked a long time north along the beach, past the area where he and his mom and dad usually spent their time. The width of the beach narrowed as they walked, until it ended in a jumble of rocks between the water and the bluff.

His mom led him over them. They walked carefully. The rocks were uneven and slippery, and pools of seawater left by the high tide filled the crevices and low areas between them. Adam noticed crabs and anemones filling the pools.

They scrambled through and over the rocks until they ended, and another sandy beach began. This one was much smaller. It was an intimate semicircle of sand bounded by the bluffs and cut off from the beach on either side by rocks.

"I don't think we've been here before," Adam said.

"You haven't, maybe," Mara said. "Your dad and I came here. This was our beach."

She led him to the center of the little beach, with the bluff walls forming a U around them, opening to the sea ahead of them. Mara lay her blanket on the sand and sat down. Adam sat down next to her. They sat on the beach together for minutes, watching the waves crash to the shore, not saying anything. Mara broke the silence.

"I wonder if we shouldn't have come here," she said.

"You mean to this spot?" Adam asked.

"I mean to the beach house. To this place. To everywhere around it. I feel your dad's presence everywhere."

"I know what you mean. It's hard not to think about him everywhere. Dad was always directing things. But I think he would have liked it for us to be here. At least one last time."

Mara pulled the dress over her head and tossed it into the beach bag. She sat next to Adam in a pale pink bikini. Adam had seen his mom in a bikini -- that was nothing new -- but with his dad gone it felt different this time. He noticed her in a way that he hadn't before. The absence of his father made his mother's exposure seem more intimate than before. She looked good for a woman in her mid-40s. She wasn't as skinny as she had been in her 20s, but she kept herself in good shape. Her breasts and legs looked firm and her waist was still thin.

Adam pulled off his t shirt and sat next to his mom bare-chested and in black board shorts. His mom looked at chest with an approving eye

"Looks like you've been working out."

"I try when I can. You're looking good, too, mom."

"Well, thanks. I think I'm doing well for an old lady. This suit's a little skimpy for a woman my age, though."

Adam thought it fit her quite well. Mom obviously was not in her twenties, but her body didn't reveal anything to be embarrassed about.

"Nah," he said. "You look great. I'm sure dad would think so."

"Your dad always liked me to wear this suit. In fact, that's why I'm wearing it. I wore this suit the first time we came to this spot on the beach fourteen years ago, and he wanted me to wear the same one every year since." She hooked a finger under the string tie at her pelvis. "It's getting a little threadbare, actually. I'm going to retire it after this trip."

Adam saw what she meant. Although mom looked great in the suit, it did look a little frayed and thin and discolored in places. The upside to that, though, is it showed more of his mom. The top showed pert round buttons under the fabric that covered her breasts. Adam's eye strayed to the bottom, and he could not help but noticed how tightly it molded over pubic mound, and how it indented where it covered her sex. Adam looked away, not wanting to get caught looking at her.

"Let's go in," she said.

"In the water? Mom, the water is freezing here. This isn't Hawaii."

"It's cold, not freezing. And the riptide isn't so bad here. I've tried it. As long as we stay close to the beach we'll be fine."

She was up and beginning to walk to the water's edge before Adam could say anything. He watched her ass sway as she walked. He sighed and decided to join her. He couldn't be a wimp in front of his mother.

His mom walked into the surf 20 yards ahead of him. She walked briskly, seemingly not minding the cold, until the water splashed around her upper thighs just below the bikini bottom. When Adam's feet hit the water his mouth opened in surprise at how cold it was. It was mid-August, but the water along this part of the coast was too cold for swimming -- to him it was, at least.

Mara seemed to mind it less. She extended her arms and let herself fall back into a frothy wave. The sea enveloped her for a few minutes until she bobbed up and stood over the water again, running back toward Adam to escape the hard pull of the receding water.

The sight of his mom made Adam forget the cold for a minute. If the suit had looked threadbare out of the water, it looked scandalously so soaked. Mom's breasts bobbed as her thighs pumped up and down in the water. Each nipple was perfectly outlined in the thin suit fabric. One of her breasts looked like it was about to pop out of its cup. But it was the bottom that really caught his eye --perfectly molded to the flesh between her legs and cloven down the middle to reveal the indentation of her sex.

"Come on, you've got to dunk yourself, even if you're not going to swim," she said.

"There's no way I'm swimming in this," Adam said. "And I'm not sure about dunking. I think this is enough for me. It's too cold."

"I dunked, and you have to too."

She approached him with a sly smile.

"Mom, what are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking Adam needs some help overcoming his fear of the ocean."

"I am not --"

He couldn't finish because his mom splashed him. Cold water hit his chest and waist. He splashed his mom back, but before he could do it a second time she ran to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. Her arms and torso were cold, but the press of her curves against him felt good even so.

The fell sideways into the water. At that moment a wave washed over them, not big, but bigger than the ones that had come before, and as it receded they felt their bodies being pulled together seaward. They struggled to their feet without letting go of each other and fought the tug of the current going the other way. They left the water clutching each other, cold and laughing, and ran back to their beach blankets.

Although the sun beat down at a lower angle than before the air was still warm, and they both sat up on the blankets to dry off.

"That felt good," Mara said.

"I don't know about good, but it was a change. It feels good to be warming up now."

They sat quietly for a while on the beach while the afternoon air warmed and dried their skin.

"Do you know why your dad and I kept coming back to this spot on the beach?" Mara asked.

"Why?" Adam asked.

"It was secluded, and far enough away from the beach houses that almost no one ever walked by. The first time we came here, your dad stripped off my bikini and he made love to me."

Adam had no idea what to say. He couldn't imagine his mom and dad having sex in the middle of a public beach, and he couldn't imagine why his mom was telling him about it now.

"Weren't you afraid of getting caught?" he asked, finally.

"Yes, but that's what made it exciting and fun. I'd never done anything like it before. He got this crazy grin on his face and said, 'Play time, Mara.' And then he started untying the bikini. I was naked before I could say anything. I was surprised and shocked, but I wanted it as much as he did."

"Where was I?" Adam said.

"Remember how when you were young you spent time over at Andersons' beach house, playing with their son David? That's when. When you were older we just let you stay at the house or go where you wanted."

"My god," Adam said after a long pause. "Did you ever get caught?"

"Only once. A young couple walked by. We didn't notice them at first, but I happened to glance up and saw them standing by the edge of the water, watching us. I was startled and tried to pull away, but your dad kept fu -- making love to me. I watched them as they watched us. They watched us for about five minutes and then walked away. That was the only time."

Adam was taking it all in, or trying to. It was hard to picture his parents in this very spot doing what his mom was describing.

"Why are you telling me this?" he asked.

"I don't know, Adam," she said. "I don't think we're going to come back here. We were always pretty open with you about things and the memory popped into my head and I wanted to share it. I guess that's not much like me—sharing something like that. I don't know what made me want to do it. Maybe because your dad is gone I feel like I can share it. I hope you're not freaked out."

"Well," Adam said. "It's kind of weird. But I guess I can handle it."

They sat quiet again for a while, until Mara spoke.

"The fog's coming in."

It was. They hadn't noticed, but what had been a thin gray-white line over the horizon of the ocean was now a billowy wall drawing closer, obscuring much of the western sky. A colder front of air lead it, blowing onto the beach, nipping their exposed skin. drawing goosebumps.

"I think we should go back," Mara said.

"OK."

They walked south along the sand, back to the beach house, the lead edges of the fog bank already caressing the surrounding slope of grass as they reached the door. It was cool inside the house, and Mara and Adam both changed into jeans and long sleeve pullover tops.

That evening they cooked spaghetti and French bread and drank two-thirds of a bottle of white wine together. Adam's mom didn't mention having sex on the beach again, but Adam couldn't stop thinking about what she'd said. It didn't shock him, exactly, but he couldn't get it out of his mind. He looked across the table at his mom, her face aglow from candles they'd lit to offset the gloom of the surrounding fog. She looked younger to him than she'd seemed before. He kept thinking about her on the sand, with her legs parted, being fucked. That's when it hit him. He was aroused. He touched himself under the table, and, sure enough, his dick was hard. He glanced quickly at his lap, and there was no doubting the bulge under the tight jeans.

When he looked up he noticed his mom was smiling, maybe even smirking at him, and he wondered if she knew what was going on, even if she couldn't see his lap from across the table. But she said nothing.

After dinner, they sat together on the sofa watching a movie. 15 minutes into it, Mara curled up next to Adam and lay her back against his chest. She didn't say anything, and Adam didn't either. He didn't know what to do with his hands, so he rested them on his mom's thighs. He couldn't concentrate on the movie. If someone had asked him to describe the plot he couldn't have done it. There was nothing lewd about it. His mom didn't say or do anything suggestive, other than to keep her back against his chest and side. For the rest of the movie Adam felt the heat of her body against his. His cock hardened against his pants for a second time, and he was thankful his mom couldn't feel it or see it as she watched the movie.

When the movie was over they went to bed, each to their own rooms. Adam lay awake in his bed staring at the ceiling for a long time, wrestling to make sense of the jumble of feelings inside him from the events of the day.

x x x

Adam awoke late the next morning. The light came in from a window looking to the west and to the ocean, but it was a low light, because fog still shrouded the coastal land outside. It obscured everything more than a hundred feet away. Adam heard noises from outside his room and guessed that his mom, an early riser, was

cooking breakfast. Sure enough, his nose caught the scent of bacon. The smell was enough to rouse him from bed.

Minutes later he exited his room and padded to the kitchen in gym shorts and an old t-shirt. His mom was in the kitchen, tending to something over the stovetop. He caught his breath. She wore only a t-shirt, long enough to cover her butt, but not much longer. Its bottom hem hit high on her thighs. Adam's gaze followed her legs to the floor, and he was struck by how shapely they were.

Something stirred again, this time under his gym shorts.

I've got to stop that, he thought. He looked away and tried to think about something other than the length of his mother's legs exposed under the shirt.

"Good morning," he said with a croak.

"Hi honey!" his mom said, more awake than he was. "I didn't hear you. Breakfast will be ready soon."

"That sounds great," he said. "I'll get the table ready."

Ten minutes later they sat at a small table looking, as always, toward the ocean. The morning gloom still hung over the water and surrounding land, but when they looked to the sky they could see

irregular breaks in the cloud cover where light struggled to get through. The fog would burn off soon. Adam wolfed down Mara's waffles and bacon and blueberries, and he washed it down with two cups of coffee. They said little as they ate.

By eleven a.m., breakfast was eaten, and the dishes were done. Mara retired to her room without saying anything, leaving Adam unsure what, if anything, she had planned for the day. For all he knew, she might be thinking about dad. He gave her her space and read a few chapters of a crime thriller that he pulled from the living room bookshelf.

In the afternoon, his mom emerged from her room.

"Let's go to the beach."

"Play time?" he asked.

"Play time," she said and smiled.

By now the fog had disappeared wholly and the ocean and land bathed in bright afternoon light.

Adam went to his room and pulled on his board shorts from the day before and a fresh t-shirt. He maneuvered his feet into the flip flops

by the door. He left his room and waited in the living room for his mom to appear.

She did, ten minutes later, in a little beach dress he hadn't seen before. It was about the same length as the one she had worn the day before, in pale blue with tropical flowers all over it. She handed the beach bag to him and they left the house for the beach.

Mara led the way and Adam followed, eying his mom's figure with an intensity he never had before. As she walked over uneven sand, her body shifted under the dress in a way that looked different from yesterday. It moved with a spring and bounce he hadn't noticed. Adam wondered if she wore a swimsuit even smaller than what she'd worn the previous day.

As before, the afternoon sun warmed the surroundings, a faint breeze taking the edge off the heat against the skin. The fog lay in a thin gray crust over the blue water, far away, but not as far as it had the day before.

Adam noticed that his mom walked at a steady and determined pace. After half an hour of trudging through sand and clambering over tide pools and rocks, Adam and Mara returned to the little bluff-shrouded beach. It was as deserted as it had been the day before.

They lay their blankets down, side by side. Adam pulled off his shirt and applied sunscreen. His mom, however, didn't move. She sat still on her blanket, looking at the beach, in her little dress. She sat with

her knees up and her legs wrapped around them, staring at the waves. She didn't say anything. Adam thought he saw her tremble.

Something about her mood dissuaded Adam from interrupting her, so he sat silent, sometimes watching her face and sometimes looking beyond the beach to the waves. No clouds lay overhead. The air was hotter than the day before. No sound intruded other than the steady roar of the waves against the shore.

Adam glanced at his mother's pretty face, and he saw her jaw clench and her head nod slightly, as though she'd decided something. Her hands went to the bottom of her dress and pulled. In a flash the blue dress was over her head and on the sand to the side of her.

Adam's mom was naked. His mouth gaped open and he did not know what to say.

Mara turned to Adam. He'd never seen her naked before. Her breasts were full and ripe, and a little patch of close-cropped brown fur lay over her sex between her open legs.

"Adam," she said. "Adam, look at me."

Adam tore his gaze away from between her legs to her face. She was so beautiful. Her body glowed under the afternoon sun and her face shone. Strands of brown hair blew in a soft breeze. Her eyes were wide and almost pleading.

"Adam, I want you to do something for me."

The response caught in his throat, but he got it out.

"What? What, mom?"

"I want you to make love to me, Adam. Right here. Right now. Can you do that? Please?"

Adam's lust was up, and he felt the quick hardening between his legs, but he was confused, too.

"Mom," he started, pausing. "What . . . why . . . what is this about?"

"It's our last time here, Adam. I know it. Our last time on this spot. On this beach. At the beach house. I feel your dad everywhere. I'm glad we're here together, but we can't come back. But I need one last time. I need you. Please, Adam. I've been watching you looking at me. Not just like a son looks at a mother. You looked at me like a man looks at a woman. You are a man. Your father's son. Do this. I need you to do this. I think you want me, too."

With that she faced him more directly and spread her legs before him. Her pussy opened like a pink, sun-kissed flower.

Adam didn't move right away. His mother took his hand in hers, and she pulled him toward her. Adam got up on his knees. She pulled the hand that was in hers to her breast and pressed it there. Adam closed his eyes. The soft exquisite full tit lay cupped in his palm. His thumb and forefinger came together until they closed on an upright nipple, long and stiff. He rolled it between his fingers. He sighed, overcome by the perfection of the moment and of his mom's body.

"Take your suit off, Adam," Mara told him.

He didn't bother untying it, just reaching down and pushing as hard as he could until the suit's waist band passed over his thin hips. He pulled the suit awkwardly off his body with his legs in the air. It fell to the sand. Adam sat on his blanket naked, just like his mom.

This is surreal, he thought to himself.

His mom's tit pointed at him, extended and firm from the finger caressing he'd given it a moment before. He couldn't stop himself. He sprang toward his mom from his knees and clasped his lips over her nipple. He sucked at it, over and over.

"Yes. Yes, Adam. Play with me. Play with me."

"I will, mom," he said, lifting off her tit for a moment. "I will."

Adam sucked on his mom's breast, savoring it, loving it. He had no idea for how long. When he was done he shifted and attacked the other breast, its tit softer and less extended than its sister. Adam would do something about that. He sucked and sucked on it, over and over again, until it rose and grew hard and he sucked with even more passion. He heard his mom moan and his eyes looked toward her face even as his mouth kept sucking and he saw her head thrown back, mouth open and groaning and sighing to the blue sky overhead.

He didn't want to stop with her breasts, but he needed something else. His right hand cupped the back of her head, bringing her face back from the sky to him. He pressed forward and mashed his lips hard against hers, and his tongue pressed against her lips and her teeth until both gave way and her mouth was fully open and his to take. He took it. The force of his mouth stretched hers wide open and his tongue assaulted hers, swirling against it. Her tongue pressed back against his. His body fell against hers, pushing her back to the sand, chest to chest, tongues continuing their uncontrolled tango with each other. Their tits touched.

Even as he kissed his mom his loose hand found the sweet silkiness of her thigh and pushed it back. Mara eagerly parted her legs for her son as he crawled over her. He kept crawling forward, until the bulbous tip of his now rigid cock hit her inner thigh and he couldn't go any farther. Adam knew where his cock had to go and where his mom wanted it to go.

Before he could direct it, he felt his mom's cool hand squeeze his shaft and pump it and squeeze it.

"Oh, Adam," she said.

Adam kept kissing his mom as her thumb probed the tip of his cock, first encircling the glans and then tapping the hole at the tip. She stroked it a few times. But Adam's mom was impatient. She grabbed the shaft halfway up the base and guided it to where she, and now Adam, needed it to be. She didn't want to wait.

Adam had had sex before, but never like this. His whole body burned with desire, concentrated on the tip of his cock, guided by his mom's sure hand to her open pussy. She didn't put it in right away. Instead, she bumped the tip against her clit, which Adam saw peeked out from the shroud of its hood, a gleaming pink gem. It was pure magic when his cock tip hit it. His mom guided his hard cock in small circles around her clit, making sure his cockhead never left contact with it.

After a few minutes of that she held his cock away from her body for what seemed like an eternity to Adam, though he guessed it really was only ten seconds, and then she slapped his cock hard against her clit. Adam saw it mash down with every hit, but he also saw it spring back a bit bigger each time when his cock sprang away from her. It gleamed a little more each time, too, bathed in the wetness coming from his mom's excited cunt.

"So good, Adam," she said, her eyes fixed on his. "It's time now."

"OK, mom," he said.

Adam now lay over his mom's spread-legged, supine body. He couldn't stand it anymore. His hips pushed forward between her legs. Mom's sure hand guided his tip past her open lips to her depths. When at last Adam's cock tip met the pink wet flesh inside his mom's pussy, he closed his eyes and gasped.

He couldn't believe anything could feel so good. The sun beat on his back and the air was warm but not hot and the fine beach sand gave way under his knees and legs and hands, but all feeling was concentrated on the point where his body entered his mom's.

He pushed his cock forward, all the while up on his hands alternately staring at his mother's face and at her pussy being fucked by his cock. He pushed and pushed, on and on, and to his surprise his mom gave way easily. His penis dipped into her like melted butter. It kept going, on and on, until his pubic bone pressed against hers. He was inside her, up to the hilt.

They didn't stop kissing while he pushed inside her. But now Adam needed to see it, seeing his mom's open pussy being fucked by his cock. So, he pulled away from her mouth and pushed his chest up and away with his hands on the sand, until he could look down and see his hard shaft pistoning in and out of her.

Mom was so wet now that the fucking came easily. She felt a bit tight against his engorged cock, but her open sex was so lubricated now that it made no difference. He thrust in and out of her with ease. Each time he pulled out he saw his mom's thin lips pull out, clasped to his shaft, and when he pushed back in, hard, they disappeared under his onslaught. In and out, in and out, his mom's pussy lips followed his cock thrusts as best they could.

A shaft of lucidity burst from the clouds of his lust and Adam wondered what the hell he was doing, fucking his pretty mom on a public beach. He didn't know. A few minutes earlier he could not have imagined it happening, but it was happening, and he didn't want to stop it.

Adam prided himself on being able hold back and prolong fucking for a long time. His lovers in college had praised him for it. But now, with not more than a few minutes passing since his cock and mom's cunt had met, he felt the telltale signs of incipient orgasm. He didn't want it to happen yet, so he slowed the pace of fucking his mom. Mom's face betrayed a look of being ready to come too, and she seemed surprised when Adam pulled back.

"Not yet, mom," he said. "Let's keep this going."

"Mmmmmm," she said. "My son the attentive lover." She reached down and cupped his balls and gave them a squeeze, even as the shaft of his cock still was buried inside her.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and kissed her again, and she responded with feral need. By now both their tongues moved in a frenzy against each other.

Adam got an idea, and he moved his body and leveraged his greater weight to press Mara to the side. At first, she thought he wanted to stop making love, and she'd pulled her cunt half way off his cock before she realized that wasn't at all what he wanted. Adam's hand was on her ass, pressing it hard to him so he could stay inside her. But Adam kept pushing his mom off to the side, until at last they rolled over and suddenly she was on top of him.

"Oh, you want me on top, huh?" she said.

"Not yet," said Adam, and he grabbed her tightly and kept pushing her to the side.

They rolled on the sand, and when they rolled to the next position Adam kept pushing his mom, until they rolled and rolled along the sand, down slope, like a barrel rolling down hill, picking up speed, never stopping their fucking of each other. Soon the sand was all over their bodies and in their hair, but Adam didn't mind. Judging from the way Mara's eyes looked up at him as he rolled, she didn't care either.

They stopped thirty feet down the beach from where they'd started, Mara underneath Adam. He grabbed her thighs with his hands and pushed them back, as far as he thought they could go. Soon her feet

were in the air, toes pointed at the sky, and her knees were near her shoulders. She lay totally exposed to Adam under the sun. He thrust over and again, trying different angles, wanting to fuck his mom in every way he could. Her back arched and her head cocked back, and her breasts pushed out and lolled in every direction as her body rocked against her son's eager cock.

Without saying anything Mara pushed off against the sand and sat upright into his arms to kiss Adam again. They sat together on the sand, still fucking, stars spinning around them both in the sunlight, sucking each other's mouths and tongues. Adam marveled at the sheer fury of his mom's need for him. It was matched, stroke for stroke, by his own lust for her.

Then his mom put her hand on his chest, gently at first but with increasing pressure.

"Back," she said. "I want to be on top."

Adam obliged his mom. He lay back in the sand as his mom climbed on top of him. His cock never left her cunt.

Now his mom's body rocked over him and he savored the silhouette of her body against the bright sky and the steady, delicious bounce of her breasts as she moved up and down on him. Adam sighed with pleasure. If she kept doing that he would come soon.

Adam propped himself up on his elbows to see her better and was startled to see movement behind her, near the water's edge. It was a person -- an older man, walking a dog. He'd stopped and was watching them. Instinctively, Adam sat up and cradled his mom in his arms to shield her from the man's view.

"Someone's watching us," he said.

She craned her neck to look behind her and turned back to Adam with a wicked smile.

"You're right. Just the second time in fourteen years. Let's give him a show."

Mara pushed over her son and his cock exited her with a wet plop. She stood up and held out her hand to Adam to pull him up as well. As soon as he stood up, she turned around, exposing her front to the man watching them. He looked thin, almost to the point of being frail, and his hair was nearly white. Mara pushed her butt back against her son.

"Grab my arms and fuck me," she said.

Adam's cock still was steel-hard, and he had no trouble directing it to mom's wet, open entrance aimed at him between her butt cheeks and open legs. He grabbed her arms just above the elbows and pulled her toward him as he thrust into her again. He'd never fucked a

woman from behind standing up like this, and he enjoyed the novel view of her pussy getting speared from this angle. He looked to the side of mom to watch the man, seemingly rapt in attention watching them both. Behind him the waves rolled and broke and the fog loomed closer below the bright blue sky. The scene was utterly surreal and fantastic, and Adam loved every second of it.

They fucked that way with increasing urgency, mom's body rocking and rolling to his thrusts. The old man eventually turned away and kept walking, evidently to let them finish their fucking alone.

Adam sensed his mom was getting closer when she began slapping her ass more fiercely against his cock and waist with each thrust. Adam responded by picking up the pace.

I can't believe I'm doing this, he thought. I'm fucking my mom on a beach in broad daylight. I just let someone watch as I fucked her. God do I want her.

As if reading his mind his mom spoke up.

"Come inside me, Adam. Do it now."

Her words spurred him on, making him still harder and bringing him closer yet to his climax. He heard his mom start squealing. She was near too. He pushed harder yet -- so hard and deep that his mom now let out little whelps with every thrust. He felt the welling up

inside. He felt mom's body tense and near its climax, too. He heard his mom cry out, then, long and hard and unrestrained. Anyone within a hundred yards would have heard her. Her body shuddered. It in turn brought Adam to his end, and he felt the reservoir of cum inside him course through his body, where it ended up, finally, jetting in thick spurts into his mom's pussy.

They both shuddered and shook as they came together. When he could hardly stand it anymore he pulled out of his mom. They staggered back to the blankets and fell on them.

Adam lay with his arms and legs splayed out, staring at the blue sky above him. He couldn't believe what had just happened. He'd just fucked his mom, who lay naked next to him. 24 hours earlier, he could never have guessed that this would have happened. But it had.

He felt a cool hand on his shrinking cock, then the warmth of his mom's mouth engulfing the tip. He propped himself up on his elbows to watch her. She stared into his eyes as her mouth moved up and down over his length.

"Mom, I can recharge pretty fast. But not that fast."

"I don't expect you to. I just wanted to make sure I got anything you didn't leave inside me."

She licked him and sucked him until every trace of his cum was gone.

When she was done with his cock she slid up and over his body until her face was over his.

"You're a handsome young, man. I'll bet the girls tell you that."

"Not as much as I'd like," he said. "But I like hearing you say it. You're beautiful, mom."

"Thank you, son," she said. She peppered his face with soft butterfly kisses, making him groan with pleasure again.

They lay like that for a while until Adam looked at the sky overhead and noticed it was no longer pure blue. It was a swirling mixture of blue and gray, growing grayer by the minute. The fog was rolling in.

"It's going to be cold if we stay here," he said. "Especially if we stay here naked."

"Let's go then. Play time is over."

They stood up and dressed and Adam picked up the beach bag. Adam thought about what his mom had said. Did she mean play time was over now, or forever? He didn't want to ask her, so he stayed quiet, and they hiked in silence back to the beach house for the second day in a row.

The late afternoon air was cold by the time they reached the house. They dressed in warmer clothes and relaxed until it was time to make dinner. Adam and Mara spent the evening making occasional chit chat. Adam expected his mom to talk about what had happened on the beach, but she didn't say anything. He felt aroused and needy again, and staring at his mom's figure in the jeans and long-sleeve top stirred his cock to hardness once more. Adam watched his mom carefully for a sign, an opening, but she gave off none. They watched TV for a while until Mara said she was going to bed.

Adam watched his mom's ass in the tight jeans as she retreated to her bed room, and then he went to his own room. He went to the bathroom, brushed his teeth, and pulled off his shirt and shorts and underwear and left the bathroom for his bed. Desire for his mom surged through his body. He couldn't get the image of her nude on the beach out of his mind.

I'm going to have to jerk off in bed, he thought.

Before he got to the bed, though, he stopped with surprise. Mara lay on his bed, naked, hands thrown back over her head and legs apart, her body lit from the side by a nightstand lamp with a weak light bulb.

"I want to be in your bed tonight, Adam. Just this night," she said.

Adam went to his mom and encircled her waist with his arms.

"Oh, mom."

"Make love to me again," she said. "Be very slow and very gentle. Make it last."

"I'll try, mom."

His hips pushed forward and down against the junction of her legs and he felt his cock enter his mom for the second time that day. But this fucking was softer. Adam lowered his body onto his mom's, felt the swell of her full breasts under his chest, and kissed her slowly. He began rocking against her, but he kept the pace slow, and his mom's fingernails clawed into his buttocks as she purred with delight.

Half an hour later, he emptied himself inside her. He thought he heard mom sob once, and then she lay still. He pulled out, rolled off her to her side, cradled her, and fell asleep.

x x x

In the morning Adam woke to find himself alone in his bed. Had it been a dream?

It wasn't. A thin crust coated his cock. Adam rubbed his hand over it and brought it to his nose. The scent of cunt was unmistakable.

Sounds came from the kitchen. His mom was up. Adam dressed and left his room.

"Good morning, mom," he said.

"Good morning, Adam."

She walked over to him and rested her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the lips -- just a whisper of a kiss. She pulled away and turned back to cooking breakfast.

There was something in the air, Adam thought. It wasn't just the contrast of his mom's aloofness with the ardor she'd shown him the day before. It was something else. Adam nodded. He felt his dad in the house. Sadness overtook him, because he knew they wouldn't come back. He wouldn't feel that presence again.

Adam and Mara didn't talk much during breakfast. Mara said something about wanting to get an early start to head home. Adam looked out the big window facing the ocean. All he saw was fog.

An hour later the kitchen was cleaned and the house picked up and the bags packed, bunched by the front door. Adam and Mara stood

by the window, looking out at the fog, still thick and obscuring the ocean. She took his hand and squeezed it and turned to him.

"I love you, Adam."

"I love you too, mom."

She let go and walked to the door and Adam followed, wondering what, if anything, might happen when they left the house. He had no idea. He couldn't read his mom.

They walked out of the house, and mom locked the door. They hauled their bags to the car and put them in the trunk. Adam opened mom's passenger side door. She got in and Adam closed the door behind her. Adam rounded the car and took his seat and started the ignition. He looked at the house, a house he'd seen every summer for 14 years. He didn't think he would see it again.

He backed the car out of the driveway. The fog was so thick he could see it shrouding the house already as the car moved away from it to the street.

Goodbye, dad, Adam thought, as the car moved backward.

He turned his attention from the driveway for a moment to look at his mom. He saw her in the passenger seat, in profile, her face soft and pretty, her body firm and curvy.

Adam turned the car into the street and stopped to look at the house one last time. Mom and Adam looked at it and they looked at each other. Adam didn't know what was going to happen, but he knew he was leaving something behind and it had to do with his dad and it might be forever. He imagined the face of his dad, laughing, loving his mom, loving him, at play in the beach house.

Adam drove away, and he looked in the rear-view mirror and the house faded, enveloped by the summer fog. He mouthed words softly, so his mother couldn't hear him.

Goodbye, goodbye.

BTB, Incorporated

There are a few things in this world I have no patience with: clients who don't pay, women who cheat on their husbands, and husbands who put up with their wives cheating on them.

Unfortunately, in my line of work, I deal with a shitload of all three. I'm a private detective.

I make one exception to my list: I put up with a cheating woman if I'm the guy she's cheating with. I don't do that too often, but I have done it. I'm not proud of it, I guess, but I'm not ashamed, either. There are some women out there who are going to cheat, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it. They might as well cheat with me.

I handle a lot of cases about infidelity. It's a specialty, you might say. After a while the cases all started to look the same. But one came in last week that was different.

The case involved an old client who, years earlier, had stiffed me my fee until I got tired of it and grabbed him by the lapel and pushed him up against the wall. I told him who was who and what was what and read him the riot act in three languages upward, downward, and backward. He paid after that. You don't mess with Sonny Biggs – that's me -- over money.

Myron Hansfield was the client's name. He'd inherited a lot of wealth from his old man, a bigwig in the local real estate business, and somehow he'd managed to hold on to his money despite having, from what I could see, no obvious talent and no force of personality whatsoever. Myron put the sniv in sniveling and the milque in milquetoast.

He had hired me several years earlier when he thought an employee was swindling him. The employee was clever, and it was a long, complicated job, but we finally caught the SOB and turned him over to the cops. I even managed to get most of Myron's money back. Myron was a client, and I always do my best for my clients, even when they're limp-wristed sissy men like Myron. The final fee was a big one, and when I finally pressured him into paying it and he forked over the dough I had to admit I was feeling somewhat better about Myron. But only somewhat. I wasn't too disappointed when the matter was done. It was years until I saw him again, and all during that time I never missed him. Seeing guys like him with that kind of money is a constant reminder that the world is a shit shed out of toilet paper.

Last week, Tuesday morning, I saw him again standing outside my office door when I was on my way to work. He was turned away from me looking at my name etched on the door: Sonny Biggs, P.I., Inc.

"Hello, Myron," I greeted him with no warmth. "Social visit? Or business?"

"Business, I'm afraid, Mr. Biggs," he said. "My" I interrupted him before he could finish.

"Call me Sonny, Myron. You know that."

I opened the door and ushered him in. We walked into my personal office and closed the door. I sat at my desk and kicked my heels up and he slumped in the rickety wooden chair on the other side. His thin, spineless body seemed to twist and collapse on itself in the chair. He was pathetic.

But, still, he was rich. And I could always use more money.

I looked at his face and his eyes were red and his face was splotchy. Shit, he'd been drinking and crying. My respect for him, low already, disappeared like steam over bad coffee.

"O.K., Myron," I said to him. "Spill it. What's going on and what do you want me to do?"

"Sonny, I think my wife is having an affair."

To say that did not surprise me would be an understatement. There's a certain kind of man, a man with money and no guts, that attracts a certain kind of woman, a woman that knows that once she's got the man's money she can do whatever she wants and the man's not going

to do a damn thing about it. And Myron was that certain kind of man.

He laid a color photo of a hot blonde woman on my desk. His hand was shaking. Really, I was not going to be able to take much more of Myron. I glanced at the photo but I knew everything I needed to know by looking at his face.

"So what do you want, Myron? Stakeout? Photos? Stained clothing?" I stared hard at him across the desk for what seemed like a very long time. I stayed quiet while Myron obviously was trying to suppress the snuffling sounds welling up from his spindly chest.

Myron finally spoke up.

"I just need to know, Sonny. I need to see, see the proof. I'm not sure what I'm going to do."

That's because you're not a man, Mr. Hansfield, I was thinking to myself. But I didn't say it.

"O.K., Myron. I think I've got the picture. Let me handle this. It will take three days. I'll meet you again on Friday. Lunchtime."

"So soon?" he said. "How can you know you'll be done by then?"

"Myron, I know where you live. I know what she looks like. And I know what I'm doing."

"Do you need a retainer?" he asked me.

"No, Myron, I know you're good for it this time. We'll settle up when it's all over."

I saw him out the door quickly. I wanted to get him out of my sight before I couldn't control the urge to slap him. That would be bad client development, as they say.

It didn't take me long to figure out how I was going to handle this. I handle these cases all the time, and I've got a routine. Stakeout, tracking devices, zoom lenses – I've got it all.

I did what I had to do the next couple of days, and, sure enough, by Thursday afternoon I knew I was ready to meet my client. We made an appointment for noon the next day.

Friday morning I stopped as I always do at my favorite diner before getting to work. I had my usual breakfast, the way I liked it: eggs runny, bacon greasy, coffee black as tar.

Two hours later I was at my desk, putting the last touches on the proof I had in a manila envelope, big block letters HANSFIELD

CASE stamped on the front, when my secretary Vera showed Myron in. He limped over to the chair in his fancy shoes and thin-shouldered suit and sat down.

He quivered. He'd known what was coming, and he'd had three days to prepare for it, and still he shook like a baby in the hands of a psychotic day care provider.

Finally, he steadied himself enough to speak. "Was I right?" he asked.

"Yes, Myron, you were right. Your wife is having an affair."

"Oh God!" he cried and his mouth opened wide and let out a sob. I wanted to stuff the red paperweight, sitting on my desk and shaped like a '66 Mustang convertible, into that big open mouth, but I didn't.

"It's Wilson, isn't it" he asked. "Goddamn Wilson. My project manager, beside me all these years. He always had an eye for Svetlana. I could tell. Was it him?"

"Myron, listen to me," I said to him. It was rough for him; I knew that. He was a contemptible, spineless little shit, but he was my client. He had rough news coming to him, and it was my job to make it go down without him heaving it back up all over my Pledge-shined mahogany desktop.

"I have evidence, Myron," I explained to him in my best explaining voice. "It's solid evidence. It's good evidence. But you don't close the case until you've got all the pieces in the puzzle. You understand?"

He looked at me. There were a lot of things in that look: betrayal, fear, uncertainty. Understanding wasn't one them.

"No. I don't," he said.

"Myron, what I'm trying to tell you is this. There's one more thing that has to be done here. One more step to take before I can close this case. A man like me has a reputation. A code. I'm not going to make an accusation of cheating against a person until I've done everything I have to do. And there's one more thing to do here. We need to go see your wife. Right now."

Myron's twitchy face at that moment was a pasty, damp battlefield between one side that didn't like my advice and another side that didn't want to contradict me. Fortunately, the side that didn't want to cross me won.

"O.K., if you say so, Mr. --- Sonny. I'm not sure why you want to do that, but if you say so we can."

"I do say so," I said. "Right now."

I was up and on my way to the door before he could change his mind.

"You drive, Myron," I said.

Myron had a nice car, I'll give him that. A Mercedes sedan. He couldn't drive worth anything, but it didn't matter. I didn't say much to him on the way to his house, 15 minutes away. He didn't say much, either, at first. Then, five minutes from the house, he let loose.

"Sonny, I don't know if I can do this. What are we going to tell her? What's she going to say? I don't know if I can stand it."

You can stand it a hell of a lot better than me pushing you out the car door, I thought, but I didn't say it. Or do it.

"Myron, you don't need to say anything until I tell you to," I said. "I'll do the talking. I know what to say. You just take your cue from me."

I didn't have to do too much more of this sort of thing because by that time Myron had pulled into the driveway of his house. It was a big house. He pulled up to the front. We got out. We walked to the door, him in front, me behind.

"It's your house, Myron," I said. "You don't have to knock. Let's surprise the missus."

We went in. We started walking toward the kitchen. Before we got there, out of the kitchen doorway popped Svetlana.

There are some damn fine women in this town, but not a lot of them as fine as Svetlana. She looked like she'd just walked off the pages of a pinup magazine. A thick mane of wild blonde hair. Eyes of blue flame. Full cherry lips. A figure that made hourglasses blush, and legs that made dancers weep. And she was showing a lot of her figure, too, because at that very moment Mrs. Myron Hansfield was wearing an ice-blue satin chemise and four-inch heels, and she had an opened champagne bottle in one hand and two champagne flutes in the other. It was obvious she'd been expecting something, or someone, but we were not it, or him.

Her mouth made the most perfect O I'd ever seen on a human face. And I've seen some good ones.

She looked at me first, then she looked at Myron. Then she looked at me again. Then Myron.

"M-Myron," she said at last. "What are you doing here?" She looked back at me as she said it.

Myron, of course, couldn't say anything.

"I'll do the talking here, Mrs. Hansfield," I said. "Come with me."

I showed them where to go – through a large opening into the living room. It was huge, with a vast polished plank floor, dark-stained oak paneled walls, and an arts and crafts-style furniture set I knew probably cost more than I make in a year.

"You can set the drink down," I told her. She did, on a coffee table. "Take a seat there, Myron. Mrs. Hansfield, you can stand right there." I pointed to the middle of the room. Myron was seated on the end of ridiculously long sofa, and Svetlana and I were standing in front of him.

"You've been cheating on your husband, Mrs. Hansfield," I said to her.

She didn't look shocked or indignant so much as quizzical.

"But –" she started to say.

"No," and I held up my forefinger in front of her face. "Don't say anything. I'm going to do the talking. If I ask you a question, you'll answer it. If I tell you to do something, you'll do it. But otherwise you will not talk. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes," she said.

"Good," I said. "Mrs. Hansfield, your husband hired me because he suspected you of cheating. I took the job, three days ago. I know you're cheating. And you know you're cheating. And now, Myron here knows you're cheating. So everybody's in the know. I've got proof." I held up the manila envelope, then I tossed it to a large table next to us.

"But that doesn't mean the case is closed, Mrs. Hansfield," I said. "I'm not a marriage therapist. I'm just a private dick. But I don't close a case until I've seen it through and the job is done. There's a little more of this job to do, and I mean to do it."

It was as plain as cheese on pizza that neither Mrs. Hansfield nor Mr. Hansfield had any idea what I was talking about, but I was about to make it clear to them.

"Mrs. Hansfield," I said. "Take your clothes off."

"What?" they both said at the same time.

"Sonny," Myron started to say, "What is this? I don't think this is --"

I held up a single finger inches from his face, and it stopped his flapping lips cold.

"Myron, don't speak. Don't think. Watch. Just watch."

I turned again to Svetlana. "You heard me. Do it."

She looked at me and half shook her head. But she didn't stomp off and she didn't talk back to me. Then the half shake became a half nod and I knew I had her.

In a single movement she lifted the chemise from her body and over her head, and she threw it to the floor. Then she stood there with her hands on her hips.

It was quick, but it was one of the best damn strip shows I'd ever seen. One of the most beautiful women in this town was standing before her husband and me in nothing but four inch heels. She was spectacular. Discerning people would pay good money to see what I was seeing. For all I knew, they probably had.

I looked her in the eyes to make sure she was listening to me. She was. I looked down at Myron, who was staring bug-eyed and quivering at Svetlana like a scared rabbit at a fox, or a hungry rabbit at a carrot, or maybe a mixture of both. Myron wasn't going to be a problem, I could tell.

"Come here, Mrs. Hansfield," I told her. She came. Slowly, deliberately, with hips swaying – but she came.

When she got close enough I cupped the back of her golden-maned head with my hand and pulled her face to mine. I kissed her roughly, with an open mouth. My tongue pushed hard against hers, and she pushed her tongue back against mine. With my other hand I reached up and grabbed her breast and pinched her hard, jutting tit. Then I pulled my face away, and my hands now grabbed both her tits. Mrs. Hansfield looked at me like a feral animal in heat. But I looked at Myron. He didn't utter a word. He just looked at us with his jaw dropping fast to the floor.

"Myron, when you came to my office, you said you thought your wife was having an affair and you just wanted to see. You didn't know what you wanted to do, but you wanted to see. Well, I'm going to let you see. I knew your wife was having an affair before you came to me. Because she was having an affair with me. I've been fucking your wife, Myron. And I'm going to fuck her right now, and I'm going to let you see. Because that's what you want, Myron. And you're the client."

Myron said nothing, just as I knew he would.

"Turn around Mrs. Hansfield, and grab the edge of that sofa," I told her.

I shucked off my pants in a jiffy, and I took off my socks and shoes too, because dark socks and shoes on a man's bare legs is not a good look, and looking good is part of what I do.

Svetlana was leaning over with her hands on the sofa. Her ass was pointed up and toward me, and her legs were spread wide. I could see everything.

I took her then, hard and fast and rough and right in front of her husband. I held her just so, so her husband could see me entering her. I didn't have to look at Myron, but I could see him from the side of my eye held rapt by the sight in front of him. I knew my client.

I wasn't saying much, just concentrating on the task at hand, but Svetlana was panting and moaning with no restraint. I'd fucked her before, but I could tell that being fucked in front of Myron was taking her to a level of ecstasy and excitement she'd never reached when we were alone. I'd be lying if I said I was surprised.

I'd never felt her as wet as she was now, and my cock, though somewhat large for her tight pussy, moved smoothly and easily in and out of her. Soon I could see trails of moisture flowing down from between her legs.

We fucked like that for a few minutes. Then it was time to give Myron a different view. I scooped my arms under and around her and lifted her easily, then walked a few steps back and set her, supine, in the sofa across from Myron. I took a calf in each hand and spread her wide. Her large breasts were full and ripe and shaking. My cock, still hard and standing straight out from me, needed no help finding her wet opening. I plunged in again and resumed fucking her, making sure I was holding her so Myron could see every stroke of my entering her.

I had no need or interest to prolong this appointment. I sped up and pushed and pulled harder. I angled my approach into her so my shaft pressed against the pert nub of her clit. That did the trick, for her and for me. I could hear the tell-tale quickening of her breathing and the heightened pitch of her moaning. A few more even harder strokes pushed her over, and when her back arched and her mouth opened in a loud gasp I knew she was done. I pulled out of her, moved my body forward over her, and let go. I let loose a thick, ropy spray of cum on her tits and chest.

Cum and high heels – no more suitable outfit had ever been made for Mrs. Myron Hansfield.

She lay back and didn't move. Her husband sat as still as a garden gnome on the other sofa. I, however, had other work to do, and I quickly put my pants, socks, and shoes back on.

I snapped my fingers at him to get his attention.

"Myron," I said. "Listen to me. Your wife is a certain kind of woman. She is the kind of woman who's going to cheat on you. There's not a damn thing you can do about it. Looking at you right now, I don't think you want to. You are going to adjust to this fact. And you are going to like it."

I turned to Svetlana.

"Mrs. Hansfield," I said to her. "There's no point in pretending that you are going to be faithful to your husband, because you're not. You're going to keep fucking around. But from now on, you are going to tell him. You are going to tell him, in great detail, about every guy you fuck. You will take photos of yourself being fucked, and you will send them to him. You will text him when it's happening. Sometimes, you will invite him to watch you being fucked. You will let your husband know everything you do to cheat on him. And when your husband is man enough to want you for himself, you will give yourself to him. Without reservation. Do you understand?"

At that very moment Mrs. Myron Hansfield, nude and spread out on the sofa, was not at her most highly functional self, and a forensic psychologist testifying at trial might have said she responded out of duress, or without being fully in her right mind. But she said yes, and that was enough for me.

Then she looked at me and said, "How does this affect –"

I stopped her, with my finger again. It was a damned effective finger.

"Us?" I said. "Mrs. Hansfield, we are done. I have greatly enjoyed our relationship. But your husband is my client, and I take conflicts of interest very seriously."

It was time to get out of there. I'd done what I could do. They'd have to work out the rest.

"I think this engagement is done, Myron," I said to him.

He turned his gaze away from Svetlana, with evident effort, and toward me.

"Uh, Mr. – Sonny, I mean. Do I owe you –"

I had to stop him again. More finger.

"No, Myron, you don't owe me anything. This one's on me. We're good."

I let myself out.

I had a ways to walk back to my office, but it was a pleasant day, it was early afternoon, and the walk would do me good. It didn't seem right under the circumstances to ask Myron to drive me back.

As I walked along the streets back to my office, I looked at the houses on either side and wondered what secrets their shut doors held back.

There's a dirty job to do every day in this city, and I might as well be the one to do it.

Fuck Bus

"So, have you heard about Fuck Bus?"

My friend Penny sat across the table from me in an outdoor café. She asked the question in a low voice, leaning across the table and looking both ways like she didn't want to be overheard.

"Fu . . . what?" I asked, confused.

"Fuck Bus," she said again, just as quietly as before.

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"So, you've never heard of it?"

"No," I said. "I haven't heard of it. Never."

Penny seemed excited, like she was letting me in on a big secret.

"OK, I'll tell you," she said. "I first heard of it a few months ago. I thought it was just an urban legend. But I just found out from a friend of mine that it's real. Her name is Tamara. She tried it out and it blew her mind. She's kind of wild. I knew her in college and . . . well, let's just say there were a lot of stories about her. But she's not a liar. I believe her."

"I still don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"It's like a secretive club. They drive around in a bus around the city. To get on the bus, you need a special token. You give them the token, and they let you on the bus, and then . . ."

"Then what?"

"Then they fuck you."

"Who's they?" I asked.

"Everybody. It's a gang bang. Strangers. People you've never seen and will never see again. They grope you and tear your clothes off and they gang bang you."

"You've got to be kidding me."

"No. Seriously. That's what Tamara said. She did it. She said it was amazing. Most erotic experience of her life. The bus drove all over the city while strangers had sex with her. She couldn't remember how many. She was sore afterward."

"My God," I said.

"Yeah, that's what I thought."

My mind reeled at the idea. I looked closely at Penny.

"Are you . . . are you interested in doing this?"

"Me? No. I'm not a prude, but it's too much for me. I'd worry about it getting out. But she gave me a name and number to call. It's on a card. I've got it in my purse."

She opened the little purse and pulled out a crisp white business card with black embossed lettering. The letters "FB" appeared in the top left corner. In the middle of the card was the name "Dieter" and a phone number.

"Tamara gave me this card. You call this number," Penny said. "You talk to Dieter, and you tell him you want to ride the bus."

"That can't be a real thing," I said.

"I think it is," Penny said. "I believe Tamara. She told me all about it. It sounded totally wild. Over two hours of being driven around the city and having sex with strangers."

"Wouldn't she be worried about, like, catching something? STDs?"

"You'd think. But apparently this club is very careful. Everybody is checked. It sounds crazy, I know. I'd never do it. But Tamara said she loved the sense of letting go -- of letting her body be used by all those people."

"I can't even imagine," I said, my voice trailing off.

"I know, right?"

Penny grinned mischievously.

"But it does sound kinda hot, don't you think?"

"It sounds crazy," I said. "Crazy. But hot for some people., I guess."

"Maybe you should try it, Taylor," she said to me, her grin growing bigger.

"Me? Are you kidding? No way I'd do that."

"You need to loosen up."

"You keep saying that. Yeah, I could probably loosen up some, but that's too loose for me."

A strange chill crept over my body, giving me goose bumps. I didn't know why. It was June and the sun shone and the temperature held steady at 80 degrees.

Penny and I chatted about other things, and we finished our lunch and I went back to work. But I couldn't stop thinking about it: Fuck Bus. What a strange idea. How in the world could anyone do that? I couldn't imagine it. And, yet . . . I did imagine it. I kept thinking about it. I thought about what it would be like to board a bus full of strangers who . . . fucked me.

I was neither a prude nor a slut. I was 29, and I had had sexual partners in my life, but not that many. I was single at the time, having broken up three months earlier with a boyfriend whose self-absorption and inattentiveness to me grew to be too much to bear. I had been celibate since then, and I was feeling itchy.

I'd never done anything especially wild, sexually. I guess the wildest thing I ever did was have sex with my then-boyfriend on a deserted beach when I was 22. I liked sex, but I always thought of it as

something private. Besides, I had a well-paying job at an insurance company, and I didn't want to do anything that might hurt my reputation or jeopardize my employment.

But for the next two days, I couldn't get Fuck Bus out of my mind.

It couldn't be real, could it?

I had a good memory, and I had memorized the name and number on the card Penny showed me. I couldn't get it out of my head, nor could I get the concept of the . . . the ride out of my head.

I thought about it while looking out the window of my office on the 11th floor of a downtown high-rise building. Work bored me, and I had no boyfriend to distract me. So, my thoughts wandered to . . . Fuck Bus.

It was a crazy idea. It was an incredible fantasy, but I couldn't imagine really doing it.

But nobody would know. Penny said it was discreet and secretive.

I looked out the window again. A sea of buildings spread out around me. It was a big city, and it was easy to be anonymous. It wasn't hard to imagine that a girl could get on a bus, be fucked by strangers, and

get off, and nobody she knew would ever know. It would be her secret.

And, of course, the secret of everybody who fucked her.

I shook my head. I had to stop thinking crazy thoughts and get back to work.

Two more days passed. Work was stressful, but still dull, and I still had no boyfriend to distract me.

At home, after work, I poured myself a glass of wine and downed it quickly. The alcohol went to my head. I sat in front of the TV holding the drained wine glass but didn't know what I wanted to watch. The phone lay on an end table next to me. I picked it up.

I thought about the phone number Penny had given me. And the name. Dieter.

Impulsively, spurred on by the wine, I punched in the number.

It rang twice before a deep, masculine voice answered.

"Dieter." His tone was perfectly flat and emotionless.

"Hi, I --" I couldn't get the words out.

"Yes?"

"I . . . I want to ride the bus."

"I see. Who told you about the bus?"

"A friend of Tamara."

"OK. And you're sure you want to ride the bus?"

When I picked up the phone to call, I wasn't sure about it at all. I just wanted to see if someone would answer, see if this was a real thing or a prank. I still didn't know if I wanted to do it. It seemed crazy even to think about it. But the conversation piqued my curiosity.

"I think so," I said.

"No," said Dieter, voice still perfectly even. "You must be sure. There is no thinking about it. Only those who are certain may ride the bus."

"OK, then," I said, relenting. "I'm certain." I spoke with more firmness. "I am certain I want to ride the bus."

I still wasn't certain, but I was starting to convince myself to give it serious thought.

"What is your name?"

"Taylor."

"You are over 18?"

"Yes. I'm 29."

"You are using a cell phone?"

"I am."

"Good," he said. "I will text instructions. You must follow them to the letter. Once you've done so, and if you meet the requirements, arrangements will be made for you to pick up a token, along with directions about where and when to get on the bus. You must be at the precise location at the precise time with your token in hand to get on the bus. The ride is two hours. One other thing --"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Wear something you won't mind not being able to wear again."

"Why?"

"Just do it. Because after the ride you won't be able to use it again. I assure you."

"OK." My voice quavered.

"You'll receive the instructions by text soon." A high tone sounded, signaling the end of the call.

What was I doing? I couldn't really do this, could I?

But the more I thought about it, the more I thought that maybe, just maybe, I really could do it. I could ride the bus. It sounded deliciously, wildly naughty -- the kind of thing my parents would be appalled to know I was even considering. I'd always been a "good" girl -- too good. It was time to break out a little. Well, more than a little. If I followed through with this, it would be wilder than anything I'd ever done, by far. And probably ever would do again.

The instructions came 15 minutes later, and I scanned them on the screen of my phone. The text read:

"You must have a medical checkup and be tested to confirm you have no STDs. You must scan a copy of the written report, along with your

driver's license, and return them to this number within 12 hours of receiving the report, along with your work address. "

That shook me. An STD test? I hadn't had one in a while, but I'd tested negative before and was confident I had no STDs. But what about the people on the bus? The thought of being with strangers, perhaps many of them, was frightening. But still . . . something about the danger made it even more arousing.

After the call, I didn't take any action for over 24 hours. I had to think about it. At work the next day, it was difficult to concentrate. All I could think about was Fuck Bus.

Fuck Bus.

What a crazy concept. That's what made it so enticing. I needed to do something crazy.

Finally, I called my doctor and set up a lab test.

Two days passed with interminable and agonizing slowness until my appointment. The appointment itself went quickly, and the next day the results were available through an online portal. I made a digital copy of the report and my driver's license.

I was keenly aware of what I was thinking about doing -- giving detailed and extremely personal information about myself to a stranger. But I did it.

In only 10 minutes, I received a call. It was Dieter.

"I received your text. So, you are sure you want to ride the bus?"

"Yes," I said, trying to sound confident. I didn't feel confident. "Can you tell me more about it?"

"Not much. All you need know is this. When you deliver your token to the bus driver and get on the bus, you consent to be fucked by any and all the people on the bus. I won't tell you how many there will be. Some will be women. Some will be men. Your body will be theirs to use however they wish. You should fully expect that every part of you, every orifice, may be used and filled. Everyone on the bus will have been tested, like you, and be free of STDs. No one will use condoms. I assume you are on the pill?"

"Yes," I said, my voice barely a whisper.

"Good, that's on you, if you don't want to get pregnant. Do you understand what I've said, and do you agree?"

"Yes," I said again.

"You understand that by getting on the bus you consent to have sex with more than one person on the bus?"

"Yes."

"The bus ride will last two hours. When we deliver the token, we will give you the location where you will catch the bus. It will drop you off near your work. You should clear your calendar and be flexible about the time, which you will find out early tomorrow. Where do you work?"

"In the Porter Building, 405 Willis Street, downtown."

"Excellent. I know where that is. I will text you early tomorrow about picking up the token. When the ride is done you will be dropped off near your place of work. You will want a change of clothes and you should plan to get in your car and leave immediately. You will not be in a condition to go back to work."

That sounded ominous and frightening . . . but, again, thrilling.

It was really happening. The wheels were turning. I would ride the bus.

I had difficulty falling asleep that night, but the next morning my eyes snapped open and I bounded out of bed, my skin atingle with excitement. I took a long time showering and took even longer shaving my body all over, leaving everything fresh and bare but with just a little well-cropped patch above my lips below.

Now the tough decision: what to wear? I didn't know what, exactly, would happen to my clothes, but I'd been warned. After a few minutes of mulling it over I pulled from the closet a cute, flowery sundress that hit my legs just above the knee. It was old but still in good condition. I seldom wore it and figured I could sacrifice it for . . . whatever was to come. Underneath I wore a pink, filmy thong and matching bra. I picked out another blue sundress from the closet as a spare, and I folded it and up it in my purse. After putting the outfit on I slipped tan, low-heeled sandals on my feet. Since I didn't know what to expect I didn't want to wear something I couldn't balance on.

My body flushed with nervousness on the drive to work. I parked in the garage under the building, on the second floor down where I usually did. Minding Dieter's words, I parked as close to the door to the stairs as I could.

I knew already that it was going to be a slow day at work and that I'd be able to get away anytime. I was fortunate to have be able to work on projects at home from time to time.

At 10 am the text message came:

"Go to the flower shop at 411 Willis and be there in exactly 20 minutes."

My tummy rumbled in the elevator on the way down from the 11th floor. I must have looked nervous, because a woman who looked like she was in her 60s kept glancing at me as we descended, her eyebrows arching as though wondering what I was up to.

It took no time to get to the flower shop. I was familiar with it. It was tiny, occupying just a sliver of horizontal space on the ground floor of a massive office building.

I stood outside the flower shop, as instructed, and I waited, glancing nervously this way and that. The sidewalk was crowded with people and I had no idea what the person I was to meet looked like.

"Taylor," said a familiar, uninflected voice from the opposite direction from where I was looking. I turned to meet Dieter for the first time.

He was a trim man of medium height with dark hair and a face of indeterminate age. He could have been ten years older than I, or twenty. He wore black-rimmed sunglasses, black shirt, black pants.

"Yes," I whispered. "Yes," I said again, louder.

"Do you still want to ride the bus?"

"Yes," I said. "I do."

"You consent to the terms we discussed?"

"Yes."

"Once you are on the bus, there's no turning back," he said.

"Oh!" I said, surprised. "I didn't know that."

"Yes. Do you still agree?"

"Yes, I do."

He held out his hand.

"Here is your token." He handed me a white plastic disk, like an out-sized poker chip, with black letters written on one side. "The token contains the time and place the bus will pick you up today. You must be in the precise location at the precise time, or it will leave without you, and you can never be invited to ride the bus again. Do you understand?"

"I do," I said, reading the words.

"Good," he said, cracking the slightest of smiles. "Enjoy your ride."

Dieter turned away and disappeared into the teeming throng of people on the sidewalk. I was left standing with the token in my hand. I read it. It said, simply: "Sunshine Tours. 611 Willis Street. 2:00 p.m." Only two blocks away. I knew there was a bus stop there. It made me nervous that it was only a short distance from my office. My colleagues at work might see me. But with so many people on the streets I figured that even if a co-worker saw me, they wouldn't think anything of it.

I went back to the office and did my best for a few hours to concentrate on work. I only partly succeeded. My heart raced, and my skin flushed as I anticipated what might happen later that afternoon.

What might happen.

I wasn't committed. I'd told Dieter I would do it, but I could still pull out. I could choose not to show up, and the bus would arrive at the stop, and it would pull away and disappear forever because of my nonappearance. I'd incur no penalty -- other than wondering for the rest of my life what it would be like to experience that fantasy.

Wondering about the fantasy ultimately got the best of me. Near 2 pm, I stood up from my desk. I walked to my boss's office and told her I had to leave and would be gone for the day. She said "OK," barely looking up from the project on which she was working.

It was warm and sunny when I emerged from the Porter Building. I turned left. My senses were running full tilt. The noises of the city, the warmth of the sun on my skin, the colorful tableau of the urban environment hit me all at once as I walked quickly to my destination.

In a few minutes I reached the bus stop. I looked around and saw no one that I knew.

This was the moment of truth. I could walk away.

But I didn't. I stood tall and still facing the street, waiting for the arrival of the bus. I check my phone repeatedly to confirm the time. A small purse hung over my shoulder, with the spare dress folded inside.

At 2:00 p.m. precisely, a bus pulled up at the stop, in front of me. It was silver and blue, and the windows were tinted so it was impossible to see inside it. The name "Sunshine Tours" was emblazoned across the side of it in large white letters.

The bus door opened with a soft, hydraulic "whoosh."

I stared at it for a few moments, as though my future depended on whether I stepped forward or not.

I did. I grabbed a siderail and climbed up the stairs. The bus driver was a middle-aged Asian man with an unreadable expression on his face.

"Token, please," he said.

I fished the token out of my purse. The driver held his palm out and I gave it to him. He read it for perhaps two seconds and then deposited it in a token receptacle near his seat.

"Do you want to ride the bus?" he asked, eyes level and unblinking on mine.

"I do," I replied.

"OK", he said, gesturing with his chin to indicate I should move back and take my place.

I turned and stared into the bus.

It looked like an ordinary bus, the kind I'd ridden many times in the past and never thought about. The one difference was that it was sparkly clean, and the paint looked fresh. I'd guess it was about half

full of passengers. Nobody looked at me. Nobody paid attention to me. They were absorbed in their thoughts, or in the cityscape outside, or in their cell phones.

I wondered if I had made a mistake. Did I get on the wrong bus? Was this a mistake? It seemed weird that no one paid any attention to me.

As I walked down the aisle I heard and felt the engine rev up, and the bus started moving again. I steadied myself by grabbing an overhead metal rail. Wondering what to do or where to sit, I noticed quickly that the current occupants of the bus sat on the aisle seats, and no aisle seats were open. So, after walking half the length of the bus, I stopped and chose to stand, clutching the overhead rail tightly with my hand.

I wondered what was going to happen.

Nothing happened. I was puzzled. Nobody looked at me. Everyone seemed to mind their own business. I wondered again if I had made a mistake and gotten on the wrong bus.

The bus slowed and stopped along the street. Tall buildings surrounded us on all sides. The door opened and many people -- I lost count how many -- got on the bus. A few of them took seats but most, like me, crowded toward the middle of the bus and stood, hanging on to a rail overhead. Now, suddenly, I stood in a crowd of people.

After everyone had got on, the bus left the curb and continued.

I waited, nervous, wondering if something was going to happen or if this was just a prank. The bus turned this way and that. I could not tell where it was going. I started to feel like I'd been played for a fool.

And then, as the bus took a sharp turn, forcing the bodies of everyone standing to sway, I felt it. A hand bumped against my ass. I didn't turn to look whose hand it was. I continued staring out the window at the buildings that passed by us. I pretended nothing happened.

The bus turned sharply in the opposite reaction, and my body rocked backward. My bottom connected with someone's lap. I didn't try to press against it, but I didn't pull away suddenly, either. I let centrifugal force do its work. For a few moments my bottom, covered only in the thin fabric of the sundress and my skimpy thong, pressed against a man's slacks. I felt a noticeable bulge. Then the bus turned again, and our bodies parted.

I kept staring outside, not daring to look at any of the people around me in the face. But I felt them drawing closer. I felt the heat of strange bodies near me. I heard their breathing. I felt an energy crackle in the air around me.

And then I felt a hand again, against my bottom, pressed against my sundress. The hand was more insistent and deliberate this time. It cupped the lower half of my right cheek. Slowly, but surely, the fingers dug into my body.

I closed my eyes. I had not been mistaken. This wasn't a prank. This was going to happen. I let go, then, abandoning myself and my body to the desires and intentions of my fellow passengers.

I felt another hand, on the opposite cheek. This one was more active. I felt strong fingers kneading my left butt cheek while the other hand softly stroked the right one.

I'm really doing this, I thought.

A third hand touched me, from behind, on the waist, and I wondered about myself. How could I have decided to do this? What kind of woman was I to choose to have this done to me? Was I an exhibitionist? A slut? I had no answers, and the words assumed no form or meaning as I gave in to the pleasure of those three hands on my body.

The hand on my waist moved up, until it cupped my breast. I moaned.

I kept looking out the window, trying to focus on something as the scenery went past as the bus drove. I didn't want to look at those whose hands were groping me. But if my eyes held steady, my body did not. It pushed back against the hands, signaling its welcome to their groping.

Another hand came from somewhere and roughly grabbed my other breast. I felt strong fingers pinch a hard nipple.

My breath quickened.

Several hands -- I didn't know how many -- groped and mashed and kneaded my ass through the sundress. Then I felt hands on the bare skin of my legs, beneath the hem of the dress, moving up my thigh. They kept moving, taking the dress hem with them. Thick, aggressive fingers contacted the fabric of my thong. I felt them move along the skinny string over my ass until they settled over the nylon patch covering my pussy. The fingers pushed, into the crevice between my labia.

Finally, my gaze broke away from the buildings outside and I looked around inside the bus. Men of every age, race, and type were crowded around me. A young woman stood there, too. Their hands were all over me. They gripped and grabbed and assaulted my body.

"Oh," I said, aroused and alarmed at the same time.

I heard a ripping sound and I knew the hands were tearing my dress. I resisted, weakly, but it was no use. The hands would not be denied. They tore at the dress and it came away in strips and pieces. I saw a piece of fabric fall to the bus floor. Soon I stood on the bus, clinging to the overhead rail in just my bra and thong.

They didn't stay on me long.

Nimble fingers undid the clasp of my bra, and it fell away and my breasts sprang loose, swaying and on display to the strangers on the bus. At least two hands grabbed at my thong panties and pulled them down. I heard the fabric rip. Soon the thong, too, was off my body, ripped and pooled at my feet on the bus floor, and being pulled away.

Now I was completely naked, exposed to strangers, and the strangers' hands were all over me, probing and groping me.

I felt rough hands on my breasts, pinching my nipples. I felt hands on my belly, and on my ass. And I felt hands and fingers between my legs, exploring and penetrating the most private parts of my body.

"Get down on the floor, slut," I heard a voice say. A woman's voice. Hands pressed on my shoulders and my body gave way. My knees went to the bus floor. My eyes now were level with the crotches of men all around me, and I saw hands fumbling with zippers and cocks of all shapes and sizes springing out, pointing toward me.

"Oh, fuck," I heard a tiny, almost fearful voice say. It was my voice.

"Suck it," I heard someone else's voice say. I wasn't sure what to suck, but my body eagerly and desperately wanted to suck something, so

my mouth moved toward the closest cock. It wasn't the biggest or the hardest. It wasn't even that impressive. But it was the one nearest to me. The head was inches from my mouth, so I leaned forward and opened my lips and closed them over the cock tip.

I felt hands all over my body as I started giving a blow job. I didn't even bother to look at the face of the man whose body was connected to the cock. All I knew was the cock was in my mouth, and I wanted to suck it and I wanted it to be deeper inside me. In my mouth. I was a slut, now -- a Fuck Bus slut -- and I needed to play out my sluttiness. For another two hours, at least.

I felt the cock harden and lengthen as my mouth moved over it. With the cock filling my mouth, I couldn't say anything, but I tried to talk while it moved in and out of me.

"Ummmmph!" I cried with every stroke into me.

The man fucking my mouth decided to fuck harder and deeper, and I felt the cock hit the back of my mouth. I gagged. Saliva dribbled out my mouth.

I felt a hand -- God knows where it came from or to whom it was attached -- snake its way down into the crevice between my ass cheeks, where it pushed against my virgin asshole, then it snaked farther until it reached my pussy. Two fingers pushed my lips back and pressed forward and in. I moaned while gagging over the cock assaulting my mouth.

The cock pulled out suddenly, without warming, and I felt hot spurts of liquid on my cheek. The man's cum. That hadn't taken long. Just a few minutes into my bus ride and I'd been given my first-ever facial.

With that man's cock done and spent, other cocks slapped against my mouth. I couldn't decide at first which one I wanted, so I used my hands to grab on to two of them near me and shook my head back and forth, rubbing my lips against two others poised to enter me.

As I did so, cocks slapping against my face, I felt strong hands on my hips, lifting me off the floor. I acquiesced. I wanted to do whatever the hands wanted my body to do.

The hands pulled at me, and in a moment, I was lifted, on my feet, bent over. My face was still surrounded by cocks, their thick and engorged heads beckoning me, calling to me, just inches from my lips. But my butt was higher now than before, held tightly by two strong hands and level with the needy cocks flopping on all sides of me.

I felt one of them slap against my backside, between my ass cheeks. Without thinking, I pushed my butt back toward it. I felt the head bump against me -- my ass cheek, my butthole, and, finally, my pussy. With no further ado it pushed in. My labia gave way and a hard cock attached to a strange man I couldn't even see shoved its way into me.

"Oh God," I cried out.

"Nice bitch," I heard someone say behind me. Maybe it was the man fucking me. Maybe it was someone else. I didn't know. But I liked being called a bitch. I loved it. I felt low and dirty and depraved, and it was a new, marvelous feeling. I'd set foot on a whole new world to explore, and I wanted to explore all of it.

The cock pounded into me, hard and fast, and my body bucked under its pressure. A big cock pressed hard against my mouth now, and I opened my lips to take it in. It pushed in hard as well, just like the cock in my pussy. The cock's owner didn't hesitate, shoving it all the way in until it hit the back of my throat and I gagged again. I wasn't sufficiently practiced in deep-throating to take it in all the way without gagging, but the man who was mouth-fucking me didn't care. Obviously, he just wanted his cock serviced, and he was going to use my mouth however he wanted. I gagged and drooled as the big cock thrust in and out of my mouth.

I wanted it that way. In that moment I relished the feeling of surrender.

My body was assaulted from every angle. Splatters of hot cum hit my body. Rough fingers pinched my nipples until I cried out. Another finger shoved its way into my ass while my pussy was being fucked with abandon. I wouldn't have been able to stand against all

the pressure if unseen hands hadn't held me up. But they did, allowing me to let go completely. I felt as though I was riding a wave.

The two men inside me orgasmed at about the same time, and a warmth filled my pussy while a thick, salty wad of cum filled my mouth. I wanted to swallow it all, but instead I gagged again, and a thick stream poured out my mouth. I coughed. I think I heard the cum splatter on the bus floor.

Hands, too numerous to count, twisted and turned my body until I was flopped over, face to the ceiling, legs spread wide, several feet off the aisle of the bus. I got a better look at the men using my body. Their faces showed raw desire and hunger for my body, and I craved their need. Then I saw a slender Asian woman, naked like me, with small brown tits, open her mouth and press it down hard against my pussy. Her tongue went in and then I felt her sucking the recently deposited cum out of me. She sucked loudly and greedily, and her tongue in my pussy and against my clitoris sent me over the edge. My body spasmed and I came.

"Fuck!" I yelled to the bus ceiling.

But no one paid attention. They didn't care that I had come, and they didn't care that my pussy was sensitive to further touch. The Asian woman's mouth withdrew, and a man's hard cock took her place and pushed into me. I gasped and said "No!" but the cock didn't stop its hard, fast attack on my cunt.

Soon, that cock came as well, and as soon as it did and left its milky deposit another one replaced it. I was fascinated with watching it pump in and out of me and the way my cunt lips stretched over its girth, but firm hands grabbed my head by the sides and tilted my head back, preventing me from watching the fuck show any more. Then another new cock slapped at my face. I knew what was expected so I opened my mouth and the cock slipped inside.

This cock was uncircumcised -- my first. My tongue swirled over the unfamiliar sensation of the man's foreskin. It wasn't easy to do because the cock pushed in and out so quickly.

I was dazed, assaulted by so many sensations from so many directions that it was impossible to focus on anything. All I could see was the large, floppy, hairless ball sack of the man fucking my mouth. My nose took in its masculine, clean scent. Thank goodness everyone had come to the group fuck well-groomed and showered. These people knew what they were doing.

"You're a good slut," I heard someone say. I swelled with pride at the compliment.

I was dimly aware of a succession of men's cocks replacing one another in my pussy and in my mouth. I had no idea how many. I lost count. I didn't care.

It was difficult to concentrate on anything, but somewhere in my brain I calculated that at the end of two hours the number of people

I'd fucked would be three or four times what it had been before I'd stepped on the bus. I'm a fuck toy for all these people, I thought.

I was, but I was something else, too. I was the center of attention. As much as my body had been made available for the use and pleasure of others, my pleasure held center place. All the people on the bus were tending to me, pleasuring me, fucking me, putting all my senses at the uttermost edge of delight.

I gasped as an especially thick cock entered my pussy. It was bigger than all those that had come before. It stretched me and filled me. Its owner was not gentle. He pushed in, hard and fast, all the way. My mouth filled with cum again. The cock in my mouth withdrew and I coughed and cum splattered everywhere and I tilted my head up to get a glimpse of the thick penis that pistoned in and out of me.

I'd never seen such a big penis up close. The man attached to it was completely naked, and muscular, like a body builder, and his arms bulged as he held fast to my thighs and he fucked me. On the outstroke he liked to pull out almost all the way, until the pink engorged helmet of his cockhead emerged, nearly fully exposed, tickling my pussy lips, until it plunged back in, making me groan. My pussy had never been stretched so wide. But the muscular man obviously didn't give a damn about my history or what I'd known. He just wanted to fuck me, and he did, over and over.

He fucked me longer than any of the others, and I marveled at his control, because he was young, and his fuck strokes were fast and vigorous.

At last, sometime later -- I have no idea how long -- I heard him start to groan, until he pulled his cock out all the way and pointed it at my belly, and thick ropes of milky cum sprayed over my pale skin. Somebody scooped it up fast and pushed their hand into my mouth, forcing me to slurp up the man's cum. When the fingers left my mouth, my lips made a loud smacking sound.

For a moment, nobody fucked me. My body was held up by numerous hands, and my legs were spread wide, but no cocks were inside me. I saw the Asian woman draw close to me.

"Tell us how much you like being a bus slut," she said.

"I love it," I replied, my voice hoarse and raspy from all the cum and gagging.

"I can tell, slut," she said.

Then they assaulted me again. Cocks, fingers, tongues, even toes -- appendages beyond count entered my eager and open holes, until all those holes were sore from use. At least three different cocks entered my asshole, and far, far more than that entered my pussy and mouth.

I moaned and cried. Tears streamed down my cheeks from the exquisite mix of pain and pleasure.

For two hours my body was battered by the sexual intrusions of strange men, and the tongues and fingers of at least a few women. Cocks of every imaginable color, length, and width entered me. I loved them all. My body floated on a cloud of constant arousal. I didn't have to do anything. I lay passive while firm, strange hands twisted and turned my body to make it available for everyone's needs, including my own.

I came more times in two hours than I had come in the previous two years. The bus floor under me was a mess, drenched with a slurry of male cum, saliva, and some of my own pussy juices. After a time, they lay me on the floor and turned and twisted my body until it was slicked shiny in the messy effluent of gang bang sex.

All the while, the buildings of the city passed by as the bus wound its way along the streets of downtown. Once in a while, looking up from the hard, fast fucking of my body, I noticed people on the sidewalks near us. Some of them looked toward the bus, and I wondered if anyone out there could see me in my depraved state. The windows were heavily tinted, so I doubted it, but it gave me a little extra zing of pleasure to think that only a thin pane of glass separated the exposure of my relentless gang banging to the world.

The fucking went on and on, exhausting me, stretching me, until, at last, every cock on the bus -- except the bus driver's -- had emptied itself in me or on me.

I was a hot, sticky mess. I didn't know where my dress was. I looked down at my pussy and the lips were puffy and red from heavy use.

At last I felt the bus slow, and I stood on shaky legs and saw it pull to a curb. We were in an alley, off the main streets, but I recognized the back of the building where I worked.

I felt hands on my body again, but they didn't grab me to make me available for more fucking. They pushed me forward, toward the front of the bus.

"Ride's over," I heard the bus driver call out.

"Wait," I said. "Wait. I need my . . . need my --"

I didn't know where my purse was, or my tattered dress. I was completely naked, and they were pushing me to the front of the bus.

"Wait," I said again. "I need my dress."

But nobody listened. Strong hands, too numerous to count or resist, swept me to the front, past the bus driver, and then two men pushed me down the steps. I almost fell but was able to jump out at the last minute and keep my feet. I was naked, in the alley behind the building. Fortunately, it was deserted. But a hundred feet away I saw people walking along the street to which the alley opened.

My purse landed at my feet, along with the messed-up shreds of my dress. Someone had thrown it out.

The bus door closed, and the bus's engine roared and it drove off.

A bus full of people had fucked me, and no one had said goodbye.

I quickly opened my little purse and pulled out the spare dress, and I pulled it down over my head and my body. The fabric clung to the stickiness on my skin. Although I couldn't see them, I knew patches of cum still clung to my hair and my face. I couldn't let anybody from work see me like this.

Fortunately, a door to the garage lay off the alley. I hurried into it, and ran down the stairs, taking two steps at a time.

Thank goodness, my car was close by when I reached the right garage level. I ran to it, and when I reached it, I felt cum dribbling into my mouth from my nose. I wondered if it was one man's, or more than one man's, cum.

My hands shook as I fumbled to get keys out of my purse to open the car door.

"Hey Taylor!" I heard a familiar voice bellow.

It was George, a senior executive at the company I worked at, and one of my bosses. He was cordial but strait-laced. There was no way on God's Earth he would understand if he saw me up close. I couldn't let him.

I turned and saw him walking toward me.

God, this was awkward.

"Hi George!" I called out to him. "I have to run. I'm late for something!" I made it up.

Somehow, I steadied my hands long enough to open the car door. I got in, started the ignition, and pulled out of the space just as George drew near. I ducked my head and waved to him as I drove away.

Oh, that was close.

It didn't take too long to get home, but I was a nervous wreck the whole way. Drops of cum fell off my face onto my dress over my lap as I drove. I imagined that every time I stopped at a red light the drivers in cars near me could see what a depraved whore I was. The tattered remnants of my other dress lay on the passenger seat next to me. The dress would be in the garbage can the moment I got home. It could never be used again.

At last, I pulled up to my little house, and when the garage door closed behind me, I sighed with relief.

I sat in the car for a while, clutching the steering wheel, and my body shook.

After a few minutes, I got out of the car and entered my house.

In the safety of my home, I tore my clothes off, and I took a long, long shower. When I got out of it, I toweled myself dry, but I didn't get dressed. I walked out of the bathroom, naked, to my living room, and I threw myself on my sofa. My body curled into a ball. I wondered about what I'd done. Strangers, too numerous to count, had used my body for their pleasure for two hours. They'd seen me, seen my face. If they saw me on the street again, they would know I was the Fuck Bus slut that they'd used and fucked. What a dirty, depraved, and deranged thing I'd done. My parents would be ashamed of me if they knew.

My jaw and pussy were both sore. My asshole ached.

But I was alive in a way I'd never been before. My body burned with a fire I knew would not die.

I thought about Dieter's name and the number on the card Penny had shown me.

As exhausted and sore and degraded as I was, after the ordeal on the bus, my thoughts turned to whether I might call Dieter again.

Hell, yes, I would.

Hot Night in the Kitchen with Sis

Aaron bounded up the stairs of the aged apartment building, taking the steps two at a time. His sister Emma lived on the third floor. It was Aaron's birthday, and Emma had invited her big brother over for dinner. He didn't want to be late.

They hadn't seen each other in months. Aaron and Emma lived an hour's drive from each other, but their busy schedules made it difficult for them to get together. Aaron was a recent graduate of medical school, sometimes pulling 20-hour shifts as an intern at a nearby hospital. Emma did double duty as a cooking school student by day and sous chef at a popular French restaurant by night.

Aaron arrived at Emma's door and paused before knocking. He was nervous, and he was not sure why. Maybe it was because he had not seen her in a while. Maybe it was because of his sister's personality, so different from his: light, vivacious, and always sparkly, with a taste for mischief. Or, maybe it was because of what happened on the mountain four years earlier.

He had no more time to think about it because the door flew open. Emma stood in front of Aaron, inside the door, and he had to check himself to avoid gasping.

Aaron knew his sister was pretty. His friends often reminded him of it, despite their being four years older than she was. In high school it always seemed a little creepy to Aaron that his friends snuck glances at his middle school-aged sister, even if she was undeniably cute. Aaron had long since reconciled himself to the fact that, while he was a good-looking guy, his kid sister was in another league of attractiveness. Everywhere she went, she drew admirers, even among his friends.

Emma never looked better than she did standing in the doorway to greet Aaron on his 26th birthday.

The toothy, eager smile and wide-open shining eyes always attracted his attention first. It was gratifying, Aaron thought, to see his sister so enthusiastic to see him. Emma's straight hair was cut in a wedge that stopped above her shoulders. She'd kept it that way ever since becoming a chef. It was practical but stylish. Aaron tried, but he couldn't help sweeping his eyes quickly over his sister's body. A white tank top with a deep scoop neck hugged her torso, showing off the cleavage of breasts raised high and pressed together by a push-up bra. A thin band of skin showed under the bottom hem of the tank top, and beneath that band no more than 12 inches of tan miniskirt obscured the hips and waist that gave way below to long,

shapely legs atop sandals with four-inch heels. Her fingernails and toenails were painted a matching shade of pink.

Emma was one of those girls who looked sexy and glamorous, in a girl-next-door way, without trying too hard. But Aaron thought she looked more glamorous than normal. He was no expert on cosmetics, but it looked like she was wearing more makeup than he had seen her wear before.

"Aaron!" she called, throwing her arms out.

Before he could think what to say she wrapped her arms around him and gave him a tight hug.

"It's so good to see you, big brother," she said. "Happy Birthday."

"It's good to see you too, Emma," Aaron said. "Really good."

Emma turned, and Aaron followed her into her apartment. To his chagrin, he caught himself glancing at her trim, round bottom molded by the little skirt.

As soon as he stepped into the apartment he was hit by the heat and the scent coming from the kitchen. Pungent smells of onions and spices swirled in hot, humid air. Aaron loved food -- good food. He had little time for it while he was kept busy by his internship duties.

The aroma coming from Emma's kitchen immediately set off a wave of grumbling in his stomach.

Aaron could smell the kitchen, but he could not see it. He walked into the small living room of Emma's apartment. Aaron looked around. On the outside the building was not much to look at, but once inside he could tell the landlord had taken steps to update the interior. The plaster walls were smooth and white, and they were trimmed in freshly stained wood. Aaron was impressed that Emma could afford such a nice apartment. He was struck, too, by the care with which she had decorated it. She liked color, obviously. Chairs, sofas, lamps, and assorted bric-a-brac displayed every hue of the rainbow, but somehow Emma had brought all the colors together with a skilled eye. Emma's fondness for color contrasted with Aaron's preference for the monochrome -- his own home was done up mostly in gray and white and muted earth tones.

When Aaron was done taking in his surroundings he turned to Emma, who was staring at him.

"You have a roommate, right?" Aaron asked. "Is she around?"

"Nope," Emma said. "Riley's away for the weekend. Visiting her brother. It's just us."

"Well, I feel special," Aaron said. "Whatever you're cooking smells fantastic."

"Why don't you come in and see," Emma said. She pivoted, and Aaron followed her into the kitchen, his eyes again glancing at her butt and at the hem of the little skirt against the backs of her lean thighs. He shook his head.

I've got to stop doing that, he thought.

The kitchen was bright and colorful, like the rest of the apartment. It was small, a narrow rectangle of black and white floor tiles in a checkerboard pattern with the stove and cupboards on one side and sink and refrigerator on the other. Emma used her limited space to maximum effect. The kitchen brimmed with pots and pans and bottles of spices and colorful vegetables everywhere, but the placement of everything seemed orderly, not chaotic.

Emma knew her way around a kitchen. She always had. Aaron remembered Emma as a child, her eyes barely reaching counter level, begging their mother to let her cook. Mom let her. By the time she was in middle school Emma was a better cook than their mom, although Aaron would never have told his mom that. Mom did not seem to mind; she liked ceding the kitchen duties to her young, eager daughter, whose enthusiasm for cooking gave mom a chance to relax. For Emma, cooking was not a daily chore; it was a passion and an art.

Steam rose from pots and pans on the stove. Emma pulled the oven door open and a whisper of smoke issued from inside. She reached into the oven with a thick mitt on her hand and pulled out a tray of

yellowy-orange puff balls. Aaron did not recognize them, but his nose caught the rich scent of baked gruyere cheese.

Emma set the tray on the stove top and pulled off the mitts. She put another large dish sitting nearby into the oven. She picked up a bottle of white Burgundy sitting on the counter and poured it -- glug, glug, glug -- into two glasses. She picked up one and handed it to Aaron, who took it, and she picked up the tray of orangey puff balls and they walked to the living room.

Aaron and Emma settled into their seats and Emma offered a cheesy puff ball to Aaron. Aaron reached for one.

"What's this called?"

"Gougere," Emma replied. Aaron, who didn't speak French, was impressed by Emma's accent.

Aaron took the cheesy ball into his finger and put it to his lips. He bit off a piece. It came away in a flaky, flavorful chunk.

"Wow, Emma," Aaron said. "That's delicious." He took another bite, and another. Aaron looked at Emma and smiled with the savory pieces of baked cheese in his mouth.

Emma held a cheese ball in her hand, but her attention was on Aaron, not the appetizer.

"It's been a long time, Aaron," she said.

"Too long," he said. "Sorry about that. My internship keeps me working like a dog."

"I'm sorry to hear that," she said. Emma looked at Aaron intently. She shifted in the seat across from him and Aaron couldn't stop his eyes from glancing at her legs. The skirt rode high on her smooth thighs as she sat.

"Any time for love life?" Emma asked. "Are you seeing anybody?"

"Love life? What's that?" Aaron asked, laughing. "I can't remember my last date. I'm a medical intern, remember? What about you? Do you have a boyfriend?"

"I've had a couple of dates in the last two months," Emma said. "But nobody special. Nobody that's caught my eye. Riley tried to set me up with a guy she knew, but that didn't work out."

"Sorry to hear that," Aaron said. "Guess we're just unlucky in love right now." Aaron was sure men must have been beating a path to

Emma's door, so she must have been very picky not to have a boyfriend.

"I have to get something," Emma said, interrupting their conversation. Her legs swept wide as she turned away from Aaron to rise off the sofa, and Aaron caught a brief but clear look at pale pink panties under Emma's miniskirt.

I've got to stop doing that, he said to himself. But he did not stop. His eyes stared between his sister's legs while the panties were in view. When she rose and turned away his eyes followed her ass. The short skirt covered little.

Aaron forced himself to look away from his sister. He looked around the room. He saw a black and white photo in a 5x7 inch frame on the side table next to the sofa on which he sat. It was a photo of him. Aaron had never seen it before. But he felt only a moment of confusion before realizing where and when it had been taken, and by whom.

Emma had taken the photo, on top of a mountain they had climbed together, four years earlier.

It was August. Emma was 18 and on her way to her first year of college. Aaron was about to start medical school. They decided to hike to the top of nearby mountain together, before either left for school.

Aaron drove his beat-up Hyundai for an hour and a half to the trailhead, arriving by early afternoon. He carried sandwiches and water for Emma and himself in his backpack. Clambering up the mountain, Aaron was struck by Emma's high energy. Aaron walked at a steady pace, but Emma was everywhere -- lagging behind him, pacing at his side, dashing ahead of him on gamine legs and nimble feet. When she went ahead, Aaron could not help but notice the perfect sculpture of her ass under the tight and brief blue Lululemon shorts, though he felt guilty about noticing. He tried to look away, but he could not. More than once he thought he noticed Emma's ass wiggle as she hiked directly in front of him.

Aaron could not remember spending a more joyous day with his sister. They talked nonstop the whole way up the mountain, the August heat and sunshine beating down on them. Halfway up they sat down for a long lunch under the dappled shade of an oak. Emma talked about starting college in a few weeks. Aaron shared his worries about medical school. When done with eating lunch and talking about school, Emma thanked Aaron for bringing food for the hike. She told him she'd make it up to him sometime. They continued up the steep, dusty trail.

A coat of grime and sweat lay over their bodies by the time they reached the peak. They stood alone on the top. Already, the sun perched low in the sky, and it bathed the surrounding hills in a golden glow broken at irregular intervals by the shadows winding through the valleys below them. On its north side, the peak gave way abruptly to a cliff, hundreds of feet high, and Aaron and Emma walked to the edge and stood silently looking to its foot below.

Emma pulled out her little camera from Aaron's backpack, asked Aaron to pose near the edge, and took a photo of him. He took a photo of her. She put the camera away and they walked again to the edge of the cliff, eyes scanning the olive mountains that rolled and rumbled to a hazy horizon in every direction.

Emma took Aaron's hand, then, and she squeezed it hard. Whether it was from fear or joy or sheer impulsiveness, Aaron did not know, but he squeezed her hand back, and they glanced at each other.

The glance became something else, and before Aaron knew what he was doing he took hold of Emma by her hips and he kissed her, his lips barely brushing hers. Suddenly aware that he was kissing his sister, he started to pull away, but Emma grabbed him and pulled him back to her. She pushed her face toward his. They kissed again, this time harder and longer.

Kissing one's sister was supposed to be disgusting, or boring. But kissing Emma was neither. When his lips touched hers, Aaron's loins stirred, and his heart soared. A hundred feelings crowded his mind and his body, all of them bathed in warmth and golden light from the sun in the west. Best of all, Emma kissed him back. Her lips mashed against his and his arms went around her, cradling her back and shoulders. Somewhere in the back of Aaron's mind the thought popped up that what he was doing was wrong, but the desire to kiss his sister pushed the thought back down. Aaron and Emma stood on the top of the mountain, lips and bodies together, with the sun going down, heedless of time and of other people and of other people's rules.

When at last they pulled back, their eyes searched each other. They had no answers for what they had done or for their feelings about it. They said nothing to one another. They looked to the sun low in the western sky and knew they had better hurry down the mountain or soon they would be hiking in the dark.

For the several miles it took to get back to the car they hiked in silence, racing the oncoming darkness, feet tumbling over each other and minds scrambling to make sense of what had happened between them. By the time they reached the trailhead the deep gloom of twilight had settled over the mountain.

In the car on the way home, and during the four years that passed, neither Aaron nor Emma ever talked about what happened on the mountain. But Aaron never forgot about it.

Now, in his sister's apartment, Aaron looked at himself in the photo, four years younger. In the photo he wore his hair longer and wavier than he did now. But it was his eyes that Aaron noticed. In the photo, Aaron stared directly into the lens, at the photographer. His sister. And his eyes shone with the unmistakable look of love.

"I'm back!" Emma called, breaking the spell that held her brother.

"You O.K.?" she asked, after Aaron shook his head and did not say anything.

"Yeah, yeah," he said. "What's that?" he asked, pointing to a colorful gift bag in her hand.

"It's your present. I thought we'd open it before dinner."

"Thanks," Aaron said, taking it. He pulled the blue and white tissue paper out the top, and reached in. He pulled it out and opened it to reveal his present.

A stick of pink lip gloss.

"What is this, sis?" Aaron asked, shaking his head. Emma smirked at him.

"Don't you remember?"

Aaron looked at the stick again and scowled, puzzled. His eyes went wide when he realized what it was.

"No way!" he said. "Is this what I think it is? My 15th birthday? How do you have this?"

Emma clapped her hands and giggled. She fell against the back of the sofa.

On his 15th birthday, Aaron, a shy, awkward, and, at that time pimply, teen, opened Emma's present in front of twelve of his friends, and he pulled out a stick of lip gloss -- the same one he held now. His friends howled with laughter and Aaron's cheeks burned red with embarrassment. He tossed the lip gloss at Emma, and it hit her in the forehead. Later in the day, long after the party was over, he apologized to Emma for throwing it at her and even laughed about it a little, but he never saw the lip gloss again, until now.

Emma held her hand out.

"Here," she said. "I've saved that for 11 years. I don't expect you to use it, but you don't have to throw it back at me. I'll take it."

He handed it to her. Emma popped the lid off and screwed the tip open, and she ran it over each lip, slowly. When she took it away her lips sparkled in the low light.

"I'm fooling!" Emma said. "That's not really your present. That's for later, and it's real. I thought this birthday, out of respect for your old age, I'd get my prank done early."

"I appreciate that, baby sister," Aaron said. Emma's lips shone with the succulence of a ripe, red plum.

"Now let's have some more gougere!" she said. They finished off the tray of flaky cheese balls between sips of the cool white wine.

"I need to get back to the kitchen," Emma said, when an orange film on the tray was all that was left of the gougere. "Care to join me?"

"Of course," Aaron said. "That's where all the great smells are. And your company, of course."

Aaron followed Emma into the kitchen, trying with limited success to stop his eyes from straying to her ass. If it was warm in the living room, it was hot in the kitchen, and humid too, from the cooking. Emma lifted a lid off a large pot and beckoned Aaron to see what was in it. A thick, orangey-pink broth bubbled inside. A scent of the sea wafted to his nose. Emma turned the heat down.

"What's that?" Aaron asked.

"Lobster bisque. You do like lobster, right?"

"I love it. Wow. That smells amazing."

"It's going to taste even better," Emma said, grinning. "It will be ready soon." Aaron watched Emma chop some vegetables and move pots around. She opened the oven to check something inside, and another burst of steam came forth. Emma peered into the oven, legs straight,

bending at the waist, and the skirt rode far up her thighs, until a hint of pink panty showed itself again. Aaron, behind his sister, stared, intoxicated by the sight of his sister, the heat, and the swirl of smells in the small kitchen.

Emma unbent, stood up, twirled, and went back to preparing the food, seemingly unaware of the show she was putting on or her brother's inability to look away from her. Aaron noted the speed and efficiency with which Emma moved around her kitchen.

She stopped moving, took a sip of wine from her glass, and stared back at Aaron. The expression on her face, playful a moment ago, was suddenly serious, almost worried. Aaron was startled at the change in her.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

Emma bit her lip and did not answer immediately.

"I'm not sure," she said. "There is something. I'd like your help, but I feel funny about asking."

Aaron was struck by the change in her tone. Emma seemed worried.

"Emma," he said. "You shouldn't feel funny. I'm your brother. You can tell me anything."

Emma did not respond at first. She looked at the floor, instead. Then she looked at Aaron.

"The other day, I was . . . I was feeling myself. My boobs. I felt something." Emma stopped talking and looked away from her brother to the kitchen wall.

"What . . . what did you feel?" Aaron asked. He waited, silent, for her to respond. He heard his heart pound while he waited.

"I don't know," Emma continued. "I thought I felt a lump. I wasn't sure. I called my doctor and set up an appointment, but it's a week from now. I'm kind of, like, freaking out."

Aaron took a step closer to his sister.

"Oh, Emma," he said. "I'm sorry. It's probably nothing. But I'm sure the doctor can confirm that for you. I'm sorry it's troubling you."

"I know," Emma said. "I might be worried about nothing. But I've got seven days to wait and it's driving me kind of crazy. I was wondering . . ."

Emma looked off to the side and back to her brother, and off to the side again.

"What?" Aaron asked.

Emma looked away from the kitchen wall to her brother's eyes.

"I was wondering," she said, pausing, "If you could help me know if there's something there. I don't want to wait another seven days."

Aaron saw the worry in Emma's face.

"I'm just an intern, Emma," Aaron said. "It's not my specialty. Your doctor will give you a better opinion than I can."

"I know," Emma said. "But I trust you. I know how smart you are, big brother. Can you just do this for me? Please?"

Emma's eyes stared straight and unblinking into Aaron's. It was a strange request, and his mind juggled the ethical implications of it, but with those eyes wide and open and bearing down on his he knew he could not say "no."

"O.K.," he said. "I guess. What do you want me to do?"

Emma did not hesitate. Her arms swept up and the tight white tank top rose with them. In a second it was over her head, and it went

flying to the side and fell on the floor. Emma stood in front of Aaron wearing an underwire push-up bra.

Emma's hands went behind her back, and Aaron noted the moment when the clasp was undone. The skimpy white bra shivered and slumped. Emma shrugged her shoulders and the bra gave way and in a moment it, too, was on the floor.

Emma stood in front of Aaron, topless.

Holy shit, my sister has nice tits, Aaron thought. Somehow, though he'd known her all his life, Aaron had not realized how large Emma's breasts were. They were full and round and upright. They defied gravity with the arrogance of youth. They stood firm and away from her torso, the nipples long and pink and hard. When he realized he was staring at his sister's breasts he looked up at her face, and she was looking at him.

"Emma," he said. "I don't know about this. I'm not an expert on breast inspections. I'm just an intern, and it's not something I'm really trained to do."

"You've done them, though, right?" she asked.

"Yeah. Some. Not a lot."

"But you can do it, right?" Emma sighed. "I know it's unusual, but I can't bear to wait another week and I trust you. Please?"

Aaron couldn't say no to his sister.

"O.K.," he said.

He approached her. She turned to him and her breasts shook, slightly, in front of him. Aaron was a conscientious doctor, and he had seen many naked bodies, but he found it more difficult than normal to look at his sister's nude torso with a purely objective, medical eye.

"Which one?" he asked.

"The left one," she said, inclining her chin toward it.

He put both hands on her breast. With one hand he pushed against his sister's breast and made small circles against her skin with three fingers, moving clockwise around the circumference. His hand moved deftly and quickly. He felt awkward and did not want to prolong the examination one moment longer than necessary. Finally, his fingers circled toward her aureole, and her nipple pressed down and sprung back up when his fingers passed over it. He moved his fingers around it and felt her carefully, and he took his hand away when he was done.

"I didn't feel anything, Emma," he said. "It feels fine to me."

Emma closed her eyes and sighed loudly, relieved.

The buzz of an alarm sounded on the oven. Emma jumped, and her breasts jiggled.

"That's dinner!" she said. "I have to take it out."

Emma reached to the floor, grabbed her white top, and pulled it back over her head, pushing the hem down until it sculpted and molded her torso again. She did not look quite the same as before, Aaron noted. She had not put her bra back on. The natural and no longer pushed-up contour of her breasts made that clear, as did the pokey nobs pushing up against the white cotton of the tank top where her nipples lay under it.

Emma slipped on oven mitts, opened the oven, and leaned over to retrieve the rectangular dish. Aaron was startled at the prominence of her nipples, now in profile under the tank top.

"Voila!" she said, setting the dish on an empty stove top burner.

Aaron was getting increasingly agitated at seeing his sister this way. His mind still reeled at having seen -- and felt -- Emma's bare breasts just a minute earlier. He had turned off his doctor mode and was

back to being a brother who was not accustomed to seeing his sister's bare, full breasts. But Emma's attention was fixed on the food. She leaned over the pot containing the bisque. Aaron noticed gentle bubbling on its surface. Emma closed her eyes and smelled the aroma coming up from its surface. She seemed pleased. With the mitts still on her hands she picked up a heavy spoon, dipped it into the bisque, and raised it to her mouth.

"It's almost done," she said. "I'll let it simmer for a few minutes. The beef bourguignon should stay hot under the lid. The potatoes should be fine, too."

The smells coming from the stove top were heavenly. They almost diverted Aaron from his feelings about his sister. It was all Aaron could do to keep his eyes on his sister's face, and not her tits, pointing straight at him.

"Are you O.K.?" she asked. "You look pale."

"Well," he said. "It's just . . ."

"I know," she said. "That was a little weird. I'm sorry if it bothered you. But it's a big relief to me."

She stirred the contents of the pot with a large wooden spoon.

"So, Aaron --" Emma began, and stopped.

"Yes?" Aaron asked, grateful she seemed to be about to change the subject.

"I noticed you looking at the photo of you in the living room. The one I took of you four years ago."

Emma had Aaron's attention.

"Yeah, I did," he said. "What about it?"

"We never talked about what happened that day," Emma said.

Aaron paused.

"What's there to talk about?" he asked. "It happened. It shouldn't have happened. But we can't change it."

Emma did not respond right away.

"You say it shouldn't have happened," she said. "But why not?"

Aaron was nonplussed. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean I've never regretted what happened on the mountain that day. Not for one moment. And you know what? I don't think you regretted it either. If you say you do, I don't believe you. You seemed pretty enthusiastic at the time."

Aaron didn't say anything for a while. When he did, his words came slowly and haltingly.

"Why do you bring it up?" he asked. "What's going on?"

Emma looked away.

"I told Riley about what happened. She wanted to know all the details, so I told her. I told her everything. I told her about how good it felt when you put your hands on my side and you pulled me close when we were on top of the mountain. I told her how good it felt when we kissed. I was embarrassed. I thought she'd be disgusted, but I told her anyway. The words just spilled out. I couldn't help myself.

"And you know what? She wasn't disgusted. When I was done she had this huge grin on her face. And you know what she told me? She told me she'd had the hots for her brother for years. They're twins. They've always been close. Once, not too long ago, they got a lot closer. She told me about it over a bottle of Chardonnay she and I finished off one night. She had her brother -- Ryan -- over for dinner. She seduced him over dinner. They ended up doing it on the floor of

the living room. I was visiting mom and dad that night, so she and Ryan had the apartment to themselves."

Emma paused and pointed vaguely in the direction of the other room.

"Do you know who she's with right now? Her brother. She's visiting him at his condo on the beach. They're going to do it again. That's what she says, anyway. I don't know if he knows, but that's her plan. And Riley's pretty good at getting what she wants.

"Before she left, she told me I should seduce you. Riley always thought you're kind of hot."

"Kind of?" Aaron couldn't think of anything else to say. He was struck dumb by what Emma was telling him.

"Well, big brother," Emma said. "You are kind of nerdy. You're good looking, but, you know."

Aaron didn't know what to say. He reeled at Emma's words.

"Why are you telling me this, Emma?"

Emma said nothing. She looked away from Aaron, up at the ceiling. She looked to the stove top. The bisque bubbled. She grabbed a big

spoon off the counter and dipped it into the bisque and put the spoon to her lips. Steam arose off the pinkish broth.

It was too hot, because when she put it to her lips she instantly pulled the spoon away and said "Hot!"

The spoon tipped, and bisque spilled onto Emma's white top, over her left breast. She gasped, and she shrieked. "Hot!" she cried again. Steam arose over a large dark stain of bisque on the white top, directly over her nipple.

Without any hesitation, Emma whipped the top off and threw it to the floor. She was topless again, her breasts pointed firmly and saucily toward Aaron. A hot oily bisque stain coated her left nipple and the surrounding area of her breast. Steam rose off the stain on her nipple.

Aaron's and Emma's eyes locked, and he looked away from her to her breast.

"It's burning me," Emma said to her brother.

Aaron moved to her. He took her hips in his hand and his mouth went down, to her nipple, taking it in, sucking it in between his lips. His tongue went out and it caressed and slurped over the breast, covering every trace of the steaming bisque. When he pulled back,

the bisque was gone from her breast, but his saliva remained. It sparkled in the kitchen light.

"Thank you." Emma panted as she said it, her chest heaving.

Emma's left hand shot forward and grabbed the short hairs at the back of Aaron's head. Aaron did not move. With her right hand, Emma scooped up another spoonful of bisque from the pot. She brought it slowly toward her face, never taking her eyes off Aaron's.

Then she poured half a spoonful of the steaming bisque in the spoon onto her right breast. She whimpered when it streamed over her pink nipple.

Aaron needed no further prompting. He pushed his head forward and closed his mouth over his sister's right tit. He sucked up the bisque. Then he licked and cleaned up the residue that remained on her breast. Emma moaned while his mouth was on her.

Aaron felt both Emma's hands at the back of his head, pulling on his hair and holding his face fast against her chest.

"Don't stop, Aaron," she said.

Aaron pulled his mouth away from her sticky breast. "You don't stop, either, Emma." His mouth went back to her, his tongue lapping

over her nipple, her areola, and the lambent skin of her breast. His hand pushed the breast up, so he could run his tongue along the underside of it. When his mouth reached her nipple again he bit down on it, gently, but with just enough force to make her whimper. After biting her tit his mouth watered over it and his tongue pushed it back and forth.

When he was done feasting on her breast he pulled back, but only for a moment. He saw the look in her eye, and she saw the look in his. They pulled their faces toward one another and kissed, open mouthed, tongues out and searching one another, arms around each other, grasping and pulling.

Aaron felt a hand on his crotch, searching and then squeezing. The hardness straining against his pants was uncomfortable. But Emma was there to relieve his discomfort, fumbling with his belt until he felt it loosened, and then frantically unbuttoning and unzipping him. Emma succeeded, but then she shifted her attention. Her hands went to his shirt, pulling it up from the bottom. Aaron raised his arms and Emma pulled it over them and off him. They were both topless.

Emma's eyes twinkled, and Aaron saw her grab the spoon and dip it into the bisque. She moved it toward him, the stainless-steel sparkling under the kitchen light. With her free hand, Emma pushed against Aaron's bare chest. He gave way, pushing back against the chair.

Emma poured the bisque over Aaron's chest. He cried out at the touch of the neat-scalding liquid on his skin.

Emma came to his rescue. She dropped the long spoon on the floor and pressed her mouth over her brother's bare chest. Her tongue lapped up the bisque everywhere it found it: on Aaron's nipples, on his lean and firm pectoral muscles, on his abdomen. Emma's tongue scoured Aaron's body in rapid, eager slurps. Soon the bisque was gone, but his chest was sticky with the residue of the bisque and his sister's saliva.

Emma wasn't done. Her hands fumbled over his pants, loosening the button and pulling the zipper down. Her hands found the belt loops of his pants; she pulled them down his thighs. He resisted at first, but then he lifted his butt off the floor and let his sister have her way. In a flash Aaron lay on the floor of his sister's kitchen, stripped down to black boxer briefs.

Emma jumped on him. She pressed her bare chest against his. She grabbed his face, hard, and she kissed him, even harder. Her body writhed on top of his. Her face mashed against his.

They went on like that for a few minutes, twisting and pressing against each other. A bout of panic hit Aaron. He pushed Emma up and away.

"What are we doing?" he asked. "What is this?"

Emma didn't answer him right away. She stared at him, the expression on her face in flux: amusement, desire, and curiosity playing over it in equal parts.

"We're having dinner, big brother," she said, finally.

Emma stood up and away from her brother. From his position on the floor he could see under his sister's short skirt. He caught a glimpse of her pink panties. He felt himself growing hard.

I have to stop that, he thought. But he didn't stop.

He stood up to resist the temptation to keep looking up her skirt, but it didn't help much. He stood uncertainly to the side of the kitchen, his eyes on his sister, topless and long-legged in the tiny skirt. Against his will, his eyes zeroed in on her breasts, swaying from side to side as she tended to the food on the stove top.

Emma pulled two soup bowls out of a cupboard and poured the steaming hot bisque into them with a long-handled ladle. She flicked a dollop of crème fraîche from a small spoon into each bowl.

"Take a seat," she said, gesturing with an elbow to a circular table centered in a small dining room opposite the kitchen. Aaron walked to the table and took the chair on the far side, so he could watch his half-nude sister, still cooking in the kitchen. The table was sturdy and made of dark, fine-grained wood.

For a few minutes Emma did not look the part of seductress, despite her toplessness. She was a chef, an artist, in her element, gathering the food she'd cooked with expert economy and grace. She opened a stainless-steel bread maker and pulled out a loaf. She plopped it into an oblong wicker basket. Steam rose off its crust, and its scent carried across the room to Aaron's grateful nose. He closed his eyes and breathed in. When he opened his eyes, she was carrying the bowls of bisque and the bread loaf basket on a large platter to the table. She set the table and with a long plastic lighter lit two tall skinny candles in pewter holders. She backed up a few steps to turn the kitchen lights off. Their dinner was lit only by the flicker of light from the candles and the soft glow coming from the living room.

"Dinner is served," Emma said. "Bon Appetit."

She didn't sit down immediately. Instead, her hands went to a button at the front of her skirt. The button popped out of its hole. Emma shrugged her hips. The skirt fell down her legs, to the floor. She stepped out of it. She wore only pink lace panties and high heels.

"Do you like them?" she asked Aaron.

"Like . . ." Aaron's head swam.

"My panties," Emma replied. "Do you like them?"

Emma turned around, and Aaron's gulped as he saw the way the thin band of pink lace low on her waist disappeared into the crack of her ass. Emma's ass was perfect. Everything about her was perfect. As beautiful as she was under the bright kitchen light, she was bewitching under the uneven and flickering light of the dinner candles.

"You look amazing, Emma," Aaron said. He didn't know what else to say.

"Thank you, Aaron," she said. "I wanted to look good for your birthday."

Instead of sitting down, she approached Aaron's side of the table and reached for the bottle of red burgundy. She bent in an exaggerated manner at the hips to pour the wine slowly into her brother's glass, and Aaron could not help but notice the perfection with which her breasts hung from her body in front of him, the sharp points of her nipples aimed at the table surface. When she was done she circled around to her side of the table, poured wine into her own glass, and sat down.

She raised her glass.

"To my big brother, Aaron," she said. "Happy Birthday."

"Thanks," Aaron said, weakly. It was surreal -- his sister in front of him, nearly naked at the dinner table.

"I'll bet you didn't expect this for your birthday," Emma said, eyes sparkling in the candlelight.

"Uh, no," Aaron said. "I didn't know what to expect, but I didn't expect this. You were always good at surprises, but this is the biggest one yet."

"I always liked keeping you off balance," she said.

"You always did. You still do."

"You were easy to keep off balance. You were so serious. Always studying. It was so much fun teasing you and fooling around with you." Emma paused and smiled. "I was a brat, wasn't I?"

"God yes," Aaron said. "You were such a brat. It seems charming now, I guess, when I think about it, but it didn't seem charming at the time. Just annoying."

"I liked annoying you. I didn't mean anything harmful by it. I always wanted to get your attention. Sometimes it was so hard. You were always focused on something."

Emma paused. Aaron ate a few spoonful of the bisque, watching Emma's breasts rising and falling with her breaths. Emma ate too, but her eyes seldom left his. Emma broke the silence.

"That's what I can't figure out," she said.

"What?" Aaron asked.

"What you did on the mountain. My serious, studious, older brother. Who never broke a rule. But you grabbed me and kissed me. What made you do that? I never asked you. We never talked about it. It's driven me crazy ever since -- wondering why you did that."

"I don't know, Emma," Aaron said, looking down at his plate.

"I don't believe that, Aaron," Emma said. "I think you do know. Maybe you don't want to say what you know. But I think you know. You don't want to say it. But I want to hear you say it. Why did you kiss me, Aaron?"

Aaron looked up from his plate to his sister. His eyes swept her nearly nude body, pausing over her full breasts and hard nipples before they settled on her eyes, staring intently at his.

"I don't know why I kissed you, Emma," he said. "That's the truth. Before that day, I would have thought anybody who predicted

something like that would be crazy. I always knew you were pretty. But I never looked at you that way. But that time on the mountain . . . it was different. You were sweaty and dirty. And you were my sister. But you were so beautiful. That's what I remember. Your face in the light of sunset. Your body. I didn't have a girlfriend at the time. But when I saw you there, on the top of the mountain, I thought, that's what I want a girlfriend to look like. I'm sorry."

"You don't have anything to be sorry about, Aaron," Emma said. She shifted her attention to the food. "We better eat before it gets cold."

Emma and Aaron ladled spoonfuls of bisque into their mouths for a few minutes. The taste was subtle and exquisite, but Aaron had difficulty paying attention to his food, as delicious and aromatic as it was. He kept sneaking glimpses of his topless sister across the table. Every time he did, he saw her catch him looking at her. She smiled.

Emma shook her shoulders when Aaron looked up from his bisque at her. Her breasts swayed, and he caught himself starting to moan with desire. Emma grinned. Then she leaned forward. Her breasts fell away from her chest, and she aimed one hard nipple at the bowl of bisque below her. She dipped it in, swirled it in the bowl, and withdrew it. A firm pert breast was coated in the orangey-pink bisque. Emma tore off a piece of steaming French bread, and she rubbed it over her nipple. The flaky fresh dough soaked up the bisque. Emma leaned across the table, and she offered the soaked bread to her brother's mouth, which was open in surprise and need. He couldn't resist. He opened his mouth wider, and Emma pushed the piece of bread in. He savored the soft texture of the bread and the

flavor of the bisque, knowing it coated his sister's tit a moment before. He swallowed and closed his eyes.

This can't really be happening, can it? he asked himself. His beautiful sister was sitting across the table wearing nothing but pink panties. The culinary assault on his senses scrambled his brain and made it difficult to think straight. Even when his eyes were closed the steamy, fishy scent of the bisque filled his nose.

Aaron opened his eyes, to see Emma standing up from the table.

"Time for the next course," she said.

She pushed her chair back and walked around the table to within a few feet of Aaron. She hooked her thumbs around the skinny sides of her panties.

"I won't be needing these for the next course," she said.

With that, she pushed the panties down her legs, fast, and in two seconds they lay pooled at her ankles. She stepped out of them. Aaron's sister was naked. For the first time in his life, Aaron saw Emma's pussy. A closely cropped, upside-down triangle of brown fur lay atop her pubic mound, but below that everything was shaved bare. The sweet, fleshy hood over her clit, the inviting swell of her lips, the secretive vertical slit that lay between them -- all were exposed to Aaron's gaze. It was the sweetest and most delicious thing

he'd ever seen. With extreme effort he looked up from between her legs to her face, which was fixed in a lascivious smile.

"Do you want to eat the next course?" Emma asked him.

Aaron gulped.

"Sure." He couldn't think of anything else to say.

Emma turned away, walking back to the kitchen. Aaron turned around in his chair to follow the sight of her bare ass, ripe and perfectly round, swaying with each step.

After a few minutes over the stove, Emma returned, a white serving dish in each mitten-covered hand. Aaron had never been served dinner by a nude woman before, and the smells rising from the hot dishes of mashed potatoes and beef bourguignon reached his nose before his nude sister reached the table.

Emma set each dish on a metal trivet on the table before her brother. She leaned over, showing off her breasts falling away from her chest for Aaron's benefit, and Aaron sat transfixed as she spooned big portions of the two dishes onto the plate before him. When she was done she walked around the table, next to her chair, and she spooned food onto her own plate as well.

She didn't sit down, though. Aaron wanted to dig into the food, the scent of which was driving him crazy with hunger, but he couldn't take his eyes off Emma. Then Emma did something that surprised him -- he marveled at the fact he still could be surprised. She put both hands on the table and jumped onto it. When her butt hit the table, she swiveled around so her feet were pointed toward Aaron's side of the table. She spread her legs, and she pushed herself toward her brother. She stopped when her high heels hung off the table to either side of him.

"Push forward," Emma said. "A little closer."

Aaron did as she asked. Emma put her heels against either side of his chair.

"You remember when I said your real present was coming later?" she asked. "Well, here it is. I'm your present, big brother."

Aaron tried to say something, but the words caught in his mouth and emerged as nothing more than a faint croak.

Conflict wracked Aaron's insides. On the one hand, his sister sat naked and exposed to him on the table, and the brute man in him savored the sight of her bare pussy lying open to him just behind the dinner plate. But Aaron was a neat freak with obsessive-compulsive tendencies. That part of him was troubled by the sight of Emma's bare ass against the dinner table, just inches from his food. He didn't know what to say or how to respond.

"Emma --," he started to say.

"Don't say anything," Emma said. "Not yet. Let's eat some food."

She picked up her glass of wine, and she held it in front of her. Aaron followed her lead and they clicked their glasses together.

"Cheers, big brother," Emma said.

There was something about the way she said "big brother" that got under Aaron's skin. It unnerved him. It aroused him. It was strange to feel like his sister was in control and he was on a ride, not knowing where it would go, wondering what was around the next turn.

Aaron tipped his glass back and drank a sip of his wine, but he couldn't take his eyes off the lithe, nude figure of his sister on the table in front of him. She was mesmerizing -- breasts full and quivering slightly under the rise and fall of her breathing, eyes sparkling under the candlelight, and legs parted to him, showing off the bare, fleshy lips of her sex.

Emma set her glass on the table and picked up a fork. She twirled it and it gleamed in the dim light.

The tines of her fork speared a thick succulent chunk of beef, which she brought to her mouth. Her eyes stayed fixed on Aaron's the whole time. Her lips closed around the morsel of meat, and it disappeared, leaving a drop of russet juice at the edge of her mouth. It dripped toward her chin until Emma touched a finger to it, swiped it, and put the finger in her mouth. She let out a loud "smack."

Aaron followed Emma's lead, eating pieces of the beef -- which was exquisite -while not taking his eyes off Emma.

Aaron and Emma ate like that for several minutes, Emma forking up chunks of beef between spread legs, Aaron alternating between savoring the delicious flavor of the meal and staring at the delicious sight of his sister's exposed pussy.

Emma speared a large chunk of the piece of beef with the tines on her fork. Instead of bringing it to her mouth, she held it forward, toward Aaron's mouth. Aaron inclined his head forward to take it, but Emma pulled it back. She held the fork with the speared beef chunk in front of them. She dipped the fork down, between her legs. Aaron watched in disbelief as she inserted the chunk of beef at the end of the fork into her pussy, between her lips. It disappeared briefly as the lips closed around it until she pulled it out again. Shiny traces of grease and sauce remained at the entrance of her pussy as she pulled the fork away. Emma held the fork up, in front of Aaron's face.

Aaron's eyes didn't leave Emma's as he pushed his face forward and closed his mouth around the savory beef chunk. He chewed it

slowly, aware that he was tasting Emma's pussy along with the beef bourguignon. He couldn't say anything.

Emma fed several chunks of the beef to her brother in the same way. Soon her pussy was a mess of sauce and grease. But Aaron kept eating. His eyes wandered to his sister's greasy, messy pussy, but most of the time they stayed fixed on her eyes.

Emma paused. Aaron waited for what was to come next.

"Do you want some wine?" she asked.

"I think that would be the perfect pairing with dinner so far," he said.

Emma reached forward and picked up Aaron's wine glass rather than her own. But instead of giving it to him, she pulled it back, close to her body, and she leaned back. She held the glass over her left breast. With agonizing slowness, she tilted it over her body. The rich, ruby liquid, sparkling in the candlelight, dripped out of the glass, splashing over the swell of her breast and coating her nipple before flowing down. She lay back at a shallow angle, so the wine didn't flow too quickly; it meandered its way down her skin, an irregular and unpredictable channel of liquid flowing down her abdomen, over her belly button, toward the junction between her legs.

Aaron watched, mesmerized. The flow of the wine slowed as it approached the place between her outspread thighs. But It got there,

eventually, and when it did Aaron saw the wine flow over her clit and down into her pussy. Emma held her legs far enough apart that the stretch caused her pussy to open, and the wine flowed into, darkening and wetting the sparkly pink inside her. From there it dripped onto the table.

Emma smiled at Aaron, a Mona Lisa smile, a smile that combined desire and lust and mystery and emotions and longings that until today Aaron had no idea existed. But he was getting up to speed fast.

"You're supposed to drink the wine, not just look at it, big brother," Emma said.

Aaron needed no further prompting. He jumped out of his seat and grabbed Emma's thighs, holding them apart. He pressed his face forward, to the open, greasy gash between her legs. He pushed his tongue out, as far as it could go, until it met Emma's flesh. He licked her.

Aaron started low, lapping up the sauce and wine and grease at the bottom of his sister's pussy, and then working his way up one side of her swollen labia, and then the other. He pulled back to look at Emma's pussy. It was a precious flower, its petals wet and sparkling in the candlelight with the food and drink Emma had splashed over it. He looked up at his sister's face and she looked down at him with hunger and need. He looked back at her pussy and his tongue went forward, its tip entering her at her deepest point. When his tongue went in as far as it could go he held it there. Aaron closed his eyes, so his sense of sight would not interfere with the delicious taste,

scent, and touch that Emma's open pussy offered him. His tongue flicked up and down, back and forth. He pulled it out of her, and his tongue made tight circles around her clit, each circle faster than the last.

Aaron never had tasted pussy and red wine before, but the combination was exquisite.

Emma moaned and stretched back, her hands behind her on the table. Aaron looked up from his sister's pussy to her body stretched before him. Her breasts stood out as ripe fruit and her nipples were hard red gumdrops.

Aaron went to work on Emma's clitoris, using one hand to push the hood back and using his tongue to lap and flick rapidly over the pearl underneath it. Emma's body reacted, and she tried to pull back, but Aaron put a hand against her ass to hold her to him. His tongue kept at her.

Emma's moaning grew louder and faster. Aaron's tongue stayed on her. Aaron and Emma worked together in a fast but regular rhythm, so his tongue never left her clit. He felt her start to shake, her body spasming without regard to any rhythm they'd started. Her body lifted, off the table, and she cried out, and amid all the wine and grease and sauce Aaron tasted a new wetness issuing from Emma's depths. As she bucked against him in orgasm he moved his mouth down and off her clit, so he could suck up and swallow her ejaculate. He lapped it up hungrily. He swallowed everything he could.

When he was done, he pulled his mouth away from his sister and sat back in his chair. Emma still moaned, and her chest rose and fell rapidly. Aaron noticed the way the low light played irregularly off his sister's full breasts.

For a full minute they sat like that, neither of them doing anything else.

The quiet interlude ended, and Emma exploded off the table, startling Aaron. She jumped off to the side of him, and she knelt by his knees. Two nimble and needy thumbs hooked their way under the waist bands of Aaron's briefs, and she pulled. Aaron lifted off the chair to let Emma have her way, and she stripped his underwear down his legs and to the floor.

They were both naked. Aaron's cock stood up from his lap, wobbling back and forth but always pointing at the ceiling. Emma's eyes darted between the hard cock and her brother's eyes. Aaron looked at the hunger in his sister's eyes and expected her full and ripe lips to clasp his engorged cock at any second, but she didn't do that. Instead, she gave him a mischievous smile and stood up. She turned to the table.

Emma picked up Aaron's soup spoon, and she dipped it into his bowl of bisque. She held the spoon over his cock, six inches above it, and began to tip it. Aaron felt his body clench as he wondered how hot the bisque would be on his skin. Emma tipped the spoon and the

bisque flowed in a thin stream until it hit his hard shaft. Aaron gasped. It was hot; but it was bearable. He saw the smile twist on his sister's face. She scooped up more bisque and poured it on him again. And again.

When she was done, his cock, standing straight up, was coated in the bisque. Emma put her spoon down. She knelt at Aaron's side, looked up at him with a fey grin, and put her face in his lap. Her tongue met his cock.

She bypassed the head, licking the shaft instead, in broad strokes, taking in most of the cock's length, from the base to the edge of the head, but not quite licking the engorged head yet. Instead, Emma licked up and down, adjusting sideways at the end of each stroke until her tongue had licked most of the bisque off his shaft. Aaron sat transfixed at the sight of his sister's mouth on his sex and the sticky delicious feel of her tongue. He groaned. Emma smiled in response.

"You like that?" she asked.

"Oh, Emma, you have no idea."

"I think I do, actually. I felt your tongue on me a minute ago, and that was one of the best things I ever felt. I'm just returning the favor."

"You're doing that, and then some," he said.

She grabbed his shaft hard with her hand, leaving only the bulbous head visible. She squeezed, pushing the blood up and into the head and engorging it more. A pin drop of precum trickled out of the hole in Aaron's cock tip.

Emma's head went down again, and this time her lips closed over the full head of his cock. Aaron felt her mouth take him in, slurping up the remaining bisque and engulfing him slowly. He looked to his lap to see his sister's cheeks swell with his length inside her. She pulled back, revealing Aaron's length, now sucked clean.

My sister's sucking my cock, Aaron thought. I can't believe what I'm seeing.

Aaron was on sensory overload, with the scents of Emma's kitchen in the air, the taste of the beef in his mouth, and the sweet press of Emma's mouth on his shaft.

She picked up the pace, and her thumb and forefinger formed a tight circle around the base of his shaft and squeezed. Aaron gasped at the sensation. Emma really knew what she was doing. He wondered how much practice she'd had.

Enough, he thought.

Aaron felt the quickening inside him and knew that the explosion would come soon. He didn't want that, yet. He wanted to keep going.

But his sister's fast pumping of his hard shaft with her mouth would soon frustrate his attempts to delay the inevitable.

Without warning, Emma pulled her mouth off Aaron. She stood up, her magnificent body perched on high heels and bathed in uneven candlelight. She arched her back and pushed her breasts out for Aaron to see her. Then she pushed forward, grabbed the sides of his chair, and pulled and twisted it with more strength than Aaron would have guessed her to be capable. The chair legs screeched across the floor. A wicked grin stretched over her face, and she sat down on Aaron's lap. Aaron's cock nestled between the gap in her thighs, its tip lightly touching her the bottom edge of the close-cropped patch of fur.

Emma pulled the tureen with the mashed potatoes closer. She held a shiny serving spoon in front of Aaron's face.

"Next course," she said.

She ladled up a spoonful of the potatoes and slapped it against her nipples in quick succession. Most of the potato stuck against her breasts, but some of it streamed down her breasts and torso in a thick mix of potato, cream, and butter.

"Eat," Emma said.

When Aaron hesitated, Emma took her spoonless hand and grabbed the back of Aaron's head and pressed it to her chest. Aaron mouth closed over the fluffy potato and cream mixture and sucked and chewed it. His teeth almost bit down on a nipple, but he stopped them from closing just in time and gave the nipple no more than a light nibble. Emma whimpered.

When he was done she splattered Aaron's chest with potatoes and ate them off his chest as he'd eaten off hers. They went back and forth like that, several times. After eating and sucking another helping of potatoes off Aaron's chest, she scooped up another spoonful, but this time she brought it between her thighs rather than to her chest. She pushed the tip of the spoon into her pussy and pulled the spoon back for Aaron to see.

"Use your fingers," she said.

Aaron dipped three fingers under and through the fluff of potatoes and into her. His fingers curled, and he scraped the walls of her sex on either side, getting as much of the potato as he could.

When he was done, Emma put her spoon down and scooped up more potato, this time with her hand. Aaron winced. Everything Emma did was unbelievably arousing, but the unconventional way she was doing it violated every dinner table convention he could imagine.

She pressed her hand to his mouth.

"Open up."

Aaron did, slowly at first, until he felt the thick scoop being pressed into his mouth.

"Don't swallow yet," she said.

Emma pressed her mouth against Aaron's, full of mashed potato. She pushed her tongue in and he felt it swirl against his, pushing around the creamy, buttery food. Aaron had never shared a mouthful of food with anyone. The thought would have been disgusting to him, but it wasn't disgusting now. He pushed his tongue back against hers. They alternated between touching their tongues and swallowing the food their mouths shared.

When they were done they pulled back.

"My God, Emma. I can't believe we're doing this."

"I know," she said. "It's like a dream. And it's going to get better now."

With that, Emma pushed up on her heels, took his cock in her hand, and scooted closer to him on his lap. The tip of his hardness pushed against her messy but open sex. Emma let herself down, easing her

opening onto his cock. They both watched the cock disappear into her, its width pushing aside remnants of the mashed potatoes.

She bit her lip and grinned.

"Time for the main course."

Emma rose and fell on her brother, starting slowly but gradually picking up speed. Their bodies, coated in food and sauce, slapped together.

No sex ever had felt so good to Aaron. He stared at the steady bounce of his sister's breasts before him. Her hands gripped his shoulders. His hands held fast to her waist. When she lowered onto him, he pulled her down to ensure his cock pushed as deeply into her as possible. Emma let out a tiny squeal with each push.

"That feels so good, Aaron," she said. "You're bigger than I thought you'd be."

"Not too big for your wet cunt, though, little sister," he said. "Do you like that?"

"I like your cock in my cunt, Aaron," she said. "You're not the only one getting a present tonight."

Aaron fucked Emma on his lap for several minutes like that, until he felt a need for something else.

"Up," he said, lifting her at the waist. "I need to fuck you from behind. I need to see your pretty ass as I fuck you."

Emma seemed to like the hard, insistent tone in her brother's voice, and she jumped off his lap, spun around, and grabbed the table edge. She spread her legs wide and pushed her ass back and up toward her brother's gaze. Aaron grabbed her at the hips again and pushed inside. They resumed rocking against each other.

Emma was tight but drenched with the combination of her arousal and the food and sauces sloshing inside her. Aaron had no trouble picking up the speed of his thrusting, and the rapid beat of his sister's squeals at each thrust drove him crazy.

"Oh yes, Aaron," she cried. "Fuck your little sister. Fuck my hungry little cunt."

He did, over and over, pounding into her, eyes savoring the sweet pale flower of her upturned ass, her opening stretched tight around his shaft.

Emma removed a hand from the table and grabbed a bowl of the bisque. About a third of the bisque remained. She took the bowl and reached behind her, trying to steady it against the fast rocking of her

body under Aaron's furious assault. She poured the remains of it over her back. Aaron watched with fascination as the bisque fanned out in a broad channel over her lower back, flowing over her ass cheeks and down into the crevice between them. It continued in a narrow rivulet over her anus and down to her pussy. Aaron kept pounding fast at his sister, and drops and flecks of bisque sprayed in every direction where his cock slammed into her bisque-coated entrance. The rest of the bisque poured off her body onto the floor.

Aaron pulled out of his sister and pushed the chair to the side. Emma turned around to face her brother.

"Down," he said. He gestured to the floor and pressed against his Emma's sides. He'd taken charge, and Emma followed his lead without protest. She sank to the floor. Aaron sank, too, and he pressed her shoulders back until she lay supine against the checkerboard floor.

"You've got sauce on your shoes, Emma," Aaron said. "Sure you don't want to take them off?"

"They're fine," Emma said. "Let's not worry about shoes."

She held her legs high in the air and then spread them wide.

"You like?" she asked.

"Yeah," he said. "I like the way your pussy opens up when you spread your legs like that." Her whole body, but especially the folds of her pussy and the skin around it, glistened with sauce and grease in the candlelight.

"I like spreading my legs for you, Aaron," she said.

"Keep spreading them like that so I can fuck you, Emma," he said.

He put his cock tip at her opening and pushed inside her again. He went in easily. His chest fell over hers until it mashed against her breasts. He resumed fucking her. Her body slid around the slick, greasy floor, and it wasn't easy holding her in place with his hands.

Aaron's mouth descended on Emma's as he fucked her. He pushed his tongue inside her. Their roles were reversed, and he'd taken charge. He felt the eager submission of her body to his. Half moans and grunts escaped their mouths as they fucked and kissed each other. Their bodies slipped and slid around the floor as moved together.

Aaron angled his cock so the top edge of it would slide against Emma's clit. He wanted her to come. He felt Emma respond and angle her hips to increase the pressure. She moaned. Aaron did, too. He felt the orgasm coming, but he wanted to hold on until Emma came first. He raised his body over hers, his hands on the slick floor. Emma's hands were pressed against his ass to hold herself against him.

Aaron pushed harder. He wasn't going to be able to hold back long. But he didn't have to. After a few more thrusts, Emma's body gave way. She threw her head back and opened her mouth wide and squealed, and her body shuddered. Her pubic mound pushed hard into his as she grabbed his ass with animal ferocity.

That was enough for Aaron. He let go. He exhaled sharply as a thick jet of cum coursed through his cock and splashed his sister's insides.

They spasmed against each other for nearly a minute, until Aaron couldn't stand it anymore. He had to pull out. Sauce- tinted cum slicked his cock and trailed out the opening to his sister's pussy. Aaron fell back against the floor, lying next to his sister.

"Happy Birthday, Aaron," Emma said.

"That was the best birthday present ever."

"You always said I was good in the kitchen. I guess you were right."

Aaron laughed.

"You were never better than tonight, Emma," he said. "That was a great . . . dinner."

"Chef's special menu," she said.

They lay together on the floor for several minutes, saying nothing. Emma turned on her side to cuddle with her brother. She lay a hand on his sticky chest.

"Mmmmm, big brother," she said.

Aaron pushed himself up off the floor on one elbow. Sweat and sauce poured off his body as he sat next to his sister on the kitchen floor. His eyes swept over her bare skin. Emma was sweating, too. She looked at him. Aaron recognized the look. It was the look in his face in the photograph in the living room.

"Aaron, I have something to tell you," Emma said.

"What's that?"

"I . . . uh . . . I never really felt a lump," Emma said, looking at the floor. "I was just fooling you."

"Yeah?" Aaron challenged her. His eyes stared at her forehead as she looked away from him.

Aaron put his hand to Emma's chin and tilted it, so she would look at him.

"You didn't fool me," he said. "I knew."

Emma's mouth opened in surprise.

"I may be a fool, sis," Aaron said, his arms encircling her with renewed ardor. "But I'm not an idiot."

Emma grinned and her eyebrows arched.

"Don't I know it, my big smart brother," she said, her hand squeezing him between his legs. "Guess you fooled me."

They kissed again and their tongues touched. Aaron felt his sister's tits mashed against his chest, and he thought to himself that nothing possibly could feel better than that.

They lay together on the floor for several more minutes, and then Aaron pulled away. He began to stand up, but Emma grabbed his hand and pulled him back to the floor.

"Where do you think you're going?" she demanded.

"I'm messy," Aaron said, looking over his body, enveloped in a shiny film of sauce and oil and cream and girl-cum. "I thought I'd clean up."

"You're not going anywhere, big brother," Emma said. "It's time for dessert."

Hotel Exhibitionist Ch. 01

Kymberly Marsh checked into the Whispering Creek Resort Hotel two minutes after her room became available, just as she had planned. The convention wouldn't start for another four hours or so, but she had things to do before the mixer that preceded that evening's presentation.

After she confirmed her room and picked up her key, Kymberly walked down the hallway to the elevator. The porter offered to take her small suitcase, but she told him it was no trouble for her to take it. She pulled it on wheels behind her.

As she walked to the elevator, Kymberly appreciated the expansive hotel lobby, with its wide, plank-wood floor and fine-grained oak wall paneling. Heavy, wooden chairs and stained glass light fixtures reflected the arts and crafts style in which the hotel had been built nearly a hundred years earlier. For a time, the hotel had fallen into disrepair, but, in the past ten years, new owners had restored it to its earlier glory. The hotel, consisting of seven buildings that sprawled

over lush, verdant grounds next to a prize-winning golf course, now was a favorite site for conferences and conventions. Kymberly, a pharmaceutical representative, had arrived to attend an industry convention for the weekend.

At the elevator, she pushed the up button. Her room was on the fourth, and top, floor. She looked at her reflection in the mirror between two elevator doors.

Kymberly was 44 years old, but she didn't look her age. A life of good eating habits and regular exercise had kept her skin youthful and her figure trim and firm. Dark, thick, long hair framed an arresting face, feminine but strong, with bold dark eyes, high cheekbones and square jaw, and lush, full lips.

Kymberly wore a boat-necked knit shirt and a snug skirt that stopped just over her knee. Trim, shapely legs showed beneath the skirt and ended in two-inch black pumps with chunky, forgiving heels -- her travel shoes, as Kymberly called them. Kymberly had worked as a pharmaceutical representative for over 15 years, and she was skilled at what she did, but she knew that appearance mattered in this job, as it did in so many things. As she waited for the elevator, Kymberly's appearance attracted the attention of two men in sport coats and open-collared shirts standing behind her. She saw their reflections in the mirror. One obviously was staring at her butt, and he was elbowing the other one. They seemed to be unaware that she could see what they were doing in the mirror.

"Men," she thought. "They're so predictable. And so clueless."

Kymberly and her admirers got on the elevator together. The two men were going to the fourth floor as well. She kept her eyes ahead of her on the elevator door, but she knew they were checking her out. Men always were checking her out.

Fortunately for Kymberly, she didn't mind being checked out, most of the time. Kymberly liked being looked at, so long as the men doing the looking weren't being too rude or too obvious.

With a metallic sigh, the elevator doors opened. The two men stood to the side to let Kymberly get out first. Kymberly was enough of a traditionalist to appreciate chivalrous gestures, but she was enough of a realist to know that what they really wanted was to stay behind her so they could look at her butt. She knew it looked good, too, in her form-fitting skirt and in G-string panties that left no line in back.

Outside the elevator door, the hallway forked. Kymberly's room was straight ahead. Her admirers turned down the other hallway to the right.

Kymberly had to walk the length of the hallway to the end of the building to reach her room. Once inside, she wheeled the small suitcase to the bed. Her attention was drawn first to the large window that extended the width of the room and from the ceiling to about two feet off the floor. Thick drapes were drawn all the way back. Outside the window, she could see another building of the hotel, about 100 feet away.

The room was spacious, attractive, and clean. To one side was a small desk with a chair, and to the other side was a queen-sized bed.

A package, with an envelope on top of it, lay on the bed. The front of the envelope bore the words "Open Me" in familiar handwriting. Kymberly recognized the handwriting of her husband, Robert.

When Kymberly had decided to attend this convention, she had thought Robert would come with her. But an important business project on which Robert was working required his participation in several time-sensitive meetings on Saturday, the second day of the convention, so he was unable to join her. She would go to the convention alone. Not long before she departed, however, Robert told her over dinner about an idea he had.

"Kymmie," he had said. Robert was the only one who ever called her that. "I'm going to miss you next weekend when you're at the convention. But I have an idea. A kind of game. Something to keep us connected while you're away. Are you interested?"

"What sort of game?" she had asked.

Robert was serious and meticulous about his work -- it was a big part of why he was so successful. But with Kymberly, he could be playful and creative. Kymberly knew that Robert enjoyed her good looks, and enjoyed showing her off. In the last few years he had begun coming up with ways to dress her in skimpy, revealing clothing

when they went out. Six months earlier they had gone on a vacation in the tropics, and Robert had convinced Kymberly to spend nearly all her time on the trip in skimpy bikinis or very short dresses. Kymberly resisted playing the role of eye candy at first, but eventually she found that she liked it. She liked how much it excited Robert, and the showing-off games had led to great sex. Plus, Robert's fetish for dressing her up had done wonders for her wardrobe and shoe collection.

After Kymberly had posed her question Robert stared at her. She didn't know what he wanted her to do, but she could tell he was determined to see it through. It would be hard to resist him. It always was.

"I want to keep it a surprise," he had said to her. "Are you game for a surprise? I don't want to say what it is. I want you to trust me, and tell me you'll go along with it. You will enjoy it, I assure you, though it won't always be easy. Can you do that?"

Kymberly had no idea what he was asking her to do, but so far, she had enjoyed his games. She trusted Robert.

"Sure," she had said. "I'll go along. What do you want me to do?"

"I'm not going to say anything now. You'll know when you get there. OK?"

"Well, that's cryptic," she had said. "But O.K."

He had smiled.

"Good," he had said. "I've got some ideas. This is going to be good. Really good."

Two weeks after that conversation, Kymberly stood in the hotel room with the envelope bearing her husband's handwriting in her hands. She tore it open.

"Dearest Kymmie," it said. "I miss you. I wish I could be there. But since I can't, I have a game I want to play with you while you are away. I think you will enjoy it.

"The only rule of the game is this: do what I tell you to do.

"My first two instructions are these: First, take all your clothes off. Second, text me when you have done so."

Kymberly stared at the words on the paper in front of her. Her heart beat a little faster than it had a minute before. She wondered where Robert was going with this. She was alone in her room, so taking her clothes off wouldn't be difficult or risky. She enjoyed playing games with Robert, and there was plenty of time to play before the

convention festivities began. She smiled to herself and decided to play along.

She walked to the window and closed the drapes. She unzipped the skirt and stepped out of it. She pulled the shirt over her head. Then she unsnapped the bra and tossed it on the bed and pushed the tiny G-string down and off her legs. When she was done, she picked up her phone.

"I'm naked," she texted Robert.

Robert obviously was waiting for her reply because he texted back immediately.

"Good," he texted. "But did you leave the drapes open?"

"No," she texted back. "I closed them before I took my clothes off."

"I didn't instruct you to do that. You are to do only what I instruct you. Now you need to go back to the window, naked, and completely open the drapes to your room."

"What?" Kymberly thought. "I can't do that! It's broad daylight, and people from the convention may see me."

Before she could text her objection to Robert, however, he texted her back. He had anticipated her objection.

"It is sunny outside," he texted. "The sun is reflecting off your window. No one from outside can see clearly into your room."

"How do you know that?" she texted back.

"Because I've been in that room," he texted.

Kymberly didn't know that. He hadn't told her that.

"What? When?" she texted.

"I made arrangements for you to get that room. I've been in it. I also have looked in that window from outside. It will be difficult to see you. Go to the window now and draw the drapes completely open."

"When were you here?" she texted back.

"Don't worry about that," he texted. "Just do as I say. That is the game. You said OK when I asked if you were willing. Play along. You won't be disappointed."

Kymberly walked, naked, to the window. She walked to the side where the cord hung to draw the drapes open. She took a deep breath, and pulled on the cord, hand over hand. The drapes pulled open until she was done. She was pressed against the wall to minimize her exposure. To move back into the room, she would have to move away from the wall and expose herself.

After a few seconds and a deep breath, she did so.

She walked away from the wall, her fully nude body just a foot away from the window. Before she moved farther back into the room away from the window, she looked outside for signs of any person that might be able to see her. The building opposite her was four stories high as well, and it was laid out in such a way that there was only one room on the top floor that had a clear view to her room. The drapes of that room were drawn but she couldn't tell if there was anyone in it -- the light inside was too dim.

Four stories below her, a concrete path curved between the two buildings. Two people walked together on the path immediately beneath her room, but they were looking ahead, not up at her window. It appeared no one could see her. But it was thrilling to stand naked so close to the window, knowing that if someone were in the right place and knew where to look they could see her fully nude body. Kymberly moved closer to the window, pressing her hands against the glass. She shifted her body forward until her the tips of her nipples touched the glass as well. She felt the warmth of the air outside passing through the glass and radiating through her nipples and her breasts.

After holding that position for a minute, Kymberly moved away from the window into the depths of the hotel room. She kept walking until she was in the bathroom, out of sight of the window. She texted Robert to let him know what she had done.

"Good," he texted. "Now, you need to walk to the bed, slowly, without covering yourself. And open the package on the bed. When you are done, stand there, and text me."

She opened the package. It was wrapped in purple paper, and white cardboard inside. She pulled the lid off to see the contents. Inside the package were four items. One was a pair of gym shorts -- form-fitting, very short, colored purple with a black, curved strip on the side.

Another was a sport bra. It, too, was purple, with a black band that hugged the underside of the cup for each breast.

Another was a pair of purple heel socks.

The final item was a pair of workout shoes, in white and black with a purple stripe.

Kymberly smiled. Robert was keen on coordinating colors. And he liked to see her in purple.

She texted him.

"Thank you for the workout outfit. What do you want me to do with this?"

"Go to the window and slowly put this outfit on. Text me when you are done."

Kymerly gathered the workout clothes in a bunch and held them in front of her as she walked to the window. She and Robert had played some voyeur-exhibitionist games before, but nothing as elaborate or as planned as what they were doing now. Robert seemed to have planned and prepared this game meticulously. The thought of where it might lead scared her a little, but it thrilled her, too.

She stood close to the window again, completely naked except for the clothes she clutched in front of her at her waist. Her phone pinged again.

"Are you in front of the window?" Robert texted.

He seemed to be especially bossy with his games today, she thought. But she had to admit that she often liked when Robert took control. She wasn't sure if this was one of those times, but her heart was racing and her skin was tingling, and she hadn't said "no" to him yet.

"Yes, I am!" she replied. "Let me get dressed!"

It was a good thing he was hundreds of miles away. Had he been there he might have threatened to give her a spanking for her cheekiness. It was a threat he usually did not carry out, and when he did it nearly always was with a grin. But even so, she was feeling nervous enough without the added pressure of his physical presence.

She put the shorts on first, without underwear. She leaned over and pulled them up her legs, one at a time. They were small and tight, and she had to pull hard to draw them all the way to her waist. They hugged her buns snugly. She looked out the window and realized that her naked breasts were no more than a foot from the glass as she bent over, and fully exposed. Fortunately, she saw no one below. She looked at the window of the room across from her. She saw nothing. It was the only room with a good view into her room. It was at the end of the building, and to the left the building bent away from hers at an angle, so the other rooms didn't get a straight view to her building. She supposed that the occupant of the room below it could see if they looked carefully. She saw no movement or sign of occupancy from either room.

After donning the shorts, she pulled the jog bra over her head. It, too, was snug. The cups of the bra hugged her ample breasts well, but the bra still was skimpy and showed a lot of cleavage.

The bra took some tugging and adjusting to get it on right. When she was done, she put on the socks, and shoes.

"I'm done," she texted.

She walked over to the full-length mirror to see herself.

Kymberly worked out several times a week, every week, but never in an outfit this skimpy. The shorts looked tiny, with an absurdly brief inseam. The waistband lay shockingly low on her waist and her thighs were exposed almost all the way to her butt cheeks. The bra was made of a stretchy material that was sturdy enough to hold things in place, but it was skimpy too, and left a lot of cleavage. The effect of the ensemble was to show off nearly as much skin as she would show in a bikini on the beach. Kymberly had seen a few girls at the gym wearing similar outfits, but not many, and all of them, she was sure, had been 20 years younger.

She took a full-length photo of herself in the mirror and texted it to Robert.

He texted back immediately.

"You look beautiful. Now it's time to work out before the evening festivities. Do you know where the hotel fitness center is?"

"No, I don't," she replied. "I can look it up in the hotel guide." The guide was sitting on the desk in the room.

"No, don't," he texted right back. "Take your phone and your room key, and go to the front desk to ask them where the fitness center is. Take a selfie in the lobby, then go to the fitness center."

"I can't do that!" she texted. "Everyone is showing up for the convention now. They'll see me!"

"Exactly," he texted. "Everyone will see you. Time to get going."

Kymerly grabbed her room key and phone, but she paused at the room door.

She wasn't sure if she wanted to do this. Robert was getting a thrill from it, and she was excited. But Robert had never played out his voyeuristic fantasies with her to this degree, and she was nervous where they might lead, especially at a convention of her peers and customers. She wondered what Robert had in mind.

She hesitated. She was nervous about not knowing what Robert wanted her to do next. At the same time, if she didn't leave the room, she would never find out. She wanted to find out. Her curiosity -- and the thrill of the unknown -- won out over her nervousness. She opened the door and walked into the hallway, the door closing behind her with a chunk.

She walked briskly to the elevator. She had no desire to loiter in the outfit. The feel of the cool air on her skin reminded her how much of her skin was exposed.

As she neared the elevator she saw the two men who had been ogling her before approach it at the same time, from the other wing of the hotel. She saw their eyes widen when they saw what she was wearing. They paused to let her enter the elevator first, and she knew they were staring at her ass clad in the skimpy, skin-tight purple and black shorts.

In the elevator one of the two men spoke up.

"Going to get a workout? I hear the fitness center here is excellent," he said.

"Yes," she said. "I want to get some exercise before the evening events. Are you here for the convention, too?"

"We are," he said. "Skip and I are from Tolydyne. I hope we see you at the speech tonight."

"I'm sure you will," Kymberly said with a smile. The elevator let out a "ding" as it reached the ground floor. "See you then."

She left the elevator knowing both men were staring at her ass as she walked out.

As Kymberly had expected, the lobby at this hour was crowded with convention-goers checking in for the weekend. Most of them were dressed in business casual clothes -- men in khaki pants and long-sleeve or polo-style shirts, women in skirts or pants.

No one else in the lobby was dressed in form-fitting short shorts and a workout bra, as she was. Kymberly walked to the front desk, knowing her husband wanted her to be dressed this way, and keenly aware that she stood out like a peacock in a flock of pigeons.

Kymberly tried to keep her eyes straight ahead, but she couldn't help but notice the heads that turned toward her to watch her as she walked to the front desk. She saw many eyes widen, a few jaws drop, and at least one woman's thin lips turn down in disapproval.

By the time she reached the front desk, the concierge was looking at her with wide eyes; she had his full attention.

"Where's the fitness center?" she asked. She felt ridiculous asking. She could have found out by looking at the hotel guide in her room.

"I'll show you," he said, and he beckoned her with his hand to come nearer. She did so, and he pulled out a map from behind the front desk and put it on the counter between them. Kymberly had to lean

over to see it. By doing so she exposed a considerable expanse of cleavage to the concierge, and she showed off her barely clad butt to everyone in the lobby around her. The shorts stretched incredibly tightly over her bottom. The fabric was so thin it almost felt like she was naked.

"We're here," the concierge said, pointing to one place on the hotel map. It seemed to Kymberly that his finger crawled over the map to the next stop, that he was dragging this out more than necessary. It also seemed to her that his eyes were straying from the map to her cleavage more than was necessary.

"Here's the fitness center," the concierge said at last. "You just go down this corridor past the elevators, then turn right, and keep going and you'll see a sign for it on the right side." He was talking to her but his eyes didn't look at hers; they were moving back and forth between the map between them and the expanse of skin above her workout bra.

"Thanks," Kymberly said, and she turned around. She could have sworn that when she did so at least a dozen faces -- not all men -- turned abruptly away from her. She was aware, more than ever, that, amid a large group of business and professional people checking into the hotel for the weekend, she was the only one dressed in skimpy workout attire.

"I hope Robert likes this, at least," she thought.

As if on cue, Robert sent her another text message.

"Did you get the directions?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Good. Before you go to the fitness center, stand in the middle of the lobby and take a selfie with your phone, with your back to the check in counter."

"I can't do that!" she texted back. "Everyone will be looking at me!"

"I have a reputation to keep here!" she texted again before he could reply.

"Everyone will look at you," he replied. "That's a good thing. They will talk about you. They will want to talk to you later. It will help you."

Kymberly wondered about that. She was a 44-year-old woman dressed in not much more than a bikini standing in the lobby of a luxury hotel surrounded by customers and competitors in her industry. She had no doubt that she was the focus of a lot of attention. Men, especially the older ones, would be looking at her with unabashed desire. That didn't worry her too much. It was the women's reaction she worried about. Some might admire her

gumption in being so bold. But others might resent her. She couldn't do something that would hurt her ability to represent her company.

But she had told her husband she would play his game. And, secretly, she wanted to play it. A part of her liked knowing that she was the center of attention.

She walked toward the center of the lobby and stopped under a large, Tiffany-glass chandelier. She pulled her phone out and held it as far from her as she could so Robert would see her figure in the little outfit with the check in desk behind her. She snapped the photo and then sent it to Robert. She held the phone and look around her to see if anyone was looking at her taking the picture. She saw more than a few faces turned toward her. Then, with chagrin, she heard a familiar, high-pitched voice.

"Kymberly!" the voice called out from behind her. "Did you get a good picture?"

Kymberly turned around to face her interrogator. It was Kristin Conway, a sales representative from one of her company's main competitors. Kristin and Kymberly had known one another for nine years, and they saw one another frequently at pharmaceutical industry events. Kymberly had long known that Kristin saw her as her arch-rival. Kristin was the last person Kymberly wanted to see right now.

"Hello, Kristin," said Kymberly, her face warm with embarrassment. "Nice to see you."

Kristin looked Kymberly up and down twice. "Nice outfit!" she said. "Is this part of Sintrell's new marketing campaign?"

"Bitch," Kymberly thought. Kristin -- short, blonde, and blue-eyed -- constantly maintained the perky, bubbly manner of a high school cheerleader. But, Kymberly thought, if you looked more closely you could see she moved through a crowd like a shark swimming through a crowd of fish. She always was sniffing for blood in the water. Now, obviously, she thought she had found it.

"No," Kymberly replied. "I'm going to get a workout done before tonight."

"Good idea!" said Kristin. "It gets harder and harder to maintain that figure as we age, doesn't it? But you seem to be doing a good job at it." Kristin was ten years younger than Kymberly, and never failed in their encounters to bring up the subject of age.

"Thank you," Kymberly replied. "Well, I better get going."

Kristin's eyes swept over Kymberly's body a last time.

"See you later," she said. "I'm sure you'll have plenty of people joining you soon to keep you company." She flashed a big smile and walked away.

Ugh, Kymberly thought. The less she had to do with Kristin Conway at this convention, the better.

She became aware again that she was standing in a hotel lobby crowded with fully dressed people, and she was the only one who was barely dressed. She quickly left and started down the hallway to the fitness center. It was time to find out what else Robert had in store for her.

It wasn't hard to find. In contrast with the arts and crafts style of the hotel, the fitness center was austere and modern. Mirrors lined the walls so guests could watch themselves as they worked out. Treadmills, stair climbers, and other cardio machines were clustered to one side in front of several television screens.

Various weight machines were centered in the middle, and the free weights and barbells and benches were set off to the other side.

Ping.

She looked down.

"Are you there?"

"Yes," she texted him.

"Start on the treadmill. After a warmup do some fast intervals so you work up a good sweat. Pick a treadmill in the middle of others to maximize the number of people who can see you."

"He's really thought of everything," she thought. That was Robert -- always a meticulous planner.

There were three rows of aerobic machines, with five machines in each row. Following her husband's instructions, Kymberly chose the treadmill in the middle of the front row. She judged that about half the machines were being used by guests. She felt keenly exposed from behind by the brevity of her skin-tight shorts. She set the machine to a slow setting, set her phone on the console in front of her, and started walking.

In a few minutes, she had warmed up enough to increase the setting and speed. She jogged slowly on the treadmill. Someone occupied the empty treadmill next to her. He was a tall, good-looking man, nice jaw, rumped, short, brown hair, somewhat younger than she -- perhaps mid-thirtyish.

He took no time introducing himself to her.

"Do you know if you can set these machines to do intervals?" he asked her.

Kymberly thought that was a pretty smooth question. He hadn't said anything about her looks, or anything that was obviously flirty or lewd, and he had appealed to her knowledge of what she was doing.

"Yes," she said. "Just push the PROGRAM button and you'll get instructions about what to do."

"Cool," he said. "I don't have much time and want to squeeze in a good workout before this evening."

He punched the program button and hit a few more buttons to adjust the workout settings. Kymberly kept her eyes ahead of her, on a television screen showing the day's news, but she could see out of the corner of her eye what he was doing.

After he started a slow jog he turned to her again.

"Are you here for the convention?" he asked. She noticed his eyes moving up and down the length of her body.

Kymberly felt embarrassed at the man's stare, but she also thought that if she dressed the way she was dressed she wouldn't be able to avoid men's stares.

"I am," she said. "I'm a rep for Sintrell." She huffed a little between her words as she jogged on the treadmill. "I'm Kymberly."

"Nice to meet you," he said. He flashed a smile full of large, white teeth. "I'm Blaine. V.P., Marketing, Corvadex."

The phone on the console in front of her pinged.

"Tell me what you are doing."

She texted back to her husband. It was awkward doing so while running.

"I'm jogging on the treadmill and being hit on by a VP from another company." She hit the send button with a little glee, knowing that would make him jealous. It served him right for getting her dressed in such a little outfit in front of so many people.

"Good. Just remember. They can look, but they can't touch!"

"Don't worry, dear husband," she texted him.

Blaine was looking at her as she put the phone back on the console. He was checking out her left hand, which bore a wedding ring with

a large diamond. It hadn't stopped men from hitting on her in the past, and Blaine didn't look like the kind of guy who would be deterred by it. But it was time to speed up the workout. She punched the buttons to make the treadmill go faster.

Soon she was running at a steady, brisk pace -- not all out, but fast enough to make her breath hard and to force her to pay attention to keep her body up right on the quickly turning treadmill. Her feet turned over rapidly and she pumped her arms. She looked at the reflection of herself in the mirror. It really was a small outfit, she thought, and the purple and black fabric was almost a blur as she ran in place on the machine. Her figure was nearly all taut, firm skin -- thin waist, with no fat, and legs moving fast like pistons. Her breasts, though, looked very full and upright in the sport bra, and they heaved and bounced with every deep, quick breath and step she took.

With a quick glance, she could tell her neighbor, Blaine, who ran more slowly than she did, was checking her out, though trying, mostly unsuccessfully, not to be obvious about it. He wasn't the only one. At least seven other men were on machines around her and most of them gave her at least one admiring glance. She even caught a woman in the back row on a stair climber sneak a peek at her butt.

Kymberly was working up a sweat, now. She knew that was what Robert wanted -- he wanted her to be damp and sweaty in her little shorts and bra top before she moved on to the next part of the workout. At first, she just felt her skin grow warm, but then she felt the growing dampness, and then moisture soaking into the edges of

the bra and the waist band of the shorts. She even felt some moisture between her legs, and for a moment wished she were wearing something under the extremely thin shorts. It was too late to do anything about it now.

She kept at the brisk, steady pace for twenty minutes, until she covered in a fine film of perspiration. Then she slowed the machine and her pace to cool down for a few minutes, and finally she grabbed her phone and hopped off the treadmill.

She texted Robert.

"I'm done. And covered in sweat. What now?"

"Do some squats and overhead presses with dumb bells. Then do some bench presses. Get someone to spot you."

Kymerly moved over to the side of the room where the free weights were stacked. Kymerly was a regular gym-goer, and she preferred free weights to machines. She grabbed two moderate dumbbells from the rack and took up a position to start doing some squats. Before she started she saw another text.

"When you do the squats, turn sideways to the room so everyone can see your body in profile."

"My God, he's bossy and kinky," she thought. Her husband was hundred miles of way, hanging on his phone, and thinking about exactly how she positioned herself to show her body off to other people to maximum effect.

She faced sideways to the room, the dumbbells in her hands at her side, and began doing the squats, slowly. She lowered herself all the way, until her thighs were parallel to the ground. She exaggerated, just a little, pushing her butt out behind her and her chest out in front of her. By looking in the mirror at various places around the room she could tell that she was being checked out by other guests working out on their machines. Blaine was getting off his machine and walking over to the free weight rack. After finishing a set of 12 she paused for a minute. She did three sets of squats.

Robert texted. It amazed Kymberly that Robert seemed to have timed her movements perfectly even though he couldn't see her.

"Set up your phone to take a photo on 10 second delay, then take a photo of yourself standing with the weights in your hand and up at your shoulders."

He was making this embarrassing, forcing her to put herself on display and conspicuously take photos of herself while doing it, in front of colleagues and competitors. "Well," she had to admit to herself, "he isn't forcing me. It's my choice to do this."

Kymerly didn't have to follow his instructions. But she enjoyed following them, although doing so was embarrassing. She set the dumbbells down and set up the phone to take a photo on delay. Then she pushed the button, set it on a bench near her, and quickly back away and picked up the dumbbells again.

The flash went off. She hadn't meant to set it on flash, but she had, and now everyone in the room would know she was taking photos of herself.

"Workout selfie, huh?" she heard a voice behind her. It was Blaine.

"Oh, uh, yeah," she stammered. "I take photos from time to time to follow my workout progress."

"Oh, that's a good idea," he said. "Here, I'll take one of you -- it'll be a better photo that way."

"O.K., thanks," she said. She didn't really want to push things forward with Blaine, who obviously was interested, but she knew Robert would like it -- as long as things didn't go too far.

She posed in three different positions while Blaine snapped photos of her with her phone. He handed the phone to her and she checked out the photos. The last one was best: it showed her standing at an angle to the camera, with one arm curled with a dumbbell in hand, up at her shoulder, her bicep flexed and dewy with sweat, and her

eyes open wide and lips parted. It was a sexy photo, and for a second she thought it was strange that she had just posed that way for a stranger. But Robert would like it. She hit the keys on her phone to send it to him.

"The man who's trying to hit on me just took this."

She held her phone and waited until Robert sent his reply.

"Very hot, baby. Now ask the nice man to spot you while you do bench presses."

Kymerberly thought that she had a very naughty husband. She looked at Blaine, who seemed torn between moving on to his next routine and watching her. So far, watching her had won out.

"Hey, Blaine," she said, "would you mind very much helping me? I'd like to do some bench presses and I need a spotter."

Blaine's face lit up eagerly, and Kymerberly knew he wouldn't mind helping her at all.

"No problem," he said. They walked together over to a bench with a bar over it. Kymerberly put a weight on either side and fastened each to the bar securely.

"You look like you know your way around a gym pretty well," Blaine said.

"I do this a lot," she said.

"I can tell," he said, with a smile that was not quite wolfish but not quite innocent, either.

After finishing getting the barbell set up Kymberly glanced in the mirror, wondering what she looked like to Blaine. Her eye was drawn down to her shorts, and she noticed with dismay that a pronounced camel toe had formed where the tight and now lightly damp shorts covered the space between her legs. There was nothing she could do without calling attention to it. She knew Robert wouldn't want her to, either.

She lay back on the bench, splaying her legs and planting her feet firmly on the ground. Blaine stood behind her, ready to catch the bar if necessary. From her position, she couldn't see what he was looking at, but she guessed that he was getting an eyeful of the ample cleavage put on display by the skimpy purple and black bra. Or, maybe he was looking at the smooth, taut skin of her abdomen. Or, if his eyes were straying still lower, maybe he was staring at where the tight shorts fabric clung to the skin between her legs, where the seam fit directly over and formed a noticeable gully right over her sex. Kymberly didn't know. It was a little embarrassing, but she had a workout to do, and she hoped he wasn't too distracted to help her if she needed the help.

As it turned out, she didn't need the help; she could get through a few sets without too much difficulty. She was aware the whole time of the show she was putting on in the shorts and bra. Pressing the weight caused the muscles of her chest to contract, accentuating her cleavage. She also found herself clenching her butt on the upstroke, which caused her hips to rise slightly and to stretch the thin fabric even more tightly over her pubic mound. She noticed that another man had started lifting dumbbells a few feet beyond the end of her bench, and he must have been getting quite a view between her spread legs.

She finished and sat up and looked around, and she had the sneaking feeling that about half a dozen of the gym goers suddenly had averted their eyes away from her.

"Good job," Blaine said behind her.

She twisted backward to say "thanks" and she caught him staring at her still heaving chest.

"Thanks for your help," she said. Then she picked up the phone at her feet to text Robert.

"Time to stretch. Include planks and leg lifts and do some with your legs stretched open."

Robert is going to get me in trouble, she thought.

Robert wanted her to show her off to the guests in the crowded fitness room during her cool-down stretching. Kymberly figured that the way to do it without looking overtly like she was showing off was to look like she knew what she was doing and move through the stretches quickly. Fortunately, Kymberly, through lots of gym experience, knew what she was doing.

She walked over to a mat nearby and lay on her back. Then she planted her feet on the ground and lifted her butt as high off the ground as she could, clenching her glutes. She straightened her body, and she knew the front of her body was lifted high and on display for everyone -- her bra-clad breasts, lean torso, and, most of all, her lycra-clad pubic mound, still noticeably grooved down the middle and sculpted by purple and black lycra. She held that position for a minute.

She flipped over and got up on her toes and elbows, holding her body straight in a plank position. Now her perky butt was on display. Then she alternated taking each leg off the ground, first raising it as far back as she could, and then holding it out straight as far to her side as she could. She felt the muscles of her core tensing with the strain of holding the position, and she felt the muscles of her butt contract as well.

Kymberly had done all these stretches in gyms before, and she often had been aware of the glances she would get from men working out nearby -- sometimes subtle, sometimes completely obvious. But

she'd never worked out in a gym in an outfit this skimpy. Through her side vision she could tell she was getting lots of glances, and a lot of them weren't subtle at all.

She stood up and moved to the wall to stretch her calves, and she pushed her butt out and put it on display again. Looking in a mirror to the side of her outstretched hands against the wall, she saw glances being cast her way. Her admirers included Blaine, who was sneaking peeks at her while curling dumbbells that looked too heavy for him. She thought he probably was trying to impress her.

Next, she lay back on the mat and raised her legs straight and pressed together in the air. She brought her toes back, back, back, until they were over her head, and then she spread her feet apart. In that position, she knew the little shorts were riding far up her thighs, and she could feel the exposure of skin at the edge of her butt. She knew the thinly-covered gap between her legs was on view as well. She held that position for a minute and then brought her legs back to the ground.

After a few more stretches she was done. She texted Robert.

"I'm done with the workout." Then she texted what stretches she had done so he could imagine her doing them.

"Good," he texted back. "Time to go back to the room. Let me know when you get there, and then take a shower."

"I'm heading back to my room," she told Blaine, who looked disappointed that she was leaving.

"I'll see you later this evening," he said.

"See you then," she said. She stood up, toweled off the bench, and left the fitness center.

By now nearly all the guests had checked in for the weekend, and the hotel corridors were crowded with people. She caught dozens of people -- mostly men but some women too -- staring at her sweaty, scantily clad body as she made her way back to her fourth-floor room.

Once back inside the room, Kymberly texted Robert that she had arrived. She kicked off her shoes and peeled off the socks and bra, and then finally pulled the little shorts down her waist and legs until it lay on the floor. She scooped up the sweaty garments and put them in a compartment in her suitcase. Then she walked naked to the bathroom and started her shower.

Kymberly thought about what Robert had made her do. It embarrassed her, a little, to know she'd put her figure so boldly on display before so many people, and it was doubly embarrassing that these were people in her industry, people with whom she did business or from whom she would try to solicit business, people that she would be socializing with over drinks and dinner later that evening. But the exposure excited her, too. And it was doubly

thrilling that she'd put herself in Robert's hands, leaving it to him to decide how and when she would be exposed.

She wondered what was going to come next. Already Robert had pushed her exhibitionism boundaries beyond where they'd been before. It was hard to imagine what more he might ask her to do. Whatever it was, she was enjoying the game and wanted to keep playing it. But knowing Robert, he had planned a lot more. It made her nervous to think about what it might be.

After thoroughly washing her sweaty body, Kymberly rinsed herself off. She stepped out of the shower and dried herself off with the plush hotel towel.

She heard the ping of her phone again and picked it up.

"Are you done?" Robert texted. "If so take a selfie in the bathroom mirror and send it to me."

She dropped the towel and held the phone up in front and a little to the side of her. To spice up the show she stood with her legs apart and one hand on her head, her hip cocked to the side. Kymberly appraised herself in the mirror. Looking pretty good, she thought. She hadn't showered long enough to steam up the mirror so it was a clear shot. Only a few days before the convention she had scheduled a full Brazilian wax job, so she was showing a lot between her legs. She knew Robert would like it. She sent it to him.

"Very nice, darling," he texted in reply a minute later. Now take the blow drier and walk out into the room and dry your hair. Stay naked with the window open. Text me as soon as you are done."

She thought about that. It would take quite a few minutes to dry her hair, and she would be taking a bigger chance of someone outside seeing her if she stood naked in front of the window so long. But she had started the game, and she was going to see it through, if she could. She stepped tentatively out of the bathroom into the well-lit hotel room, dryer in hand. An outlet was on the wall next to the desk, so she plugged it in there, stood facing the window, and dried her hair. She grabbed a brush off the desk and brushed it as she dried it.

Standing there with her arms up and hands full and over her fully nude body, Kymberly was both nervous and excited about her exposure. No one could see her, as far as she could tell, but there was nothing to stop someone from seeing her like this if they were standing in the right place and looking in the right direction. It was thrilling.

She thought she saw movement in the room across the way. It was difficult to tell, because the light wasn't on in that room and she couldn't see clearly into it. She peered carefully into it, but she didn't see anything more. Her eyes might have been playing tricks on her.

After a few minutes of standing, exposed, she finished drying her hair and texted Robert that she was done.

"Good. Now, pull the clothes you are going to wear out of the suitcase onto the bed, but don't put them on yet. Stay naked."

She lifted the suitcase and put it on the bed and unzipped it. She pulled out the dress she intended to wear that night, and a bra she had brought as well. She looked for the panties she intended to wear as well.

A knock sounded at the door. Then a man's voice.

"Room service."

Kymerberly hadn't expected that. "Just a minute," she called.

A bathrobe hung in the bathroom, and she moved toward the bathroom to put it on, but she thought she should let Robert know first, since part of the game was not getting dressed without his permission.

"Room service at the door. I have to get dressed," she texted him.

His reply was immediate.

"Do not get dressed. Stay naked, open the door for him, and wait for my next instruction."

"What?" She thought. He had never gone this far. It was one thing to wear a skimpy outfit to the gym, or to stand naked in front of the window when no one was looking, but it was another to open the door for a man and invite him into her room while she was naked.

"Hello?" called the voice outside the door. "I have a package."

"Just a sec," she answered him through the door. She hadn't expected a package to be delivered. Robert must have sent it, which meant that its delivery by the porter was part of his game.

He had planned to expose her naked body to the porter from the beginning. Goosebumps popped up on her arms at the thought.

Kymerly wondered what Robert had in mind for her.

She stood next to the door, fully naked, with one hand on the door handle and the other still clutching the phone. Could she do this? She had enjoyed Robert's games up to this point, and she enjoyed the mild exhibitionism he had put her through. But this was a whole new ballgame. She was trembling with nervousness. She wasn't sure she could go through with it.

Her mind was a frenzy of calculations to decide if she could, or should, keep playing Robert's game.

The porter didn't know her. He wasn't a guest or someone whose business she was trying to win. If he saw her naked, he probably would be discreet. Even if he told other hotel employees about her, all they would know is that he'd seen an unnamed naked female guest in one of the rooms. It was embarrassing, and it was something she'd never done before. But it wasn't that big a risk, was it?

What the hell, she thought. She opened the door.

Whatever Robert's game was, the hotel porter wasn't in on it, because his eyes bugged out in surprise when he saw her standing naked in her room. He was young, she noticed -- probably in his early 20s.

"Come in," she said, trying to keep her voice steady.

She stood aside while he walked in the door with a large rectangular package in his arms. In the narrow room entry, the porter's shoulder nearly brushed against her exposed and erect nipples. She shut the door behind him and was grateful when she heard it close, knowing at least that no one else could see her naked. He turned back to her.

"Um, where do you want it?" he asked, hesitation in his voice, and his eyes scanning her body.

"Just put it over there on the bed," she said. Kymberly was surprised how firm her voice was. Five minutes earlier, she would have

thought she would die of embarrassment to show a hotel porter her naked body as she was doing now. But she didn't die. On the contrary, her nudity in front of the porter, though unfamiliar and somewhat nerve wracking, excited and emboldened her.

The porter walked the package over to the bed. He seemed to be in no hurry, obviously wanting to delay and to see as much of Kymberly as he could before she ushered him out of the room.

Robert's next text came.

"Next part of the game. Give your phone to the porter and ask him to take 5 photos of you. Tell him he gets to choose the position for each photo."

"Oh no," she thought. Robert kept ratcheting up the exposure and embarrassment.

The porter had left the package on the bed, and was standing beside it, looking at her, trying not to be too lewd about it, but unable to keep his eyes off her nude body. He seemed to be waiting for a tip, as well.

"He's going to get more than a tip," Kymberly thought. "Robert, I can't believe you are making me do this."

Kymberly stood before the porter, completely nude, and keenly aware of her nudity. She struggled to make eye contact with him in her current state, but with effort she did.

"Can you do something for me?" she asked him.

"Ah . . . ah . . . sure," the porter said, his eyes uncontrollably running all over her nude body.

"Um," Kymberly said. "This is kind of a funny request. But . . . but, can you take five photos of me, and tell me what position you want me to take for each photo." She held her phone in front of her.

The porter didn't seem to get it at first.

"Wait a minute. You want me to take your photo?" he asked. "And you want me to say what position you should take? Is that what you want? I get to pick the position?"

"Yes," Kymberly said.

"O.K." he said. He didn't need further convincing. He took the phone from her hand.

They stood and looked at each other.

"Go ahead and tell me what position you want me to take, and take a picture of me," Kymberly said.

"Um. O.K. Put your hands on your hips and smile at me."

Kymberly did as the porter asked, and she pushed her hip to one side. She spread her legs out just a little. She gave the porter a big smile. Striking this pose, she fully exposed herself, but not in a lewd way.

Robert liked taking photos of Kymberly, so she had become accustomed to posing nude for him. But until now she had never posed nude for any other man. It was thrilling but strange, especially because her husband had arranged it.

The porter took the photo of her.

"Wow. That's great. O.K. How about if you turn around. Now look over your shoulder back at the camera. That's great."

Kymberly turned her butt-side to him. She pushed her butt back toward him, just a little. She wondered how much she was showing between her legs. She looked back over her shoulder at the awe-struck porter and smiled at him.

Snap. Another photo.

She stood with her back to the porter, waiting for his next instruction. She could tell from his hesitation that he wasn't sure what to tell her to do next. His eyes settled low on her butt, and she guessed that she was showing something between her parted legs.

"Um," he said. "Could you . . . could you sit in that chair?" he asked her.

She turned around, facing him, knowing that she put her breasts and her shaved pussy on display. She pointed to the chair next to the desk.

"This one?" she asked.

"Yeah, that one," he said.

She sat down in the chair.

"How do you want me to pose?" she asked.

The porter was nervous and obviously did not know what to say or how far he could instruct her.

"Ahhh . . . sit back in the chair. Put your hands, um, behind your head. And . . . open your legs a little bit."

Kymberly did as he asked. She posed as he instructed and looked straight into his eyes. He took the third photo of her.

Kymberly's embarrassment was fading quickly. She enjoyed sitting nude and exposed for the porter. Twisting and posing her naked body for him sent delicious chills through her.

"You have two more," she said to him. "How would you like me to pose?"

Kymberly felt herself getting more comfortable as she watched how nervous the porter was.

"Ah . . . I get to choose how you pose, right?" he asked.

"I'll pose however you want me to," she said to him, without taking her eyes off his.

"You're sure?" he asked her. "I get to pick the pose?"

"You get to the pick the pose," she replied.

"O.K. then. Umm. Then, uh, scoot forward in the chair a little. Like that. And put your legs up. In the air, and then spread your legs apart."

"You want my legs in a spread-eagle position?" she asked him.

"Yeah . . . yeah . . . that's right."

As nervous and embarrassed as Kymberly was -- or had been -- the porter obviously was even more so. She thought she saw his hands shake as they clutched the phone.

She did what he asked. She held her thin, sculpted legs high in the air, spread apart, in the shape of a V. She knew that the porter could see everything between her legs now. Inside her a voice told her she shouldn't be doing this, that she should feel ashamed and mortified, but whatever embarrassment she felt was outweighed by the thrill running through her body, and the desire to keep playing her husband's game. She felt excited and aroused. She knew the porter could see both her open vulva, waxed and smooth and completely bare, and her asshole, too.

"Is this what you want?" she asked him.

"Yes. But, uh, one more thing. Could you . . . could you put your hands under your butt . . . on either side like that . . . yes, like that . .

. and . . . uhhh . . . could you pull . . . could you pull your pussy open?"

Kymberly reached her hands down on either side of her butt cheeks and, using her fingers, pulled her labia apart. She didn't look down at what she was doing. She kept looking into the porter's eyes.

"Like this?" she asked him.

"Yes," he said, but he didn't take the picture right away.

"I think you should go ahead and take the photo," she said. But even as she spoke, she began running the forefinger of her right hand up and down slowly and just inside the inner right lip of her pussy. She could feel the moisture under her fingertip; she was becoming more aroused and growing moister with every minute. While she traced her finger along her moist slit, up and down, up and down, she did not take her eyes off the porter's eyes. His concentration obviously was shaken. Though he held the phone up near his face, his eyes were fixed on the movement of her finger on her pussy. He seemed to have forgotten he was holding the phone.

"Do you like that?" she asked him. She tried to make the question sound sweet and innocent rather than lascivious.

"Yes. You are . . . so beautiful," he said.

"My pussy likes being looked at," she said.

She gave him a little more time to enjoy looking at it and then spoke up again.

"My pussy wants to have its picture taken," she said.

He came to, shaking his head a little.

"Sure, sure, sorry," he said.

Snap.

After he took the photo, the porter kept staring at Kymberly in that position, with her legs spread wide and her pussy open to him. Kymberly had to prompt him again. She stayed in the same position, not moving. She kept moving her finger lightly over and just inside the lip of her pussy, opening it and exposing it a little more even as she kept tracing the finger up and down.

"What pose do you want me to do next?" she asked. "It's your last one. Better make it good."

"O.K.," he said. "Could you turn around in the chair, and put your arms on the back of the chair . . . like that, and spread your legs a little . . . and scoot your butt out a little more. Like that. Tilt your butt

up to me a little more. Like that. That's good. Now look over your shoulder back toward me."

It wasn't an easy pose in the little chair, but Kymberly did her best. She spread her legs as wide as she could in the small chair, and she tilted her butt up toward the porter. She knew everything between her legs was on display for him.

"Like that?" she asked him as she looked back over her shoulder toward him.

"Yeah, just like that," he said, his voice quavering. "One more thing. Could you reach your hand back, and put it on your butt, and . . . uh . . . pull your butt cheek to the side so I can see your . . . uh . . ."

"My pussy?" she asked.

"Yeah, your pussy. Pull your butt cheek to the side so I can see your pussy better."

She did so. She knew that in this position, and particularly with the cheeks of her butt spread apart, her pussy was fully on display, wet and open, and every detail of her asshole would be on view to him as well. It excited her to be so fully revealed, and she let out a sigh of pleasure that she knew he could hear.

Once again, he didn't take the photo right away. It was his last one and she knew he'd want to drag out the scene and enjoy it as long as he could. She let him. She held herself wide open for him and started wiggling her butt slowly from side to side.

She didn't rush him, and it must have taken at least another minute before she heard the click of the phone camera. But, finally, she heard it.

He'd taken the last photo.

She stood up from the chair and approached him with her hand out, beckoning for the phone. Her firm, naked breasts were no more than a foot from his chest.

"May I have my phone, please?" she asked him, sweetly.

"Can I send one of these photos to myself?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but no," she said. "You'll have to settle on memories."

"They'll be nice memories," he said to her as he handed over the phone.

She took the phone and then turned around faced the desk, where her purse lay. She bent over, keeping her legs straight, to give him

another clear view of her ass and what lay between the cheeks of her ass, and she pulled cash out of her purse to pay him a tip. It was a big tip.

"This is just between us," she told him.

"Just between us, ma'am," he said. Then he turned around and left the room.

She closed the door, turned around, and pressed her hands against it behind her.

"Oh, my God," Kymberly thought when he was gone. "I can't believe I just did that."

She collapsed on the bed and lay on it, scarcely believing what she had just done.

She held the phone over her and texted Robert.

"He's done, and he's gone now."

"Send me the photos," he texted back.

She sent them to him, one by one. He didn't reply until a minute had passed since she had sent the last one.

"Wow, baby," he texted. "You look fantastic. You put on quite a show."

"I can't believe I did that. Did you tell him what poses to have me take?"

"No, I didn't. He didn't know anything. You and he bear total responsibility for the photos."

"How do you feel?" he added.

She had to think about that before replying.

"I'm in shock about what you made me do. You made me show off my body to almost the entire hotel, and then you had me get spread-eagled and naked in front of the porter!!!" she texted to him.

"I didn't make you do anything, baby," he replied. "I asked you to play a game and you chose to play. Every step you've taken in the game is a step you chose to take."

"You like the feeling, don't you? Admit it." He added.

"I'm embarrassed but I kind of like it," she replied.

"Are you aroused?" he texted.

She didn't have to think about that. She knew the answer.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"Touch yourself, and take a photo of yourself being touched, and send it to me," he texted.

"You are a very kinky husband," she replied. But she did as he asked. She put her left hand down between her legs, using her fingers lightly to mash and spread apart her damp lips. With her right hand, she held the phone out and snapped a photo of herself. Then she sent it, not stopping the rubbing down between her legs.

He didn't reply right away, so she lay on the bed longer, naked, legs apart, gently caressing herself and letting her thoughts drift. Then she texted her husband again.

"I'm going to have to get ready for the evening mixer and the dinner soon. I assume we are done for the evening?" She looked at the phone and waited for his reply.

"Oh no, baby," he texted back. "We've just gotten started. I have lots of plans for you."

"Lots of plans?" She thought. "What? What more could he have planned after that last episode with the porter?"

It was beginning to dawn on Kymberly that when she had agreed to play Robert's games for the weekend, she had had no idea what she was getting into.

Hotel Exhibitionist Ch. 02

Kymberly lay naked on the bed, her hands and arms thrown back above her head and her legs bent and open. She was just starting to recover from the excitement of her photo session with the hotel porter, not 15 minutes before.

She didn't have much time to lie there, because she had a dinner and convention to go to, and she had to get ready for them. Her husband, Robert, had just told her that he had more plans for her, but she had no idea what those plans were. She knew didn't have time to be getting naked with more hotel staff before she went to dinner.

Her thoughts were interrupted by still another ping coming from her phone lying next to her on the bed. She picked it up and looked at the message on it.

"It's time for you to open the box I sent," Robert texted her. "Is it on the bed with you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Sit up on the bed with your legs apart, facing the window, and open the box now."

Kymberly sat up and spread her legs open and looked out the window again to see if anyone could see her. The late afternoon sun now was reflecting off the window of the room opposite hers, so it was impossible to tell if someone might be inside that room. If there was, they probably could see her if they were trying to.

She dimly recalled from the program materials that the convention guests, or at least most of them, were concentrated in this building of the hotel. So, the chances were good that even if someone was in the room across from her and could see her like this, that person probably wasn't connected with the convention. That eased her embarrassment and nervousness a little. Not entirely, but a little.

The box in her hand was made of sturdy cardboard; it was wrapped and taped carefully. When she opened it, she found it contained still more packages. She upended the box and the smaller packages spilled out on the bed.

The boxes were white and rectangular, and of different sizes. Each bore a printed label with a number on it. Kymberly marveled at her husband's meticulousness. He planned his kinky games with great care.

"Open package no. 1," Robert texted.

She picked up the package with the number 1 on it. It was a little bigger than the others. She shook it lightly and heard a few objects move inside it.

Kymberly peeled back the tape connecting the two halves of the box, and lifted the top half off.

The box contained three wireless remote cameras, and a piece of paper, folded over. She unfolded the paper, and it contained a map of her room, with three marked locations. No doubt about it, Robert knew the room.

"Place the cameras in the locations marked on the map, pointed in the direction indicated in the map, and plug them in and turn them on," he texted.

She stood up and did so. One camera was placed on a night stand next to the bed, pointed toward the window. Another was placed on the desk closer to the window, pointed across the room. The third was placed on the ledge of the window, pointed back into the room.

As she finished the task the next text came.

"Open package no. 2."

She opened it and found a slim laptop computer inside.

"Set it up on the desk, open and facing the window, without obscuring the camera. Press the on button, enter "hotwife" in the password prompt. When it's up, click on the square icon in the middle of the screen. Then follow the prompts on the screen."

Kymberly laughed to herself as she entered the password. Robert had never called her that before, and she had never thought of herself in those terms. A window popped up on the laptop screen and instructed her what to press. She keyed in the responses and stood back.

"Done," she texted him.

"Well done," he texted in reply a minute later. "The cameras are wirelessly connected to the laptop. They are now working. The laptop is connected to the hotel's internet network. I have remote control of the laptop. I can see you in one of the cameras now. I also can hear you via the microphone in the laptop. Impressive, huh?"

Kymberly thought it was impressive, but a little, well, strange. She knew Robert had voyeuristic habits, but this was taking his voyeurism to a new level. She felt flattered that he had gone to so much trouble to see her naked from different angles, but she felt nervous, too, that it would be harder than ever to escape his gaze as long as she was in the room and the cameras were set up.

"Did you do all this yourself?" she texted him.

"No," texted Robert. "I had help with Francois, my IT specialist."

"Does he know what this is for?" she texted him. She was worried that he shared their games with someone else.

"No," he texted. "I told him I wanted this for home security purposes. I think he believed me!"

That was a relief, Kymberly thought. She liked playing Robert's games, but she didn't know how she felt about other people being drawn into them.

She posed for the camera pointed at her from the window, putting her hands over her head.

"Do you like what you see, Robert?" she said out loud to herself as she posed.

She heard a quick ping in reply, so she looked at her phone.

"You bet I do, baby," he texted.

"You turned the microphone on," he texted. "I can hear what you say."

"I'm impressed!" she texted him. "Did Francois do that or did you set that up yourself?"

"I did. Surprise you, huh?"

"Yes. But I think what surprises me most is how many different angles you want to see me naked from."

Kymerly was sitting on the bed looking at the laptop, and she spread her legs open to give her husband an angle he would like.

"Baby, you look fantastic from every angle. And the night is young and there are more angles to come. There's more fun ahead."

"Are you going to tell me what they are?" she asked.

"Not yet. That would spoil the fun. In the meantime, I think you should prepare for the evening. You took materials to read, right?"

"I did," she said. "You know I like to be prepared. There are reading materials for the presentation and I brought some notes and things to read about some of my competitors."

"We both like to be prepared," he replied. "That's why we're peas in a pod. Well, go ahead and do that, but stay naked for me. I'll be watching you."

"Isn't that going to get boring for you?" she asked.

"No, not at all. Besides, I'm sitting in the den with my feet up and my favorite bourbon in one hand and the TV remote in my other hand in case you fail to entertain me. But I don't think I'm going to need the remote."

"I hope not, after all this effort. O.K., baby. I'm going to get to work."

Kymerly pulled a sheaf of papers out of her suitcase. On the top was a collection of stapled papers about the convention. It contained background reading for that night's presentation.

Kymerly always took care to be well-prepared for these conventions. She had to, if she wanted to be taken seriously. Her

good looks invariably led many of the men she encountered -- and most of the people she encountered were men -- to assume her looks were her best feature, and her brains a distant second. She liked to impress her peers with her knowledge of the new drugs on the market. She knew her own company's products, and the products of its competitors, cold. At the last convention, an older executive from another company, a well-known sexist who was famous for his wandering hands, had tried to make her look bad at a table full of men after she had shot down his advances. He'd failed. She had known more about the topics he had raised than he had. After about ten minutes he had slunk away from the table with his half-finished scotch in his hand, and she had won two new customers.

Kymberly also had taken notes and saved web pages of competitors and potential customers to her laptop. She pulled it out and opened it in front of her on the bed and started reading.

It was a little odd to be studying seriously for the evening ahead while simultaneously lying nude in front of video cameras for her husband's entertainment, but Kymberly was enjoying the attention from her husband and didn't mind multi-tasking. She lay with her tummy on the bed, at a right angle to the laptop so Robert could see the full length of her as she lay on the bed. She kept her butt arched in the air and her legs up and crossed over each other. She wondered what Robert was doing. It was easy to imagine him in the den, because he liked to spend time there with a cocktail at his side and a book in his lap or a game on the television. It was hard to imagine him doing nothing but staring at her nude body on the bed, although she knew he did enjoy admiring her. She enjoyed the admiration.

Kymerly lay prone on the bed until she finished reading the materials. She texted Robert after closing her laptop.

"Time to get dressed. I suppose you have instructions about that too?"

He replied immediately. Amazing -- he was still paying attention.

"Yes, I do, darling. Pull out the red dress and the red lace bra and the black heels from the suitcase."

Kymerly noticed what was missing from his instructions.

"Aren't you leaving something out?" she texted him.

"No. No panties for you tonight."

"Robert," she replied. I can't go without panties to a convention full of my peers and potential customers. Be serious."

"I am serious. Yes, you can. The dress is long enough that you won't show anything if you are careful. Put it on and get dressed and you'll see."

Kymberly was torn. She had attended this convention for her job, not for Robert's titillation. She had work to do, people to schmooze, customers to win. It would take care and concentration.

But she did enjoy Robert's game -- she couldn't deny it. She enjoyed the thrill of the risk of exposure -- even if it was just a risk, not a reality. She liked thinking about Robert, hundreds of miles away, thinking about her, surrounded by her peers, panty-less and bare under the short dress.

It was a challenge. And Kymberly liked a challenge. She was good at doing two things at once. She decided she could do it.

She stood up and hooked the lacy bra on. Unlike the running bra she'd worn earlier in the day, this one didn't give a lot of support. But she wouldn't need it. Her breasts at 44 still were firm and perky, and the snug dress would help hold them in place.

She pulled the dress on after the bra was done. It was a red, form-fitting sheath, with a V-neck collar and sleeves that ended just below her elbows. It was short, ending a few inches above the knee, but not scandalously so, and she knew she could pull off the hem length with her toned, sculpted, and tanned legs, which would be left bare. She never had worn it in public before, but she had tried it on, and she knew the color set off perfectly her dark hair and eyes. It was sexy, but just modest enough to be acceptable at an event like this one. The cut and bold color of the dress would make her stand out, and she would get lots of attention. But that's what she wanted. And Robert wanted it even more than she did.

Kymberly thought about the combination of dress length and lack of panties. As Robert had said, the dress, though short, was long enough that she wouldn't expose herself if she took some care to avoid doing so. But it was short enough that she would have to take some care. She couldn't sit in a chair facing a room and let her legs open without running a significant risk of showing everything.

But that was Robert's objective, she knew -- to put her right on the edge and force her to be mindful of the risk the entire time she was among other people.

I'm up for your challenge, Robert, she thought.

She stepped into the black heels. Kymberly could navigate her way across a crowded room in four inch heels with ease.

She went to the bathroom to apply a light layer of makeup. Kymberly didn't need a lot of makeup, but just the right amount of foundation, mascara, and eye liner would complete the look she wanted. It took her only a few minutes.

She texted Robert again.

"I'm done, dear kinky husband."

"Not quite," he texted back. "There's one more thing to take care of."

"What do you mean?" she texted back. "I'm fully dressed and ready to go."

"No panties?" he texted.

"No panties," she replied.

"Then it's time to open the next package," he texted.

The next package -- she had forgotten about his packages, even though she hadn't finished opening them.

What now? She wondered.

She took up the next-numbered package lying on the bed. This one was smaller than the others.

She took the lid off, and she found a small purse made of glossy, black leather. The purse bulged a little; something was inside it. Before she could open the purse Robert's next text came.

"Don't open the purse yet. Take the purse with you to the convention. You can put your phone and room key in it when you need to. But do not remove or open what is inside it until I instruct you. OK?"

"Robert, what is this?" she texted him.

"You will find out later," he texted. "Just do as I say."

The mystery made Kymberly nervous. She already had agreed to go to the convention events this evening without panties, putting herself at some risk. Now Robert was throwing in a new element, and she didn't know what it was, or how it would affect her ability to strike the balance between doing her job tonight and playing Robert's games. She knew Robert was enjoying her nervousness.

"O.K.," she texted back. "I'm game. I'm ready to go now."

Dressed and made-up and ready, Kymberly tucked her room key into the little black purse. She wondered, again, what mysterious object Robert had put in it, and then she opened the door to the hallway. It was time for her to make her appearance.

The convention was to begin with a causal mixer on the patio behind the main building of the hotel. After an hour or so of cocktails and schmoozing the guests would move to the grand ballroom inside the hotel, where they would have dinner and listen to a few remarks by

the convention chair, followed by a long speech by the president of one of the big drug companies.

Kymberly walked through open, outsized double doors to the patio. Already it was full of people and the buzz of dozens of conversations filled the air. The patio looked over the golf course, and beyond that a large lake filled the scene. The sun, getting ready to set soon, lay heavy and orange near the horizon and behind large trees. Filtered light cast a subdued golden glow over the patio.

As Kymberly walked onto the patio she noticed a mild breeze swirling around. She felt the air swirl under her dress and tickle her bare skin and pussy. The breeze played a little with the hem of her dress, lifting it just a little and exposing a little more thigh, but she wasn't too worried about it showing something she didn't want to show because of the way the dress hugged her body. Still, she would have to be mindful of the wind on the patio.

A jazz trio was playing -- she thought she recognized a Miles Davis song. She searched for the bar, found it, and walked to it. Blaine, the man she met in the gym, was standing there getting his drink.

"Hey, Kymberly," he said when he saw her approaching. His face lit up when he saw her.

She would have to be careful about Blaine, she thought. The way he looked at her made Kymberly think of a puppy salivating over a new toy.

"Good workout this afternoon, huh?" he asked her.

"It was," she said. "I worked up quite a sweat. I don't usually get that sweaty from a gym workout but today I was just covered in it."

That seemed to get a reaction from Blaine. Kymberly noticed he went quiet for a moment and she could tell he was picturing her body layered in a fine film of sweat. Sometimes men are so easy, she thought.

Kymberly scanned the crowd. She could small talk with ease, but she was at the convention to win business, not just to chat. There was one big fish in particular she was hoping to catch -- Samuel Lee, the owner of a chain of medical clinics in Texas. Lee was in his late 60s, but he was known to have an eye for pretty, younger women. Kymberly had worn her red dress to catch his eye, among others.

She saw him, about 50 feet away, surrounded by a group of people who appeared to be laughing at his jokes. It might not be easy to get his attention, Kymberly thought, but she had to try.

"Blaine, will you excuse me?" she said and weaved her way in as straight a line as she could through the thick crowd.

As she strode in long steps toward Samuel she became aware again of her bare sex under the short dress. The cooling sunset air felt

delicious against her skin, but the tickle of it heightened her nervousness as well.

A man's hand bumped against her butt as she wended her way around the guests. She looked up but couldn't see whose hand it was, and she wondered if he could tell just from the contact by his hand that she wasn't wearing panties. The notion gave her a quick, delicious thrill. She hadn't exposed anything -- not yet, anyway -- but she felt exposed, and she knew the absence of panties would keep reminding her of the possibility of being exposed all evening.

Kymberly drew nearer to Samuel, and he looked up and away from those around him and saw her. He smiled slightly. Kymberly had met him once before, but it had been awhile and she wasn't sure he would remember her. But he had noticed her red dress, Kymberly thought, and he was trying to recall the name of the woman that went with it.

Having drawn his attention, Kymberly noticed with delight that Kristin, too, was approaching him, but was behind him and farther away. Kymberly's eyes connected with Kristin's, just for a moment. "I caught him this time, bitch," she thought. Kristin just glared back, and then pivoted and looked for other prey.

"It's Kymberly, right?" Samuel asked as she approached him, uncertainly. She saw his eyes do the usual semi-discreet sweep over her body, head to toe and back. She didn't mind.

"Yes, Kymberly Marsh, from Sintrell," she said. "It's nice to see you again, Mr. Lee."

"Please call me Samuel," he said with a smile. He ushered her into their group, which consisted of doctors and executives at the clinics he owned. They were obligated to laugh at his jokes, and they did, loudly, even when the jokes weren't funny. Samuel was a big talker, so it wasn't easy interjecting a word into the conversation, but Kymberly managed to do so with a story about her last trip to Texas. She was trying to find a way artfully to segue into the subject of her company's new drugs. As she was about to she heard a youthful male voice behind her.

"Would anyone care for some appetizers," the voice asked. A tray of skewed beef dumplings appeared off Kymberly's shoulder. Kymberly, along with others in Samuel's circle, reached for one, when she heard the waiter make a soft choking sound, like a stifled gasp. She looked him in the face.

It was the porter -- the one who had seen her naked in her room less than two hours earlier, the one who had taken a photo of her with her legs and pussy spread open. They looked at each other. His face remained impassive, but his eyes were wide and staring at her. Kymberly's face grew hot, suddenly, and she wondered if she was visibly flushing in front of her colleagues.

"Oh, Robert," she thought. "What have you gotten me into?" She was concentrating all her powers into winning the business of a new customer, and Robert's games were distracting her from her goal. It

was a fun distraction -- she had to admit that -- but it was difficult to do her job and to play Robert's games at the same time. But, then, Robert knew that. His games were meant to challenge her. The challenge was part of the fun.

When the tray was cleared of dumplings, the waiter left, but not before casting a discreet, lusty glance at Kymberly as he walked away. Kymberly noticed his look, and she gave him a quick, ambiguous smile in return before he left them.

If she looked embarrassed, no one seemed to have noticed it, because Samuel was telling a joke, loudly, and everyone in the group was busy pretending it was funny. Somehow, Samuel's hand had found its way to the curve of Kymberly's lower back, not far above her rear. His touch gave Kymberly a new challenge to navigate. She didn't want him to think his hand had free rein to wander over her backside. But neither did she want to provoke or embarrass him. She wanted to get his business, after all. Fortunately, it was a predicament Kymberly had faced countless times before, one which she had learned to handle adeptly.

Before she had time to think about what to do about Samuel, her phone pinged again. Robert texted.

She put her hand on Samuel's shoulder and gave him a grand, apologetic smile.

"Samuel, so sorry," she said. "It's my husband. Something going on at home. I have to reply to him."

"Family comes first," he said. "But I do hope you rejoin us when you're done."

"I will! Just a sec."

She stepped away from the group to see Robert's message. She shielded the phone with her hand. She didn't want anyone else to see what he texted.

"Where are you now?"

"On the hotel patio, schmoozing. Talking to a big potential customer."

"Good girl," he texted. "I'm sure you will before the convention is over. But I have some things for you to do."

"I'm busy right now," she texted back.

"You agreed to play the game. This is part of the game. You will have time to get business while playing the game, but it will not be easy. Are you quitting the game?"

That word. Quit. Robert knew that Kymberly hated to quit, that once she had accepted a challenge it was agony for her not to see it through. He knew the right buttons to push.

Kymberly didn't know what he was going to ask her to do, or how much it might interfere with her goals at the convention, but she knew that Robert knew how important her job was to her. She guessed that he wouldn't give her something to do that was impossible -- just very challenging. She hadn't quit one of his games before. She wasn't going to quit now.

"No, I'm not quitting," she texted.

"By the way," she added. "The porter who saw me naked is serving appetizers at the party. He just saw me. I bet you like that."

"I do. That's perfect," he texted. "I bet he liked imagining seeing you naked again. Maybe if everything goes right he will."

"Here's the next part of the game," he continued. "I'm going to give you three tasks to do. One by one. I will give you the task and a specific number of minutes to complete it and to text me before the time ends that you have done it. Got it?"

"Yes, I've got it," she texted him.

"Are you ready for your first task?" he texted.

She wasn't, really, but she wasn't going to let him know that. There was plenty of time to schmooze with the guests, so she might as well get started with Robert's games.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"O.K. Here's your first task. Within five minutes of receiving this text, take an upskirt photo of yourself, showing your bare pussy under the dress. You cannot go back to your room."

Kymberly stared at Robert's instruction. She wouldn't be able to make it back to her room in time, anyway, she thought. She looked up from her phone and scanned her surroundings. At least 200 people crowded the patio and spilled over into the surrounding grounds of the resort and hallways of the hotel. She wondered how she would take an upskirt photo in this crowd without anyone noticing.

"You have 4:30 left," he texted her.

The pressure of competition was on. Robert was not going to make this easy, but Kymberly was determined, somehow, to complete the task. She held the phone up to her ear so others nearby would think she was busy talking on the phone and not bother her. She scanned

the patio for places to go. Standing in the crowd, there was no way to take the photo without people noticing, and she couldn't risk that happening. She moved quickly to the edge of the patio, looking for places where she could take the photo discreetly. She saw quickly that no place nearby was risk-free. She needed some cover, and a place where she would be out of sight for a few seconds.

At a far end of the patio, she spied a row of large terra cotta pots tufted with drooping, long-leaved plants. They stood, maybe, waist high, which might be high enough. She kept the phone to her ear, and stepped briskly toward the planters to give the impression she was looking for a quiet place to talk.

She heard another ping and looked at the phone screen.

"3:00 minutes. You better hurry."

This was hard enough without Robert pressuring her.

She reached the nearest planter. It was, perhaps, two feet wide. It came up to her waist, and the droopy plant spilling out of it would hide her up to her tummy. The rest of her would be uncovered. She looked around. There were people here and there, but not nearly as many as where she had stood two minutes ago, and no one that she recognized.

She thought about how she would complete the task. She would have to do it as quickly as possible to minimize the risk of being seen. It would be awkward trying to hold the phone under the dress and take a photo while standing, despite how short the dress was.

A man not 30 feet away caught her eye with an admiring look. Kymberly looked away quickly and looked at her phone to signal she was busy. Please, please, she thought, go away. Do not approach me. From the side of her vision she saw, thankfully, that he walked away.

"1:00," she saw on her phone.

She had to do this.

She scanned the area. No one was looking at her. No one stood to the side of her in the narrow space between the planters and the high bushes that marked the boundary of the patio. It was now or never.

She set the little purse between the leaves of the plant. She put the phone on its camera setting. She had to squat down a little to get the phone low enough below the hem of the dress. She put her left hand on the front hem of the dress and pulled it out and up just slightly.

She held the phone down under the hem of her dress, pointing the lens up and under the dress and between her bare legs. She looked

down quickly to make sure the position and angle appeared to be correct, and she snapped the photo.

She pushed the short dress hem back into place and stepped away from the planter, hoping to give off an air that nothing unusual was going on. With little time left, she pulled up the photo on the phone screen and sent it to her kinky and expectant husband.

She waited for his reply.

Ping.

"17 seconds to spare. You cut it close. But nice job on the photo! Your cunt looks lovely. A little wet, too, I think."

The word "cunt" always sounded jarring to Kymberly, but Robert liked it, and he liked to shock her by using it to describe her in erotic moments like this one. Well, not like this one, she supposed. She'd never had a moment like this one.

For this moment, the word "cunt" seemed, somehow, appropriate.

Kymberly's heart was beating fast as she walked back to the center of the patio. She had a job to do. She thumbed a quick message to Robert as she walked.

"Can I have time to get work done now?"

"A little. I will text you soon with your next task."

I'm sure you will, she thought. She had to work quickly.

She could make out Samuel, just barely, still surrounded by his colleagues and admirers. She worked her way through the crowd to get back to him. Then she heard someone call her name nearby.

"Kymberly," a deep, baritone voice called to her.

A tall man with short, dark hair and blue eyes and a mustache was looking at her. She recognized him as the vice president of marketing of Teffler, one of her company's biggest competitors. She had only met him once -- at another event like this one a couple of years earlier -- but he was a man whose face you didn't easily forget. She remembered him having a forceful and direct manner, as well as striking good looks.

"It's Dan, right? Dan Orloff?" she asked him.

"Good memory. We met at the convention in Orlando two years ago."

"I remember," she said. "You were one of the speakers, and you were the only one who told a funny joke."

He laughed. "I'm glad to hear I got you to laugh. The jokes get stale at these things."

He looked at her very intently, like he was sizing her up. But not in just in a sexual way, Kymberly thought, although she could tell he was admiring her looks.

"How are things at Sintrell?" he asked.

"Well enough to keep me busy," she said. "My husband doesn't always like that I'm away on work a lot, but he appreciates having a working wife." Kymberly found it was useful often to mention that she had a husband to dampen the enthusiasm of potential male admirers just a little. It worked, most of the time.

"I'll bet he does," said Dan. "We're very busy at Teffler, too. We just unveiled a new line of products, and we don't seem to have enough people -- enough good people -- to sell them. We're looking to hire some good people." His eyes stared hard at her as he said it.

"Good people are hard to find in the sales business," she said. Kymberly was satisfied at Sintrell, but it never hurt to test one's value on the market. And Teffler was a big player -- bigger than Sintrell, and better-paying, too, from what she had heard.

"Don't I know it," he said. "We pay good people very well at Teffler. Maybe I can call you sometime and tell you some more about that."

"Maybe you can. And maybe I'll tell you about any marketing VP positions that open up at Sintrell."

He laughed at that. "Fair enough," he said. "We'll take this up later."

"See you, Dan," and she resumed walking toward Samuel. She was chagrined that she couldn't see him now. He had moved away. She saw another group of familiar faces, though, and moved toward it to schmooze. She approached the group with her shoulders back and head high. The embarrassment of taking the photo was behind her, and Dan's evident interest in hiring her left her feeling confident and desired. And, she had to admit, she felt sexy and slightly aroused in the tight, short red dress without panties.

She spent another 15 minutes circulating around the crowd, catching up with people she knew, and making connections with others she had met before. Then the phone pinged again.

"Ready?"

"No, not really," she replied. "Still doing my job."

"It must wait," he texted. "I have another job for you to do."

Here it comes, she thought.

"This job is a bit riskier," he texted.

Oh no, she thought. What was he going to ask her to do?

"For task number 2, you have to expose yourself to someone. You must make sure the person sees your pussy. To leave no doubt, and prove it to me, you must have that person take a photo of your pussy with your phone and text it to me. I will give you a little more time for this one -- 10 minutes."

"Robert, I can't do that! These are my work colleagues!"

"Then find someone who is not a colleague. But not the porter. It must be someone else.

"Better get started," he texted again. "You are down to 9:30."

There was no use arguing with him. He wouldn't relent. She must do it in the time he gave her, or quit. Quit. That word, again. She didn't want to quit, both because she loved a challenge and because she enjoyed the games, however much they pushed the boundary of what she thought was appropriate and interfered with her work.

She didn't have much time. She'd stuck to the rules so far and she would try to stick to them again. But how? It was one thing to take a quick, sneaky, upskirt selfie. It was another to hand her phone to a stranger and ask, "Would you take a photo of my pussy?"

But that's what she had to do.

She couldn't have someone involved in the convention take the photo. That was too risky; they might talk, and her reputation could be hurt. Who, then?

She looked to the double doors of the hotel. Maybe someone on the hotel staff could do it, she thought. But the corridors of the hotel would be very crowded right now, and it would be difficult in the time she had to find a discreet place where a maid or porter could take a photo of her. Plus, they would be working, and it might be difficult for them to stop what they were doing to help her.

She scanned her surroundings, turning her head around. She looked away from the hotel, out beyond the patio, toward the golf course.

The golf course.

The sun was setting, but a few golfers still were out on the course, finishing the last rounds of the day.

She thought furiously. The golfers weren't connected with the convention. If they were, they'd be on the patio, not on the course. They wouldn't know her, or know anyone else in her industry. And if she knew anything about the type of men who would be finishing a round of golf together at the end of the day at a vacation resort like this one, they would be more than happy to oblige the request of a pretty girl's request to snap a photo of her private parts.

It was the only option Kymberly could think of.

She ran-walked as quickly as she could on her high heels on the patio without tripping or calling too much attention to herself. She wasn't sure, exactly, where to go. The patio was elevated over the golf course, so much of the course was exposed to it, and she couldn't just walk out to the part of the course on view to the patio and start exposing herself to surprised golfers. She'd have to find an area that wasn't directly visible to the patio guests. The area off to the left seemed to fit her needs. There were steps that descended from the patio through some hedges, past which she was sure some now-obscured part of the course lay. She would have to take her chances there.

Scurrying toward the steps, she nearly crashed into Kristin, who appeared suddenly, holding a drink and accompanied by a thin, handsome blond man that Kymberly didn't recognize.

"Kymberly!" Kristin called out in her trademark high-schoolish, sing-song voice. "You're in an awful hurry! Is something the matter?" Kristin peered up at her taller rival with a look of feigned concern.

"No, not at all," said Kymberly, her mind scrambling for a plausible explanation. "Um . . . my . . . husband wanted me to take some photos of the golf course, so I'm heading that way to take them before the light dims." It wasn't a great excuse, but it would have to do.

"What a thoughtful wife!" Kristin exclaimed. "Kymberly, do you know Roger?" She pointed to her companion.

Roger motion to shake her hand, but Kymberly had no time. "We haven't met," she said. "Sorry but I have to move quickly to catch the light. I'll chat with you later."

"See you then," said Kristin, her lips pursed in mock sweetness. "Shall we go back to the party, Roger?"

Kymberly had no time to think of Kristin. She moved off the patio, down the steps, to a concrete path that winded through shrubbery toward the course.

"7:00" showed up on her phone. Not much time left.

She had never played the course and didn't know where to go, but the path took her toward what looked like the mid-point of a long fairway. She was in luck -- two golf carts were directly in front of her, and enough trees and shrubs lay around to obscure, more or less, whatever she did from anyone else's gaze.

When she looked at the people in the carts, though, her hopes fell. They were occupied by two older couples, perhaps around sixty years old, and the women had the look of women that would not approve of a woman who wanted to expose her genitals to their husbands.

She looked around her, desperately. Kymberly had a talent for keeping her cool under pressure, but the craziness of the challenge and the rapid expiration of time to do it were taking their toll on her. The combination of tension and running awkwardly in her heels were starting to make her sweat a little, as well.

She saw no other golfers in sight. Then, she did. She saw two carts moving slowly together up the middle of a fairway. But they were moving on another hole. To get there, she would have to cross the middle of the fairway in front of her, where the two older couples had just gone by her, and then she would have to cross through a thin line of trees to get to the other fairway. She would have to hurry, to ensure the carts didn't pass by before she got there. It was going to be a close thing.

She couldn't run across a golf course effectively in heels, so she shucked them off fast and held them together in the hand with her purse, the other hand holding her phone. She ran as fast as she could. Through the red dress was tight and confining, it also was short, giving her lean legs plenty of room to move and carry her quickly across the fairway.

She scampered across, aware of how crazy it was that she was doing this. I have to stop being so competitive, she thought. Maybe I should just quit. But she didn't want to. She was here, now, running already, and she might as well keep running. If she focused on the task before her she could ignore, a little bit, the risk she was taking, and its possible consequences for her career.

Suddenly a voice shouted "fore!" from somewhere on the hole, and without warning a golf ball bounced on the turf 20 feet in front of her. It startled her, but she had no time to stop. She turned her head from the direction of the shot and saw three golfers about 200 yards away. It was hard to tell from this distance, but it looked like they were raising their arms in the air and looking at her. She wasn't sure, but she thought she heard a voice, faint across the distance, say "Are you kidding me?"

She reached the trees. They were pine trees, and they must have dropped a lot of needles, because they pricked her bare feet with every step. Still, she didn't slow down, though she let out a few yelps on the way.

She cleared the trees and reached the destination fairway. The carts hadn't passed by her yet. She hadn't been able to see who was in the golf carts from her previous vantage point. Puffing and bent over, and out of breath and out of options, she hoped that it wasn't another pair of older couples. Or members of a church vestry. Or a youth group. Fortunately, it was none of those. The group consisted of three men, probably around her age, and they were talking loudly and laughing as they drove up the fairway to their balls.

They didn't see her. She would have to attract their attention.

"4:00" showed up on her phone. Damn, Robert! She thought.

She couldn't wait.

"Excuse me? Hello?" she called out.

That got their attention. She could see all three of them look turn toward her in unison, start to turn away, and then do a rapid and enthusiastic double take. The guy in the lead cart, who was alone, steered his cart sharply in her direction. The other two, in a cart behind his, followed. Ten seconds later -- she was counting the time to herself, now -- their carts were right in front of her.

"That's a funny golf outfit, miss," the man in the lead cart said to her with a wry smile.

"I'm not out here to play golf," she replied, trying to do so with whatever composure and flirtiness she could muster.

"Well, then, this is a funny place to be," he said, his smile widening. She was glad they didn't seem to mind being distracted from their game by a pretty girl in a short red dress.

"I have a favor to ask you gentlemen," she said, and she batted an eyelash or two at them. It seemed to have the required effect. The lead man got out of his cart and approached her.

"What can we do?" he asked. The other two were slower to respond, but they left their carts as well and followed him.

"3:00."

"This is an odd favor to ask, and I'm sorry to distract you from your game, but I don't have much time and you're the only ones who can help." Kymberly realized she was wasting time with explanations, and that time was running out, but she was having trouble asking what she needed to ask them.

"I'm happy to try to help, whatever it is," he said. He swept his arms around him in a broad gesture. "But we do have a round to finish, and the light's fading. What's up?"

She paused, and then sucked in a big breath to buck up her courage to say what she had to say.

"My husband, who is not here with me, has dared me to do something. And I need you to help me do it."

She could tell they didn't know what she was going to ask, but that they were keenly interested. They drew closer to her and didn't say anything, although the man in front made a soft gesture with his hand toward her that said, "Let's get on with it, then."

"I need you to take a picture of me," she said.

"2:00."

Stop it, Robert! she thought.

"That's no problem," said the man in front. "That's simple. Here, let me take your phone."

She approached him and handed him the phone.

"But there's one other thing," she said. Could she make herself say it? Yes, she could.

"I need to expose myself. I need to have you take a picture of me when I pull up my dress. Naked."

Kymberly had never seen three mouths drop open in unison more quickly and deeply than she did now.

"Seriously?" one of the guys in back spoke up for the first time.

"Seriously," she said. There, she had said it. Now she had to hurry.

"Can you help me?" she added, quickly.

"Sure, I guess so," said the man in front. A grin that defined "shit-eating" spread across his face.

"Let's do it over here," she said. Kymberly was mortified at the words that had just come out of her mouth, but she was thrilled, too, and now that she had said it she was eager to fulfill her end of the bargain. Her pussy tingled with pleasure and anticipation, too. As ridiculous and embarrassing as this task was, now that the deed had been named she wanted her pussy to be seen.

She skipped on polished toes to the lead man's golf cart and jumped into the empty seat on the driver's side. She turned and looked back at the three men. All three were staring at her bare knees, waiting, though she hadn't parted them yet.

"Are you ready?" she said to the man with her phone.

"Sure," he said, recovering his senses and holding up the phone in front of him. "Ready when you are."

She looked very quickly in every direction to see if anyone else could see them. She saw no one, and she could only barely make out the patio area, now some distance away and screened off by trees.

She tossed her purse and shoes lightly on the fairway grass. She parted her legs. "I seem to be parting my legs a lot today," she thought. She pulled the hem of her short dress up, so it was above her waist and her bare bottom was on the seat. She spread her legs as wide as she could in her awkward position, to make sure the camera would leave no doubt about her exposure and her fulfillment of the task.

She heard a soft ping coming from the phone and knew it was Robert's signal that only one minute remained.

The two men not holding the camera simultaneously said "Shit!" and "Holy fuck!" when her legs opened.

As evening drew closer the temperature fell, and a soft breeze now blew over the course and could be heard whistling faintly through the trees. The air currents, eddying and swirling, teased and tickled her labia, which were now damp with arousal and exertion. She savored the touch of the cool air on her skin, and she ate up the ravenous looks of the men standing and staring at her. She thought, momentarily, that she could just sit there, indefinitely, with their eyes on her, as evening came and the air cooled and the breeze stiffened and tickled her nether lips with growing vigor. If she sat there long enough, she might come, eventually, she thought.

But she didn't have time for that. Instead, she spoke up to keep things moving along.

"I know it's a nice view," she said. "But I'm running out of time. Can you take the photo?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the man with the phone. He pushed the button.

"Did it turn out O.K.?" she asked, her voice cracking a little with the tension.

He paused a little, then squinted at the phone, then a smile spread over the width of his face and he gave her a deep nod.

"I'll say. Hell yes, that turned out."

She sprang from the cart and sprinted toward him.

"Please, I need the phone," she pleaded.

He didn't pull it back but he didn't hand it to her immediately, either. The other two men were crowding around him to see the photo. "Can't we see first?" one of them said.

"Yes, but please wait because I have to send it to my husband," she said, the urgency rising in her voice.

She took hold of the phone and the man let her have it. Her fingers punched the screen in desperation to beat the clock. She heard a whoosh that confirmed that the text with her photo had been sent.

She clutched the phone, looking at it and waiting and hoping she'd beaten Robert's countdown.

He pinged her back.

"Damn, baby."

He pinged her again.

"That's better than I expected. There must be some happy golfers standing next to you right now. You did it with 7 seconds to spare. You like to cut it close."

She exhaled a big breath. She couldn't believe how wrapped up she had become in Robert's game, but she had.

"So --," she heard one of the men standing near her say. "Did you get it done? Whatever your husband wanted you to do?"

She looked away from her phone at the men with eyes shining with excitement and gratitude.

"Yes!" she said. "With seven seconds to spare. Thank you! And, gentlemen," she added. "I'm sorry I interrupted your game."

"Oh, don't be sorry on our account," said the man who'd taken her photo. "This was the highlight of our round, I assure you."

"That was the highlight of my golfing career," said one of the other two.

"Can we see the picture now?" one of them asked.

"Oh, of course!" she said. "That's the least I can do."

She pulled up the photo on her phone and turned the screen toward them so they could see the photo of her, displayed in all her glory on their golf cart.

"Damn, you are gorgeous," said one.

"Thanks," she said in a low voice. She held the phone and let them look more. They were in no hurry to stop looking.

Coming down from the high of completing the task, Kymberly became embarrassed again as she thought about what she had just asked these men to do and what she had let them see.

"Thank you, guys," she said. "I appreciate it. I know it was a crazy request. There was no one else to help me."

"Well, thank God there was no one else," said the leader. "My name's Chet, and that was something I'm not going to forget . . . ever."

"You're sweet," Kymberly said.

"How about one more picture, now that your thing with your husband is done?" one of the two in back asked.

"I don't know, guys, I need to get back to the party."

"I'm sure they miss you," said Chet. "But how about one quick one, with you and my buddies here."

"Guys, this was for my husband. I can't let you keep naked photos of me."

"That's too bad," said Chet. "I'll tell you what. I'll take a photo of you and the boys here next to the cart on your phone. You can decide later if you want to send it to us. Come on, you owe us that much for helping you out in a pinch."

"You did delay our golf game," said one of the other two with a laugh.

"O.K., but let's be quick," Kymberly said.

She walked back to the golf cart and sat in the same position as before in the seat. She hiked up her skirt, and Chet's buddies took a place on either side of her.

Kymberly was feeling naughty and emboldened by Robert's game and thought she'd take this a step further. It was a step Robert would not have anticipated, and she wondered how he would react to it.

"Why don't each of you boys hold on to one of my thighs, and spread my legs apart?" she suggested.

Her idea was a big hit. Each of them, standing to the side of her, got behind and held on to one of her thighs from behind. She felt two pairs of hands grab her thighs. One pair was soft and small, and took hold of her thigh chastely and near the knee. But the other pair was rougher and stronger, and grabbed her more tightly, close to her butt and the junction of her legs. The hand that was lower on her was no

more than a couple of inches from the exposed damp gash in her middle, and she thought with excitement that it would take no more than a slight shift in her position to bring her dampness directly in contact with his rough, strong fingers.

While focusing on the touch of the two men holding her thighs, which were starting to tremble, she'd lost track of Chet. When she paid attention to him once again, he was busy snapping not just one but multiple photos of her.

She had to regain control of herself, and of the situation. She had a party to get back to, and she needed to do some more networking before Robert gave her another task.

"O.K., boys, that's enough," she said. The two that were holding her released their hands while Chet appeared to be busy scrolling through the photos he had taken. At least they were gentlemen, she thought. They weren't taking advantage of her.

She grabbed her shoes and purse, and reached out to take her phone back. After taking a last, longing look at the screen of Kymberly's phone, Chet handed it back to her.

"What's your name?" Chet asked.

"Kymberly," she said without hesitation. At this point, having revealed so much, she didn't care if they knew her name.

"A pretty name for a pretty lady," Chet said, and his friends nodded. "Kymberly, Chuck and Mario and I are going to be playing again tomorrow if you'd care to join us. I think it could be a very memorable round."

"I'm not much of a golfer, I'm afraid," she said.

"I'm sure that wouldn't matter one bit," said Chet. "Here's my card if you are interested. Oh, and you can text me at that number, too. Messages, photos, whatever." He handed her his card. Chet Dipensky. It said on the card that he had some sort of contracting business.

"Thanks," she said. "I have to run, guys. I hope you enjoy the rest of your round."

"See you later . . . Kymberly," said Chet.

She turned away from the three men and scurried back through the pine tree stand, the mat of pine needles pricking her feet again.

She hurried back to the patio and the party. The light dimmed as night drew near. She was determined to make some headway networking and schmoozing potential clients even while she vowed to complete Robert's one remaining task. "Then I'll be done for the night," she thought.

When she returned to the concrete path she put her shoes back on. She touched her finger to her skin; despite the gathering coolness of the evening a thin film of sweat lay over her skin. She wondered if people would notice, and, if so, what they would think she had been doing. They wouldn't be able to guess what she had been doing, that much was certain.

Back on the steps to the patio, which still was buzzing with conversation and brimming over with people, she gathered herself and squared her shoulders and walked back into the party. Outdoor lamps were lighting up around her to offset the evening gloom.

"Kymberly!" an unwanted voice rose above the din of the party. It was Kristin, again, with her new toy Roger still in tow. Their relationship had progressed, Kymberly could see, because Kristin was in front pushing through the crowd and he was following her carrying both of their drinks.

"Where have you been?" Kristin asked, her eyes darting over Kymberly but lingering on her exposed arms and cheeks. "You have a healthy glow about you. Are you just enjoying the party or is it from something else?" Her voice was light but her face shined with predatory purpose.

"I had to run back to my room for something," Kymberly said, thinking quickly. "But I ran back. Don't want to miss the party." Kristin said nothing but didn't look convinced.

After an awkward moment of silence Kymberly turned away from Kristin and her new friend. She went looking for Samuel. She didn't find him, but over the next fifteen minutes she worked her way into three conversations, told a few jokes, and connected with five possible new customers.

She was on a roll. And it wasn't just because she was on her game at the party. Completing the last two tasks had left her feeling confident, even a little drunk with exhilaration. She knew Robert's third challenge would come soon, and, far from dreading it, she looked forward to it.

In the meantime, though, she had a job to do, so she circulated around the crowd, doing her best to win friends and influence people.

At last, her phone pinged again.

"Hello darling. How are you doing?"

"I'm fine. Making lots of friends and doing business. And I learned something about a competitor."

"Sounds like you have been able to balance your work and my play with success," he texted. "I have just one more task for you. Are you ready?"

Kymerberly had just removed herself from her last conversation. She had time to play again.

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Good. Then here is your last task. You will have 10 minutes to complete this one as well, starting from the moment I text the word GO. Here is your task: You must find a place somewhere on the hotel grounds, not in your room, and not in a bathroom or any other private room, and you must take off all your clothes and get naked, except your heels, and take a photo of yourself and send it to me. It can be outside, or inside the hotel, but if it's inside the hotel it must be in a public space. One other rule: it cannot be more than 200 feet from where other people are. So, you cannot run back in the dark onto the golf course and get naked. Finally, the photo must be a full body shot, so you will need to set it up at least ten feet from you and put it on a 10 second delay. GO."

Oh, Robert, she thought. How would she complete this task? His directions prevented her from choosing any of the places that she reasonably could expect to complete the task. Getting completely naked would be a lot riskier than taking an upskirt photo or pulling up her skirt for another person. She would be completely exposed and vulnerable for at least a few minutes while she removed her clothes and put them back on.

She surveyed the patio and its outdoor surroundings. People were everywhere, drinking, talking, spilling off the patio. There would be nowhere to get naked outside without going far away, and his instructions prevented her from doing that.

She turned the other way, toward the double doors of the hotel. There might be an out-of-the way corridor or alcove somewhere -- a place that was public, but not currently in use.

She saw Samuel out of the corner of her eye as she strode to the door. She knew she ought to have been schmoozing with him, but she was determined to see her husband's game through, regardless of the inconvenience. In the other direction, she Blaine, trying to catch her attention and moving slowly toward her through the crowd. She couldn't afford to let him catch her and slow her down, so she quickened her pace.

Once through the doors she headed left. The corridor was unfamiliar. She didn't know where it led, but she knew it led away from the party on the patio and away from the lobby. A sign on the wall to her left, adjacent to several large doors, read "Grand Ballroom." She pulled on one of the doors and it gave way. Inside lay a vast room with many tables covered and ready for dinner. It was where the main event was to take place. Hotel staff were setting the tables and sound crew were on the stage working on pieces of sound equipment. That room wouldn't do.

She walked further, and a small corridor opened on the right. She walked down it, looking for some empty, unused place that as near

enough to other people to satisfy Robert's conditions. Kymberly found what looked like such a place -- a little alcove with a low table and a few chairs. No one was around. She stepped into it.

"8:00."

The clock was ticking. She didn't hear anyone or see anyone. Thinking this might be her only chance, she set her purse and phone on the ground and grabbed the hem of her red dress. She took a few deep breaths and prepared to pull it quickly up and off her.

Then she heard fast, heavy footsteps and voices, and three waiters walked by the corridor not 20 feet from her. She pulled the dress back down and took her hands off it before they saw her. She let out a fast puff of air.

That was close. People were coming and going along the corridor between the grand ballroom and elsewhere in the hotel, probably the kitchen. She couldn't undress there.

She left the alcove and hurried back to the corridor off which one entered the grand ballroom. Instead of returning along the corridor she hurried along the other way. She reached another set of doors, with the sign "Small Ballroom" next to them. Taking yet another deep breath, Kymberly pulled the door open as another ping announced the number "7:00" on her phone screen.

The door was open, but the room was only half lit, with a few overhead lights turned on but most of them off. The room was empty. Kymberly walked in.

This ballroom was like the other one, but a lot smaller. It was mostly empty. A few tables were scattered around, some with tablecloths spread over them, but they were not set for anything. A low stage perched at the far end of the room, and off to one side sat what looked like a portable bar about 10 feet long.

It was obvious that the room wasn't going to host any events that night. No one was in it, and there was no reason for anyone to enter it. But other people, walking the hallways and getting the other ballroom ready, were less than a hundred feet away. She had as good a chance of getting naked here and not getting discovered as anywhere else she could think of.

It would do. It would have to.

She walked deeper into the room, toward the tables and the bar and away from the doors.

"Where are you?" Robert texted.

"I'm in the small ballroom," she replied, still walking to the tables. She reached them and looked around, trying to figure out what was the best spot to take off her clothes.

The room was bare, and no part of it seemed to offer any more privacy than any other party.

"That should do perfectly," he replied. "Better get going."

"6:00."

She picked a spot on the side of a table opposite the doors, about twenty feet from the bar. Some of the tables were covered with linen cloths that extended most of the way to the ground, offering screen from the doors. She pulled a chair half way out and set her purse and phone on it. She remembered that Robert wanted her to keep her heels on. That left only the short dress and bra to remove.

Here goes nothing, she thought, and she pulled the dress off in a single grand sweep. She folded it once and set it on top of her purse on the chair. Then she reached behind her and unhooked the bra, and she tossed it atop the dress.

Kymberly now stood fully naked, save for her four-inch black leather heels, in a cavernous and half-lit ballroom. She was alone, but all the doors to the room were unlocked and could be opened at any time.

She wanted to work quickly and to get the task done so she could return to the patio. She picked the phone up from her chair and looked around for a good place to take the picture. She saw the bar.

She could set the phone against its side, put it on time delay, and then sit naked 10 feet from the phone while her photo was taken. She'd be done in 30 seconds. This task wasn't going to be so hard, after all.

She walked to the bar and bent over, happy that her three tasks were nearly done and confident that this one would be completed in a minute.

Then she heard voices, and the heavy metallic sound of one of the doors being opened. Someone was coming in.

She had to hide, but where? She could run back to the table with her dress, but then she would be closer to the middle of the room, with almost no screen to hide her. And she might not even make it there. She could see light coming from outside the door as it opened.

She looked in the other direction, at the bar. It was set at a modest angle from the wall, with the end toward the doors closer to the wall than the end farther from them. If she rushed behind it she might not be seen.

She skittered, naked and on high heels, toward the bar, and ducked behind it just as voices announced two people coming through the door. Once behind the bar she ducked down under the bar top, put her back to the bar's inside edge, and tucked her legs closely to her

chest to minimize the risk of being seen. Her breath sounded loud and fast to her, and she tried to stifle it without much success.

From her hiding spot behind the bar, Kymberly couldn't see the people who had entered the ball room. But she could hear them well. She heard two of them -- a man and a woman. They were giggling and talking in low, furtive voices. Suddenly the woman's voice burst out in laughter, and the man responded fast.

"Not so loud! We don't want anyone to hear us. Naughty girl."

"Oh, I'm a very naughty girl. You have no idea how naughty. But you'd like to find out, wouldn't you?"

Kymberly didn't recognize the man's voice at first, but she recognized the woman's. It was Kristin.

Shit, Kymberly swore quietly to herself. If Kristin finds me here my career is finished.

Fortunately for Kymberly, Kristin sounded focused on doing whatever it was she was doing with her boy toy Roger. She let out another loud laugh, this one almost a cackle.

At the same time Kymberly's phone pinged again.

"5:00."

"Damn," Kymberly swore to herself. It was just a soft tone, but in the cavernous ballroom, empty save for her vindictive arch-rival and her rival's paramour for the weekend, the ping sounded like the gong of a giant bell. She fingered the phone frantically to turn the volume off.

Kristin's laughter quieted down, and then Kymberly heard Kristin say words that made her skin grow cold.

"Did you hear something?" Kymberly heard Kristin say.

"No," Roger said. "I think you're just nervous being here with me. Don't worry. Nobody's going to come in. There's nothing scheduled here tonight. We have the ballroom to ourselves. Shall we dance?" He laughed lewdly.

Kymberly's heart beat fast. Only the flimsy façade of the makeshift bar hid her from Kristin's eyes. She wondered what Kristin was doing, where she was standing, what she was looking at.

Kymberly turned around very quietly. She didn't dare peak out from the side of the bar for fear of being seen, but maybe there was some other way to see what Kristin was doing. She saw a crack in the façade of the bar. It was no more than a quarter-inch wide, but it was enough to see through.

Kristin and Roger were standing in the middle of the room, about 20 feet away from and on the opposite side of the table at which Kymberly had left her dress and bra. Her clothes! If Kristin spotted Kymberly's clothes at the table, she'd know that Kymberly was in the room, she'd know that Kymberly was naked, and she'd find her, no doubt, within a minute.

Now, Kristin was standing up, Roger's arms around her and sweeping over her body. One of his hands was cupping Kristin's breast. His attention, and lips, were focused on Kristin's neck and cleavage. Kristin held her arms lightly around Roger, but her attention was on the room, not on Roger. She was scanning it, slowly, evidently still trying to find out if she really had heard something, and, if so, what the source of the noise had been.

"Roger, I don't know, I think I heard something," she said.

"It's your imagination, Kristin," Roger said. "You just don't want to get caught. You won't. Nobody's coming."

Kristin looked unsure. She pushed against Roger and disentangled herself from his embrace. She stepped away from him, now just a few paces away from the table where Kymberly had left her clothes. Through the crack Kymberly could see a part of the vivid red dress on the chair. Kristin couldn't see it, being on the opposite side of the table, but she was no more than 15 feet away from proof of Kymberly's nudity. Kymberly hardly could bear the tension.

"4:00."

No ping sounded this time, just a vibration, because Kymberly had turned off the volume. But it still buzzed, and though quieter than the tone before it still sounded unbearably noisy in the still, empty ballroom. Kymberly saw Kristin scrunch her eyes, as though she might have heard something but wasn't sure if she had. Kristin's eyes scanned the room while Roger reached out and tried to distract her with his hands. Kymberly saw Kristin's eyes sweep over, and then stop and focus on, the bar, and Kymberly pulled her face back from the crack a few inches for fear Kristin could see Kymberly. Kymberly held her breath. Then Kristin looked away. Kymberly pressed her eye closer to the crack again. She became aware, suddenly, of how cool the air in the room was. Goosebumps appeared on her skin, and she trembled slightly as she spied on her rival's actions.

"Baby, come over here," Roger said. He walked to the opposite side of the table at which Kymberly's clothes lay, and he pulled a chair out and sat down. He beckoned to Kristin.

"Give daddy a lap dance," he said.

Kristin stopped searching the room and smiled and swayed as she walked toward him. She turned around and sat down in his lap, her back to him. Roger reached around and cupped and kneaded Kristin's pert breasts.

"You're not my daddy," she said. "You're just a bad little boy. What would your wife say about what you're doing, you bad boy?"

"Probably the same thing your husband would say," he said. "Let's not think about them. Let's think about the way my hands feel on your tits. And the way your ass feels on my lap."

Kristin started grinding on his lap. "Mmmmmm. I like the way this feels. And I think I feel something else against my ass, something getting bigger and harder."

Oh, God, Kymberly thought. It was bad enough that she had to cower behind the bar, the seconds ticking away to the deadline for her to complete her task, in fear of being caught naked by her rival. It was even worse to have to watch Kristin cheating on her husband with Roger. Kymberly had heard stories about Kristin's willingness to use sex to promote her career, but she'd never seen evidence of it until now. Kymberly, herself, had never cheated on Robert, though she did show herself off a lot, usually with Robert's approval.

"3:00."

She was running out of time. Kristin and Roger were grinding away on the chair, their hands all over each other, and they weren't going anywhere. Kymberly would have to take a chance and take the photo somehow with them in the room, or time would run out and she would fail at the task.

Kristin or no Kristin, she wasn't going to let that happen.

She would wait just a little bit longer, hoping Kristin and Roger would leave before time ran out. It didn't seem likely, because Kristin had turned around in the chair and was now straddling Roger and devouring his face with her lips.

As crazy and risky as the situation was for Kymberly, it aroused her. Suspecting something, she reached a hand down and touched herself between her legs. Sure enough, her lips were fuller and wetter than before -- wet enough that she felt a trace of moisture coating the bare skin surrounding her pussy. She ran a single finger up from below her pussy, through the damp folds to the erect nub of her clitoris, which she began circling slowly with her fingertip. Her body convulsed suddenly at the slight touch, and she had to stifle a gasp. She had to stop, she realized, or Kristin would hear her and find her. Though her body craved more, she stopped and waited.

"2:00."

She stared intently through the crack. Roger and Kristin were going at it, bodies mashed and writhing together on the chair. Their sounds of their moaning and lips smacking filled the otherwise quiet room.

They were just loud enough that Kymberly decided she could take a chance. She had to, or time would run out.

She took her phone, and flipped the screen to the camera settings. Then she set it on a 10-second timer.

Now the question was: where and how to take the photo? She couldn't set the flash, or Kristin and Roger undoubtedly would see it. But that meant the photo likely would be dim. Robert hadn't insisted on a high-quality shot, just a full-body one, so she could fulfill the task with a grainy, poor-resolution photo. But the room already was poorly lit, and under the bar it was so dark that the picture might not come out at all. The only way to take the photo was to set the phone against the back of the bar and to scoot out from under the bar and sit against the wall, where her body would be lit dimly by a few overhead lights.

"1:00." She could wait no longer.

With the phone camera on its 10-second delay, Kymberly pushed the button to take the photo. She turned the phone around and set it against the back of the bar. Then she crawled on all fours, as quickly but as quietly as she could, to the wall. When she got there, she flipped around, her butt on the thin carpet and back against the cool plaster. From this angle and position, she was seated about nine feet from the phone, she guessed, and the bar wholly obscured Kristin and Roger, meaning they couldn't see her. She scooted a bit to the left, estimating where she would have to sit to be at just the right spot within the camera's view. She would only have one chance to get it right.

As the ten seconds were about to run out, Kymberly opened her legs, her fingers clasping the heels of her black shoes. It was a lewd and inviting position, and Robert would like it. She smiled, and then she heard the click of the photo being taken. It was quiet, and she hoped it was quiet enough that Kristin wouldn't hear it over the sounds of her making out with Roger. Kymberly quietly scurried back on all fours to the cover of the bar and eyed Kristin and Roger through the crack in the wall of the bar.

"Roger," Kristin said as she pulled back from him. "I thought I heard something again."

Shit, Kymberly thought. She had no time to worry about it. She had to send the photo to Robert. She looked at the photo; it wasn't great, but it was better than she expected. She was fully nude, open and on display, and her body lay fully within the frame of the photo. With a few quick movements of her fingers she texted the photo to her waiting husband as time ran out.

Then she looked back through the crack. Kristin was staring directly at the bar. Kymberly held her breath again and didn't move. She didn't think Kristin could see her -- yet -- but all her attention was focused in Kymberly's direction.

Kristin stood up off Roger's lap.

"Roger, I've got a funny feeling . . . "

"Kristin, you're hearing things. There's no one here. My lap is missing you."

Kristin walked, tentatively and slowly, away from Roger and toward the bar. She was to the side of the table now, and if she took two more big steps and turned to her left she would see Kymberly's dress on the chair.

Kymberly, still holding her breath, braced for the inevitable. Kristin would find her, and she would ruin her. She wouldn't put it past her to grab the dress and leave her, naked, with no option but to walk through the crowded halls of the hotel with no clothes on.

Kristin's slow walk to the bar was interrupted when a metallic clunk sounded on the other side of the room. One of the doors was being opened.

"Kristin!" Roger hissed at her. "Somebody's coming. Come on!"

Kristin turned toward the door, toward the source of the noise. Roger stood up. Both of them walked away from Kymberly, but they separated themselves, to do whatever they could to avoid the appearance of doing anything inappropriate. But the door didn't open. Whoever had started to open it had changed his mind.

Through the crack Kymberly saw Kristin and Roger look at each other and sigh with relief together.

"Roger, we better get out of here and back to the event," Kristin said.
"Dinner will start before long."

"You're right," he said. "How about a rain check on that lap dance?"

"Only if you're a good boy."

"I thought you liked bad boys?" he asked.

"I like boys who are good at being bad," she said.

Kymberly saw the two of them walk back to the doors. Roger peered out of one of them, looked both ways, and that nodded at Kristin. Then they both left the room.

Kymberly slumped with relief behind the bar and began breathing normally again. That had been close.

She looked down at her phone. Robert had left a message, and with her focus on Kristin she hadn't even seen it when it had come in.

There were two texts from him.

"11 seconds to spare. You did it. Great photo. A bit blurry but I like the pose."

The second text had been sent one minute later:

"Hello?"

"I almost got caught thanks to your game," Kymberly texted Robert. "Couldn't reply. Will tell you about it later."

Kymberly staggered out from behind the bar. She felt spent. Her body shook with nervous exhaustion. To play Robert's game, she had put her career on the line. She'd risked everything for a few brief minutes of kinky pleasure.

But she enjoyed it as well. She felt alive, and her bare skin tingled with pleasure at the incongruity of her nudity alone in the vast, empty room. She braced herself against the chair holding her dress and bra, and she paused before putting them. She still was aroused, despite -- or maybe because of -- her near exposure. She put her hands between her legs, and her sex had grown wetter than before. She felt a rivulet of moisture beginning to trail down the skin of her inner thigh. Kymberly's arousal was growing. And she became aware that with all the games so far that day she'd gotten no relief.

She moved two fingers up and down between her legs over her bare, moist slit. In her state of arousal, she thought it would take no more

than a few minutes to make herself come like that. Then she could go back to the party.

Robert texted again.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm wet. I thought I would give myself some relief after all the excitement.," she texted.

"Don't do that," he texted back. "It's not time. You need to move on to the party in a state of excitement. You cannot give yourself pleasure. Not yet. You need to get dressed now and get back to the party."

"Robert, you are driving me crazy," she texted him.

"But only in the best way, dear," he texted back.

"Are we done for the evening?" she texted.

"Oh no. Remember, you still haven't opened what's in your purse."

Shit, Kymberly thought. He was right. She had forgotten that her purse contained a mystery item she hadn't opened yet. Robert

wanted her to take it with her to the convention dinner and speech that evening. There were more games to come.

She put the bra and dress on quickly and picked up her purse.

She opened the door gingerly. She saw people down the hallway, near the doors of the other ballroom, but she thought they were far enough away that they wouldn't see her if she entered the hallway quickly and quietly.

Kymberly left the small ballroom, dressed and ready for the evening's events. She strode down the hallway toward the crowd of people, smiling at having accomplished all of Robert's tasks.

She knew there was more fun to come.

Hotel Exhibitionist Ch. 03

Sitting at a table in the center of the crowded ballroom, Kymberly felt she was under a spotlight. It wasn't just the shortness of the red sheath dress she wore that made her feel that way, nor was it that several hours earlier dozens of the people around her had gotten more than an eyeful of Kymberly's athletic, long-legged, busty figure in a skimpy gym outfit in the lobby.

What made Kymberly feel she was under the hot glare of the spotlight was the fact that, under the little dress, which hit her legs mid-thigh when she was standing and showed even more when she was sitting, she wasn't wearing any panties. Her husband Robert had told her not to.

A few days before the convention Kymberly had visited her favorite salon, and she had had every last spec of hair removed by wax. Now, hidden by mere inches of red fabric stretched tightly over her firm thighs, her pussy lay bare and, after her completion of Robert's latest challenges an hour earlier, noticeably moist.

To minimize the risk of exposure, Kymberly sat with her legs under her table, to which she had been assigned with seven other guests. She tried to talk to the person sitting next to her over the din of 600 voices. Most of the other guests sat at their assigned tables, waiting for the first speech of the convention to start, but a few stragglers walked here and there or gathered in small clusters making small talk.

Kymberly had recovered quickly from her nerve-wracking experience in the small ballroom an hour earlier. Her rival pharmaceutical representative, Kristin, almost had discovered Kymberly crouching naked behind the make-shift bar. Kymberly had left the small ballroom with her legs shaking, but they were steadier now. Time had done its part to calm her nerves; a couple of scotch and sodas had done the rest.

Now she sat with her companions at a table waiting for the opening speech to begin. She lucked out with the seating assignments; Samuel Lee, whose business she was trying to solicit, had been assigned to the same table and sat across from her. A few people who worked at his clinics sat with him. To Kymberly's left was a tall, dour, older woman named Gail who worked for the Food and Drug Administration. To her right sat a man about her age, with a small, pinched, nervous face, who worked for Samuel's company.

Gail, the woman to Kymberly's left, complained in a monotone voice about the hotel and told Kymberly that she had been stuck in the elevator for five minutes earlier in the afternoon. It was all Kymberly could do to respond with an occasional, "Really? I'm so sorry to hear that!" She wanted to engage Samuel, but he was on the other side of the table, and he was busy talking to a young blonde woman next to him.

The clock on Kymberly's phone showed that the convention officially would begin in ten minutes. The association direction would kick things off with a short speech. Dinner would follow, and then this evening and over the next day more speeches, meetings, meals, and workshops would follow. Awards would be given out and pious statements about the vital place of pharmaceutical drugs in modern society would be made and broadly assented to by everyone in attendance. But to Kymberly, the official program was just a stage set for the real show, which was sales. Kymberly didn't need to fly hundreds of miles for the weekend to learn about new developments about pharmaceuticals; she could do that in a few hours on the Internet at home. The point to being here was to meet people and

convince them to buy what she was selling. Kymberly had been doing that for a long time, and she was good at it.

Kymberly hadn't received any texts from Robert, lately. She was glad to get a break from his games, but the longer he waited to contact her the more she worried about what he would ask her to do, and when.

"Kymberly!" Samuel called to her across the table. "We missed you when you left us on the patio. I trust your family is well?"

"Yes, thank you for asking!" she said. She carried on a conversation with him as well as she could, half-shouting across the table so she could be heard over the noise. She asked questions about him, throwing in a few about his business and plans to open more clinics, and what treatments they offered.

As Kymberly talked with Samuel she saw Kristin, at a table near hers. A much older man with a large mouth was talking to Kristin, but Kristin was staring at Kymberly, her eyes still and wide and dark like a cat's. Kymberly looked away from Kristin, unnerved by her stare, and concentrated on Samuel.

She believed she was making headway when her phone, which lay on the table in front of her, pinged again. Kymberly had switched the phone out of its mute mode so she could hear Robert texting her over the din of the ballroom crowd. It was Robert texting, of course.

"What are you doing now?"

Kymberly didn't want to be rude to Samuel -- already, two hours earlier, on the patio, she had pulled away from a conversation with him because of one of Robert's texts. But knowing Robert, he would be impatient and insistent, and he would leave her no choice but to respond if she wanted to keep up with his game. She did want to, so she would have to find a way of responding without being rude.

A man sitting next to Samuel interjected himself into their conversation, and Samuel turned to reply to him, giving Kymberly her chance to text Robert back.

"I'm at table talking with med clinic owner. Speech to start in 10 minutes."

"You don't have much time, then," he texted. "Excuse yourself and go to bathroom. Take purse and phone."

Robert, Robert, she thought. You are making my job so much harder. But she would do it. With only ten minutes to go before speeches started, she would have no choice.

"Samuel, if you will excuse me for a moment," she said. He nodded at her across the table with a polite smile.

She hurried to the bathroom. Other women seemed to have the same idea; all the stalls were occupied. Kymberly paced nervously outside them until one opened. She rushed in and closed it behind her; then she pulled her phone out.

"What now, Robert?" she texted him.

"You're not getting cheeky, are you? Does my exhibitionist need disciplining when she gets back?"

Kymberly was impatient. "I have no time for text chat," she wrote. "Speech to start soon. What now?"

"Open your purse and take out what's inside."

She did so, and pulled out the small package wrapped in black paper. She tore it open.

It was a vibrator. Kymberly had plenty of experience with vibrators, but she hadn't seen one like this before. It was purple -- Robert and his purple fetish, she thought -- and encased in a soft, almost skin-like material. It was vaguely U-shaped, with the ends wider and more bulbous than the middle.

"You must put it inside you," Robert texted.

"Now? You want me to wear this during dinner? I'm not going to turn on the vibrator during the presentation," she replied.

"You won't have to," he texted. "I will. It's on remote control and I already have synced it with your phone."

Kymberly was amazed at that. "How?"

"I did it when you weren't using it. The vibrator will work if your phone is on and isn't too far away from you. Now put it in so I can test it."

Kymberly didn't know what bothered her more -- that Robert wanted her to wear a vibrator during a dinner surrounded by hundreds of colleagues and customers, or that he had used her phone without her knowing it to set up the vibrator. When she got home she would have to talk to him about his boundaries.

But there was no time to talk to him now. The clock was ticking and the opening speech was about to begin, and she didn't want to walk halfway through the grand ballroom to return to her table while everyone else was seated. She would have to decide what to do now.

"What do I do with this?"

"Insert one end inside you. The other end will rest against your clit."

This was crazy, she thought. The pharmaceutical convention was about to begin and hundreds of her colleagues were sitting down for dinner waiting to hear speeches, and yet here she was, standing over a toilet in a bathroom stall, preparing to put a vibrator in her pussy.

The toilet had no seat for her to sit on. She had to lean against a side of the stall and pull her short red dress up and hold her legs apart. She held the vibrator down and close to the opening of her vulva. The mechanics of the thing didn't look too difficult -- it was clear to her from this angle where and how things were to go.

Kymberly pressed one end of the vibrator into her. She was still wet from before, and it slipped into her easily. She could feel the bulbous end inside her settle against the sensitive flesh of her G-spot. The part that was still visible slipped directly over her clitoris. She took her hand away, and it remained in place, clamping gently but snugly against her sex.

It looked and felt like a snug, firm fit, but Kymberly wondered at once whether, without any panties to help hold the vibrator against her, it might slip out of her as she walked. If that happened in the crowded ballroom, it would be a disaster. She would never be able to face anybody that saw her again. But she thought the risk was small. It fit well, and years of Kegel exercises had given her strong muscles down there that she could use to help hold it in.

"OK, it's in," she texted.

"I'm going to test it before you go back," he texted. "I will start on a low setting. Here goes."

Kymerly waited. Nothing happened for a few seconds, and the wait unnerved her. Then she felt it.

The device vibrated against her G-spot and clit at the same time. The tingling was mild, but her body already was in a high state of arousal from the events earlier in the day. At the first sensation, her body shook involuntarily and a wash of pure pleasure swept over her. Her legs twitched slightly before she recovered herself. Her body continued to shiver after the vibrator stopped quivering.

It was quiet, at least. Kymerly heard barely a whisper of noise when it went off. But if that was a mild setting, she didn't know how she would handle a stronger setting. She didn't know if she could stop her body from shaking, especially under the gaze of hundreds of people around her.

"How was that?" he texted.

"It felt good," she texted, "but I don't know if I can handle it at dinner."

"Yes, you can."

There was no use arguing with Robert. He would insist, and she must either choose to go along or quit. And she couldn't quit. Not at this point.

"OK," she texted, "but please don't set it too high."

"I won't do anything you can't handle," he texted.

That was no comfort, thought Kymberly. But it probably was the biggest concession she could wring out of him.

"I have to get back to my table."

"Go ahead."

She smoothed the hem of the short dress back into place over her hips and thighs and fetched her purse. She stood straight up with her legs apart, steadying herself and testing the feel of the vibrator inside her to ensure it was staying in place. It seemed to be. She hoped it would continue to stay where it was.

She left the bathroom and returned to her table. As she walked she couldn't stop thinking about the vibrator inside her. It seemed to be clamped snugly in place, although she could feel it move a little as she walked. She was extremely wet inside, and the vibrator, though

clamped onto her, moved around against her wetness. Her body was filled with nervous tension as she wondered when Robert was going to set it off again.

If I can just make it to my table without Robert setting it off or without it falling to the floor, I'll be thankful, she thought.

She took her chair just as the lead speaker was taking the stage.

Kymberly's chair was to the back of the speaker, so to see him she had to turn her chair sideways to the table, and then turn halfway in her chair toward the stage. But that meant that her legs, which were exposed at mid-thigh in the short red dress, weren't safely under the table. She would have to be very careful to keep them closed together to avoid giving anyone a peek under the dress.

She looked up and scanned the crowd around her and noticed that Blaine was seated at a table not far away, and he was looking at her. Kymberly was sure he was staring at her exposed knees, hoping to see something.

I'm going to have to be careful to make sure he doesn't, she thought.

Kymberly thought about what a crazy day it had been. A little more than an hour ago she had pulled her skirt up and exposed herself to three golfers, and then after that sat naked in a room fewer than 200 feet from where she was sitting. Now she was doing everything she

could to avoid exposure while at the same time her pussy was uncovered and stuffed full of the vibrator, which could go off at any second at her husband's whim.

The first speaker was on the stage making introductory remarks and making a half-hearted effort to tell a few bad jokes. The crowd had drunk enough liquor up to that point to applaud the jokes even though they were bad.

Kymberly knew that the crowd's attention was focused on the speaker on stage, not on her. But, even so, she felt vulnerable. In her short dress and exposed legs, pressed tightly together, and her heart still beating faster than normal, Kymberly felt -- accurately or not -- the weight of eyes on her. She glanced at times away from the speaker toward people sitting at the tables around her. More than once, she could have sworn she saw their glances averted when she looked their way. She was sure that many of the people around her remembered her as the woman walking around the hotel lobby in the skimpy gym outfit. Now she was the woman in the skimpy red dress. Kymberly wondered if that's what people thought of her: as the woman who liked to wear skimpy clothes so her colleagues noticed her.

She had no time to finish the thought, because, without warning, Robert sent a signal to the vibrator inside her.

Bzzzzzzt.

The vibrator was quiet, but not quite silent, and the sound it made seemed to conduct through her body to her ears. Kymberly heard as well as felt it. She hoped it didn't sound as loud to the people around her as it sounded to her.

More noticeable than the sound was the feeling: the swell and pressure of the vibrator as it buzzed and moved on and inside her.

The vibration was only slightly stronger than it had been when Robert tested it in the bathroom stall. But in the cavernous ballroom, with people surrounding her, and with the knowledge that the vibrator lay inches away from the hem of her dress, and with the possibility of exposure to dozens of colleagues and potential customers all around her, the impact of the vibration was twice what it had been before.

The sudden charge against her clitoris instinctively made her want to pull back in her seat. She wanted to part her legs, to relieve her thighs of the vibrator's pressure. She had to fight to keep them closed. She also had to choke off a squeal of pleasure welling up in her chest. She caught it in her throat but not before a high-pitched, barely audible "tweet" escaped her lips, which she did everything she could to keep pressed together. Her body shifted in her seat involuntarily.

Ping. She held her phone in her lap and looked at Robert's test, cupping her hand around the phone to screen the message from prying eyes.

"That was a low setting, darling. They will get stronger."

A low setting. Crap, she thought. It didn't feel low. She didn't think she could take a higher setting in a public ballroom, surrounded by people. Kymberly didn't want to text Robert in the middle of the speech with people all around her. It would be rude, and she would draw attention to herself. But Robert's control over the device inside her forced her to do so.

"This is a bad time for this. Let's wait until later in the evening. Having trouble controlling response."

He responded right away.

"It can't wait. This is part of the game. I will push, and you will have to control your response. You can do it, but it won't be easy. You will enjoy the challenge."

Kymberly wasn't sure about that, but she was sure that Robert wasn't going to stop. She could get up and go to the bathroom and take it out, but if she did so everyone would notice her and wonder why she was going to the bathroom right after she'd just come back from it. And Robert might set it off while she was walking there; she wasn't sure she could stand up straight if it buzzed while she was walking.

But more important, she didn't want to quit.

Robert was testing her, and this challenge, she knew, would be even more difficult than the last one. She was in a room full of people who knew who she was -- people who worked with her, people who competed against her, people whose business she wanted. Robert would push to the edge her ability to remain discreet and to avoid calling attention to herself. She could tell that if he kept pushing up the vibration level it would take everything she had to control her response.

Why did she want to do it? She wondered. It wasn't that she was submissive. Far from it. While Robert certainly was a dominant, Kymberly was far from a normal submissive. She was strong-willed, competitive, and stubborn. She was intelligent, too, and while she didn't make as much money as Robert she felt confident she was as good at what she did as he was at what he did.

Robert knew Kymberly wasn't docile, and she knew it was part of what he loved about her. He liked that she was a challenge, and he wanted to challenge her. And that's how Kymberly took compliance with his games -- not as submission to his will, but as acceptance of a challenge. She wanted to beat him as much as to submit to him. He might get her to comply -- he probably would, she thought -- but he wouldn't wholly tame her. Kymberly Marsh could never be wholly tamed. Not even by her husband Robert.

In that spirit Kymberly, as quietly as she could, thumbed the word "OK" into the phone and texted it to her waiting husband.

The speaker finished to mild applause, and he announced a short break to give people a chance to stretch their legs and mingle before dinner. Kymberly chose not to leave her chair, because she didn't trust her feet to hold her up if Robert set off the vibrator again.

The vibrator. She felt it. She shifted in her seat, hoping that doing so somehow would make her less aware of its grip on the most intimate part of her body.

She scanned the room to distract herself from the sensation and to see if anyone was watching her. No one was, as far as she could tell. That was a relief.

She heard an annoying peal of laughter, and she realized that Kristin had stood up and was standing next to her table. She was trying to carry on a conversation with Samuel, whose bored expression showed he wasn't interested in what Kristin had to say.

"Hello, Kristin!" Kymberly chimed in, trying to feign genuine good cheer.

Kymberly's phone pinged with another incoming message. Kymberly picked it up to read it. She noticed that Kristin looked with keen interest at her phone.

"Your phone seems to be going off a lot," Kristin said. "Sounds like somebody's eager to contact you."

Kymberly tried to read Kristin's face to see what she was getting at. Was it her imagination, or did Kristin mean something by emphasizing her phone going off? Could Kristin recognize the sound of Kymberly's phone as the same sound she heard in the small ballroom an hour earlier? Kymberly didn't think so, but Kristin made her nervous.

Kymberly decided that getting away from Kristin for a few minutes was worth the risk of the vibrator going off again while she was standing. She stood up from the table and walked to the bar. She needed another drink. At the bar, she pointed to the best bottle of scotch she saw and asked for another scotch and soda.

The vibrator was still and, for the time being, firmly in place. Even so, she held her legs closely together to avoid the risk of it falling out. She never stopped being aware of it, nestled into her sex. And for the first time, she felt a tingle of moisture on her thigh. Kymberly knew that in the past, when she had been highly aroused for a long time, things could get rather . . . damp down there. She hoped that wasn't going to happen tonight. There was still a dinner and more speeches to get through, and it would be a lot harder to get through if she couldn't stay dry under her short dress.

"Hello again," a familiar deep voice greeted her, just off her shoulder.

It was Dan Orloff, the VP, again. He held a glass of what looked like scotch, though his was served neat rather than mixed with water. He gestured toward her with his glass.

"Seems we like the same drinks. Good taste."

"Thank you," she replied. She raised her glass to take another sip.

The scotch had barely passed her lips when the vibrator buzzed again.

Bzzzzt.

It buzzed stronger this time; Robert had increased the intensity. Her hand shook and the drink sloshed around in the glass. She had to try hard to keep it from spilling. She kept the glass near her face, hoping it would hide from Dan, just a little, what she knew was a startled look on her face. Her legs clamped tightly together, involuntarily, as though doing so would make the vibrator stop. But it didn't. The vibration didn't last long -- just a couple of seconds -- but it was enough to sweep her whole body with an exquisite but almost intolerable pleasure, and to make her knees buckle slightly.

Dan looked at her with a twinkle of puzzlement in his eye. He looked only at her face, thank goodness, she thought, and didn't look down to see her unsteady knees pressed together.

"You OK?" he asked.

"I'm --." The words didn't come out right away. "I'm -- fine. Just a little scotch down the wrong pipe," she said, faking a hoarse sound in her voice.

She put her hand, the one holding her purse, gently on his shoulder to steady herself and faked a cough.

Her phone pinged again inside her purse.

"Just a moment, Dan," she said. She turned away from him and set her drink on a small table and pulled out the phone, cupping her hand around it to keep anyone from seeing Dan's message.

"Did you like that?" he texted her.

"Bad timing," she texted in reply. "Still recovering."

"I'll give you at least another 15 minutes," he texted back. "The next one could come any time after that."

She put her phone back in the purse and she did her best to muster an expression on her face to show that everything was normal. But Dan was looking at her avidly and curiously, and she doubted

whether her effort to look normal was working. Her knees still were weak and it took a lot of effort to keep them steady.

"Everything OK?" Dan asked.

"Fine!" Kymberly replied, trying to regain full control of her wobbly legs. She noticed with worry that Dan looked intently at her, his face a mixture of curiosity and concern and something else, perhaps: amusement? She couldn't tell. She didn't think he could have heard the vibrator go off, but she didn't trust what her senses were telling her. She would have to do her best to maintain her composure, around Dan and around everyone else in the room.

"Maybe we should get back to our seats," she said.

Kymberly noticed a mirror behind the bar and glanced into it to see how she looked. With chagrin, she noticed that her dark hair lay in a thick, unruly mess around her face. It was the result of all the desperate running around trying to complete Robert's challenges two hours earlier. She'd had no time to brush it.

She noticed something else, too. She noticed that because of her intense arousal, the cool ballroom temperature, and the thinness of the material in her dress and her bra, her nipples pricked up prominently under the dress. Unmistakable, dime-sized peaks capped off the mounds of her ample breasts. She was putting on a show, and until that moment she hadn't even known it.

It was one more thing to worry about. Robert had no idea how sorely he was testing her.

She made it back to her table without incident. Kristin was leaving the table to return to her own as Kymberly arrived. She gave Kymberly a quick, perky, but not-entirely-sincere "Hello again, Kymberly!" Her eyes swept over Kymberly's chest and she made a little smirk before turning away.

As Kymberly sat down she looked at her table companions and noticed that a few of them were looking at her -- her face, her chest, she couldn't tell.

Kymberly sat in her chair, tense and aware. Sitting down, she felt even more moisture between her legs than before, and she worried the wetness would stain the back of her dress.

The phone pinged yet again. Another text.

She held the phone up discreetly. She didn't want anyone else to see Robert's texts.

"Where are you?"

"I'm sitting at table," she texted. "Speech about to begin."

"Is it still in you?"

"Yes!"

"Show me."

Oh no, Robert, she thought.

"Not here, not now," she texted.

"Do it or I'll turn it up to highest level."

"You wouldn't!" she texted. "Not here!"

"Yes, I would. Do it. Take a photo and send it to me. You have three minutes. GO."

Three minutes, or he was going to send a vibration into her pussy at the vibrator's highest level. There would be no way for her to control her reaction. She might even orgasm -- here, in front of an entire room of people. She liked playing games, but she couldn't let that happen.

Suddenly, Samuel pulled out the chair next to her and sat down. She had wanted to talk to him, but his timing couldn't be worse.

"Hello, Kymberly," he said, smiling broadly. "I know we're supposed to have assigned seats, but we didn't get a chance to talk much before, and my colleague didn't mind switching seats with me!"

"Ahhh . . ." she began, stammering. "That was nice of her." Kymberly tried desperately to think of a way to get the picture taken with Samuel next to her. She figured she only had a little over two minutes left to beat Robert's deadline.

"Would you like some wine?" a voice next to them asked. The voice was young and male, and she'd heard it before. She looked in the direction of the voice, and it was the porter again, the one who had taken photos of her naked in her room, and who had served her appetizers later, on the patio. He held a bottle of Chardonnay in front of Samuel, but his eyes were on Kymberly.

In a flash, an idea came to Kymberly. It was the only thing she could think of.

"I would love some wine," Kymberly said. "Samuel, would you mind getting your picture taken with me?"

"Of course, I wouldn't mind!" he said.

"Great!" she said. "Excuse me, could you take a photo of us?" She turned to the waiter, who was pouring wine, and she held out the phone to him.

"Sure," the waiter said, trying to be discreet and stifling a huge grin. Kimberly saw his reaction and hoped that Samuel didn't sense anything unusual. She glanced at him. He didn't seem to notice anything. She hoped he'd had enough cocktails to dim his powers of observation. It would help her get away with what she had in mind.

"Samuel," she said, in a hurry to beat Robert's deadline. "Swing your chair out here alongside mine." She directed the three of them so both their chairs would be seated sideways to the table, with Samuel's on the outside. Samuel went along with the arrangement willingly, and as he moved his chair next to hers she noticed his eyes sweeping over her bare seated legs, held firmly together.

"What's your name?" she asked the waiter/porter.

"Tony," he said.

"Tony, could you stand a few feet back and kneel down so you are on our level?" she asked, in the most cheerful and flirty voice she could manage in her current state.

"My, you know how to give directions for a photo! You must be experienced," Samuel said, and he chuckled.

"My husband is very particular about photographs," she said with a thin smile. "He knows exactly what he wants to see in them. I've picked up a thing or two."

Tony knelt with his knee on the floor, so his head was level with Kymberly's chest. That's where she wanted him.

"Smile," he said.

Samuel put an arm over the back of Kymberly's chair, and Kymberly held her hands down in her lap, legs pressed together and fingers right at the hem of the short dress.

Tony took the photo. Before he could move Kymberly called out quickly, "One more!"

Time was running out, she knew, and this would be her only chance. Out of her side vision she could see Samuel was smiling and looking at the phone. Tony was getting ready to take the photo. No one around seemed to be looking at them, and she figured that her lap would be obscured by the table to one side, Samuel to the other, and Tony in front of them.

She parted her legs and pulled the hem of her dress up and lifted her knees slightly off the chair. She hoped it was enough for the vibrator

in her pussy to be exposed to the phone camera lens, but not so obvious to attract Samuel's attention.

Obviously, it was enough for the phone camera; she could see it from Tony's expression. His eyes widened and his mouth opened and he looked up from the phone screen directly at her, toward her lap and between her legs. For the second time today, she was showing off her pussy to him. This time, instead of being open and exposed, her pussy was stuffed with a purple vibrator.

He paused, and it seemed to Kymberly that the act of pulling on her short dress and exposing her toy-filled pussy made time stand still. It was agonizing. Tony seemed to be moving in slow motion, and every second she held her dress open in the crowded ballroom she risked everything.

"Go ahead," she said, trying to quell the nervousness in her voice between gritted teeth.

Tony took the photo. She snapped her legs shut and sprang off the chair for her phone.

"Let's see how it turned out!" said Samuel.

"Oh, I'll send you the better one later!" Kymberly replied quickly. She didn't want Samuel to see the photo with her legs spread.

"Thank you, Tony," she said, looking up for just an instant as she started thumbing over the phone screen to text the photo to her husband.

She sent it. Tony grabbed the wine bottle and resumed his duties but gave her one last, longing look first.

"I think dinner's ready!" Samuel said.

It was; the waiters had set the tables and people were starting to eat, with the evening's main speech just moments away.

Kymberly pulled her chair to the table, her legs now under the drape of the white table cloth. She was grateful to be able to minimize her exposure for a little while.

The phone pinged with Robert's reply.

"Wow, baby! Not sure how you pulled that off. You are good at this game."

Damn right, I'm good at this, she thought. But I am going to get back at you, Robert. Somehow.

Kymberly made small talk with Samuel and others at the table. She didn't know when Robert would hit her with another vibration, but

she was determined to make as much headway schmoozing before the next assault began. After the schmoozing and eating, the main speech of the night began. The speaker was a young, dynamic CEO of a new company that made a drug that promised to cure a loss of sex drive.

That's something I don't need, Kymberly thought. And, indeed, now, she didn't. The events of the afternoon and evening so far had left her highly aroused, nervous, and damp between her legs.

The speaker had just finished telling a predictable and unfunny joke, which nevertheless was well received by an audience accustomed to funny jokes and getting close to being well sloshed. Kymberly had no time to laugh at his joke, however, because as soon as he finished the vibrator went off inside her.

It was noticeably stronger this time.

Kymberly was glad her legs were under the table, partly covered, because the vibration caused her legs to spasm and buckle involuntarily. Her upper body tensed and shook, too, and it was all she could do to stop herself from crying out.

A hot flush swept her body. Kymberly pressed her legs together tightly and the skin between her legs felt slippery with wetness. Without thinking she looked up from her table and scanned the room again. Most eyes were focused on the stage and the speaker. But she

saw Kristin, at her own table, glance briefly at Kymberly, her eyes intense and curious.

She knows something is going on, Kymberly thought. I just hope she doesn't know what.

She broke the stare with Kristin and looked around more. She saw Dan Orloff, at still another table, glance at her, a faint, amused smile under his dark mustache.

The vibration lasted only a few seconds, but her body continued to tremble after it stopped, like aftershocks following an earthquake. Kymberly wanted to draw into herself, to hide from the people around her, and to make the maddening buzz of the vibrator and the risk of exposing herself stop.

But inside her another impulse welled up, fueled by her intense arousal and the growing feeling that an orgasm was coming soon and might be set off by the next vibration. She felt a desire to give in to the vibration -- to fall to the floor and call out and pull her dress up and let everyone see the source of her pleasure and embarrassment. It was what Robert wanted, she thought: to compel her to give in to her exhibitionist desires, to show herself off and let the consequences fall where they might. Her body was tempted, very tempted, to do just that. But her brain, still in control, if just barely, held her body in check. She remained seated at the table, holding herself as still as she could, while the trembling in her body faded and passed.

Robert's text showed up on her phone:

"That was middle strength. The next will be stronger. I will let you know when it's coming so you can prepare yourself."

Kymberly couldn't decide if that was better, or worse. For a time, however, she could relax knowing that it wouldn't go off without a warning.

Kymberly tried to focus on the speech. It was hard to do. Even though she knew that the vibrator wouldn't go off again without a warning, she couldn't stop thinking about it. For one thing, her pussy was wetter and more aroused than ever. It felt like a faucet, and she was sure she was making a soggy mess of the back of her dress and the seat of the chair. She wasn't sure how she would stand up from the table without embarrassing herself. She would have to think about that later.

The speech droned on, until, finally, it finished, and the crowd, well-fed and fortified with booze, clapped loudly. The official convention activities were done for the night.

The phone pinged. Kymberly looked.

"One minute."

Kymerberly grabbed the edge of the table. She wasn't sure what to do. Some people were starting to leave their tables, others were lingering and talking. She didn't have time gracefully to exit the ballroom, and she didn't want to be on her feet when the vibrator shook again. She felt it inside her, still clamping on to her but sloshing around in her wetness when she shifted in her seat. Her whole body was on edge. She felt that even a light touch could push her over the edge to an explosive orgasm.

"Did you like the speech, Kymerberly?" Samuel, still seated, asked her. His question took her mind briefly off her predicament.

"I thought the speaker definitely knew what he was talking about, though I'd read about the drug in a journal a month ago," she replied.

Time was getting close, and Samuel wasn't going to let her get away. She would have to sit through it and hope he didn't notice. She picked up a water glass and held it near her face.

"I thought the speech was kind of boring, myself," Samuel said. "Somebody needs to write some better jokes for the speaker."

Kymerberly took a long, slow sip of water from the glass, hoping the glass would mask whatever expression escaped her when the vibrator went off.

Seconds later, it came -- twice as strong as before. Her body, already aroused and weakened by the vibrator's earlier assaults on her wet pussy, had no defense against it this time.

The vibrator sent a shockwave into her clit and her pussy and through her body. Her legs jerked involuntarily. The glass in front of her mouth shook, sloshing the water around in it, and she spit some of the water in her mouth back into it. Her eyeballs started to roll back before she could stop them.

Samuel looked at her with surprise and concern. She gasped and coughed and waved her hand at her mouth. The other hand held fast to the table edge to keep her from tipping over.

"Kymberly, are you OK?" Samuel asked. Trying to keep her head still and focused while her body still convulsed, Kymberly looked back at Samuel and was glad, at least, that he didn't seem to know what was going on. Samuel was reputed to be very conservative in his habits. Maybe he didn't know anything about vibrators. She could only hope he didn't.

He's probably never seen a vibrator, she thought.

"Ah . . . errr," she began to choke out. "Water went down the wrong way," she said with a rasp, pointing at her throat.

"Here," he said, pulling a handkerchief out of his suit -- who wears a handkerchief anymore? Kymberly thought -- and offering it to her. She took it gratefully and held it over her mouth after setting her glass down.

The pulsing in her body subsided, leaving only a few tremors still coursing through her thighs. She felt wetness there -- her inner thighs were a sodden mess, she could tell.

"Samuel," called a voice next to them. They both looked up and it was Dan. Although he had spoken to Samuel, his eyes focused on Kymberly, and he had the same look of curiosity and amusement as before.

"Hello, Kymberly. Did you have a bad experience with the . . . water?" he said, pausing noticeably before saying the last word.

"I'm fine," she said, her voice still hoarse.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dan. He addressed Samuel. "Samuel, I heard you're a birdwatcher. The hotel is organizing a nature walk at sunrise tomorrow. Interested?"

"That sounds lovely," said Samuel. "I'd like that. Kymberly, what about you? Would you like to join us? Dan, where and when is it?"

"Meet outside the pro shop 15 minutes before sunrise. They'll take us in carts to the nature area next to the course. How about it, Kymberly?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, her voice steadier now. "I'm not much of a birdwatcher, I'm afraid, and I don't have any binoculars."

"That's no problem," said Dan. "You can use mine. They're excellent. I always have them with me."

"Let me think about it," she said. "Samuel, it was so nice to talk to you. I think I spilled some of that water on me -- I'm going to go to the little girls' room."

The felt the phone in her hand pinged yet again. Robert was back.

"I'll bet you enjoyed that," he texted. "There will be one more, soon. Better get ready."

She looked up from her phone to her companions, Samuel and Dan. As she stood up from the chair she felt the back of her soggy dress cling to her thighs. The vibrator shifted noticeably inside her as she moved and she hoped and prayed it didn't fall out as she stood in front of them. Samuel looked at her pleasantly, but Dan looked at her with something else -- she wasn't sure what. But there was a trace of a smirk in his smile.

Does he know? She wondered.

She held her purse in front of her and backed away from them. She hoped the color of the dress would somehow hide the wetness she could feel.

"Kymberly, if we don't see you tomorrow, it's been great talking to you," Samuel said. "Call me when the convention is over and let's do lunch. I want to hear about what Sintrell is offering these days."

Yes! she thought. For all the trials Robert had put her through that night she'd managed to win an opportunity to sell her company's products to one of its biggest potential customers.

"I will!" she said. "Good night, Samuel! Good night, Dan!"

She scampered away on quick, small steps, keeping her legs close together to minimize the risk the vibrator, getting looser and looser between her wet legs, might fall out onto the floor. Her purse was in one hand and her phone was in the other. It pinged again. She looked.

"Better hurry," Robert texted again.

She moved as fast as she could on small steps, weaving through the crowd and saying hi to people she knew as artfully as she could

without stopping to chat with them. She saw Kristin, with her new boy toy Roger nearby, glare at Kymberly and scan the length of her body with her eyes. Kymberly wondered what she looked like.

Kymberly had pushed the limits of her exhibitionism today, and thrilled at doing so, but she was exhausted from nervousness at the unrelenting risk of exposure. She wanted to get back to her room, especially before Robert sent the next signal, which was bound to be imminent.

Just a minute later, walking briskly ahead of most of the throng of convention-goers leaving the ballroom, she reached the bank of elevators. One was open, thank goodness, and she didn't see anyone enter it ahead of her.

She didn't see the occupant of it until she was halfway in. It was one of the two men she had ridden with before, the ones that had checked her out after she had arrived at the hotel. It would look odd and unfriendly to back out of the elevator after already starting to enter it, so she kept going. She hoped Robert didn't set off the vibrator while she was in it.

"Hello again," said the man, giving her body a good, long, hungry look with his eyes. Obviously, he had spotted the headlights on her chest.

"I'm Chad," he said, initially holding out a hand but pulling it back when he saw her hands clutched to the phone and purse.

"Kymberly," she said.

"Nice to meet you, Kymberly," he said as the elevator doors closed. Kymberly was glad it wasn't full of people.

"Some friends and I are going out for some drinks in 15 minutes," Chad said. "Would you like to, umm, join us?"

"Thank you for the invitation," said Kymberly, "But I've had a long day and need to rest."

She had backed herself against the side of the elevator, opposite Chad, so he couldn't see the back of her dress. She still couldn't tell how noticeable the wetness was on the back of her dress. She still felt it.

Chad nodded at her in reply but said nothing. He looked at her pleasantly but a little uncertainly, awkwardly, even. He didn't have the demeanor typical of the smooth-talking salesmen that populated conferences like these.

The elevator suddenly gave out a groan and slight lurch. Then it stopped. She looked at the display over the door, and she saw that the elevator had stopped between the third and fourth floors. For the moment, at least, they were stuck.

Oh no, she thought.

She had no time to think any more about it, because the final wave from the vibrator came crashing into and against her. This time she had no reserves left to stem her body's submission to it. Her legs buckled and her butt fell back against the side of the elevator. Her fingers shook and the purse dropped to the floor. Her hand flew back and grabbed the railing on the side of the elevator to stop her from collapsing altogether to the ground. A long high-pitched moan and gasp escaped her lips.

Through fluttering eyes, she saw Chad looking at her in utter astonishment. His eyes held on hers at first, but then they swept down her convulsing body and stopped at her thighs, below her dress. She knew why.

Her body had been aroused too long, and she couldn't hold back. A hard, sustained orgasm swept through her, causing her body to buck back and forth involuntarily against the side of the elevator. Even more embarrassing, she squirted, something she seldom did. Wetness flowed from her, flooding down her legs and raining down on the elevator carpet between her feet.

The flood loosened the grip of the vibrator, and when her legs spasmed open in response to the orgasm the vibrator's grip finally gave way. She felt it fall out of her, and, looking down, she saw it hit the elevator floor with a chunky "plop."

She couldn't take her hand off the rail to do anything about it. She stood there, for what seemed like minutes, legs shaky and spread over the purple object on the floor, tremors still sweeping her body as she came down from the orgasm.

"My god," Chad said. He couldn't seem to say anything else, just kept sweeping his eyes up and down and all over her, diverting them briefly to look at the vibrator as though to confirm, yes, he really had just witnessed a vibrator falling out of a woman's pussy in an elevator.

In her not-fully-conscious state, Kymberly felt the phone ping again. She held it up to see Robert's message.

"Where are you?" he texted.

She didn't want to text Robert, but focusing on his message diverted her just slightly from the intense mortification of what had just happened in front of Chad. The elevator door still was stuck and there was nothing she could do to get away or hide herself. She couldn't make him unsee what he had just seen. Chad still was looking avidly at her body, but not moving.

She responded to Robert.

"Am in an elevator. It's stuck. A man just saw me orgasm. Vibrator on floor now."

"Wow," he texted back. "Are you turned on?"

What a crazy question to ask your wife in a situation like this, Kymberly thought. She had just orgasmed in the most embarrassing way possible in front of a man she didn't know, a man who nevertheless worked in her industry and could spread rumors about her, compromise her, maybe even ruin her.

But yes, a voice in her said. Despite all that, it was a turn on. She was turned on. She had been turned on all afternoon and evening, ever since Robert's games had begun. She was more aroused and excited than ever, standing, barely, in the elevator, in front of Chad, who was gaping at her.

"I am," she replied to her husband.

"Is he turned on?" he texted back.

She looked at Chad. He looked more surprised than anything, still, but she saw desire in his eyes. He held one hand loosely over a noticeable bulge at his crotch. He was trying to hide it, or to feel it; she couldn't tell which.

"Is that you husband . . . texting you?" Chad asked. He pointed. She nodded.

"I noticed your ring," Chad said. Then he pointed to the vibrator. "I've heard of those but I've never seen one. I had no idea they do that. My god."

She was still recovering from the orgasm and panting a little. She couldn't imagine what an out-of-control, slutty mess she must have looked like to Chad. But she found it turned her on.

"I don't think it does this to everybody," she said. "My husband put it on a very strong setting."

"I guess so," Chad said. He was stroking the bulge in his pants noticeably now.

"He is turned on," she texted back to Robert.

"Are you safe?" he texted her. "Does he look OK?"

"Yes, he looks like a nice guy," she texted back.

"Is the elevator still stuck?"

"Yes," she texted back.

"Good," he texted her.

"Give your phone to him. I'm going to send him a message. Then take the phone back. Give it to him now."

What did Robert have in mind? She wondered. His imagination never seemed to stop, and it always seemed to involve putting her in new risky situations.

Even so, she handed the phone to Chad.

"What's this?" Chad asked her.

"My husband is going to send you a message."

Chad's eyebrows furrowed with curiosity. He had to tear his eyes away from the dark-haired woman with the heaving breasts and wet legs to watch for the incoming message.

Kymberly heard the phone ping in Chad's hand. She saw Chad's eyes grow wide and his mouth open as he looked at the message.

"What does it say?" she asked him.

He approached her and held the phone in front of her face. She saw her husband's text message and her eyes widened as well.

"CUM ON HER," Robert's text said.

She took the phone back and she and Chad looked uncertainly at each other.

Robert had never taken their games this far before. He'd exposed her body to other men, but he had never let any other man have any sexual contact with her. Now he wanted that. 24 hours ago, Kymberly might have been reluctant, or even outraged. But now, after all that had happened already, Kymberly was more than willing to take yet another step. Her body, recently shaken and covered in her fluids, was like something new to her, something she hadn't experienced before. For all it had gone through, it wanted more. Her body hungered for more. She wasn't going to deny it.

If that's what you want, dear husband, she thought, that's what you're going to get.

Kymberly put her phone in her purse, and she dropped the purse to the floor. She sank slowly to the floor, her legs, now steadier than before, splayed to the side of her. She held her gaze on Chad's as she lowered herself.

"You better get started," she said with a husky voice when her butt had reached the elevator floor.

Chad looked like a guy who still was adjusting to the fact that this wasn't a crazy porn fantasy. It was really happening. A gorgeous woman was inviting him to cum on her.

He'd never done anything like this before. But he knew what to do.

He unzipped his fly and pulled his cock out. It was hard already and he had to pull his pants and underwear out and away to release it. When he did, it popped out straight and hard toward Kymberly's face. He took two steps closer to her.

Kymberly's legs were bent and spread, the heels of her black pumps dug into the elevator carpet. Kymberly put a hand on the hem of the short, and wet, red dress, and pulled it up. She pulled it up past her thighs, past her pussy, and up above her tummy. Then she put her other hand under her thigh, and she pulled her thigh back until one black heel clinked against the elevator wall. The bare, wet, waxed skin between her legs lay completely exposed to Chad now. She looked down and the lips of her pussy looked thick and wild, engorged by her arousal. They'd opened, as well, so Chad was getting a good view inside her.

Chad's fingers wrapped around his cock and began pumping it. His eyes feasted on everything Kymberly was showing him. Her thick, black-brown hair, unruly and cascading around her face and

shoulders. Her dark brown, deep-set eyes. Her large, luscious breasts, tits peaking prominently through the red dress. Her well-defined tummy, obviously the result of many days in the gym. Most of all, the lush, luxurious lips of her pussy, peeled back for his view by the index and middle fingers of Kymberly's right hand, which had moved down from the hem of her dress. The inside of her pussy was on view, and it was pink and glistening with wetness in the light of the elevator.

They should have a name for that shade of pink, Chad thought. Pussy pink.

He had a nice cock, Kymberly thought. Not remarkably big, but maybe a little bigger than average, and she liked how thick and hard it looked as Chad stroked up and down on it. She didn't think it would take him long. But the elevator could start again at any moment, so she thought she'd do what she could to excite Chad further and to help him finish the job.

She began running fingers up and through and around the lips of her pussy. She spread them and mashed them and pushed them this way and that way with wet fingers.

With her other hand, she traced a circle lightly over her tummy.

"Cum here," she said. "Cum on my belly, right over my pussy."

Chad liked the thick fleshiness of her engorged pussy lips under her fingers, which moved them this way and that indiscriminately. He stepped closer to her. He knew it wouldn't take him long, and he wanted to make sure he came on her and not on the elevator floor.

Kymerberly could see Chad getting close, and she felt, suddenly, that she might come again, too, despite having just finished a shattering orgasm minutes before. Her breathing sped up and her cheeks flushed and she started to pant again.

Chad couldn't take his eyes off the flesh of her pussy, mashed down and spread open by Kymerberly's fingers.

Suddenly, Chad's back arched and he couldn't hold back. He stepped close to Kymerberly and held his cock down, pointing directly at her open pussy. Cum shot out of his hard cock in fast, violent spurts. Kymerberly looked with satisfaction at the thick streams of his cum frosting her thighs and tummy and spilling down between her legs into the raw, fleshy furrow of her sex. A few thick drops even landed right on the lips of her pussy. Kymerberly's back arched against the elevator wall, and she came too, for the second time in the elevator in front of this man she barely knew.

She wanted to lie there, just lie there, and enjoy the afterglow of her orgasm and the sticky coating of Chad's cum. But she knew the elevator could start moving again at any minute. With her legs still apart and the dress still pulled up, she fished her phone out of her purse. She held it out with an unsteady hand to Chad.

"Take a photo of me," she said. "My husband will want to see this."

Chad took the phone with his left hand, his right hand being wet and sticky with his cum. That's some lucky husband, he thought.

He took a photo of Kymberly with her dress pulled up and ropes of his cum gleaming on the supple skin of her tummy and her thighs. The purple vibrator still lay on the floor between her lean, outstretched legs. The carpet between her legs was dark with the wetness that had poured out of her.

She held her hand out to reclaim the phone, and Chad gave it back to her. She looked at the photo and sent it to her husband. There was no mistaking the telltale translucent streams of another man's cum on her body.

"Amazing, baby," he texted her in a minute.

"You got that right," she texted back.

The phone pinged again.

"Have him put the vibrator back in you before you leave the elevator," Robert texted.

She wondered how far Robert wanted to push things. If Chad put the vibrator in her he almost certainly would touch her pussy. As crazy as it sounded, considering Chad's cum lay on her, that seemed like a boundary she didn't think she wanted to cross. She guessed Robert didn't want to cross it either, but that he wanted to push her as close to the boundary as he possibly could.

She scooped the purple vibrator off the floor and handed it to Chad.

"Can you put this back in me?" she asked sweetly.

He took it from her. It was sticky with her juices.

She stood up and pulled her dress up and spread her legs apart to make it easier for him.

The elevator groaned and lurched a bit. It seemed to be coming back to life.

"You better hurry," Kymberly said.

"I haven't done this before," he said with a sheepish smile.

"Just go with your gut," she said.

He held the vibrator and began pushing one end into her pussy. He pushed gingerly because her opening looked small for the size of the purple object, but it slipped in easily because of her wetness. Chad was fascinated to see it hold fast and clamp onto her clit and her opening. For just a second, one of his fingers holding the vibrator brushed against her exposed clitoris. But when the vibrator was fully in he pulled his hand away.

"You are such a gentleman," she said to Chad.

The elevator gave off a melodious tone and a sudden whoosh announced the opening of the elevator doors. Kymberly quickly smoothed her dress back into place. She gave Chad a quick kiss on the lips.

Before he could say anything or try to kiss her back, the doors opened. Three people stood waiting to enter, and Kymberly scampered past them fast, not looking them in the face. She hoped they wouldn't notice the sodden, sticky patch of carpet she had left behind on the elevator floor.

Chad got out too and looked after her.

"Would you like to stop by my room for a drink?" he asked.

Kymberly stopped and turned toward him.

"Sorry, I can't," she said. "Maybe another time."

She walked back to him as he stood there and the elevator doors closed on the threesome going down.

"That was nice," she said. "Just between us, right?"

"Of course," he said. "And . . . uh. . . your husband, of course."

"Of course," she said. "Good night, Chad."

As soon as she got to her room and closed the door behind her, Kymberly pulled off the red dress and the lace bra. She stood inside the door, naked except for high heels. Her body was damp and sticky with her sweat, her cum, and Chad's cum. Her room was dim, lit only by a single lamp at the side of her bed, turned on to a low setting.

The clock showed it was 10:30. Ordinarily, that wasn't late for Kymberly. But she was utterly and completely exhausted from the night's activities.

"Am back in my room," she texted Robert.

"No more games tonight, baby," she texted again. "I'm exhausted and need sleep."

"OK, baby," he texted. "Turn up the volume on your phone. I'm going to wake you early in the morning."

"Robert, what if I have plans for tomorrow?"

"You do have plans," Robert wrote. "My plans!"

"You are impossible," she texted.

"You wouldn't want me any other way," he texted back.

"Maybe," she texted. "I'm going to bed now, Robert. Good night."

"Good night, darling."

She put the phone down on the table next to her bed. Then she stood tall and statuesque, naked and in her heels, and she ran her hands down her body. Her body was sticky and still damp in places. Chad's cum, now mostly dry, lay over her taut belly and thighs in a thin, irregular crust. She should take a shower, she thought, but she was too tired from everything that had happened. She just wanted to crawl into bed. And she liked the feeling of being dirty. She wanted to take the feeling with her to bed.

She turned off the lamp next to the bed.

When the light went out, she noticed for the first time the glow of light coming from outside her hotel room window, which was wide open. The light came from the fourth-floor room in the building opposite hers. The light was dim and blue -- the glow from a television screen. At the window, she saw the tall silhouette of a man, standing and facing toward her room, hands up and on the edges of the window curtains. She couldn't see his face, but she knew he had been looking into her room.

I Know What You Want

The panties were always the last to go.

SuzieKitten_99 sat on her bed, completely naked but for the skimpy pink briefs dotted with red hearts. With one hand she tugged on its waistband. With the other she pecked a message on a keyboard.

➤ I know what you want.

She knew. Every single one of the men and women watching her-- 6,342 of them, according to the number on the screen -- wanted her to strip off her little panties and show the treasure underneath: her bare pussy, its sweet, pink folds opened up for their lusty, eager eyes.

They'd been watching her on cam for the last hour, and now it was time for the climax.

In hundreds of rooms around the world, lube was being applied and cocks and clits were being rubbed in anticipation of the end of SuzieKitten's show.

She had to hurry it up. She had to study for a quiz in her marketing class the next day. SuzieKitten took her college classes seriously and she wanted to get an 'A' in that one.

She spoke directly to the camera now:

"Are you sure you want to see more?"

The responses flooded the screen. Arousal and satisfaction engulfed her body. She'd been stripping on cam for a year now, but that feeling never got old -- the exhibitionist thrill of knowing that her perky, nude, 19-year-old figure gave pleasure to so many people around the world.

There was one response she yearned to see more than the others. She didn't have to wait long.

PenguinKing:

< You know I do, Kitten. Show it all.

PenguinKing was her biggest, most favorite fan. Although she treasured all her fans, she treasured him above the others.

Now she would strip off her panties and finish her show. Finish for him.

First, she turned away, pert butt to the camera, and slowly, slowly pulled the panties down over her cheeks past the start of her crack.

Before going further, she flipped over, on her back, lean legs up and pointed at the ceiling. She watched the image of herself on the large screen under the camera. The cute bare cleft of her sex came slowly into view as the panties traveled up her legs. Up, up, up.

She had to bend her knees to grab the briefs and pull them off her toes.

Nude at last, she flung her legs wide.

Her pussy lay bare to the world, now. But not just her pussy: a slender, curved purple rod poked out from between her folds.

Her legs didn't have time to fully extend when the waves of ecstasy hit her.

All over Earth, her fans tapped keys on their computers, paying money to transmit the signal to the vibrator inside her. The more money, the harder the signal.

With so many fans, pleasure came in wave after wave after wave.

One hand rubbed furiously over her clit. The other splayed against the bedcover, steadying her body against the spasms that shook her in response to the vibrator signals.

The buzzing inside her grew stronger. Her fans were competitive, trying to outdo one another.

Eyes glazed with pleasure, she still managed to look at the screen.

She knew one fan would deliver the final blow. Him.

She shouted with animal joy at the computer screen, to her fans. To Him. Her hand rubbed her clit the whole time.

"Make me come! Make me come! I want to be your slut kitten!"

His message popped up.

< Here it comes. Ready, Kitten?

"Yes!" she cried.

The wand shook violently inside her, sending waves of unbearable bliss throughout her body.

She squirted when she came. Sometimes she didn't, but this time she squirted, body shaking, legs flailing. Her limbs quivered for minutes longer.

She waited until her body grew still.

She waved goodbye to the screen and ended the show.

She sat, patiently.

The door to her bedroom opened. A tall figure loomed.

Suzie wasn't startled. She expected him. A big smile burst over her face, and she spread her legs wide for her visitor.

"I know what you want -"

She paused.

"Daddy."

He walked into her room, to her bed: her biggest, most favorite fan. Daddy. He was naked, and his thick, still-hard cock glistened with a creamy coat of cum.

"That's right, SuzieKitten. Daddy's made a big mess of himself, and he needs his baby girl to clean it up."

Suzie got to work. She had a quiz to study for.

In the Hallway

1. Janna.

The time display on Janna's computer screen hit 10:30 a.m. Janna finished scanning the paper file in front of her and lay it down. It was time for a break. She pushed away from her cubicle desk, and swung the chair around to rise.

As she did so she realized, too late, that she should have stood up before turning around. Dale, in the cubicle across from hers, was sneaking a quick peak at her, obviously hoping to catch a flash of something between the gap in her thighs. The unusually short skirt

Janna had chosen to wear that day left a lot of thigh uncovered, and it promised more of a flash than usual. But Janna, accustomed to her neighbor's frequent ogling, held her legs closed, and she rose from her chair without giving anything away.

Janna's ogler was known in the office as Dateless Dale. He had a soft, shapeless sort of body, and a skin tone that suggested he did not get out much. He often complained about not getting dates, but his hygiene and clothing choices showed he was not trying very hard.

Moving away from her cubicle, Janna strode quickly to the exit of her firm's office and opened the door. It closed behind her with a heavy clunk. She had waited too long, and the need to pee was growing uncomfortable. Given the choice, she would have gone to the bathroom half an hour earlier. But her boss, Roger, had insisted that she finish looking over the accounts receivable for the Winchester Realty report, so she had sat at her desk dutifully for the past half hour, her legs crossing and recrossing with increasing urgency as the minutes ticked along and the pages of the report flipped by.

Janna worked as an accountant at Bowlevin & Associates, a prosperous accounting firm of about 30 employees. The firm's offices occupied the south end of a sprawling, nondescript two-story office building of the kind that littered this part of the city. Janna had arrived at the firm five years ago, just out of college, skilled with numbers and brimming with enthusiasm and ambition. As a new employee at the firm she had been tasked promptly with the job of managing and auditing the books of mostly small- to medium-sized businesses of different kinds.

Janna had earned good reviews for her work, but the chief reward for her success had been an ever-growing pile of files on her desk. The small increase in her bonus pay had been offset by the decrease in time to spend it.

Janna valued her success at her job, but the long hours had taken a toll on her personal life, and, especially, on her sex life.

How long had it been since she had had sex? Janna wondered as she walked down the carpeted hallway. Six months? Did Bill count? She did not think so. She had only dated him four times, and the last time she vaguely remembered removing her skirt and bra in a stupor brought on by an excess of very strong drinks at a local dive bar. She had blurry memories after that of being sprawled over a black sofa at Bill's apartment, her mouth half-heartedly working its way up and down the shaft of his semi-hard and unimpressive penis. She was reasonably certain his cock had not gotten anywhere close to between her legs. Whatever had happened, it had not been memorable. That was the last date with Bill.

Since then, her love life had been like a vast desert - dry, featureless, and with no relief in sight. She had had three initial dates through an online dating service, but they hadn't gone anywhere. The last date had been kind of cute, and had even asked at the end of their dinner at a trendy Thai restaurant if she wanted to come back to his place for a drink, but she had said no. And that was the last she had seen of that cute date.

She had said no. That was her problem: she was always saying no.

Janna had no obvious physical defects. She was five feet, five inches tall, with brown straight hair that she was careful to maintain just past shoulder length. She looked young for her 27 years. She had a trim but shapely figure, a pretty face, and medium brown eyes that spent most of their time behind a pair of steel rim glasses.

The glasses, unfortunately, reinforced an image that Janna guessed presented itself to the world as prim. She did not look like the type to cut loose. She dressed stylishly but conservatively.

Her conservative style, she had to admit, mirrored a conservative manner. Janna was not a prude; she liked sex, and she thought, from the little feedback she had gotten, that she was good at it. But Janna tended to put men through a gauntlet of questions and delays before they could get her into the bedroom and out of her panties. She was always wondering what might go wrong, how the process of shedding clothes and offering up her body might compromise her. She silently subjected her dates to excessive critiques over minor flaws. This one had eyes too close together. That one took too long to calculate the tip for a bar tab. The result of her dates' fumbling overtures and Janna's severe scrutiny was too often the same: it amounted to telling them no. Sensing that life was short and that getting into Janna's panties would take up too much of it, they moved on.

Her habit of saying no extended beyond just turning men down. Over the past few years she had turned down opportunities and

avoided situations that she worried would in some way or another risked compromising her position and her reputation. Six months earlier she had said no to three girlfriends that wanted to take her to a male strip club. She had passed up a few recent invitations to have drinks after work with co-workers or friends, where the agenda would have been talking about men or meeting men. During the previous summer, she had avoided the firm's pool party because she did not want to expose her body in a swimsuit to the men in the office. She had developed an aversion to putting herself in situations where she might feel that men had her at a disadvantage. In lots of little ways that added up over time, Janna had taken herself out of the game of meeting, much less having sex with, men.

So, despite her longing for sex, she had not had any in a while.

Janna found a little solace in erotic fiction. In the last few months she had plowed through half a dozen novels she had downloaded to her Kindle. All of them were variations on the same theme: young, inexperienced women surrendering their bodies to powerful, dangerous, dominant men. Janna found herself drawn to this type of story but also found herself wondering why. She supposed it was because the heroines' experiences were so unlike her own. They appealed to her for opening her to a forbidden and unfamiliar world.

After a while, though, so much reading about sex did not satisfy her as much as frustrate her.

Just the night before, she had curled up under the covers of her bed, and she had begun reading her latest novel under the yellow glow of

the lamp on the night stand. The book was about a young, innocent school librarian named Serena who traveled to an exotic island and became the sex slave of a rich, powerful man named Max. One of Max's rules for Serena was that she must always say yes to whatever he asked of her, or their relationship must end. Over the course of the story he pushed her willingness to say yes to him further and further. Last night Janna reached the point in the story where Max insisted that Serena accompany him to a small dinner party - completely naked. For reasons Janna could not completely understand, this part of the story aroused her intensely, and as she read about Max showing off the timid but excited Serena to his friends Janna found her hand sneaking its way under the pink cotton boy shorts she had worn to bed. Her finger began touching the folds of skin between her legs and then circling her clit as she scrolled through the words.

Finally, she had to put the Kindle down, and with her free hand she reached under her tee shirt and began pinching her left breast while continuing to touch herself below. She went on in this way for only a few minutes when her body lightly shuddered with a small but pleasant orgasm. It was satisfying, but only for a moment. Janna wanted more than just book sex and masturbation. She wanted the real thing. What to do?

It was too late to call a girlfriend, and she had no idea what she would have asked a girlfriend if she had called her. But there was always the Internet.

Janna pulled the covers back and jumped out of bed. She walked over to the small desk on the other side of her bedroom and turned on the desktop computer.

She opened her browser. She thought for a moment about what she wanted to know. It was hard to put into words. After about a minute of thinking she entered "How does a girl get more sex?" into the search bar.

The results popped up immediately. There were 117,000 of them. Janna started scrolling.

As usual with the Internet, there was no end of advice or information, and there was very little way to tell whether any of it was any good. Most of it looked ridiculous.

She clicked on a link to a site that told her what to say to a man in a bar. It recommended clever lines she could not imagine herself saying.

She clicked on a link to a site that offered advice on how to dress to attract a man. It advised women to aim for the "sweet spot" in how they dressed - to be sexy, but not too slutty. Revealing without exposing too much. After a few minutes of reading a lot of "this, but not that" sort of advice she got confused and bored and moved on.

She clicked on a link to a site about the joy of submission. It praised the virtues of letting a man dominate her. It told her that to be a real woman she needed to let a man be her master. The site featured lots of photos of women tied up with their legs spread open, and of men cropping, spanking, and fucking the women. Janna found herself to be quite turned on, but she could not figure out a way to apply any of the lessons of the site to her situation. She thought it might be interesting to let a man be her master, at least for a little while, but to put the lessons of the site to practice she would have to find an eligible, attractive man with ropes and crops and paddles, and she did not know where to find him.

The last site she looked at had a title that caught her eye: justsayyes.com.

The photo on the home page was glossy and professional-looking, and very erotic. It showed a woman with long blonde hair, completely nude and sitting on the edge of a bed, her face and front turned away at a 45-degree angle from the camera's point of view. Her hands rested on the bed behind her, her knees were up and apart, and her feet were perched on the edge of the bed. Across the room from the her, slightly out of focus, a man in a black suit was entering a door and looking directly at the woman on the bed. Janna stared for a minute at the photo, thinking to herself that she could not remember the last time she had offered a man such a bold and obvious invitation. Then she clicked on a link that took her to more information about the website and its message.

"Ladies," it said, "Are you not getting enough attention? Enough sex? Are you tired of ending up at home alone and only dreaming about being in the arms of a hot guy?"

Well, I guess so, thought Janna.

"Just follow this program," it continued. "The key to more sex and better sex is this: Stop saying 'no'!"

"Don't deny yourself," the site said. "Unlock your inner slut and say yes when the opportunity arises."

"Just say yes!"

"Be alive to your opportunities as a woman and embrace them!"

"Following this one piece of advice will lead you out of frustration into a paradise of sexual fulfillment. Ecstasy awaits you!"

There was a lot more of this sort of thing, but Janna did not have to read it all to get the point.

She clicked on the link to "Testimonials." One was by Ann, age 33. Ann wrote that she had gone without sex for over a year before trying the Just Say Yes method. Then, once she tried it, and let her inner slut out, she had all the sex she could handle. Just the other day

she had gone to a bar and let a dark-haired man she had never met before named Ramon take her to the alley behind the bar, push her against the wall, and fuck her from behind. Now that she had let her inner slut out of the bottle, Ann wrote, she was never going to put it back in.

Janna was reasonably certain that her inner slut, such as it was, was buried deep. In fact, she was not sure she even had an inner slut. But after all the reading she had to admit that she was feeling horny, and that she badly wanted more sex. She supposed she could relax her caution and prudence a bit and have more fun. Although the idea of always saying yes to a man and letting one's inner slut run free did not strike Janna as a sound life plan, she thought she could loosen up a little.

She yawned. It was late. Tired of reading about how her sex life could be better, Janna turned off the computer and headed to bed.

The next morning, Janna woke up, got out of bed, and headed to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror on the inside of the bathroom door. In her skimpy boy shorts and tight tee shirt and no bra, she knew she was sexy. She should be having more sex. She thought more about the web site she had viewed. Just Say Yes. Well, she thought, she was not quite ready to say yes to everything. But saying no a little bit less often might be a good start. How to do that?

Janna mulled that question over as she had breakfast.

In the shower, Janna decided she would get the day off to a sexier start with sexier grooming. First, she shaved her legs and underarms completely. Then she turned her razor to the more challenging area between her legs. Janna typically kept things tidy and trim down there, but not totally shaven. She opted for totally shaven this time, and went to work with short, careful strokes. After shaving off all the hair around her butt and labia, she started on the discrete triangle of short hair on her pubic mound. In a few strokes the hair was gone. Janna was completely bare, for the first time in a very long time.

Janna left the shower, toweled off, and headed back to her bedroom. Now it was time to dress.

Being a realist, and knowing that none of the men at her firm appealed to her sexually, Janna knew that how she dressed for work was unlikely to have any impact on her sex life. But it was the principle of the thing. For a day, at least, she was determined to change her attitude, and to dress in a style that said "yes" a little more, and "no" a little less.

Rummaging through her closet and dresser, Janna decided to try something a little more daring than usual. Lying at the bottom of a stack of humdrum work skirts in her dresser drawer was a skirt she had bought six months earlier but never worn. It was a black, A-line, wool skirt, and she had snatched it off the store shelf because it had been on sale. The hem fell a few inches above the knee, noticeably shorter than anything else she wore to work, and for that reason she

had not worn it yet. But today she was being bold. She took it out of the dresser and tossed it on the bed.

Next up was the panty selection. Usually, in Janna's mind, a shorter skirt warranted more conservative panties, just in case a careless instance of crossing legs or getting out of a car resulted in an unintentional flash. But today, with the words "Just Say Yes" flashing in her mind, Janna decided to do the unusual. Her hand bypassed more conservative choices and selected a baby-blue, gauzy, filmy thong. It was not quite see-through, but it was close. And in the light, it gave off a slight sheen. With this skirt and panty combination, a little carelessness could give a coworker a memorable view.

Let them enjoy it, she thought.

To complete the ensemble, she chose a white lacy bra, and white long-sleeve blouse with a moderate V-neck collar and black buttons down the front. She quickly dressed and slipped her feet into her favorite three-inch-heel black pumps. She turned to look at herself in the full-length mirror in her bedroom. She took a moment to appraise herself. The skirt was a good two inches farther above her knee than the shortest skirt she had ever worn to work before. She felt a moment's hesitation. Could she do this? Yes, she thought. Just say yes!

On that positive note, she headed off to work.

A few hours later, having completed the tasks for Roger and now walking briskly to the office bathroom with an uncomfortably full bladder, she mused about whether the sexier outfit had made any difference. Well, it had caught Dateless Dale's attention. Although Janna had no interest in Dale she had to admit she had not minded the peeks he had snuck at her bare legs. She also had caught Roger sneaking a glance or two at her smoothed, shaved legs as he went over her assignments. Janna was not at all interested in Roger, since he was two inches shorter than she was, 20 years older, and married, besides, but on this day at least she enjoyed his glances. She almost felt her legs tingle at being stared at.

The building that housed Janna's firm had two long, narrow wings set perpendicular to each other and joined by a central open, two-story atrium with large windows and glass doors on either side. The bathrooms were on the other wing, just across the atrium, so she had to walk over half the length of the building to get to them. She moved briskly along the hallway.

As she neared the bathroom, she looked up and noticed a tall, slender figure approaching her from the opposite end of the hallway. She did not know the man, but she had seen him before, either in the hallway or getting out of his car when she happened to show up at work at the same time he did. He was not the kind of guy you noticed right away. He was good looking, with clear, blue eyes, a thin waist, and pleasantly broad shoulders. But his face carried no hint of swagger, or danger, or romance. He had never flirted with her. On the contrary, on the few occasions Janna had noticed him he had always looked preoccupied by something. Today, she had to admit, he was looking good in black slacks and a cornflower blue shirt. She thought

he probably worked at the insurance company on the other end of the building. To date Janna and this man had never exchanged words. As she looked up at him she wondered if they might do so today.

As she approached him, Janna felt a flicker of interest. She wondered if he had noticed her before. She suppressed a smile as she suddenly felt glad her skirt was shorter than normal.

2. Tom.

It was 10:30 a.m., and Tom had lost count of the papers that had crossed his desk that morning.

I am the paper-pushing king, he thought.

He stared at the insurance forms in front of him. He was having trouble concentrating. He thought that if he stared any harder at the paper in his hand it might burst into flame. Well, no, it almost certainly would not, he thought, but I probably would get so fed up staring at it I'd set a match to it in frustration.

With his left thumb and forefinger, he tugged at a rubber band that was wrapped tightly around his right index finger. He pulled it back and let it go, savoring the short, sharp pain as the rubber snapped against his skin. Tom used the rubber band from time to time during

the day as a way of jolting his mind out of the thick, dull state it entered after too much time staring at insurance papers.

The sound of rubber smacking skin made him think of something else, too: the bondage porn website he had been visiting at night in his apartment recently. He had found the site for the first time only two weeks earlier. Tom had had no personal experience of any kind with bondage or dominance and submission games. The dominant flavor of his own sexual life had been vanilla. But after years of sex that was not quite as frequent and not quite as interesting as he would have liked, Tom had grown bored of vanilla. He was willing to try new flavors.

At least, he thought so. He could not be certain because he had never tried any other flavor. Like a lot of people, Tom had occasional fantasies about hot naked women submitting to him as their master. But so far it had only been a fantasy.

Nature called, interrupting Tom's reverie about whips and handcuffs. He rose from his desk, left his cubicle, sauntered past 8 other cubicles, and headed for the exit door. The insurance firm he worked for, Dunwoodie Booth LLC, occupied over 6000 square feet of office space at the east end of the first floor of an anonymous office building. The men's room was near the entrance foyer and elevators at the center of the building. The short walk to the men's room would be as much of a diversion as he would likely get this morning.

It was not even 11 o'clock, and Tom was bored. Worse, he was frustrated. It had been so long since he had gotten any that his dick

was growing stiff, not from arousal, but, he was sure, from fossilization.

The previous night, alone in his apartment, he had spent fully ten minutes staring at his face in the mirror. He was not a bad-looking guy. 29 years old. Five feet eleven inches. Dark hair. Not fat, but not too skinny. Somehow, though, the combination had not attracted any women lately. He did not know why. Staring in the mirror did not give him any clever insights.

At the end of ten minutes he decided that staring in the mirror was not going to wise him up about women, so he left the mirror for his computer. He got onto the Internet, and tapped various key combinations searching for answers to the ultimate question:

How do I get women?

There was no shortage of websites with answers. Some told you what you had to wear. Some told you what you had to say. Some promised to reveal the one thing you had to know to drive a woman completely crazy and to submit to you. Most promised all these wonders once you agreed to fork over \$19.99 and get behind the paywall. Tom was getting desperate, but not desperate enough yet to pay money for what he knew was bullshit.

After about thirty minutes of amused browsing he found a website that did not want his money. It was called www.telldontask.com. The name did not sound promising, but the site had an attractive,

professional look to it, not to mention a hot blonde in a form-fitting minidress on the home page. With nothing better to do, Tom scrolled through its pages, looking for some wisdom to help him get laid.

"Are you frustrated? Do women ignore you?" the Site asked.

Yep. That's me, Tom thought as he followed the Site's prompts.

"Stop being the nice guy", it urged. "Deep down, women don't want a nice guy. They want a man. They want a man who tells them what to do. So, stop asking. Tell them. Tell them what you think. Tell them what you want. Tell them what to do. You will be amazed at the results."

The words rolled on in this vein.

Tom knew that the part about nice guys was true. One of his last dates had been with a woman named Lissette who had flaming red hair and amazingly bountiful breasts. Tom had been so in awe of her that he practically stumbled over himself in a futile effort to please her during their two-hour dinner at a trendy new restaurant. He had thought he was doing well and at the end of the dinner suggested going back to his place. That was when she fixed her piercing blue eyes on his and gave him a look of pity that Tom could tell she had had experience practicing.

"You're a really nice guy, Tom," she had said. "But, well, I know this maybe sounds weird, but . . . I don't date nice guys. I'm sorry."

Tom had been struck dumb at the time. He had no idea what to say. He was too nice to try to convince her on the spot that he was not nice, just so he could sleep with her.

So, instead, he took her home. He never saw her again.

Tom's sobering experience as a nice guy made him receptive to try something different. But as he scrolled through testimonials of previously hopeless guys who had tried the Tell Don't Ask method and now boasted about their success bedding women he could not help but think it was a con job.

"This is complete bullshit," Tom said to himself. It was a great fantasy, he had to admit. It probably did have a point. He knew he was too nice. He was courteous to a fault. Lately, courtesy did not seem to have gotten him anywhere. It was nice to think all he had to do was tell a girl what to do and that she would do it. If only the world worked that way.

He ended up spending about an hour poring over the website and its advice, and the numerous testimonials about the effectiveness of the "Tell, Don't Ask" method. At once skeptical and eager, Tom pored over the text that urged him to let out his inner master. If he did so, it went on, the women were certain to come running. Running away is more like it, Tom thought.

At about 11 p.m., done with reading about the sexual bounty that inevitably followed the adoption of the Tell, Don't Ask method, Tom finally logged off the computer and retired to bed. He spent a few more minutes looking at bondage porn on his Kindle before falling asleep.

In the morning, awake and showered and putting on his favorite black pants and blue shirt, Tom thought about the advice he had read the night before. He thought it would be fun to try. But he could not imagine how. The day ahead, passing the office hours reviewing insurance forms and calling clients, did not seem to offer a promising opportunity to flex his skills as a sexual master.

Several hours later, as he walked along the office building corridor, heading toward the bathroom, he thought some more about what he had read and wondered if he would ever get a chance to try it. He doubted it.

He let out a sigh. What good was it to have all this advice about what to say to girls if there were no girls to say things to?

Ahead in the hallway, just beyond the bathrooms, a flash of long legs in a short skirt caught his eye.

3. Introductions.

As the woman ahead of him came into view, Tom recognized her. Sort of. He did not know her name, but he had seen her before, in the hallway and in the parking lot. Their eyes had met a few times, but he was not sure she would have remembered. For some reason, he thought she worked at the accounting firm at the other end of the building. Bowlevin something, he recalled.

She was good-looking, that was certain. The skirt she was wearing was shorter than any he had seen her wear before, and it showed off briskly moving legs that were lean, long, and shapely. As his eyes swept up her figure they lingered for just a moment on breasts that bounced lightly with each step. When his gaze arrived at her face he saw she was looking at him.

He guessed that she, like he, was heading for the bathroom. If so, they would pass each other in a moment, because the men's room was 15 feet past the women's room in the hall ahead.

"I should say something," Tom thought. Tom was not exactly the kind of guy who spontaneously struck up conversations with cute girls in hallways. But, emboldened by the lessons of the previous night's Web visit, he was determined to say something.

But before he could think of something, they passed each other.

As they did so, each glanced at the other. Tom thought he saw the hint of a smile on her lips as she looked at him. He struggled to think

of something to say. But the moment passed, and each passed the other heading on the way to his and her respective bathrooms.

As Janna walked passed Tom, she thought, "He's better-looking than I remember." She looked at him as they passed, and she noticed that as they passed each other his lips parted and his brow furrowed. She hoped he might say something. But he did not.

She felt a twinge of disappointment. She walked on and opened the door to the women's room.

After passing Janna, Tom mentally kicked himself. "Way to go, dude", he thought. "I should have said something." He kept walking, and opened the door to the bathroom. He heard the girl behind him open the door to the women's room at the same time.

Tom walked into the bathroom. He unzipped and did his business. As he did so, he stared at a crack in the off-white wall in front of him and thought about how he might step up his game on the way back to his office.

What would he say? What would he do? He did not have any guide to follow. Then he thought about the website he had pored over the night before.

"Tell, don't ask!" it urged.

That seemed stupid. But, lacking a better plan, Tom zipped up, washed his hands, and walked to the bathroom door with an idea he would try this approach, one way or another.

He stopped for a moment, thinking to himself that women probably took longer than men. He wanted to time his opening the door so he would run into her again.

Meanwhile, Janna, having finished her business in her own bathroom, and now drying her hands under the blow drier fixed to the wall next to the sink, was thinking about the attractive man in the bathroom on the other side of the wall. Was he interested in her? He had given her a long look. She had thought he was about to say something, but he did not. Would he say something if they met again? She hoped he would. She did not know what she would say, though. If history was any guide it would probably be something off-putting.

With that not-too-optimistic thought she finished drying her hands. Giving herself one last glance in the mirror she decided to hitch her skirt up from the waist just a bit to expose more of her legs. Then she opened the door to exit the bathroom.

Tom and Janna exited their respective bathroom doors at the same time. Tom was pleased with himself for having got the timing just right.

Tom decided he had to say something, even though he had not figured out what. She was looking at him as they approached each other in the hallway. His mouth opened to let some words out, but before any could it clamped shut again. He still could not think what to say.

His moment was about to pass.

Janna was wondering if he was going to say something, when, suddenly, her left heel caught in a snag in the carpet. Her distraction with the man in front of her left her unprepared to respond, and she started pitching forward.

Tom, whose eyes had not left Janna's face, saw her stumble. He stepped toward her and threw out his arms. He meant to grab her arms but he somehow missed and his hands slipped past them to her sides. Seeing the man in front of her, Janna threw her own hands out directly in front of her. Tom caught Janna by her sides just as her hands pushed forward against his chest. She let out a small gasp.

"I've got you," he said to her, and he did, if just barely. He steadied her and moved his hands off her sides and toward her elbows. But he did not take them away completely. His first instinct was to ask her "Are you O.K.?", but something in him bit the question off before he asked it. Instead he just looked at her.

Janna, for her part, was feeling quite O.K. She liked the feel of his firm chest under her hands, which she had pulled away only partly,

leaving the tips of her fingers on the front of his shirt. She felt firm muscle under the shirt that she would not have guessed at from his slim figure. She looked up at him as she drew her hands away at last.

"Thank you, sir," she said and smiled. She quickly wondered why she had said "sir" to him. Was she just being polite or did she mean something else? Where did that come from? she mused.

Tom wondered too. I like the sound of that, he thought.

"You are welcome," he said, more formally and steadily than he expected to. He felt he ought to ask her how she was. Or ask for her name. But something inside him struggled against the impulse.

Don't ask, he thought to himself. Tell.

He let go of her elbows and stepped back. His eyes swept over her and he was struck by the way her blouse draped over and accentuated the firm rise of her breasts. Get a hold of yourself, he thought.

"I'm Tom," he said. "Tell me your name."

"Janna," she said, thinking as the words left her lips that there was something slightly odd about the way he had said what he had said.

"I work at Dunwoodie, at the end of the building," Tom said. "I think you work for Bowlevin on the other end." It was all he could do to make it sound like a statement, not a question.

Something in Janna sensed, vaguely, that there was something strange about the way he was talking to her. But she could not figure out what. She was still thinking about the way her body felt when his hands had caught her, and how his chest had felt under her own hands. She wished he had not let go of her quite so soon. She liked the feeling of being held up by him.

"Yes," she said.

"Well," he said. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

Tom knew there was one more thing he needed to do. A voice inside him, a voice he had never heard before but that was growing louder with confidence, told him how to do it.

"Tell me your number, Janna," Tom said to her.

As soon as he said it he wondered if it was a mistake not asking her politely. I can't believe I just said that, he thought. I didn't even ask. She's going to think I'm an asshole and tell me to fuck off.

Janna stopped and paused and looked at Tom's eyes. Her lips parted in surprise. It occurred to her that he was not asking her, he was telling her. The word "no" welled up inside her and was ready to burst out of her mouth, but she shut her lips and stopped the word from getting out. She looked up at the ceiling, and without thinking or fully understanding why she faintly, almost inaudibly, whispered the word "Yes."

She looked back at Tom. She told him her number.

Tom memorized each digit. He held her gaze for a moment, and then said, "Thank you."

Without saying anything more, he walked past her on the way back to his office. He fought the urge to look back at her.

Janna was still rooted to her spot in the hallway. She did not move at first. She did not know what had just happened. She had given her number to this man, Tom, and then he had just walked away. She glanced back over her shoulder. Tom was walking toward the door at the far end of the hallway. He did not look back.

Janna wondered if she had been a fool to give him her number like that. Why did I just tell this stranger my number? she thought.

He had not even asked her for her number. He had just told her to tell it to him. And she had.

She had said yes.

She shook her head and smiled faintly. How about that? she wondered. Maybe there was a little submissive in her after all.

She started walking back to her own office at the other end of the building. She guessed that Tom would call or text her, but she wondered when or how he would.

4. Words and Pictures.

When Tom arrived at his cubicle he leaned over his cubicle desk, set his hands on the surface, and let out an exclamation of air. He could not believe what had just happened. He had told a cute girl - no, a hot girl! - from the other end of the building to give him her number - and she had! He had not even asked. He had thought she would be offended or think him presumptuous and would refuse. But she had not. She had given it to him. Tom shook his head. Nothing like this had ever happened to him.

Now that he had her number, he had to do something. Obviously, he would text or call. Probably text. That would be easier. He could break in the ice more slowly. If he called her she might think he was coming on too strong. And he could think about what he was going to say before saying it.

He started thumbing the line "What R U doing . . ." and then stopped. He hit the delete button until each letter he had written had been erased. Don't ask, he thought. Just tell her. It worked the first time; he might as well try it again.

Back in her own office, Janna was still somewhat flustered by what she had done. She had given a total stranger her name and number. But he was kind of a cute stranger, she thought.

Her phone pinged. A message. She opened it.

"Hi, Janna. It's Tom."

"Hi Tom," she replied, and then she added, "Thanks for catching me. I am not in the habit of tripping and falling into the hands of strangers. But I'm glad you were there."

Tom looked at her reply. She was chatty, he was pleased to see. This might be fun, he thought.

"It was no trouble, and my pleasure," he texted back. "I was surprised. You didn't look like the tripping sort. You'll have to complain to the landlord about the defect in the carpet."

"I just might do that," she texted in reply. He was courteous as well as cute. Realizing suddenly that she was in her office and was

supposed to be working, she looked around to see if Roger was looking her way. He was not.

"Tell me what you're doing," said the next text. He was a little bossy, that was for sure, Janna thought. He seemed to prefer not to use questions. She wondered if it was some sort of game. Whatever he was up to, she enjoyed bantering with a man who was firm and direct as well as courteous. She decided to play back at him.

"Right now I'm at my work cubicle texting a bossy stranger," she texted.

Tom's eyes widened a little, surprised at the nibble he had gotten on the line he had tossed out. He could not let that one just lie.

"I got the feeling you like bossy," he texted back.

Janna looked at his text. Her eyes widened and she noticed she could feel heart beating. Where was this going? She thought. She could not believe she was doing this - texting a total stranger this way. But she was having fun, and her body shivered with a frisson of sexual excitement she had not felt in a while. What to say, however, to that comment? Saying no - well, it would not shut down the conversation, perhaps. But it would dampen the sense of excitement it was giving her. Responding positively might send him the wrong message - but what was the right message? She decided to keep playing.

"Sometimes," she texted him.

Tom saw the words. The thoughts in his head became fuzzier. He might not be the smoothest coat in the closet but even he knew an invitation when he saw one. Now he had to think of a clever response to keep this moving.

"I imagine you don't get it as much as you'd like it," he texted back. Argh, he thought as soon as he pushed the send button. That could be taken a different way. It was early in the conversation to be headed in that direction. Once again Tom worried he had gone too far and that she would blow him off.

Janna caught the double meaning of his text. Is that what he meant? Or was that a slip? She was feeling playful but did not want to come across as easy.

"You have quite an imagination, I think," she texted back. "Especially for someone who works for an insurance broker."

"You would be surprised how imaginative an insurance broker can be," he replied. "There's nothing like catching a pretty girl in a short skirt in the hallway to get the imagination going."

"Thank you. Do you compliment every girl you catch in the hallway?" she texted.

"No. You're the first one," he texted back.

"I feel special!" she replied. She added a smiley emoticon to the message, something she seldom did.

Tom was pumped. This was going well and he was surprised at the ease with which he kept the banter going. He had her attention. It was time to take another step.

"You are special. I can tell. Now I'm going to do something for you. I'm going to let you show me how much you like bossy. So here goes. Take a selfie. Now. Make it hot, anyway you want. Then text it to me. Don't wait. Do it now." The words flowed as his thumb moved over the keypad. He paused before hitting send as he wondered if he had gone too far, too fast. What the hell, he thought. He was on a roll. This wasn't the time to stop. He pushed it.

Janna felt a warmth over her body as she looked at the words on her phone. He was being bossy to ask her to take a hot photo of herself. And she liked it. He was a little bossy. But not too much, and not in a crude way. Hot, she thought, what would that mean? She did not usually think of herself as hot. How would she do this? Her mind swept quickly over a lot of possibilities. A face shot? Hmmm. Too tame. And she did not want a photo of herself with duck lips. Too cliché. A shot of her cleavage? Too bold for a first photo. She looked down over her figure seated in her office swivel chair. Her legs looked lean and firm, but with soft clear skin uncovered by any hosiery. She knew she had nice legs. That was it. She would take a photo of her legs.

She raised her left heel, put it against the edge of her desk, and pushed her swivel chair back. Then she propped both her feet on the top of the desk. With the phone held just right the picture would capture the black hem of her skirt, a few inches of each thigh, and the entirety of her toned, shapely calves, thin ankles, and feet in black heels perched suggestively on her desk. She looked good, she thought. But she could make the photo just a bit hotter. With her right hand, she reached down and pulled the hem of her skirt up another two inches. The skirt already was short by her standards, so the effect was, to her eye, dramatic. She parted her legs a few inches as well.

Now, that's hot, she thought. She snapped the photo, looked it over for a moment, decided the exposure and color and resolution were fine, and sent it to her new bossy friend Tom.

Tom, who was hunched over his desk at his cubicle, saw the photo appear in the text thread. He opened it. He remembered Janna had had nice legs in the hallway, but damn, this was hot. Extremely hot. The legs looked long and perfectly curved, and the gap between her exposed thighs where they met the hem of her short skirt drove him crazy. To feel his hands on those legs, running them up her smooth calves, past the knees, along her inner thighs up to and under her skirt . . . he wanted that.

But he needed to pause to think what to do next. His thoughts were jumbled and he was not sure how to respond.

"That is hot," he texted. "No doubt about it. You have the most beautiful legs in the building."

"Why, thank you, sir," she replied. "Are you an expert on the legs in the building?"

He grinned at that. "Sir?" This was going too well. Whatever he was casting, she was biting.

He mulled over his next response - it had to be good after the photo she had just sent and her calling him "Sir."

"No, I'm not an expert," he texted. "Just attentive. And your legs definitely demand more attention than the others."

All the texting about her legs was making Janna feel self-conscious. But still, she liked it.

"I appreciate the attention," she replied.

Tom was thinking about how to reply to that when suddenly he was interrupted.

It was Carlos, his manager. "Tom, do you have a minute to help Tyler? He's working with a new client, an auto shop owner over on Washington Avenue, and he doesn't understand the coverage terms

well enough to explain them to the guy. I know you know the terms. Can you give him a hand? Shouldn't take long."

Tom put on his best happy office worker face, which he knew was unconvincing. "Sure, Carlos. I've got time. I can do that. No problem."

Damn. Knowing Tyler, as he did, it probably would take more time than Carlos thought it would. Tyler was as dumb as rocks, and not smart rocks, at that. He had only been working in the office for a few weeks, he was at the extremely low end of the learning curve, and it was evident he was in no hurry to climb it.

Tom did not want to break off from texting Janna. What if she gets cold feet during the break? he thought. But there was nothing he could do. He replied to her last message.

"Good girl. I want to keep this conversation going. But I need to do something in the office." He looked up at the clock. "I will text you again at 1 p.m." He paused and added one more thing. "Make sure you are available to respond at that time." He almost started the sentence with "please" but thought better of it.

He looked at the time on his phone. 1 p.m. was an hour away. That should give him plenty of time to deal with Tyler and then think of his next move with Janna. He got up and headed across the office to Tyler's cubicle.

Janna looked at Tom's last message. Part of her was annoyed that he had broken off their texting. She had been having fun. But part of her was relieved. This was going fast, and she did not know where it was going, and she did not know where she wanted it to go.

She did not even know this guy, and she had already texted him a photo of her exposed legs and called him "Sir."

She had an hour. That should work. She could get a few projects done and clear that time for what was next. Whatever it was. But first, she needed to get some information about the bossy text partner that was getting her so excited.

She did not know Tom's last name, but she knew the name of the firm he worked at it. Her fingers tapped out the name on her keyboard and she entered it in the search box on her computer screen: "Dunwoodie Booth." A list of results flooded the screen. She picked the top result, taking her to the firm's web page. She looked for his name and found it under the heading "Agents."

"Tom Allenrood." She looked at his page. Yes, it was he. It was a nice portrait photo, and it looked recent, though it was touched up and glossed so it was difficult to tell. She scanned his job description and credentials. He seemed like a solid guy. He was real, anyway.

Next, she looked up his ratings on Yelp, and more on his work history on his LinkedIn page. She felt a pang of guilt. It was intrusive of her to get all this information about Tom. On the other hand, this

was all public information, and he had put it out there for everyone to see. Plus, everybody did this. And she had done it many times before for previous dates.

She looked at his Facebook page. He had five more friends than she did. So, he had friends. That was good. He was not a hermit, or a recluse. He seemed to have a social life. His relationship status was single, and there were no photos of a girlfriend clinging to him. That was good, too.

She felt better. Her new text buddy was, from all she could see, a normal, solid guy. Probably not a serial killer, although, one never really knew, right? But she felt confident and comfortable enough about him that she knew she would keep her 1 o'clock appointment with him, and see what happened. She felt a tingle of anticipation. She knew he was going to tell her to do something again. What would she submit to next? She had no idea where this might go, what direction he might take this, and she liked that. She looked forward to the next thing he would tell her to do. She had not said no to him yet, and she was enjoying herself.

But for the time being she had to get some work done. Texting would have to wait. For another half hour, anyway.

She closed his Facebook page on her computer and opened the file of a new client for which she recently had started working.

5. Give and Take.

Five minutes later, on the other side of the building, Tom finally escaped from Tyler's cubicle. It had been less painful than he expected to try to explain five personal property coverage exceptions to the dim-witted Tyler, although Tom's task had been made notably more difficult by the images of Janna's lean, lissome legs running nonstop through his head. He wanted to see more of that. Or maybe something else.

He sat down at his desk and opened a client document on his computer screen. He wanted to look busy so he would not be interrupted. He had to think of his next moves very carefully. This girl seemed interested. She barely knew him, but she had sent him a photo of her legs with her skirt hiked up, and she had called him "Sir"! She was hot, too. When he had first seen her in the hallway, he might not have used the word "hot" to describe her. She was pretty, and she had a nice figure, but she seemed a little too buttoned-down and contained to be called "hot." Well, don't judge a book until the cover's off, he thought. She was hot, all right. And he needed to see more of Janna. A lot more.

He spent a few minutes thinking about what to do.

Then he spent a few more minutes.

Don't ask - tell! He would give it a try. And see where it went. This girl was worth the effort.

After a few minutes of thinking he came up with a plan. It was a bold plan. He was not sure she would be willing to comply, despite how compliant she had been so far. But he thought she might, and he knew he wanted her to. To put the plan into action, he had to leave his office briefly and do something. He got up from his desk. A few minutes later he returned. He thought some more, and then the time appeared on his computer screen clock.

1:00 p.m.

It was time to send the next text.

Janna was sitting at her desk, tapping her pencil lightly against the fake wood, when the ping sounded. She picked up her phone and looked at it. A new text message awaited her.

"Hello, Janna."

"Hi, Tom."

"I prefer to be called 'Sir' for the moment. I'd like you to do that."

There he was, being bossy again, thought Janna. But she was having fun playing the game.

"O.K. Hi, Sir."

"Good girl. I enjoy you and I enjoy our chat. I think you do too. You said sometimes you like bossy, and I think this is one of those times. So, I'm going to keep being bossy with you. I have something I want you to do. I think you will enjoy it, and I know I will."

Janna wondered what was coming. There was only one way to find out.

"Tell me what you want," she texted.

"Get up from your desk and walk to the main foyer of the building now," he texted back. "Go right now, and when you get there wait for me."

Janna looked up from her desk and looked around. No one was approaching her. Projects could wait. "What now?" she wondered. Her body was warm with excitement. She eagerly awaited the next instruction. She was thoroughly enjoying this game, knowing this man she barely knew was going to tell her to do something, probably something a little sexy. She also looked forward to seeing him again. Even though she had not seen him in over an hour, and had only seen him up close only once in person, in her mind he was growing more attractive. With quick steps, she traversed the distance between her firm's office and the main entrance area of the building.

The foyer was an open area precisely in the middle of the building, with a ceiling two stories high, and wall to wall glass doors and

windows from which one could see out to the parking lots on either side. A few large nondescript pieces of modern art hung on the wood-paneled walls. Heavy fake leather chairs were set against the walls and in little clusters out on the floor.

Janna looked around. Tom was not in sight. The foyer was empty. Janna was disappointed. She wanted to see him.

She heard the ping of the incoming text and looked down. "Go toward the east entrance and turn right toward the chair closest to the entrance. You will see something."

"Why aren't you here"" She texted back at him.

"Just do as I say," he texted back. "Let me know when you have done so and text me what you see."

She paused and then complied. Even though there was no one around she felt very self-conscious and exposed by the glass all around her. But there was no one to see her. She turned to her right. A tall thin white bag was propped up against the chair. She walked toward it.

"I see a white bag next to the chair," she texted to him.

"Open it up and take what's in it."

She did so. A single, long-stem, salmon rose lay inside. She took it out.

"It's beautiful," she texted. "Is it for me?"

"Of course," he texted back.

Janna could not remember the last time someone had bought her flowers - even a single flower. It was an unusual color - not quite red, not quite pink, not quite orange, but some of all three tones. She tried to recall what each rose color meant. She was uncertain but she thought that a salmon rose was intended to convey excitement. If so, it did the trick. The skin of her face felt a little flushed. She was aware of her chest rising and falling with her breaths. She looked out the window and in the glass caught the faint reflection of a pretty brunette in a short skirt, holding a rose in one hand and a cell phone in the other.

"Thank you, sir!" She texted back.

"You are welcome, Janna," he replied. "Now I want you to give me something."

"What?" she texted back. Now for the interesting part, she thought.

"Place your flower on the chair and then text 'OK' when you've done that."

She did so. "OK," she texted.

"Good girl. Now take your panties off, and leave them on the floor at your feet, and text me when you have done so."

What? she thought. She could not do that. Janna was not a prude, but she was not an exhibitionist either. Suddenly, even though she had not taken anything off yet, she felt twice as exposed as before. The glass windows and doors seemed bigger than ever, the foyer more cavernous. She was aware of the headlights of the cars in the parking lots on either side, row on row, like eyes that were watching her. Standing where she was, she felt exposed on all sides.

She had expected to meet Tom here in the building foyer, and perhaps continue their banter in person. She had not expected this.

"I can't do that!" she texted back.

Tom replied quickly, borrowing words and phrases and ideas he had gathered from the website he had visited the night before. He was winging it, but he wanted to keep up the fragile appearance of mastery and control. Though he could not see what Janna was doing, and barely knew her, he could sense that despite her misgivings she was as eager to play this game as he was, but that he would have to

play his role carefully. He could not be too aggressive with her. But he could not falter, either. Any hint of uncertainty or reluctance on his part would break the spell. She might give up the game. He pressed ahead as confidently as he could.

"Yes, you can. And you will. This is something you want to do, and I'm giving you the opportunity to do it. I know you know that. You want to submit. I'm letting you do that. Don't worry. I am discreet and I won't let anything bad happen. Think how I caught you in the hallway. You can trust me.

"Wait until there is no one around, and do it quickly. But don't move once you've done it. Be a good girl and do it and text me when you are done."

Janna's breathing quickened. She turned her head each direction to see if anyone might see her. There was no one. There was no movement in the parking lot on either side. She listened intently for the sound of footsteps approaching in either hallway. There was no sound. Could she do this? Her confused thoughts clarified. Just say yes, she thought. Just say yes.

She did not know why, but she was having too much fun to stop. She would do it.

Setting her phone on the chair, and quickly looking around one more time to see if anyone was coming, Janna reached both hands quickly under her short skirt and tugged at the thin fabric underneath. She

looked back and forth toward the buildings entrances on either side, and side to side toward the hallways, to make sure no one was coming. So far, no one was. She squatted a bit to pull the panties off each leg, one at a time. She felt the tiny piece of fabric moving down and tickling the skin of her hips, then her thighs, then her calves, and then her ankles. Then the tiny baby-blue thong lay at her feet.

She turned her head back and forth looking in every direction for someone approaching. Squatting as she was in the short skirt, her bare sex was on display for anyone nearby to see. Thank goodness, no one was in sight.

She stood up. Without moving her feet, Janna leaned over to get the phone and texted back.

"Done," she texted.

She waited for his reply. Each second that passed was agonizingly slow. She was more conscious than ever that she was standing exposed in the foyer of an office building, with her pale blue thong on the floor at her feet. Anyone who saw her would see the thong as well and know that it was hers. A few interminable seconds later, he replied.

"Excellent. Take a photo of the panties at your feet and text it to me."

She snapped the photo. She rushed the photo, but it was clear enough. There was no question what it showed. She texted it to him.

Tom opened the photo on his phone. He was hunched over his phone at his cubicle so no one could see what he could see. He savored the sight of the lacy, baby-blue panties lying at Janna's feet. He could not believe this was going so well. A beautiful woman had just taken off her panties for him and at this very moment was standing over them in the foyer of his building. It was like a dream. But it was really happening.

"Very good, Janna," he texted. "Now take the flower and go back to your office. Leave the panties on the floor. I will text you again in a few minutes."

Janna looked at his text. She was trying to figure out how she would explain holding a single stem rose to her coworkers, and how she would handle walking around her office in a short skirt without panties. She was not sure how she would do it. But she decided to go along. She looked up and saw someone in the parking lot in front of her approaching the building entrance. She decided to leave quickly so whoever it was would not connect her with the panties on the floor. She walked back to her office.

Janna was keenly aware of the absence of panties under her short skirt. She felt the air on her bare skin. Despite her nervousness, she found herself reveling in the sensation. Janna had worn a skirt without panties before, but never at work.

Entering the office, she almost bumped into Megan Blumquat, the biggest gossip in the office. Shit, she thought, aware that she was holding the single stem rose in front of her.

"Well look at you!" called Megan. "Looks like Janna has an admirer. Who's the lucky guy, Janna?"

"Hi, uh, Megan," Janna stammered. She had to think of something quickly and get rid of Megan. She did.

"There was a guy outside the building near the side entrance with a bunch of these and he asked me if I wanted one, so I said yes. I think he might still be out there. You should check it out and see if he's still there," she added.

Megan's face lit up as though that was the greatest idea in the world. "I will!" she said, and was out the office door in a flash.

Thank goodness, thought Janna, as she scurried quickly back to her cubicle with the rose held down low at her side.

As she approached her desk her heart beat fast with excitement as she wondered what was coming next.

6. Stand and Deliver.

After saving the photo of Janna's panties to his phone, Tom quickly got up from his cubicle desk and exited the Dunwoodie office. He walked briskly the length of the hallway to the foyer. He turned toward the entrance where he thought Janna's panties would be.

He saw a middle-aged, balding man in a suit with a briefcase standing near the entrance looking at something on the floor. Tom approached and saw that the man was staring at the panties on the ground. He did not recognize the man, thank goodness.

The man looked up at him with arched eyebrows and a face that said, Guess what I've found?

Tom stepped forward quickly, bent over, picked up the panties, and tucked them away in his pants pocket.

"Those are mine," he said to the man.

The man smiled at him. "What's your secret?" he asked.

Tom paused and his eyes searched the ceiling for a moment for an answer. Then he looked back at the man.

"The Internet," he said. He shrugged.

With that reply he turned away and walked back to his office. When he had left the atrium of the building, he pulled the panties out of his pocket and looked at them.

For a conservative-looking girl you wear hot panties, Janna, he thought. He caressed the gusset of the thong between his thumb and finger. It was slightly moist. He put it to his nose and inhaled. He caught the faint scent of her sex, and wondered at the thought that just moments before the fabric he was sniffing had sculpted her lips. He wondered what they looked like. He wondered if she kept hair on her pussy, or if she shaved it off. I want to find out, he thought.

He looked down and noticed he had grown hard, and that a noticeable bulge was forming at the front of his pants. He could not go back to his office like that. Instead, he walked by the office door, left the building and walked outside. There was a small patio with a lunch table to the right, and he walked to it and sat at the table.

He stuffed the slightly damp panties in his right pocket.

He had to collect himself and think a moment. He could not believe how this was happening. He had given instructions to a pretty girl at the other end of the building and she had done everything he had told - not asked, but told - her to do. Can it be this easy? he wondered. The funny thing about it was that Janna did not seem at all the type he thought would play the submissive game this way. She seemed too self-possessed, too professional. For goodness sake, she worked for an accounting firm.

Yet here she was, and here he was, playing a game he had started with him as the master and her as the submissive. Now it was time for him to make another move. He had never played this role and he was enjoying every minute of it.

"Janna," he texted.

Janna, back at her own cubicle, saw his message. She had managed to stash the rose behind a stack of papers to keep it out of sight of more nosy coworkers. She was grateful Dateless Dale was nowhere in sight.

"Yes, Sir?" she replied.

"I have another errand for you," he texted.

Janna thought she needed to put up a little resistance, for appearances if for nothing else.

"What makes you think I want to do another errand?" she asked in return. "I have work to do today. Sir."

He texted back immediately.

"What makes me think that is the bright blue lacy panties I'm holding in my hand right now, and the damp patch on them. I think you are waiting for another errand. I won't disappoint you. I know you won't disappoint me.

"I want you to go to the mailroom. When you get there, close the door behind you, stand with your back to the door, and press your hands against the mailboxes. Then wait."

She stared at his text. A cautionary voice rose inside her telling her it was imprudent even to think about doing this. But she knew she was going to do it whether it was prudent or not.

"Are you going to be there this time?" she inquired.

"Yes," he wrote. "I will arrive after you. But wait for me, and don't turn around when you hear the door open behind you."

"Go do it now," he texted.

"Yes, Sir," she replied.

With that, Janna got up from her desk, leaving the rose behind, and left her office once again to obey the kinky orders of a man she had just met and still barely knew.

The mailroom was down the corridor, just this side of the foyer. She closed the distance to it quickly. Before she entered she looked forward and then backward down the hallway to see if anyone was coming. No one was.

When she entered, she was the only person in the room. It was small and claustrophobic. She was nervous immediately. The mail usually arrived earlier in the day, so it was unlikely she would be interrupted by the mailman or by anyone making a last-minute delivery for pickup. But it was a big building, and people dropped off mail throughout the day. Someone could come by any minute and enter. How would she explain standing by herself in the room turned away from the door with her hands pressed against the mailboxes? And how could she do so in a short skirt that in that position would be riding up her thighs? She had no idea, especially because Tom had told her not to turn around if she heard someone enter.

Despite her nervousness, Janna stepped forward toward the mailboxes that covered the entire wall opposite the door. She pushed a plastic mail tray on the floor to the side with her foot. She pressed her hands against the cool gray metal, about a foot and a half apart. She found herself spreading her feet apart the same distance. She could have sworn a chilly breeze had somehow started on the floor of the small room and was now swirling up her thighs and under her skirt, where it now teased and tickled her between her legs.

As she stood there she wondered why he wanted her to do things that made her uncomfortable. She also wondered why, if these things

were so uncomfortable, she was so eager to do them. She did not know why, but she could not doubt the thrill it gave her.

She stood there and waited for him.

Tom walked from the foyer to the door of the mailroom ahead. He stopped, looked around and did not see anybody. He went to the door.

When Janna heard the door open quietly but suddenly behind her she nearly let out a squeal of fright but caught it in her throat. She did not say anything. For a few seconds she could not be certain that the person that had opened the door was Tom. She felt relief when she heard his voice, at last.

"Janna," Tom said simply.

He paused. He looked at her closely. He thought he saw a slight tremor move over her body.

I have you, he thought. He checked himself. He had never thought that way about any woman he had ever been with. Ever.

After a few more seconds he spoke.

"Good girl, Janna," he said. It took an effort to make his voice sound strong. His eyes focused on her brown hair and the way it fell about her neck and lightly draped over her shoulders.

Tom was almost overcome with excitement and nervousness. He had long since crossed the boundaries of his comfort and confidence. He was standing looking at the back of a pretty, trim, young woman he barely knew, who, for reasons he could not fathom and beyond his wildest hopes and dreams was waiting to obey his next words. To say he was sailing in waters unexplored and uncharted was an understatement.

He moved toward her. He reached his hands out and placed them lightly on her hips. His fingertips felt the movement of her body with her breathing. He moved his hands down and pressed them lightly against her thighs, the fingers of each hand lightly grazing the skin below the hem of her skirt.

"Keep your hands against the mailboxes," he told her.

The touch of Tom's fingertips sent a shudder through Janna's body. She had to try to stop her body from convulsing and to stay upright. Her breathing was quick and urgent. Since she could not see Tom, all her attention was focused on the sound of his voice, and the feel of his fingers on her. She did not know what the fingers were going to do. A voice in her head told her to push them away, to walk away, and to never talk to this man again. But another voice, a louder and more persuasive voice, wanted Tom's hands on her, wanted them to

run over her, wanted them to take her and possess her without asking for permission.

Tom wanted Janna, too. He moved close behind her. He moved his hands down, only his fingertips touching the skin of her thighs. Then he moved them up. They caught on the hem of her skirt and started to pull it up. Janna thought he was going to pull it all the way up and expose her, but he did not. Instead, he let the hem drop away and his hands kept moving up her body, slowly, along her hips, and then along her sides. Then he moved both hands forward and he cupped her breasts. He felt her body tense, but she did not move away. He squeezed them, lightly at first and then less lightly.

He knew he was taking a chance. She might think he had gone too far, and leave him, or even turn around and slap him. He would not have been surprised if she had. But she did not. Instead, Janna gasped and pressed her upper body forward into his hands.

Her nipples were hard under the thin fabric of her blouse and bra. Tom took each one between his thumb and forefinger and rubbed it gently.

Then, Tom moved his right hand down from her breast over her belly. His left hand remained on her breast and gently kneaded it. It took all of Janna's concentration to keep her hands on the mailboxes and to hold her body up on unsteady legs. She willed her breast and belly forward to meet Tom's probing hand. Tom's fingers continued to trace the swell of her nipple under the thin fabric of her blouse and bra.

He bent his head to her and pressed his lips against the base of her neck.

Janna struggled with the urge to turn around and mash her lips against his, but she did not move. She held still, submitting to the touch of his hands on her breast and on her belly.

Yes, she thought. She had said yes to everything he had told her to do. She wondered what he would tell her to do next and how far she would go. Whatever might happen later, she did not want to stop now.

Tom stroked Janna's belly softly with his right hand, and then he moved the hand down to the hem of her skirt again and cupped his fingers underneath it. Then he began slowly pulling it up and moved his hand under the skirt to the inner thigh of her right leg. He brought the hand up until he knew it was next to her pussy. He let it rest there, his fingers moving up and down against her soft but taut skin.

Janna had read descriptions of a woman's body being on fire, and had always thought it a cliché. She had never felt that way. But she did now. Her body was aflame with lust and desire and the need to surrender to Tom's touch. She felt the contrast between the cool metal under the palms of her hands and the warmth of Tom's hand on her thigh.

She felt his fingers pressed between her legs, no more than a half inch from her labia. She was glad she had shaved, and that he would know from the feel of her that she was bare. She wanted to feel his fingers move and touch her pussy.

But he did not move them any closer. His left hand remained on her firm breast, and the right to the side and back and away from her pussy, until it was on her ass. He squeezed hard and at the same time kissed her again at the base of her neck. His lips sucked gently at her skin. She moved her head to the side to offer it to him. His kissed her, over and over. Janna found herself pressing her neck against his mouth and simultaneously pushing her ass against his hand. She spread her legs a bit wider, hoping his fingers would slip between the cleft in her cheeks and toward the lips of her pussy. But he kept his hand where it was.

He moved the hand on her butt to the side and pressed himself against her. He was hard, and she could feel his hardness, and she pressed her ass back against it so she could feel it better.

Janna felt that her body was a different thing, something that did not fully belong to her. She had given it to someone else, this strange man. A small voice inside Janna reminded her that someone, even someone she knew, could enter the mailroom at any moment without warning and see her. But she did not care. She was enjoying Tom's hands and her acquiescence to their demands far too much.

Tom's body surged with his desire for Janna. He wanted to strip her clothes off, even there in the mailroom. The shifting of her body

under his hands told him she would not stop him if he did. But it was not time for that. Not yet. There was something else to be done first, and a better place to do it.

He pulled his hand back. He stepped back from her. Her ass was still rocking slowly.

Janna let out a gasp when he moved away from her. She kept her hands on the mailboxes, as he had asked her, but she looked back over her shoulder at him, wondering. Her eyes were wide and shining at him with desire.

Tom paused and looked at her. It was agony not to reach for the wetness between her legs, but he stopped himself and lightly held her hips instead. He knew he wanted to take this to yet another step in their role play, but he still had to script the next chapter. He had an idea what he wanted her to do, but and he was nervous and uncertain how she would respond. But uncertain or not, he decided to press forward.

"It's not quite time for that," he said quietly, concentrating on making his voice sound firm and steady.

Janna still looked at him. She could not believe he had stopped. She had been just seconds away from orgasm and her body was still quivering with need. She could not believe his self-control. She had lost all of hers, having given it away to the sound of his voice and the feel of his hands.

"Why not?" she asked.

Tom paused again for just a moment. He was making this up as he went along but knew he needed to preserve the illusion of control.

"I want you to do something else for me," he said. "But first we're going to leave this room and go back to our offices. In a very short time I will text you what to do next."

Janna kept looking at him, her jaw dropping and her mouth forming an unbelieving "O." "You want me to go back to my office now? Like this? I'm not sure I can make it. I must be a mess."

Her hand rose to her face and traced a light dew of sweat on her skin.

Tom replied. "You'll do fine. Just wait for about 10 minutes. I will text you." He paused and added, "Be a good girl and wait for my text."

Then he backed up, opened the door, and walked out.

7. No Need To Ask.

Janna, after a few seconds, pulled the hem of her skirt down, straightened up, and exited the mail room as well. Tom already was gone.

She stopped by the bathroom to see if her blouse was intact and to see if her hair was decent. She felt exposed, and thought anyone looking closely at her would think she had had sex. Her pussy still throbbed with the memory of Tom's fingers pressed close to it. She felt a drop of moisture trailing down her inner thigh. She had wanted him to touch her there but he had not. She wondered why.

She left the bathroom and walked back to her office on unsteady legs.

As she walked to her cubicle she almost bumped into Marie, a colleague.

"Janna, are you OK?" Marie asked. "You look a little . . . flustered."

Marie's eyes held no hint of accusation or suspicion but Janna was certain, just the same, that her body was betraying what she had just done in the mailroom. She was acutely aware that her vulva was moister than ever and still uncovered under her short skirt. "Can she smell me?" Janna wondered.

"I'm fine, Marie," Janna managed to reply. "Just heading back to my desk."

"Was Roger being an asshole? Up to his power trips again?" Marie kept looking at Janna, trying to coax something out of her.

It wasn't Roger's power trips that had gotten to her, Janna thought. But she was in no mood to talk to Marie about it, and she could not imagine how to explain what had just happened even if she had been.

"No, no, it's nothing," she told Marie, doing her best to look her steadily in the eye.

Marie looked uncertainly at Janna but then, seemingly satisfied, said, "OK. We'll chat later."

Free of Marie's gaze, Janna staggered back to her desk. Sitting was a relief. She looked at her computer screen. Maybe she had gone too far, Janna thought. This was way beyond anything she had ever done, or even thought about doing. She still did not even know him. She would never have guessed he could have done this to her. When she had looked back at him in the mailroom she had noticed that his face had had an open and guileless quality that belied the firmness in the tone of his voice and the kinkiness in the directions he was giving her. He was a contradiction, and somehow she had let him take mastery over her body in the mailroom.

Was he going to text again? And if he did, should she put a stop to this, and say no? What would he ask her to do next? What they had done in the mailroom had been very risky. The prospect of being

caught by her boss with her skirt up around her waist and a strange man's finger in her pussy was frightening. As Janna came down from the high of her encounter with Tom she wondered if she should stop. She was not at home, or at a club. She was at work. In her office. A professional person did not do things like this, did she?

No, she thought. But a professional person doesn't feel what I just felt. What I feel now. A woman does, though. A woman who says "yes", she added to her thought.

Whatever her reservations, Janna knew what she was going to say the next time Tom texted.

Tom did not go back to his office. He wanted to take this game with Janna to the next step and he could not take the risk someone would call him away on a work project. He continued walking past the office door, out the building and back to the patio table. He was grateful no one else was using it.

Why had he withdrawn from Janna? He asked himself. She had given her body to him. He wanted her. But the mailroom was not the place to consummate their brief relationship. They had gone as far as they could go in that room. And as much as he wanted the feel of her body against his, there was something he wanted more, a desire that had grown ever since he had told her to say her name in the hallway.

He wanted control of her. He wanted her to submit to him, and he wanted to orchestrate her submission.

Tom did not just want Janna's body. He wanted her to surrender it to him - all of it, without reservation. After months of fruitless and frustrated searching for a woman, he had found one - young, beautiful, and eager. She had said yes to everything he had told her to do. He wanted her body, badly. But he wanted her to give it to him in a way he dictated, in a way that would push her comfort to its limit, and beyond.

After a few more minutes thinking it through, he texted her.

Janna sat at her cubicle, staring with unfocused eyes at the screensaver on her computer monitor. She was unable to concentrate on work but trying hard not to show it to her coworkers. Suddenly she heard the familiar ping on her phone. She swiped the screen to pull it up. Tom's text was there.

"Go to suite no. 217 on the second floor," Tom's text read. "Open the door and go inside. It is empty. Go to the conference room and sit on it facing the door. Sit on the table and text me and wait for my instructions."

Janna was up and walking out the door before she even thought about how to reply.

"On my way," she texted back.

She bypassed the closed elevator doors and headed to the stairs instead, bounding up them with excitement. In a minute, she was at the door to suite 217. She had never been in this suite before. The nameplate to the side of the door was blank, indicating that, as Tom had said, the suite was empty.

She went inside. It was a small office suite, with an entrance, two offices, and a small conference room. It stood completely empty, devoid of furniture, equipment, or decoration. The gray carpet had not yet been cleaned, so it must not have been vacated long ago.

Janna walked to the conference room as Tom had instructed her and opened the door.

The conference room was bare, except for the long, sturdy table that sat in the middle of it, surrounded by a few chairs. A faintly tinted window spanned the length of the room. The blinds were open and revealed the parking lot below.

Janna walked to the table. She turned and hopped up on it, her face to the door and back to the window.

She texted, "I'm here."

A moment later she saw a text in reply.

"Take a photo of yourself and text it to me."

Before taking the photo, Janna decided to do something else. She undid the top three buttons of her blouse and pulled it open a few inches. The lacy edges of her bra and her cleavage and some of the skin of her torso as well were on display. She held her phone as far from her as she could and took the photo. She selected it and texted it to Tom.

Tom saw the photo. The photo showed more of her than he expected. He knew she was ready and willing. What came next would be the final act. He wanted to direct it to the right end.

His thumb rapidly punched out the message to Janna in reply.

"Sit up on the table. Pull your skirt up and spread your legs apart. Hold that pose and wait for me. I will be there in a few moments."

Janna looked at the words. She scarcely could believe a man was telling her to do this, and that she was thinking about doing it. But she was. She knew she would comply. She knew she would do it, even though the door to the office was unlocked, and the building owner, or a janitor, could come in at any moment and see her spread open on the table.

At this point, Janna thought, she had come too far to stop. She thrilled to the sensation of her body held in thrall to Tom's demands.

She thought about how to pose herself. The backs of two chairs were pushed against the edge of the table to either side of her. She could prop her heels against them. But she decided to take it to another level. She would surprise Tom, and she knew he would enjoy the surprise. Her hands moved swiftly. She unbuttoned her blouse and threw it to the floor, and then she quickly pulled off her bra. Then she drew her skirt down and off her legs. Her clothes were in a pile on the floor a few feet away. She resumed her pose on the table. Now she was completely naked, save for the black pumps perched at angles away from her against the backs of the chairs. She arched her back and lowered her chin. There was no mirror in front of her, but she knew she looked hot, lusty, and submissive.

She waited. She was conscious of the stillness of the room, and the fullness of her exposure.

She waited.

The wait was excruciating but delicious.

She heard the click of the suite door opening, and the soft sound of feet on the carpet approaching her. Her breath came sharp and fast. She hoped it was Tom. If it was not she would have a lot of explaining to do.

A moment later she saw Tom in the doorway to the conference room. He looked at her. She saw his face alight with surprise as he saw that

she was not just spread and pantieless but completely naked. She kept staring into his eyes with her chin down. Her chest was rising and falling with her fast breaths.

She was impressed that he maintained his composure. His eyes locked with hers and he approached her.

Tom was nearly overcome by the sight of Janna, naked, in front of him. She was exquisite and perfect, with legs splayed wide, breasts heaving, eyes shining at him and lips parted. He let his eyes stray down between her legs for an instant and saw that her lips had parted there as well, and the pink slit of her pussy was open and shining faintly with moisture. He had an urge to fall at her feet with joy and thankfulness, but he knew he could not do that. He held still for a long moment. Then he moved toward her.

He walked to the edge of the table and without delay put his hands on her knees.

"You're beautiful," he said. "So beautiful. You've probably always been beautiful. But probably never as beautiful as you are now."

"You've wanted to do this for a long time, I think. So have I," he said.

She said nothing in return but savored his words. She held his gaze. She was aware at the heaving of her chest in front of him and the rise

and fall of her breasts. She felt the light but firm pressure of his hands on her thighs.

"I'm going to fuck you, Janna," he said.

She looked in his eyes. "I know," she said to him.

Without saying anything more he quickly undid his belt and shoved his pants and underwear down. His cock was hard and sprang toward her, its tip inches from the wet, open cleft between her legs. Janna resisted the urge to look directly at it, but she could see it out of the corner of her eye and was glad how long and thick and hard it was. Tom took his cock in his hand, moved forward, and guided the head of it between her engorged lips. He moved the tip up and down the pink, damp furrow. He heard her moan slightly as he did so. They both felt her lips opening for him.

With his left hand, he touched her face. He kissed her. Then he moved his left hand behind her, to her bare ass on the table. He pulled her toward him while he moved forward, pressing his hard cock into her wet and eager depths. Her hands came off the table and moved up to his shoulders so she could steady herself and pull him into her at the same time.

Tom entered her, slowly and steadily until the full length of his cock had disappeared inside her. Janna let out a soft squeal as she felt herself being filled. He held his engorged length inside her for a few

seconds. Then he pulled back, almost all the way, until only the edges of her pussy lips were left clinging to the tip of his cock.

Then he pushed back in, all the way, until his shaft was buried fully inside her again.

The motion that followed was familiar to them - neither of them was a virgin - but the intensity of their rocking with and pushing against each other was something neither had ever experienced.

Tom sped up the pace of fucking Janna until the fucking was hard and fast and relentless. Tom's hands held Janna's ass roughly and he grabbed her body and pulled it onto his cock with each push into her. His hunger for her grew with each stroke. Janna felt his desire and craved it. She pressed her body against his as hard as she could, wanting him as deep in her as he could go. She liked the rough feeling of his fingers, the fingers that gently had held her side and her arms when he had caught her in the hallway hours ago, now roughly digging into and kneading her ass as he pulled her toward him.

Janna felt their hips moving together in as he rocked back and forth against her. She moved her hands off his shoulders and moved them behind her to steady herself against his hard thrusts. She looked over his shoulder to the conference room door, aware that someone could enter at any time and see her splayed open and naked and being fucked by a man she barely knew. A few minutes earlier she would have cowered and covered herself in shame if someone had done so. Now she did not care. She was fully Tom's now, and even if someone

from her office appeared at that minute she would let him keep fucking her. She would have shared her surrender to him and to his hard, fast fucking of her with anyone who wanted to see it.

She looked up into his eyes and he was staring at her, eyes open, shining with lust. Their mouths were open and both were panting.

Tom thrust harder and faster. After each deep push, he pulled his cock back, almost all the way. As he pulled back he watched her wet stretched labia clinging to the girth of his cock, reluctant to let him go.

Their bodies rocked, back and forth, in a rising crescendo of lust and need.

Tom looked out the window. The bright sunshine outside and tinted glass would make the interior of the conference room nearly invisible to anyone outside, but Tom still enjoyed the idea that he was fucking Janna naked before the window for the world to see. He felt no shame or nervousness or uncertainty now.

Tom felt a surge inside him. He was getting close, quickly. He was not going to hold back.

Janna felt Tom's need as well and her body shook in response. It usually took her a long time to achieve orgasm, but it would not this time. She let out a high-pitched moan, and then another, and then

one after another with each thrust of him inside her. She lay back on her elbows and raised her legs, putting a heel over either of his shoulders.

Tom knew he was moments away. He quickened his pace even more. Janna matched each thrust with her own push.

Suddenly he released and emptied himself inside her. Janna felt the gush of his semen and her body let go. She shook with the heaviest orgasm she had ever felt. As her body quaked and quivered and she lost control Tom held fast to her hips to her from pulling away from him until his cock was fully drained of his cum and he had left it inside her.

After a minute like that he withdrew from her, his body still shaking slightly. He took his hands off her and rested them on the insides of her thighs, the gentle pressure holding her open as she lay back on the table. Janna's chest still heaved, breasts rising and falling. She was spent and the tremors subsided slowly over her body. She looked at the ceiling and then about the room around her and then looked at him. She propped herself up on her elbows and held her legs open to him at his touch and sat before him with a look of blissful surrender.

Tom looked at Janna, the woman he had just fucked. He had never seen anything or anyone so perfect. The sense of mastery and control inside him ebbed, and a feeling of calm and contentment took hold of him. He had no more orders to give. He wanted to hold this moment and savor the sight of her for so long as he could. There

would be more games with Janna. More mastery and more submission. He would think of more things to tell her to do, and she would do them. He was certain of that. But not now.

Seconds became minutes. Time lingered, and Tom wanted to say something to her. The words welled up slowly, struggling against the thick barrier of his spent lust. Eventually, they came.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

Janna started at his question. It was the first and only question he had asked her, since their chance meeting in the hallway a few hours earlier. She pursed her lips and furrowed her brow in disapproval. Then she arched her back and looked up at him. She spread her legs wider, and she could feel his cum dribbling slowly out of her as her eyes held steadily on his. She cocked her head to the side just a bit and the corners of her mouth turned up slightly in a sly half smile.

Even the best masters must be reminded to play their roles correctly from time to time.

"You tell me," she said.

Late Night on the Loveseat with Mom

The mid-summer heatwave enveloped the city for seven days straight. It drove everyone a little crazy. Evening brought some relief, but even as night fell the heat lingered, hours past sunset. With heat so constant and so intense, everything loosened up: clothes, morals, and passions that otherwise would have stayed buried deep.

Maddy Ryerson had long since tired of the heat. It wore her down, a little more each day. She poured herself a glass of chilled white wine and walked with it to the living room. It was 10 p.m. in the Ryerson house, and the family's favorite T.V. show was about to begin.

Her husband, Carl, already lay comfortably grooved into his favorite chair, not far from the large-screen television. He had taken his seat to watch T.V. two hours earlier, and he hadn't moved the whole time except to grab beers from the kitchen. He was nursing his fifth can. His day at work had been long and stressful, and the beers had done a lot to dull the edges off his frayed temper.

Maddy saw her 19-year-old son, Kyle, sit on the love seat to the left of and behind Carl's chair. Kyle, a sophomore in college, lived away from his parents during the school year, but he had chosen to stay in his old room for the summer, and he worked long hours for a local construction firm. Kyle kicked his shoes off and put his feet up on the low table in front of the love seat.

Maddy noticed how much the living room had cooled. Carl had set the thermostat to a low temperature, and the air conditioner was blasting cold air into the house, giving everyone welcome relief from the summer heat. Earlier in the day, mindful of the scorching daytime temperature, Maddy had put on a light, cotton, sleeveless sundress with buttons down the front. Now, at 10 p.m., it was cooler, even a little chilly, and goosebumps popped up on Maddy's exposed legs and arms.

As she swung around the love seat to sit down, Maddy noticed both Kyle and Carl in her line of sight. Kyle looked a lot like his dad, with short, blond hair and a well-defined, strong-featured face. He was taller than his father, though, and while his father had gone soft in middle-age, Kyle kept his body fit and free of fat through steady exercise and the daily rigors of his job.

Maddy's brow furrowed at the sight of her husband's figure. She wished he took better care of himself. Maddy, unlike Carl, took excellent care of herself. Although she was nearing 40, Maddy

retained the fresh-scrubbed, girl-next-door looks of her youth. The short dress, snug and hitting mid-thigh, did little to conceal Maddy's voluptuous curves. Long, light-brown hair cascaded over her bare neck and shoulders.

She looked critically with pale blue eyes at the placement of her son's feet.

"Kyle, take your feet off the table," she said.

Kyle removed his feet from the table with the slowness and reluctance of a teen.

"Sorry, mom," he said.

Maddy was about to sit down at the other end of the love seat when Carl spoke.

"Hey, Maddy," Carl said, his voice slurring just a trace from the beer, "You might not want to sit there. I spilled a beer on that end of the love seat. I tried to clean it up with a wet towel but it's all wet on that end."

"Oh!" said Maddy. She leaned over and sniffed the seat cushion. It didn't smell like beer, so Carl must have succeeded at wiping it up. But Carl was right; it was very wet. She thought about turning the seat cushion over but thought it better to leave it up to dry.

Maddy took pride in taking care of things. She liked things to be just so. It wasn't easy to keep things that way with a job of her own to manage and a husband who grew lazier, it seemed, with every day. Thank goodness that her son Kyle, though like a teen boy in many of his habits, often volunteered to help with chores around the house.

"Here, mom," Kyle said, patting his hand on the love seat on his left side. "There's some room here. I'll move over so you can sit next to me." Kyle pressed his legs as far as he could against the right side of the little sofa.

Maddy squeezed next to Kyle on his half of the love seat. She put a pillow on the other cushion to keep her dress from contacting the wet part of the little sofa. Kyle wore shorts, and when Maddy sat down the warmth of his leg surprised her. So did its hardness; his thigh muscle pressed against her like steel.

Kyle felt surprise and pleasure at the cool, soft skin of his mom's leg against his own.

The T.V. show, called "Angel City Detective," began. It had premiered on a cable channel a year ago and had become their favorite. The series was about an attractive, young, female detective fighting crime in the dark underbelly of modern-day Los Angeles. Her name was Angel, and the irony of her name was that despite her by-the-book police methods, along with her innocent looks and understated beauty, she had a dark, wild, sexual side that she struggled to keep secret from her work colleagues. Its deft combination of sex, violence, and smart writing -- not to mention, the sex appeal of the actress that played Angel -- had made it a big hit. The Ryersons sat down to watch it every week.

Maddy glanced at Carl again, annoyed. She wished he would control his drinking better. Maddy didn't mind Carl having a couple of drinks to relax when he came home. But lately his routine had

involved more than a couple of drinks, and by the time he turned the T.V. off he often was drunk. Maddy's love life suffered as a result of Carl's drinking habit. Lately, it seemed like he loved his six-pack more than his wife. Carl's inattentiveness had left her feeling perpetually frustrated and horny.

The relentless heat of the last seven days had just made it worse.

While Maddy was annoyed at Carl, Kyle was thinking about how his mom's leg felt pressed against him. It felt surprisingly good, which was kind of weird, Kyle thought, because it was just his mom. Kyle, too, was agitated and antsy. He hadn't had sex once since coming back home from college for the summer. His summer job kept him working long hours and left him tired at the end of the day, and he hadn't had time to date. So far, the only sexual relief he'd gotten all summer had been through jerking off. And he'd been too tired even to do that for the last five days. Sitting on the sofa, he was hot and agitated, and he thought his balls were going to burst.

As the opening credits for the show rolled, Maddy realized suddenly that the blast of air conditioning left her uncomfortably cold.

"Carl," she said. "It's getting a little chilly. Do you think you could turn off the air conditioner?"

"Gee, baby," said Carl. "The temperature feels fine to me. I think it's because you're dressed so skimpy. Here."

Carl grabbed a colorful, crocheted throw blanket hanging over the back of his chair, and, hardly looking up from the T.V. screen, he tossed it to Maddy and Kyle. Maddy scooped it up and spread it over her bare legs and brought it up to her chest.

Kyle shook his head at his dad's rudeness.

"I'll do it, mom," he said as he got up to turn off the air conditioner.

She left a space for him and half a minute later he was back in the same spot on the love seat.

"Would you like the blanket, too?" she asked.

Kyle wasn't really cold, but the room was cool and the idea of sharing the blanket with mom sounded cozy.

"Sure," he said.

All three of them sat, watching the show.

The lead character, Angel, arrived at her apartment after a tough day investigating a murder. She poured herself some bourbon on the rocks.

Something about Angel looked familiar to Kyle.

"You know, mom," he said. "She kind of looks like you. Don't you think so, dad?"

Carl grunted, barely registering Kyle's question through the fog of his growing drunkenness.

"Maybe the way your mom was ten years ago, I guess," he said. "I don't know."

His attention didn't stray from the T.V. screen. Obviously, he didn't want to be interrupted.

Kyle leaned over to his mother's ear.

"I don't think dad's paying attention to what he's saying," he whispered to her so his dad wouldn't hear. He gestured to the T.V. screen. "She does kind of look like you. But I think you look better than she does."

Maddy, who'd scrunched her face into a frown at Carl's rude remark, perked up and smiled at Kyle's kind words. She patted him on the thigh with her hand. Again, she was struck by the tensile strength of his leg muscles, and also how much warmer his legs were than hers.

Kyle felt a little electric shiver at her touch. Maddy left her hand lightly on Kyle's leg under the blanket.

No sooner had Maddy touched Kyle's leg, however, when the character on the T.V. screen, Angel, quickly pulled all her clothes off and walked with her drink, naked, to the balcony of her high-rise apartment. She stood at the railing with the twinkling lights of the city spread out beyond her.

Then the doorbell rang in the T.V. show. Angel went to answer it, still naked, and after opening the door she pulled a man, obviously younger than she was, through the door and into her arms. They fell to the floor and she pulled his clothes off and they writhed on the floor, naked, together.

One of the things Kyle -- and the rest of America -- liked about the show was that the lead character, Angel, looked so wholesome and straight-laced, but had such a dirty and kinky side. She took her clothes off in almost every episode. It gave Kyle something to look forward to every week.

But he felt odd having just compared the woman who was naked on the floor to his mom. Mom also looked wholesome and innocent. She had a proper way of doing things. He couldn't imagine her having a sexually wild side to her. But he wondered whether mom ever got wild, before he banished the thought and told himself he shouldn't be thinking things like that.

Meanwhile, Maddy watched the sex unfolding on the T.V. screen with a twinge of envy. Carl and I used to do things like that, she thought to herself. But it had been so long. Carl didn't seem to be interested in sex much, lately, and on the few occasions when he did show interest the drinking impaired his ability to keep it up, or even to get hard in the first place.

In the show, Angel had surrendered to her lover's strong, muscled arms. Maddy shivered a bit at the fantasy of being held and taken like that. The man with Angel was young and blond, and he had lean but pronounced muscles, like her son Kyle, she thought.

The room warmed quickly with the air conditioning off. The blanket probably was no longer necessary, but Maddy felt snug and comfy lying under it with Kyle, so she kept it on.

Suddenly, on the show, a gunshot sounded offscreen. Maddy jumped, startled. She pulled her hand off Kyle's thigh and grabbed his hand. They interlocked their fingers and without thinking about what she was doing she pulled his hand back to her until it rested on her thigh.

Kyle was surprised to feel the soft, cool skin of mom's thigh under his fingers, because his hand was high on her leg. The sundress must have risen a lot up her thighs. He couldn't complain, though; if mom didn't mind it, he didn't either.

Maddy felt it too, and she felt how heavy Kyle's hand was on her thigh. She felt the impression it made. She felt, too, how her entire right leg was pressed against his left, and the toes on her right foot touched his calf lightly. She thought for a second that perhaps there was too much contact between them, but to do something about it would call attention to the fact, and she decided it was better just to let things lie.

Carl stood up and scratched his belly.

"I'm going to get another beer," he mumbled. "Anybody want anything?"

Maddy and Kyle both said no.

Maddy peered at her husband, again, with disapproval. Laziness and beer had taken a toll on his once-muscular physique. She was struck by the contrast between her husband and her son.

Kyle, for his part, was annoyed at his dad, who seemed totally unappreciative of mom. Kyle knew that, many years before, they'd been high school sweethearts, and dad had been a star on the football team, but that had been a long time ago. Looking at his mom and dad now, they looked like a mismatch. Dad was getting plump and jowly, while his mom still looked fresh and fit and pretty.

She was better looking than any of his friends' moms, no question about it.

After his dad left to get a beer from the kitchen, Kyle looked through the side of his eye at mom under the blanket. He hadn't noticed before how much her breasts mounded under the striped crochet blanket. It rose and fell fetchingly over her breasts with her breathing.

His hand still was clasping his mom's, and it lay on her thigh. He squeezed her hand in an affectionate gesture and tapped her thigh with his hand. The result was to bring his hand further up her thigh and to push her thin dress farther up her legs as well.

"Your dad's not behaving very well, Kyle," Maddy said.

"I know, mom," he said. "He should be nicer to you."

Maddy struggled with a vague sense that Kyle's hand was higher on her thigh than it should be, but his hand wasn't doing anything wrong and there wasn't anything sexual about it, so she supposed it was O.K. It felt good. She was amazed at how much warmer Kyle's body was than hers; he was like a furnace. She was warmer under the blanket than she had been, but she still liked the warmth of his body, and she didn't want his hand to move.

Carl returned to the living room, with not just one beer but two -- one to drink right away and one to be held in reserve if needed.

Maddy hoped he wouldn't need another one. He already had drunk too much.

Carl settled into his chair with a heavy sigh. He popped the tab on the beer can and soon was lost in his program.

Maddy suddenly felt moisture on the underside of her left thigh. There wasn't enough room on the right side love seat cushion for two people, so her bottom and leg kept sliding onto the other cushion, which still was wet.

"Ugh," she said.

"What's wrong, mom?" Kyle asked.

"I can't keep myself on this side of the sofa because this cushion is too small. My leg keeps pushing up against the wet part on the other cushion," she said.

Kyle thought about getting up and offering his spot to his mom. That would be the chivalrous thing to do, he thought. But then he had another idea. He wasn't sure about it, but there didn't seem to be any harm in suggesting it.

"How about if you get on my lap?" he asked his mom. He said it as normally as he could. But inside, against a little voice that cautioned him against putting his mom's cute bottom on his lap, he tingled at the idea of his mom's body on him.

"Are you sure?" mom asked. "Don't you think that will be uncomfortable?"

"No, mom," Kyle said. "You barely weigh anything."

"Well," she said. "You're sweet. I know that's not true."

She paused.

"I guess we can try it. It's really uncomfortable constantly feeling the wet part of the sofa against me."

Maddy lifted her bottom and set it on Kyle's lap, while Kyle took the blanket and lay it over the two of them again. Then he settled his strong hands on his mom's waist.

"Oh!" Maddy said to herself, as she settled into Kyle's lap.

Something big and firm nudged against her butt. It was her son's penis. It wasn't erect, but it wasn't completely limp, either. It was . . . somewhere in between. She hadn't expected to feel it, and she hadn't expected it to be quite so . . . big.

She wasn't sure what to do. It seemed wrong to remain sitting on Kyle while feeling him in this way, but it would be embarrassing to call attention to it. Then, too, she had nowhere else to sit. After a moment's indecision, Maddy decided to remain where she was. She even twisted her pert bottom back and forth to find the right part of Kyle's lap into which to settle for the rest of the show.

The contact with his mom's bottom sent a powerful electric jolt straight into Kyle's cock. Kyle felt his mom twist in his lap. The blanket started to fall so he grabbed it and adjusted it so it would stay over them. He didn't know what to do with his hands, so he brought them around her and set them on his mom's bare thighs, just below the hem of her short dress.

Maddy and Kyle tried to concentrate on the T.V. show, but each had a hard time doing it. Kyle's full attention was focused on his fingertips and the way the cool skin of his mom's bare thighs felt under them. He wrestled with the feeling. You weren't supposed to think about your mom that way, he thought. But he couldn't help it. His mom's bare exposed shoulder was in front of him, inches away, peeking out from under the blanket. He saw a thin bra strap -- pink, he noticed -- nudging out the side of the shoulder of her sleeveless top.

A tense action sequence in the T.V. show distracted both of them from the way they were pressed together. Maddy couldn't stop herself from jumping again during a scary scene. Her hands clasped Kyle's hard and when they rested again his hands were even higher on her thighs than they had been before.

Maddy wasn't sure what she was doing. What she did know was that his strong hands felt good on her skin. She hadn't felt hands like that on her in a long time. His fingers lay right at the hem of her dress, which, she could tell, seemed somehow to be creeping up her thighs.

Kyle didn't know what to think, either. Seemingly, without him having done anything he could think of to make it happen, his hands lay on his mom's cool, soft thighs; the hem of her short dress obviously was bunched higher than it had been before, and his hands were right at the edge of it. He tried to control his thoughts -- this was his mom, after all -- but he couldn't help but think that his fingertips must have rested no more than a few inches from mom's panties under the dress.

He wondered if his mom's panties were pink, like her bra.

Kyle had laid his hands on a girl's legs before, but it had never felt like this. But this was his mom. His hands would behave. They had to, he thought.

But sometimes hands have purposes of their own.

Kyle spread his fingers out, as though they needed a good stretch after lying still. The effect was to encompass more of each of mom's thighs with his hands, and to press the hem of her dress up a little farther. Without thinking about what he was doing he gave his mom's thighs a gentle squeeze with each outstretched hand.

To Maddy it felt better than the best massage, and she instinctively moved her thighs up and against Kyle's strong fingers. The motion caused his fingers to slip just under her dress. They both sat still like the under the blanket. Maddy felt glad the blanket was covering her, because she wouldn't want Carl to see where Kyle's hands were on her. On the other hand, he was probably too drunk to notice.

She didn't know what to do. She thought she should object, maybe with a whisper, or maybe with her hands pushing Kyle's hands back. But she wasn't sure she would be able to. His hands were so big, and so strong, and they lay heavy and implacable against her thighs. And she thought it would be worse to call attention to what was happening. After all, nothing had really happened. Saying something would be awkward.

It was important to Maddy to do the right thing. But she wasn't sure what the right thing to do was. Plus, there was a little voice inside her, soft and barely audible, but growing in intensity, that said that Kyle's firm, strong hands on her thighs felt very, very right.

Kyle began to feel hot under the blanket with mom on his lap. Ordinarily, he would throw off the blanket. But with dad a few feet away there was no way he'd be able to hold his hands against mom's

legs like this with the blanket off. It was worth a little heat to keep them where they were.

Kyle moved his body, as though he was making himself more comfortable under mom in the seat, and as he did so his right hand moved up mom's thigh another inch or two.

Now he was sure that his thumb was close to mom's panties. And he knew that mom knew it too. Kyle knew he wasn't an expert at reading women, but he was having an especially difficult time figuring out what mom was thinking. She hadn't done anything to encourage him, as far as he could tell, but she hadn't discouraged him either.

His hand felt good there. He decided to leave it there a minute and see what happened.

The show continued. Dad seemed barely awake. He hadn't looked back at or said anything to Maddy or Kyle in over ten minutes.

Maddy realized, suddenly, that she was excited. Her whole body was tense and alive. She was aroused by the feeling of her son against her. That was wrong, wasn't it? And yet they hadn't really done anything inappropriate. Kyle's hands were hidden under the crocheted blanket. With the hands out of view, she could sit and watch the television program and enjoy her arousal -- something she hadn't felt in a while -- and pretend that nothing was really happening.

But it was. Something was happening. She liked the feel of Kyle's hands on her. She wondered if he liked it, what he felt, what he was thinking. She thought she was good at reading men but she was having a hard time figuring out what Kyle was thinking and feeling. His hands were close to her panties, in a place they weren't supposed to be, but they lay so still against her. They weren't doing anything.

What if she sent him a signal? Just a little one. Something barely noticeable. What would he do? How would he respond? She wondered.

She squirmed against him. She noticed his cock -- she let herself think of it as his cock, not a penis -- felt bigger than before. When she was done squirming her legs were farther apart than before.

Kyle responded immediately, his body moving with hers to keep up the appearance of innocence. His hand moved up her thigh until his thumb contacted the side of her panties. There it stopped again.

The side of her panty was just a little string. Oh mom, Kyle thought. He had no idea that his innocent-looking mom wore such tiny panties.

Barely aware of what she was doing, Maddy moved her right hip toward Kyle's hand. Just a tiny bit.

It was in invitation. She knew it, and he knew it, and there was no doubt about it.

His cock grew under her bottom. She felt that too, and she liked it. She pushed her bottom against it, just a little, in response.

In a quick sweep, he moved his right hand up under her dress and rested it on her belly. He brought his left hand up until the little string side of her panty was between his thumb and forefinger. He snuck a finger under the string and snapped it lightly against her hip bone.

It was getting very warm under the blanket. But neither Maddy nor Kyle minded and neither of them was going to take it off.

Maddy leaned to the side a little so she could look back and to the side at her son. She and Kyle stared into each other's eyes. They said no words, but understanding passed between them. Kyle looked back at his dad's chair. No movement from dad.

He looked back at mom, and he gave her a kiss --just a peck -- on her lips. She smiled back at her son. Her loving, strong -- and increasingly large -- son.

Maddy couldn't pretend it wasn't happening. Kyle was holding her like a lover, not like a son. Her body loved it. It tingled with the feeling of his hands on her belly and on her panties.

She looked at the back of Carl's chair to make sure he wasn't looking, and she leaned over and gave Kyle a quick kiss back.

She couldn't let this get out of hand. This was her son, after all, and her husband was right next to both of them. But she would continue to enjoy the feel of Kyle's hands on her. She turned back to the television screen and tried to watch the show.

Kyle was past watching T.V., though. The feel of his mom's smooth skin against his hands and her soft voluptuous body in his arms electrified him, and every sense was at high pitch. His nose caught the fresh scent of her hair.

Mom was enjoying this, Kyle thought. And she wouldn't want to make a scene in front of dad. Her sense of propriety would give him some latitude to keep touching her.

He pushed his right hand down her belly and between her thighs, and he let it rest right over her panties. He pressed his middle finger down, right over where he guessed her pussy would be.

He found it, all right. Maddy reacted. She couldn't help herself. She pressed her mound against his finger before she could think of a more appropriate response.

I shouldn't have done that, she thought. But she didn't want his hands to stop. If she just sat there quietly, watching television, she could enjoy it and pretend it wasn't happening at the same time.

Kyle's finger and Maddy's pussy mound began moving in rhythm against each other. She was impressed at her son's skill with his finger. It knew exactly where to be and how to press, and she could tell it was starting to make her damp below. She couldn't let herself come in front of husband, however. Even in his current state he would notice that. But Kyle's finger kept pressing against the slight panty fabric over her pussy. If he kept going he definitely would make her come.

But he stopped. She wondered why, but not for long.

His right hand moved away from her pussy to the string on her right hip. He hooked both his thumbs under the sides of her panties and began pulling.

Her son was going to remove her panties under the blanket, while her husband sat just a few feet away.

She couldn't let him do that. It was too risky. Her lap was under the blanket, but her legs were exposed beneath he knees. If he happened to look over --

But her body didn't listen to her scruples. Maddy raised her bottom, slightly, to make it easier for Kyle to take her panties off.

The panties were tiny, and she could feel the thin material being peeled down and off her thighs. She looked down and saw the movement of Kyle's hands under the blanket as they helped the panties off her legs. To assist him she had to bring her legs up and closer to her, just a bit, and Kyle had to lean forward. It wasn't easy from their position, but the panties continued their progress off of her.

Carl noticed nothing.

Kyle's hands went as far as they could go from his position, so Maddy leaned forward to finish it. She felt the panties slip over her knees.

Kyle saw the panties come into view where the blanket ended at his mom's knees. They were pink, and shiny, and very, very tiny. He couldn't be certain, but he thought he saw a slightly darkened patch, which he guessed was wetness.

He would find out soon how wet mom was.

Both Maddy and Kyle watched as the panties dropped out of sight beyond the edge of the sofa. Carl still didn't notice. With her foot Maddy tried to push the panties under the love seat. It was incredibly

risky but there was a good chance Carl, in his current state, wouldn't notice.

It was getting harder for Maddy to be passive about what was happening. She knew this wasn't right, but her body surged with arousal and desire.

Kyle's hands -- those amazing hands, Maddy thought -- came back to her dress. Then, Kyle started to unbutton the dress, starting with the bottom button.

Maddy realized her son was going to strip her naked under the blanket, next to her husband. She had to stop him.

But she couldn't.

He finished unbuttoning her quickly, then he pulled back the edges of her dress, away from her body, under the blanket. Then Maddy felt his hands on her bra-clad breasts. His fingers, exploring her breasts and her bra, found the bra's front-side fastener, and they nimbly unsnapped it. The bra cups sprang away from her ample breasts. Both Maddy and Kyle could hear it unsnap. Carl's attention didn't waiver from the show, so they guessed he hadn't heard it.

Maddy felt her strong son's rock-hard cock under her, and she ground her ass against it. Her ability to resist him was fading fast.

Kyle grabbed his mother's big breasts under the blanket. He pinched her nipples and was surprised at how long and hard they were.

One hand stayed on mom's breast and the other slid down her torso to the junction between his mom's legs. Maddy spread her legs open farther to accommodate his hand when it got there. Kyle slid a finger down over her clit and along the fleshy gash below it. Mom already was dripping with excitement. He plunged a finger into her.

Kyle finger-fucked his mom under the blanket. She stifled a gasp. She'd completely given her body to her son now, and she loved it. She was his, to play with and do with as he wished under the blanket on the love seat.

But she still had to be careful about not letting Carl find out what was going on.

Suddenly, Carl spoke. His voice startled both of them and their bodies jerked under the blanket.

"I think I fell asleep for a minute," he said. "You guys enjoying the show?"

Carl leaned over and turned toward them.

Maddy and Kyle froze under the blanket, both of them holding their bodies still. Only Kyle's finger continued to move, pistoning in and out of Maddy's wet pussy while his father looked at them under the blanket. Kyle moved just his finger; his hand lay still so his father would see no suspicious movement under the blanket.

Maddy looked at her husband and didn't speak. Her underwear and dress were off of her or peeled back and she was aware how naked she was under the blanket. And, of course, she felt her son's thick fingers in her damp pussy and his hard cock pressed against her ass.

Maddy and Kyle saw, fortunately, that Carl's eyes had trouble focusing after seven beers. He looked tired, besides. His eyes swept over his son and wife without any hint that he realized what was going on.

"I gotta go to the bathroom," he announced and stood up again, more unsteady than before..

He left the living room for the hall, and Maddy and Kyle stayed frozen in place until the bathroom door closed and locked.

When they heard the lock, Maddy threw off her blanket and turned toward her strapping son.

Without hesitating for a second she turned around and lifted her bottom off Kyle's lap and knelt at his side. She didn't care about the

moisture on the love seat on her shins now. All she cared about was getting her hands on the hard cock that had been pressing against her bottom for the last half hour.

Kyle watched in astonishment at his mom, naked and gorgeous, full breasts bouncing in excitement inches away, descending on the fly of his pants. She unzipped him and pulled out his cock and with one hand gripping his shaft she guided his manhood unerringly into her eager mouth.

Well, that decided it, Kyle thought. His mom did have a wild side. She was as wild and cock-hungry as any woman he'd ever seen. And a lot hotter.

Maddy let only the head of Kyle's cock into her mouth, at first. Her tongue swirled around the tip to lap up any precum; there was a lot, more than she'd ever encountered. Her son's cock head was big and bulbous in her mouth and she savored the saltiness of her son's fluid. When she was done she opened her mouth wider and pushed down to take as much of him as she could.

She couldn't take as much as she wanted, not right at first, because he was bigger than she expected him to be. Bigger than his father, that was for certain. Carl, she imagined herself saying, your son's cock is so big and it feels so good in my mouth -- so much better than yours. Lust clouded all Maddy's other thoughts.

Maddy had never mastered the art of deep-throating, but she'd never regretted her lack of skill until now, because the only way to take all of her big, hard son into her mouth was to swallow him until his cock tip hit the back of her throat, and she wanted every single inch of him. She kept taking him until her throat gagged and her eyes watered, but she didn't let that stop her. God, she wanted it so badly. With the cock head disappearing into the depths of her mouth, she kept her tongue busy swirling against his engorged shaft, tracing its length and swirling around its girth.

Kyle lay his hands lightly over mom's lush hair, not believing what he was seeing and feeling. He held his head back and at an angle to get the best look possible, and he pulled a handful of hair away from her face so he could see his hard cock disappearing into his mom's pretty mouth.

Mom pulled her mouth back, her lush lips stretched against him, until no more than the tip lay between her lips. And then she plunged back down.

Kyle threw his head back and moaned at the ceiling while mom serviced his dick, her head bobbing up and down wildly. The sensation was pure heaven.

Then they both heard the toilet flush and the bathroom door open down the hall. Carl's heavy footsteps followed.

With one hand Kyle pushed on his mom's head to keep her in place and stop her from moving, and with the other he gathered what he could of the blanket and threw it over her nude body.

Dad came walking woozily down the hallway and back into the living room. He stood in back of the sofa, just far enough away that Kyle didn't think he could see the bulging blanket that shrouded mom on his lap.

Carl looked in an unfocused way toward the T.V. screen as though to decide whether there was anything there that required further watching. The T.V. show continued playing but none of them had any idea what was going on.

Carl pointed vaguely at the television.

"Did she ever find out what she was looking for?" he asked.

Kyle had no idea what his dad was talking about, but he decided to play along.

"Yeah, dad," he said. "I think she's right on top of it." It was all he could think to say.

"Yeah, well," Carl said, "That Angel always gets what she wants."

"Yes she does," Kyle said, trying to keep his voice steady.

Carl looked around the room.

"Where's your mom?" he asked.

"Ahhh," said Kyle, "I think she went to the laundry room to get something." He was winging it.

That seemed to satisfy Carl, who wasn't thinking clearly. He turned and headed toward his bedroom. He swayed a little as he walked.

"I'm going to bed," he said. "Don't turn the show off on account of me. You two just keep doing what you're doing. See you in the morning."

"We will, dad," Kyle said. "Good night!"

When his dad's lumbering footsteps grew quieter and Kyle could hear his parents' bedroom door being closed, he threw the blanket off mom.

She looked up at him, still as a mouse, eyes wide, red lips still wrapped around his thick cock.

Kyle stared at his mom for almost a minute as she tended sweetly to him.

"Sit up, mom," he said.

Mom was naked in front but the dress and bra still clung to her back. Kyle pulled them off her. Then he pulled off his shirt and threw off his shorts and briefs in a quick motion.

Kyle and Maddy sat naked together. Their bodies shone with a light film of sweat in the dim, flickering light coming from the television. The rest of the room lay in darkness.

"I can't stand it anymore, mom," Kyle said, his voice barely more than a hoarse whisper. "I have to fuck you."

Maddy stared at her son, naked. Her breasts heaved with her deep breaths. An hour earlier it would have been unthinkable to hear what he just said to her, and she could not have imagined sitting naked with her son as she was now. But a lot could happen in an hour. Maddy knew now that he would fuck her, and she wanted him to fuck her.

Kyle's eyes swept over his mom's nude body -- the heavy breasts, the flat belly, the shapely legs, and the thick, wild pussy lips between them. He grabbed mom's hips in his hands.

Maddy felt herself lifted with astonishing ease. She knew what her son was doing but marveled at how easily he did it. She held her legs open in expectation and readied herself. She was about to experience her son in a way she'd never dreamed of.

And she wanted it, more badly than anything.

Kyle's cock stood straight and hard and improbably long over his lap, and he held his pretty mom in his hands over it. Then he pulled her down on top of him.

Kyle's cock head found its target without hesitation. He felt the hard tip push against mom's fleshy lips and spread them back and to the side, and then he felt himself slide into her wetness. Deeper, deeper, deeper; he kept pressing.

It took all of Maddy's self-control to stop from crying out at being speared by her son.

No man ever had filled her so completely or plumbed her so deeply. She wouldn't have thought she could have taken a cock that big that deep. Surely it would have knocked something aside inside her? But no -- somehow her body accommodated her son, fully.

Maddy felt Kyle grip her hips more tightly and push his cock into her even more deeply. She was startled and worried that her body couldn't accommodate him, so she tried to rock her body in the same

direction of his cock. But Kyle wouldn't let her. His grip on her hips was like iron and he stopped her from moving away as he ground his shaft into her, all the way, as deep as he could go.

Maddy moaned. She couldn't help it. She had to hope that her husband already was asleep or couldn't hear her through the closed bedroom door.

Then Kyle moved her body up and brought her down hard again. Up and down, rocking against her, Kyle fucked his pretty mom on his lap.

Maddy gave up all resistance and surrendered to the onslaught of her son's need.

Kyle's need was relentless, stoked by the heat and the days of frustration and the sight of his beautiful mother impaled on his shaft and obviously enjoying her submission to him. He pushed into her, again and again, staking his claim to his mom's body with every deep thrust.

After fucking her on his lap for several minutes, Kyle lifted himself and his mom off the sofa. Maddy admired his strength and his ability to move her about as he wished so easily.

Holding mom fast to his body, Kyle turned around and then lay his mom with her back on the sofa. He was still inside her, and he didn't

let her go as he lay her back all the way and he spread her legs apart to savor the sight of his hardness buried in her to the hilt.

Then he began fucking her in a fast rhythm that got even faster as he kept going.

Kyle took his mom's legs in his strong hands and spread them back even farther so he could enjoy the sight of her and enter her more deeply.

He looked at his mom underneath him in awe. Her whole body shook under the force of the hard fucking, and her ample breasts bounced and swayed, her hard, long nipples pointing in every direction.

There's nothing like fucking your mother, Kyle thought. Nothing in all the whole, wide world like it.

Maddy couldn't think at all. She was pure sensation -- bliss, joy, passion, surrender -- under the barrage of her son's relentless pounding of her body.

Kyle felt the surge inside him coming. It was welling up inside him, and he wasn't going to hold back. A week's worth of cum was on its way.

This is for you, mom, he thought.

He erupted inside her, filling her with his seed. Thick spurt after thick spurt.

Maddy felt her body give way and she came too. Her body bucked uncontrollably against her son.

Kyle still was filling her but he wanted to see it. He pulled out and pointed his cock at his mom's belly. Thick ropes of white cum spurted and splattered all over her -- mostly on her belly but drops and splotches of it on her thighs and pussy, as well, and a sprinkling of it on her breasts as well.

Kyle pumped away at his cock with his hand to empty himself all over his mom. Her body spasmed and rocked with abandon while he did so, as her orgasm continued sweeping through her in waves.

They slowed down. Their bodies grew still and quiet together and they stared into each other's eyes.

Maddy looked at the thick layer of white sloppy goo on her belly. She reached down and smeared it over her torso. Then she scooped as much of it as she could with two fingers and brought them to her mouth. She licked her fingers clean with a loud smack.

Kyle reached out his hand. He swept it lovingly over his mom's sweat-soaked, cum-spattered body.

"I think you're going to have to take a shower," Kyle said. "What would dad think if he found you with my cum all over you?"

"I'm not going to shower," she said. "I'm going to bed like this, marked by you. It'll dry on me and I can wash it off in the morning. Your dad's too drunk to notice."

Kyle sat down on the sofa and engulfed his mom in his arms. He held her, gently.

The air conditioner had been off for nearly an hour, and the summer heat had returned to the living room, but Maddy didn't mind. She sat hot and sticky in her son's arms, and she liked it. The heat had brought out a passion she'd never felt before, and she didn't want to let go of it.

The flickering light from the television distracted them. Maddy and Kyle, mother and son, turned toward the screen at the same time. The show was over and the credits were rolling.

"I like that show," Maddy said, clinging to Kyle's neck and panting in his ear as she said it.

Kyle agreed. He couldn't wait for the next episode.

Late Night Under the Stars with Mom

This story is a sequel to the story "Late Night On The Loveseat With Mom." You don't have to read that story first, but you'll understand this story better if you do.

Maddy Ryerson woke to the sound of her husband's snoring.

She turned over in bed to look at him. She was glad Carl hadn't awakened before her, because her son's dried cum still coated her nude body in a thick, flaky crust.

Eager to wash off the evidence of her tryst with her son before Carl awoke, Maddy threw back the bed covers and walked naked to the bathroom.

Under the hot spray of the shower, Maddy's body trembled at the memory of the previous night with her son, Kyle. Kyle had undressed her on the loveseat in the living room, while Carl had watched T.V. or dozed in his chair just feet away. Maddy had given her body, fully and without reservation, to her son, and he had taken it and fucked her fast and hard. Her body had convulsed with the orgasm Kyle had given her with his furious fucking. It had been a

long time since her husband, Carl, had made her feel that way. She could not even remember the last time he had.

Still, Maddy felt guilty. A mom wasn't supposed to have sex with her son. Maddy didn't know how she would approach Kyle and talk to him about it. She would have to find a way to convince him that, no matter how good it had felt, they couldn't do it again. It wasn't right. It wasn't proper.

Out of the shower, Maddy toweled herself off, and she crept back into the bedroom to her dresser to retrieve clothes to wear, taking care to avoid making noise that would wake Carl. She pulled on shorts and a t-shirt over a bra and panties, anticipating another sweltering summer day ahead.

Shutting the bedroom door quietly behind her, Maddy walked to the kitchen, enjoying the coolness of the wood strip floor under her bare feet.

She entered the kitchen and glanced at the calendar on the refrigerator door. In blue letters on this day's date Maddy had written "METEOR SHOWER." Maddy had read that the meteor shower that night was supposed to be one of the best in years. She had talked to Carl and Kyle about having a late-night barbeque in the backyard and staying up to midnight to watch the stars fall.

Maddy searched the kitchen for food for the barbeque. The refrigerator and cupboards were mostly bare. A trip to the store would be necessary.

As she opened cupboards over the kitchen counter, Maddy suddenly felt a hand press against her ass. She recognized her son's strong fingers.

Kyle had wakened early, and lain awake in his bed, the events of the night before playing back in his mind, over and over. The sound of his mom in the kitchen had roused him from his bed.

At the touch of her son's hand on her body, Maddy turned around. As soon as she did so Kyle embraced her and kissed her. His tongue entered her mouth briefly, but she put a hand on his chest and pushed him back.

"Mom", Kyle said.

"Kyle, stop," Maddy said. "We can't do this."

"Why not?" Kyle asked. "You didn't say that on the sofa last night. I want you, mom."

"Kyle, what happened last night -- it wasn't right," she said. "We can't do that again."

Maddy's hand pressed against Kyle's chest to keep him away, but it didn't fully succeed. His hands remained on her hips, trying to pull her toward him.

"Mom," he said. "Last night felt so good. I know you felt it too. Don't push me away."

But she did. Her hand pressed firmly against his chest, and it stopped him from kissing her.

"Kyle," she said. "I don't want to talk about last night. What happened, happened, but it can't happen again. You know it's not right. You're my son. Your father's going to be up soon and he can't see us like this. Please."

Kyle stopped trying to pull his mom closer to him. He looked away toward the direction of his parents' bedroom, to make sure his dad didn't stumble on them. He probably would have a hangover, Kyle thought, but even if he did he'd wonder what his son was doing with his arms around his wife in the kitchen.

Kyle let go of his mom.

"I don't get it, mom," he said. "Last night was fantastic. I know you felt that too. I know it. We can be careful. Dad doesn't have to know. But I want you again. I think you want it too."

Kyle could see in his mom's face that she was torn.

"Kyle, let's talk about this later. Not right now. Give me time to think about this. But I want you to back off in the meantime. OK?"

Kyle paused before answering.

"OK, mom," he said. "I'll back off for now. During the day. But I'm not making any promises about what happens tonight. I want what happened last night to happen again. I want you so badly."

Kyle thought about the feeling of his cock rammed up inside his mom when she straddled his lap the night before. He didn't know it, but his mom was thinking the same thing and trying not to betray her thoughts to her son.

"You get until night-time, mom," he said. "And then I'm coming back. That's all I can promise."

Maddy struggled to keep her feelings in check. The idea of her son, and his lean, hard young body, pursuing her and taking her, was thrilling. Her body actually swayed in front of him -- just a little -- as she thought about his words, before she stopped herself.

"We'll talk later," was all she could say.

"Sure, mom," Kyle said, and he stepped back to give mom her space -- for the time being.

Maddy turned around to concentrate on making breakfast. She looked out the kitchen window to the backyard. A thermometer, fastened to a post on the patio cover, showed that already the temperature was 80 degrees. That meant the high temperature for the day likely would climb over 100 degrees, for the eighth straight day. Once again, there would be no way to escape the heat.

Carl finally emerged from the bedroom just minutes before Maddy put breakfast on the table. He hadn't showered yet, and he half-walked, half-stumbled into the kitchen with messy hair and bad breath.

Kyle helped set the table while Maddy finished making omelets, along with bacon and strawberries on the side.

When the food was done they sat at the small table in the kitchen. Carl sat on one side of the table and Kyle sat on the other side. Maddy sat between them.

Carl and Kyle dug into the omelets. Maddy sipped her coffee. Though she had kept her son at bay so far this morning, she couldn't stop thinking about the feeling of him inside her. No man ever had filled her the way he had.

She shook her head slightly, as though to rid herself of those thoughts. She had to stop thinking about Kyle that way. He was her son. What had happened, happened, but it couldn't happen again.

Then she felt Kyle's foot against her calf, under the table. She let out a tiny squeal.

Carl looked up from a big chunk of omelet on his fork, with heavy-lidded eyes.

"You O.K., baby?" he said.

"Yes," Maddy said, flustered. "I just, um, felt something on the floor."

She pulled her calf away from her son's searching, bare foot.

"Time to clean the kitchen, I guess," Carl mumbled. Then he shoved the forkful of egg and cheese into his mouth.

Kyle's bare foot found his mom's calf again. He traced a toe over her skin. She had no more room to pull away, so she left her leg there. She shivered at his touch. She glanced quickly at him, to give him a look of disapproval, and he was looking at her, already, a faint smile on his lips. After a few more seconds he pulled his foot away.

"So, Maddy," Carl said after mostly swallowing the bite of omelet, "Tonight's that meteor shower, right? The one they've been talking about on the news?"

Maddy and Carl had long shared an interest in astronomy. In the early days of their relationship, when Carl was young and fit and romantic, they had lain for hours under the stars, talking, kissing, and making love. The interest had waned in recent years, but this particular meteor shower was supposed to be a good one, and it had caught their attention.

"Yes," Maddy said. "I thought we'd have a late barbeque, and then sit in the back yard and watch it. It's supposed to start around 11 p.m."

"Sounds good," said Carl. "How's the beer supply?"

"I think you almost finished them off last night," said Maddy. "I'll go to the store later today and pick up some beer along with food for dinner."

Kyle perked up.

"I'll go with you, mom," he said.

"Thanks, that's O.K., Kyle," said Maddy. "I think your dad wants help fixing the sprinklers."

Maddy wanted to avoid Kyle during the day, so long as she could. She knew he wouldn't control himself, especially if Carl weren't around. And she wasn't sure how well she would control herself, either.

"Sprinklers?" Kyle exclaimed. "It's going to be over a hundred degrees outside today."

"It's no big deal, Kyle," said Carl. "You're mom's right. A couple of the sprinkler heads aren't working and must be replaced. I could use your help. You can go swimming afterward."

Kyle thought he would prefer doing errands with his mom, not his dad. But mom seemed to be determined to keep him away. He relented.

"O.K.," he said.

After breakfast, Maddy prepared a list of things to buy for the barbeque. She wanted to be out of the house as long as possible, away from Kyle, so she called a friend to have lunch. Carl rummaged through the garage to find the tools needed to fix the sprinklers. Kyle resigned himself to having to wait until evening to have another chance with mom.

Kyle watched his mom leave the house, her ass snug and shapely in the tight shorts. He sighed. The day went by unbearably slowly. His dad took forever getting stuff together in the garage to work on the sprinklers. By the time he'd gotten it together it was mid-day, and Carl decided he wanted to watch a few innings of a baseball game on television. Once settled into his chair in front of the television, however, and with the last three beers from the refrigerator at his side, Carl wouldn't get out until the game was over. Kyle sat on the sofa next to his dad, trying to watch the game, but thinking about his mom's body the entire time. He counted the minutes and hours on the clock.

It was mid-afternoon when the game finished and Carl finally roused himself to get his chores done.

"All right, Kyle," he said. "Let's fix those sprinklers."

"Dad, it's three o'clock. It's over a hundred degrees outside."

"Oh, come on," Carl urged. "Don't be a wimp. It won't take long, and you can go swimming when we're done."

Kyle thought about how his dad could be lazy about a lot of things, but he liked doing yard work, and he always seemed to pick the hottest time of day to do it.

It was sweltering outside when Kyle and his dad, finally, went into the backyard to fix the sprinklers. In no time, his body was covered in sweat and dirt as they knelt in the yard to dig up the sprinkler heads. Kyle admired his dad's ability to focus on the task without seeming to mind the heat. Kyle had trouble focusing on the job. Images of his mom's nude body, under his, filled his head.

Maddy, meanwhile, was finishing lunch with her friend, Emma. The restaurant offered a cool, temporary respite from the heat. Lunch had stretched on for a few hours, and each of them was picking over the remains of their dessert.

"So, how's Kyle doing, back home from college?" Emma asked. "He must be popular with the girls. He's very handsome. He takes after his father."

Maddy felt flustered, being reminded of Kyle. She tried to banish the thought of his muscular shoulders over her and of his thick cock filling her.

"He's fine," she said. "No girls, though. Work's keeping him too busy. I don't think he's dated at all since he got back home from school."

"Well," said Emma. "If he's anything like my son, he must be bouncing off the walls. Better watch out for him." She grinned lasciviously.

"Oh, I'll watch him," said Maddy, before she could check herself. She felt flustered again. She thought about Kyle's bare hips pushing hard against hers. She worried that her face would betray what she was thinking to Emma.

Maddy and Emma split the check and left the restaurant. A blast of heat hit Maddy as soon as she walked out the door. It was searing, and wilting. She said a quick goodbye to Emma and rushed to the car for the relief of the air conditioner. She drove to the store to pick up food and beer for the barbeque.

An hour later, Maddy returned home, to find Carl showered, in his chair, and watching sports highlights on T.V.

"Hi, babe," Carl said. "Did you get beer?"

"More than you need," she said. "Can you help me bring it in? Where's Kyle?"

"He's swimming. We finished the sprinklers about an hour ago and he's been relaxing since then."

Maddy looked through the window into the backyard. She saw Kyle lying on a yellow plastic raft in the middle of the pool. She and Carl brought the food and beer in from the car. Carl grabbed two beers and resumed his place in the chair in front of the television.

Maddy thought the pool looked awfully inviting. She was still sweating from being out in the sun. The cool water would feel good.

"I'm going to go take a dip in the pool," she said.

"Sounds good," said Carl, without looking up.

A minute later, standing in her bedroom and looking into the drawer with her swimsuits, she had misgivings. She knew the effect of seeing her wearing a swimsuit would have on Kyle. She wasn't sure he would control himself. But the pool was so deliciously inviting. And it was broad daylight and the pool was visible from the living room, where Carl sat watching T.V. Kyle couldn't get too carried away.

And, Maddy had to admit, she like the idea of showing off to her son. It would be fun to expose herself in a bikini to him, knowing that with his father awake and nearby Kyle couldn't do very much.

On a whim, she picked the smallest bikini out of the drawer. It was turquoise, with a triangle top and string-tied bottom. She put it on quickly, grabbed a towel, and walked outside to the backyard. Carl was engrossed in the sports highlights and didn't notice as she walked by.

She approached the pool, wondering if she had made a mistake. Kyle lay still on the yellow raft, sunglasses on, and hadn't noticed her yet.

The temperature was searing. The water felt good when she put her foot on the step in the shallow end. Her entrance into the pool made a soft splash and Kyle looked up from the raft.

He didn't say anything at first. Maddy could tell he was staring at her, and she stood on the low step in the pool, most of her body above the water. Without thinking about what she was doing she stopped and put her hands on her hips so he could look at her.

Kyle's first thought was that it was the smallest bikini he'd ever seen his mom wear. The bottom covered only a small patch of her front, and the top barely contained her large breasts. Her raised nipples were visible under the thin bikini.

"Come on in," he said to her. "The water feels great."

Maddy became aware of how much she was exposing to Kyle, and she became a little embarrassed. She walked into the refreshing water until it was just below the tips of her breasts.

Kyle flipped off the raft and swam toward her.

Uh oh, Maddy thought, her fear and desire in conflict. Kyle stood up as he reached the shallow end of the pool and Maddy watched his broad shoulders emerge from the pool, water dripping off his muscles.

Kyle walked across the pool bottom toward her. His eyes were hidden by sunglasses but the hungry grin on his face betrayed his feeling.

"Be good, Kyle," Maddy urged.

"I'm always good, mom," he said and smiled.

Kyle noticed that his mom's nipples rose just over the level of the water, and now that her bikini top was soaked through they stood out even more sharply than before against the bikini fabric.

Kyle reached his hand forward under the water until it touched the little triangle of mom's bikini bottom. He pressed his finger against the slit underneath, and he felt the bikini give way just a little.

"Kyle, you shouldn't do that," Maddy said. But she didn't move or push his hand away. Instead, she parted her legs, just a bit, so his hand would be able to touch her more easily. Maddy's body wasn't cooperating with her conscience. She pushed the mound between her legs forward, slightly, against Kyle's fingers.

"I think I should, mom," Kyle said. "I did a lot more than that last night, and we both loved it. Dad can't see what my hand is doing. It looks like we're just talking."

Kyle was right. He stood just far enough from Maddy that it would look from a distance like they were having an innocent conversation. His finger wasn't innocent, though. It found the furrow of his mom's sex under the bikini and traced it, up and down. It felt good to rub mom's pussy again, he thought.

It felt good to Maddy, too, although it made her feel guilty.

Maddy backed up against the side of the pool to brace herself.

We shouldn't be doing this, she thought. But she lifted a leg to give Kyle more access to her body, anyway. Maddy couldn't seem to control her body when Kyle touched her.

Kyle moved forward as his mom moved back, keeping pressure with his finger on his mom's sex. Then he slipped his finger under the edge of the bikini bottom and pushed it forward until it found his mother's vulva. His finger slipped inside her easily. He stroked the wet flesh between her lips, tickling her clit on each upstroke.

Maddy was glad that her face was turned away from the living room window, so her husband couldn't see her expression when she let out a low moan at the touch of Kyle's hand.

Her hands went to the ties on the side of her bikini, and she was ready to take it off, and the top too, and let Kyle fuck her there in the pool. But she regained control of her senses and her body.

"Kyle, no," she said. "We can't do this."

"Doesn't it feel good, mom?" he asked.

"Yes, yes it does. But we can't do this. Please stop."

She grabbed his wrist with her hand and pulled him away, and his finger slipped out of her.

Maddy moved away and walked out of the pool. Kyle was sorry to see her go but enjoyed the sight of the brief bikini bottom, dripping wet and clinging to his mom's shapely ass. Despite the cool water, Kyle had an erection, and he waited until it had subsided to follow his mom out of the pool.

Carl continued to watch sports highlights, oblivious to what was happening between his wife and son in the backyard.

Maddy and Kyle retreated to their respective rooms while Carl watched T.V. Time passed, the sun descended in the sky toward the horizon, and afternoon became evening.

In her room, Maddy worried about nightfall. She knew her son wanted her and would try to have her again when it was dark and Carl wasn't paying attention. Maddy was torn. Her body yearned for the feel of Kyle's body against hers, and inside her. But her conscience told her it was wrong. For a long time, she sat on her bed and couldn't move.

Eventually, her tummy won. It was late, and she was hungry. It was time for dinner. Maddy left her room to rouse Carl from his laziness in front of the T.V. and to work on dinner.

The barbeque was a joint effort. Maddy prepared the mashed potatoes and salad and Carl barbequed the pork ribs. Kyle set the table on the patio in the backyard. By the time the food was cooked and served, the sun had long since set and the evening enveloped them in near total darkness. A large glass enclosed candle provided the only light for dinner.

Everyone thought the meal was delicious. Maddy had to admit Carl had cooked the ribs to perfection, and Carl and Kyle gobbled up Maddy's potatoes. But the Ryersons were unusually quiet over dinner. Carl enjoyed the low buzz gathering in his head after downing a few beers. Maddy noticed how hot it still was, even as night came on, and she was glad she'd slipped on a light sun dress before dinner. Kyle was agitated and distracted by his mom's presence even though she sat on the other side of the table. He couldn't stop noticing the way her large breasts pressed out against the little dress she was wearing, and he thought about how much of her legs showed beneath the dress under the table. If his dad hadn't

been there, he thought, he would have leapt across the table and taken her.

But dad was there, so Kyle sat where he was, smoldering.

After they finished dinner, Maddy brought ice cream from the kitchen. They ate it as the night sky grew darker and darker. Soon it was lit only by the stars and a sliver of moon following the sun's path down to the horizon.

When the ice cream was eaten, Carl looked at his phone to check the time.

"That was a long dinner," he said. "It's already 10:30. It'll be time for the shooting stars soon."

"I'll take the dishes in now, then," said Maddy.

"I'll help you, mom," Kyle said.

"Well, don't leave me out here alone," Carl said. "I gotta get another beer, anyhow."

They took their dishes in the house. When they returned to the backyard Carl carried another beer, and Maddy carried a glass of lemonade. Kyle carried a large picnic blanket from the house.

"I thought we could hang out on the lawn and wait until the meteors arrive," he said, spreading the large blanket out over the grass.

Maddy looked askance at the blanket, knowing what her son really had in mind.

But Carl said, "That's a great idea. We'll all get cozy under the stars."

"Where are the meteors supposed to be?" Kyle asked.

"To the northeast," Maddy said. "That's what the article in the newspaper said. That constellation over there, I think." She pointed to a faint cluster of stars about half way up from the horizon, over a tall hedge against the fence.

Carl plopped down on one side of the blanket, lying on his back and looking up to the stars. Maddy took a spot in the middle of the blanket, next to Carl. Kyle sat on the other side of her.

They waited. The air was no longer hot, but it was still warm enough that they felt the sweat linger on their bodies.

"So how many shooting stars are we going to see?" Kyle asked.

"You never know," Carl said. "If it's a good shower you'll see more than one a minute. But if not you'll see them a lot less often. You never know."

11 o'clock arrived, but they saw no shooting stars yet.

"It's not exactly getting off to a banging start," Carl said, letting out a low burp.

"Carl!" Maddy said.

"Excuse my French," Carl said.

Kyle rolled his eyes, unseen to his mom and dad. Dad was drunk again, like the night before. It was embarrassing.

Maddy leaned back to see the stars more easily, and braced herself with her hands behind her. Kyle noticed and put his hand over hers. He gave her fingers a light squeeze and Maddy looked at him in surprise. Without thinking she squeezed his hand back. Then she pulled her hand away and sat up, turning away from Kyle and toward Carl.

Kyle wasn't going to make things easy, she thought.

The Ryersons waited for the meteor shower. Fifteen minutes ticked by. Still no shooting stars. They waited in the dark for the show, growing restless.

Kyle scooted closer to his mom, behind her. He put his hand, which was out of his dad's sight, against his mom's back. The hand drifted down Maddy's back, over the thin fabric of her dress, until it rested just above the cleft between her ass cheeks. Kyle felt the slight, raised bump of Maddy's tiny thong under the material.

Mom's wearing a g-string, he thought. Shit.

His fingers found the vertical part of the string that disappeared between her legs. Then, through the cotton of her dress, he took it between his thumb and forefinger, and he pulled on it. He felt it pulling away from her skin. Then he let it go, and it snapped quietly against her skin.

Maddy felt what Kyle was doing but couldn't do anything in response without tipping off Carl. The snap of the g-string against her back gave her a delicious tingle throughout her body.

Kyle grabbed it again. This time he pulled on it harder, and pulled up. Maddy felt the string between her legs pulled up and into her. The thin material covering her pubis collapsed and sank into the damp depths between her lips. It rubbed against her clit. Maddy wanted to moan, to let Kyle know what he was doing to her, but she

couldn't with her husband near her. She sat still on the blanket, but she didn't know how long she could sit that way.

She moved forward, as much away from Kyle as she could on the blanket, and he let go of the g string. Maddy could feel it soaking up the moisture inside her.

Carl made a big slurping noise as he finished his beer. He was feeling no pain and the stars in the sky were taking on a blurry look.

"I don't see any shooting stars, Maddy," he slurred.

"It was supposed to start at 11, but the peak isn't supposed to come until closer to midnight," she replied.

"Midnight?" Carl barked. "Who wants to stay up 'til midnight? I've seen shooting stars before."

"Come on, Carl, let's be patient," Maddy said. "We've never done this as a family before."

Maddy didn't want Carl to leave her alone with Kyle. Unfortunately for her, Kyle didn't share her desire.

"It's O.K., dad," he said. "If you're tired you can go and mom and I will hang out and tell you what they were like in the morning."

Maddy could see Kyle smiling, dimly, through the darkness.

"That sounds like a thoughtful idea, son," Carl said. But he didn't move right away. He craned his head and scanned the sky right and looked for a full minute before giving up.

"Looks like a dud to me," he said. "I'm going in. Don't let me spoil the fun. You two stay out here and let me know later if you see anything."

Carl stood up woozily from the blanket and staggered toward the house.

"Maybe I'll come with you --" Maddy started to say.

"No, no," Carl said. "You stay with Kyle. He hasn't watched a meteor shower before. I'm sure he'd prefer it if you stayed out here with him."

I'm sure he would, Maddy thought. That was the problem.

"We'll keep each other company," Kyle called to his father. "Goodnight, dad!"

"Goodnight!" Carl hollered as he entered the house and shut the door after him.

Maddy was left alone with Kyle in the backyard. She didn't move from the blanket. A voice inside her told her she should get up at once and follow her husband into the house. But she didn't move. Another voice told her to stay.

Before she could decide she felt Kyle's hands on her shoulders.

"Mom, turn around," he said.

"Kyle, we shouldn't do this," Maddy said. "I should go in."

"You could have gone in with dad, mom," Kyle said. "But you didn't. You want to be here. Think how good it felt last night."

Maddy did think about it. She hadn't been able to stop thinking about it since her night with Kyle on the sofa. Her body trembled at the memory of it. But her mind, which still maintained a semblance of control over her, told her she shouldn't, and that she should get up and go back into the house.

She put a hand on the blanket to push herself up, and she almost rose, but she couldn't quite make herself do it. She could see Kyle's handsome face in the dim light, his cropped blond hair and wide

blue eyes. His strong, large hands, which had grabbed her so urgently the night before, seemed poised to do so again.

"Kyle, I don't know --"

"I do," Kyle said. "I do, mom. I want to feel you again. Dad's asleep by now. You know how good it will feel."

Kyle could see the tension and conflict in his mom's face, even in the darkness. She wants it, too, he thought, but she needs to be nudged, not pushed.

Suddenly, something in the night sky overhead caught their attention. The first shooting star of the evening. It burned a white gleaming trail across the sky in the darkness.

"It's a sign, mom," Kyle said. "The stars are telling you I'm right."

"Oh, Kyle, that silly," Maddy said.

But her voice didn't sound completely convinced. The voice inside her -- the voice of her desire, not the voice of her conscience -- wanted to believe it was a sign, too.

"Mom, if that doesn't convince you, I'll tell you what," Kyle said. He looked at his phone. "It's 11:45. Only fifteen minutes to midnight."

Between now and then, with every shooting star, you have to take something off. If you're naked by midnight, you'll let me do what I want with you, here on the blanket. And if not, we'll go inside and call it a night. How about it?"

That sounds crazy, Maddy thought. But, on the other hand, the odds seemed to be in her favor. Already it was 11:45, and only one shooting star had appeared. If she could get through the next fifteen minutes with her clothes on, Kyle would leave her alone.

"O.K., I'll do it," she said. "But if I'm still dressed at midnight we'll go to bed and forget about this, and you won't pester me about it anymore."

"It's a deal, mom!" Kyle said.

Maddy immediately regretted agreeing to Kyle's silly deal. She wondered why she hadn't just stood up and walked into the house. She looked at her son, whose blond hair and strong face were lit only faintly by the stars and moon. But Kyle wasn't looking at her. He was looking up, to the northeast, hoping the meteor shower would come to hasten his mother's disrobing.

Maddy looked up too, torn. She could almost feel the force of her son's lust for her from across the blanket. And, she had to admit to herself, she lusted for him, but she was trying as hard as she could to keep her feelings in check. She hoped the stars would hold off until midnight.

They waited for two minutes and nothing happened. The sky was fully dark and the silvery moon was beginning to fall below the western horizon.

Then they saw one -- a faint white streak of light that started halfway up the sky and arced overhead until burning out. Kyle wasted no time.

"Time to take something off, mom," he said.

Maddy wore her dress, and panties, and flip flops on her feet. She had chosen not to wear a bra because of the heat. Now she regretted her decision. It would take only four shooting stars before midnight to get her naked.

She wiggled her foot in the air and the flip flop fell off it onto the blanket. Maddy scooped it up and tossed it to the side.

Kyle took Maddy's outstretched and now unshod foot in his hands, and he bent down and kissed the toes of mom's foot. He had to scoot closer to her to bring it to his mouth. When he did so he first kissed it lightly with puckered lips, but then he took a toe into his mouth and swirled it with his tongue, savoring the salty sweat-taste of her skin.

He held his mom's foot up, off the blanket on the lawn, so he could scan the sky while he sucked on her toe. He didn't want to miss any shooting stars.

To Maddy, the feeling of her son's tongue and mouth on her toe was intoxicating. She could barely concentrate on anything else, but she, too, looked up to the sky, wondering how the stars would dictate her fate with her son.

Kyle had set his cell phone face up on the blanket. He swept it with his finger to see the time again. 11:53. Only 7 minutes to go.

He willed another star to fall from the sky.

And then it did. This one was yellower, and fainter, and it streaked down, a short blur toward the horizon before it burned out. Maddy saw it too.

"Next, mom," Kyle said with a smile and a star-lit gleam in his eye.

Maddy jerked her foot toward the grass and the remaining flip flop flew off her foot and landed a few feet away. Maddy still wore her dress and panties underneath it, but she felt exposed, knowing that two more shooting stars before midnight would leave her naked before her son.

Kyle's whole body tingled with excitement and desire for his mom. He could hardly hold back. He grabbed his mom's newly unshod foot in two hands, and he rubbed his thumbs deeply over the ball of the foot. He saw his mom close her eyes with pleasure at the touch of his strong hands on her feet. He massaged them with his thumb and fingers, all the while keeping his eyes looking at the sky above.

Another few minutes ticked by. To Kyle time hurtled forward, too fast. To Maddy, it wasn't fast enough. She tried hard to focus on the idea that it would be wrong to get naked in front of her son on the back lawn. That part of her willed time to move faster, to reach midnight before another star fell. But another part of her wished differently.

At 11:56 the next star streaked across the sky. This one flew parallel to the horizon, and it seemed to expand just before it stopped and gave out.

Maddy let out a big sigh. What to remove? All she wore were panties and the little dress. She decided to pull the panties off; to Kyle's eyes she would still be decent.

Maddy lifted off the blanket, and with her free hand she reached under the dress to pull off the panties.

They slipped down her legs, and Kyle saw that they were pale blue under the faint star light.

For the first time Maddy noticed how loudly the crickets chirped in the bushes around them. They chirped in a fast, frantic pace in the hot, still night.

"One more star to go, mom," Kyle said, grinning in anticipation.

Maddy sucked in a gulp of air and let it out, nervously. Her conscience and body were at war with each other. One wanted the time to pass without any more stars so she could go inside the house; the other wanted the stars to fall so her son would do whatever he wanted to do to her. She sat nervous and naked under the thin dress on the blanket.

Another minute ticked by, with no stars falling.

Kyle looked at his phone: 1:58; only two minutes to go. He crossed his fingers. Please let this happen, he thought. Oh, please.

Maddy and Kyle waited. They heard the crickets continue chirping and they felt the late-night air, cooler than before but still warm, pressing against their sweat-sticky skin.

11:59. No shooting stars. Kyle ground his teeth. Maddy held her breath.

Kyle held his phone up against the night sky, to watch the time tick by while keeping his eyes alert for the next shooting star.

30 seconds to go. Kyle started counting the seconds. His heart sank. He glanced at his mom and she looked back at him with a look he couldn't read.

15 seconds before midnight, the sky lit up as a burst of flame erupted from the northeast and traced a line in the sky toward them. It expanded before it burned out and disappeared.

Midnight. Kyle looked at his mom.

"Take off your dress, mom," he said, softly.

Maddy didn't even think. The stars had decided her fate, and she obeyed without resisting. She grabbed the hem of her short dress, listed her ass off the ground, and then pulled it up and off her body swiftly. She tossed it to the grass to the side of the blanket.

She sat naked in front of her son, for the second night in a row, this time under the stars.

The moment she tossed her dress aside, she felt the kiss of a cool breeze against her skin, the first she had felt in many days. In the darkness, she could see tree limbs sway and she heard the hiss of

wind against the leaves. Perhaps the heat wave had broken. The suddenly cool air against her damp, sweaty skin made goose bumps break out on her arms. She saw Kyle move toward her, and she welcomed his warmth against her.

Kyle looked at his mom on the blanket in the dark before he approached her. She sat demurely, with her knees up and together, and her hands in her lap, but her full breasts were exposed, and her skin glowed faintly under the light of the stars and the candle to the side of them. He moved closer and took her shoulders in his arms and pressed his face against hers. He caught the fresh scent of her hair. Then he kissed her, gently at first, but then more deeply and urgently. She didn't respond at first, but she didn't resist either, and when his tongue entered her mouth he felt hers press back against his.

Kyle held his nude mom in his arms as he kissed her. Then he pulled his face away from hers and he placed his hand under one of her breasts and brought it up to his mouth. He sucked on her nipple. All the feelings of the night before came cascading back -- especially, the deep, urgent need to take her.

Maddy felt those needs too. Since taking her dress off she'd given up her resistance to her son. Her body was his, and she wanted his body on her. She raised her hands and placed them on the back of Kyle's head, to pull him toward her chests so he could suck on her nipples harder. She threw her head back and looked up at the night sky in time to see another meteor shoot across the darkness.

While with one hand he cupped and grabbed the breast that he sucked, Kyle dipped his other hand down between his mother's legs until he found the cleft under her light fur. Mom was wet -- sopping, already. His finger entered her, easily, without resistance, and he curled it up to tickle the flesh of her g spot. Maddy moaned when he did so.

Kyle bit down gently on his mother's nipple and swirled his tongue around it in his mouth. Maddy moaned and squealed at the touch of his mouth on her body. She had to try hard to keep the sound down. The feel of her son's strong hands, kneading and mashing her heavy breasts, was amazing. A need to exclaim her need and desire welled up from within her, but she felt the need to suppress it so her husband wouldn't hear it.

Whatever Maddy's hesitation and restraint, her son took her body with abandon, grabbing her and kissing her wherever and however he wanted. Without thinking Maddy spread her legs open for Kyle. But he didn't take her like that. Instead, he grabbed his mom's thighs in his hands and pushed them to the side. At first puzzled, Maddy figured out quickly what Kyle wanted. She turned over, putting her knees and hands on the blanket and turning her ass to her son. She arched her back, and she spread her legs further apart. She pushed her ass back and up toward Kyle's view.

The starlight illumined little, but it lighted enough for Kyle to see his mom's upturned ass, and the sweet puckered hole between her cheeks, and the needy and partly opened cleft of her vulva. His cock was hard and long, and he directed it to his mom's cleft. With no

further delay, he pushed it into her and he heard his mom moan as his cock slipped between her wet folds and sank deeply into her.

Maddy had wanted to resist her son, but she couldn't do it. Now she just wanted the feeling of him inside her, thrusting hard and fast. She threw her head back and closed her eyes and savored the hard thrust of her son's flesh inside her.

But then he stopped, almost as soon as he began. Kyle withdrew his cock from her. As much as he wanted to fuck his mom, he wanted something else more, for the moment at least.

Maddy felt her body twisted and turned in her son's strong hands, seemingly with no effort. She marveled at his strength and his ability to do with her body whatever he wanted. Kyle flipped her around, and he cupped her ass in his hand and lifted it off the grass. Maddy saw her son's face between her legs and she spread them wider. Now only her back and shoulders and outstretched arms remained in contact with the cool grass; her ass was in the air and being pulled toward her son's eager face, his mouth open and hungry.

Kyle pushed his mouth against his mom's open vulva. The need to taste his mom's cunt was overwhelming, and irresistible. The lips were spread wide, so with no effort he could push his tongue deep inside her at once. He pushed the tip of it as deeply as he could, into her moist depths, and then he flickered his tongue back and forth, inside his mom, and he pulled back so he could savor the taste of her outer lips. In turn, he took each lip of his mom's between his teeth, and he bit down gently, wanting to mark her and claim her. Then he

ran his tongue up and down in broad sweeps between her sopping and needy gash. When his tongue found his mom's clit, hard and pert, it lapped and swirled against it.

Maddy moaned and squealed throughout her son's oral assault on her sex. Carl had never done anything like this; no one had. Kyle's mouth and tongue slurped into and over the most intimate folds of her flesh; they consumed her, and she wanted nothing more than to feed them to her son. The rough movement of his mouth and tongue on her made her shudder a little, and then shudder more. His tongue found some new place in her, never touched before, and suddenly Maddy erupted, her hips bucking against her son's mouth, and she came.

Maddy orgasmed in sharp, short waves, and from some unknown place inside her fluid erupted and spurted against Kyle's mouth and his face. He felt the surge of his mom's wetness over his mouth and his cheeks even as he tried to contain it in his mouth, which he opened wide to take in the wetness that was spurting uncontrollably from her. He contained some of it, but not all of it, but what he contained he slurped and drank and swallowed with relish.

Mom's squirting, Kyle thought. Oh my god.

Kyle's tongue moved rapidly over his mom's cunt to drink it all up. Soon he was done. He knew what he needed.

Kyle moved his mouth away from his mom and he turned her over again. He wanted her ass in the air, and he wanted to see the wet, open, dripping folds of her cunt between her ass cheeks before he pushed his cock inside her.

Maddy obliged and let her body be guided by Kyle's hands and his needs. She felt her body getting flipped over and her ass pushed up in the air again and her knees spread apart on the grass, and she waited for the feel of her son against and inside her.

She didn't wait long. The bulb of his hard cock pushed between the lips of her vulva and pressed deeply inside her. Her body let him in eagerly. She moaned again. Kyle pushed, and his cock slid in all the way easily against the slippery walls of his mom's cunt.

Kyle groaned with pleasure when he had pushed as far as he could. He held his cock like that for a moment without moving, so he could enjoy the sensation of being buried as deep within his mother as he could. Then he began pulling out. He looked down and in the dim starlight saw his mom's pussy lips clinging wetly to his cock as it moved out of her. He didn't pull all the way. He pulled just far enough to see his mom's lips stretching and clinging to the pink head of his cock.

Then he pushed back into her, hard.

He felt his mom's whole body shift forward with a grunt as he pushed into her.

Maddy took Kyle's cock, eagerly and hungrily, into her cunt. She pushed her ass against him as he pushed against her, but he was bigger and stronger and his thrusts pushed her down and forward in the grass. The fingers of her hands splayed wide among the blades of grass, their green dimmed by the night and low light of the crescent moon at the sky's horizon. She dug her fingers into the lawn to steady herself, so she could hold fast, and so her son could enter her as deeply as possible. She threw her head back and stared into the night sky above her as Kyle fucked her pussy. Another star shot across the sky.

Kyle's hands dug in harder into his mom's hips. Kyle was an animal, and his lovely mom was an animal too, on all fours on the grass, her ass upturned and exposed to him. He felt his mom's pussy gushing with wetness, lubricating his rapid thrusts in and out of her.

Mom, oh mom, he thought.

Nothing could be better than the consuming desire that welled up with every thrust.

Kyle pushed harder and faster. He felt the moment coming. With a few more thrusts it came. Kyle felt the surge inside him, and then he felt it leave him: heavy spasms of thick wetness gushing forth and filling his mom. He felt one gusher after another. He kept fucking her, so as much of his seed as possible would fill his mom.

Maddy felt her son's seed inside her. She shuddered and she came, again. Her body shivered and shook so violently that she almost pushed Kyle outside of her, but she pushed back against him with what control she had left to ensure he stayed inside her. She let out a long, low sigh as her body shook with orgasm. Kyle kept spurting inside her.

Kyle watched his mom's body fall to the grass as her orgasm subsided. His spent cock pulled out of and away from her pussy, and as it pulled outside of her he saw dribbles of his cum leaving her and dripping from her onto the lawn.

Kyle was done but not yet soft. He wanted to feel himself inside his mom still, but in a different position. He grabbed her ass and pushed it to the side and on the lawn, and then he took her thighs again and spread them open as his cock once again found the wet opening of her well-used cunt. He pushed inside, his mom on her back and her legs lifted over her son's head into the night.

Maddy felt a cool breeze on her cheek. The heat wave had broken at last. Her hair spilled around her face at the movement of the air and she drew closer to her son so his body would keep her warm.

In the dim evening light Maddy saw her son's eyes boring into hers.

Maddy lay on the grass with her legs wrapped around her son and her fingernails dug into his shoulders. Kyle's length still filled her. She looked beyond Kyle, into the vast darkness above. Maddy

wondered if she would ever be able to resist her son. Maybe she wouldn't. Maybe, instead, he would fuck her whenever he wanted to.

She guessed that he would. She guessed that she would want that, too.

As if in answer, a star streaked across the infinite sky.

Lockdown with Lila

In the world outside, the COVID-19 virus raged. The death toll rose every day, and my fearful fellow citizens, heeding government authorities, took shelter in their homes with loved ones, hoping to ride out the pandemic safely.

I sat in my home office, bored. My daughter Lila and I had been cooped up in the house for over a month, and I'd long since grown restless. Lila had been in the middle of the second semester of her junior year of college when the virus struck, and the college sent her and all her classmates home. Now she took classes online. I guessed she was at her computer in her room on the other side of the house at that moment, watching one of her professors drone on about some subject or another.

It was early afternoon, and I wasn't working. I was looking at porn on the Internet, on my computer. The masturbatory pleasures of Internet porn offered a brief respite from my constant boredom. But after two weeks I'd begun to tire of porn and masturbating. I wanted more. I wanted the company of a real woman.

I had been divorced for five years, and actively dating for four. But two months earlier Brenda, a lovely and lean flight attendant I'd met online, had broken up with me. The lockdown prevented me from meeting anyone new. I was horny and frustrated, and jerking off to pictures on my computer screen went only so far to alleviate my frustration.

The ring of the phone on my desk interrupted the tedium.

"Jerry Meers," I said when I picked up the phone. I almost barked the introduction. I wondered if my social skills had grown rusty with my isolation.

"Jerry, it's Todd." Todd was a long-time client, owner and president of a company that manufactured window frames.

"Todd, it's great to hear from you," I said. "How are holding up in quarantine?"

"The family and I are fine," he said. "But business isn't so good. Nobody's buying windows. No money coming in. I have to hold off on that consultation we talked about. Sorry about that."

Darn. That's what I'd feared. I was an independent business consultant, and the refrain from nearly all my clients, mostly small to medium-sized businesses, was the same: business was slow . . . so, they didn't need my services. Not until things opened up and customers started calling again, anyway.

I told Todd I understood and then we exchanged comforting pleasantries about our families and their health. After I hung up, I sat in my chair for a minute, staring at the computer screen, bored of porn and discouraged about the state of my business.

I got up, at last, to give myself something else to do. The ergonomic chair on which I sat was wobbling strangely, and I figured I'd fix it to give my mind something constructive to dwell on. I walked to the garage.

The wrench I was looking for wasn't on the work bench, where I thought I'd left it. That was odd. I was usually careful about where I left things. I walked back into the house, wondering if I'd used it for another project but forgotten about it.

Walking down the hallway, I heard a blast of music coming from behind the closed door of Lila's bedroom. I wondered if she'd seen the wrench. I knocked on the door but there was no answer. I figured

she couldn't hear because of the music, so I opened the door and walked in.

Not three feet inside the room, I froze in place, my feet rooted to the ground. My mouth gaped open.

My daughter reclined on the floor, back to me, legs sprawled open, facing an open laptop computer. She was completely naked.

She held the wrench - the one I was looking for - by its head, in her hand. It moved up and down rapidly. The other end of the wrench, the smooth, shiny tip, encased in a red rubber grip, was buried inside her vagina.

I saw the thin lips of my daughter's bare vulva cling to the rubber-encased shaft as it moved in and out of her.

The face of a young man filled most of the laptop screen. I could tell he and Lila were engaged in a Zoom conference. I couldn't see his face clearly, but I could see enough to see his eyes bug out and his hands wave. Obviously, he had seen me enter the room behind Lila, and he was trying to get her attention.

I didn't move. I don't know why. Lila moved first.

Getting the hint, finally, from the young man on the screen, she turned around and saw me.

"Dad!" she screamed. I don't know which of us jumped more. Lila curled her body into a ball and enfolded herself in her arms. The wrench clattered to the floor.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"Sorry!" I said. "Sorry!" I couldn't think of what to say at first. "I knocked but you didn't answer." My hands flew wildly around me, as though their frantic movement would explain my being in her room.

"Sorry," I said again, and this time I backed out of the room. Without being fully conscious of doing it I took a last look at Lila, naked on the floor, before I turned and left, closing the door behind me.

I retreated to my office, closed the door, and paced the floor, back and forth, forth and back.

The image of my daughter, naked and spread on the floor, burned in my mind. Try as I might, I couldn't erase it. Guilt and shame coursed through me. I battered my confused brain with accusatory questions: Why did I enter Lila's room without permission? Why didn't I leave the room immediately? Why did I stare at her naked body? What was wrong with me?

I worried about Lila, too. Who was that young man? Why was she showing herself to him naked? Did she do that often?

I realized with dismay that there was a lot about my daughter that I hadn't known.

I tried to distract myself with work projects and Internet surfing, but I didn't succeed. I couldn't stop thinking about what I'd seen - about what I wasn't supposed to see.

After about two hours, I heard a soft knock on the office door.

"Come in," I said, my voice shaky. I knew what was to come but I didn't know if I was ready for it.

Lila entered. She wore tight-fitting baby blue gym shorts and a white t-shirt that showed off some of the taut skin of her belly. Under the circumstances, I wished she'd dressed more conservatively, but this was how Lila dressed most of the time, and I'd already noticed in the past week that as the weather had grown warmer her outfits had become skimpier.

"Hey, Dad," she said.

"Hey," I said back, gesturing to her to take a seat in a chair a few feet away from me. She sat and we both shifted in our seats for a few moments, not saying anything. Finally, I broke the silence.

"Listen, Lila, I'm very sorry about . . . that. I knocked and there was no answer and I figured you were just listening to loud music and -"

"It's OK, Dad," she said, interrupting. "I know it must have been a shock for you to see me . . . like that."

She squirmed in her chair, and I noticed the points of her nipples pushing conspicuously against the thin fabric of her shirt. She wore no bra; that was obvious. Her unfettered breasts jiggled with every movement of her body. My discomfort, high already, flew off the charts.

"Lila, I don't know what to say. I shouldn't have been there. And I should have left right away. I shouldn't have seen you that way."

"It's all right, Dad," she said. "You did see me. There's nothing we can do about that now. You got a good look at me, huh?" She said it with a wan smile.

"Yeah, I did," I said, the words coming out with struggle. "I wish I hadn't. I shouldn't have been in your room and when I saw you like that I should have left right away."

"I guess so," she said, and she looked at me with a look I couldn't read. "But you didn't. You didn't move right away."

"I was just . . . shocked," I said. "That's all. Sorry."

She looked at me, nodding, with that same unreadable look.

"Like I said," Lila said, "It's OK. You're not mad at me, are you?" Her eyes were wide and glistening.

"No, of course I'm not mad," I said. "But -"

"But what?"

"I'm concerned."

"Why are you concerned?" she asked. She shifted in her chair again and her breasts swelled and swayed under the little t-shirt. Her back arched and the bottom edge of her shirt lifted, exposing more skin and showing her navel.

"Lila, who's that guy?" I asked. "Is he your boyfriend?"

"I wouldn't call him a boyfriend," she said. "A guy I knew at school. We . . . dated a few times. Before, you know. The virus."

"A guy you knew at school," I repeated. "And you feel OK . . . showing yourself to him like that?"

She looked at me and said nothing right away. She held her eyes steadily on mine, but her body shifted in the chair and I noticed, again, the movement of her breasts under the shirt. I felt a twinge between my legs, under my pants, and guilt wracked my conscience, again.

"Are you trying to shame me, Dad?"

"No!" I said. "It's not like that. I'm concerned about you. Do you know if you can trust him? What if . . . what if he made a copy of you . . . doing that . . . and showed it to others? To his friends?"

Lila said nothing to me in response right away. She looked away from me, eyes flittering from one part of the room to another but not resting on mine, not right away. At last, though, her eyes locked on mine, as though she'd made up her mind about something.

"Dad," she said. "He did show them to his friends."

A storm of fury rose inside me.

"That scumbag!" I said. "Lila, you have rights. You can -"

"No, Dad," she said, raising a hand in front of my face. "He showed them because I told him it was OK. I wanted him to."

I shook my head, confused.

"What?" I asked in a stammer. "What do you mean?"

"When I was . . . putting on the show for him, I was teasing him. About how much his friends would like to see me like this and if he liked it. And he asked if could show them. And I said 'yes.'"

"Why . . . why would you say that?" To say I did not understand the words coming out of her mouth would be an understatement.

"Because I liked it," she said, her voice growing firmer. "I like to show off. I've done the same thing other times. With other guys. And girls, even."

The same thing? Other times? Guys and girls? My brain was on overload.

I tried to find the words to reply, but they escaped me. Lila stared at me, obviously wanting a reply. After a long delay, with me not saying anything, she finally did.

"What do you think about that, Dad?"

"Lila," I said at last, "why are you telling me this?"

"Telling you what?" she replied. "The truth? I'm telling you because you're my Dad. We've been marooned in this house for a month. I thought it would be nice to be honest with you. Sorry if it's, like, hard to hear."

"It's not hard to hear," I said quickly. "OK, maybe it is. It's kind of hard to hear about you showing yourself . . . like that . . . to a lot of guys. I know how guys are. I was a guy once. Still am. I wouldn't trust them. Don't you worry -"

"What?" She interrupted me.

"About your reputation," I said, uncomfortable talking about it and visualizing my daughter exposing herself. "They could take photos of you and share them with their friends. You don't know where they'll end up."

"Yeah," she said. "That's true. I've thought about it. It's a risk. But it's a risk I decided I wanted to take. My boyfriend - his name is Sasha - had three roommates in an apartment. And he liked . . . showing me off. So, when I visited, I'd walk around the apartment, not wearing much - usually just a little crop top and panties. And I liked it. I'm sorry if this is a shock for you, but I did."

My head spun with images of Lila cavorting through an apartment with four horny college boys, in just her underwear. The image was both disturbing and - I had to admit it - a little arousing. I tried to push the images down and out of my mind, but without success. I couldn't find the words to respond to her.

"Are you ashamed of me?" she asked, breaking a long silence.

"No, no, sweetie. It's not like that. You're an adult. And I'm not a prude. But I'm your Dad. I'm concerned about you. I don't want to see you hurt or taken advantage of."

She smiled and stood up from her chair and crossed the distance between us, planting a quick, sweet kiss on my forehead. Then she returned to her chair.

"You're a great Dad," she said. "I guess that's why I wanted to tell you. I feel like I can trust you. Like I'm safe with you."

I returned a wan, awkward smile to her.

"Well, thanks. I'm glad you feel that way. You can always trust me."

"So," she said, "you don't think less of me that I'm, kind of, an exhibitionist? That I like walking around with not a lot on - sometimes in front of people?"

"Lila, it's not my decision to make. It's yours, and - "

I stopped when she cocked her head and opened her eyes wide, like she was expecting a different answer.

"OK, OK," I said. "It's a little weird for me to adjust to. But no, I don't think less of you. You're an adult and if you like spending your time in panties or whatever that's your choice."

The words felt strange when they left my mouth. But Lila looked satisfied with my answer. A broad grin and flashing eyes lit up her face.

"Thanks, Dad," she said.

She stood up and twirled and walked away. Maybe I wasn't thinking straight, but it sure looked like she deliberately swayed her pert little butt at me as she left the room.

Alone again, I stewed in my thoughts, still bored, still horny, and agitated with thoughts of my sweet daughter in various stages of undress.

Eventually, I got up from my chair, desperately needing something to do to take my mind off the events of day. I decided to clean the garage.

There wouldn't be much to clean. I was one of those guys that kept a tidy, orderly garage. So, when I entered it from the laundry room, I noticed immediately that something was out of place: my wrench, rather than being in the wrench drawer where it belonged, lay in the middle of my work bench.

I picked it up, prepared to put it in the drawer.

But I stopped when I recalled that it was the wrench I had seen Lila inserting into her pussy. She had used my favorite wrench as a sex toy.

God help me, I held the end of the wrench up to my nose.

I inhaled. It had been a long time since I had enjoyed the scent of a woman's pussy, but there was no mistaking it now. The faint and fading tangy scent of my daughter Lila wafted up from the rubber casing over the handle of the heavy tool. It tickled my nostrils and I closed my eyes and savored it.

I shook my head. What kind of father was I?

I pulled some cleaning wipes from a cabinet shelf and cleaned off the wrench. Then I put it away. For the next half hour, I puttered around the garage, reorganizing things to give myself something - anything - to take my mind off my exhibitionist daughter.

* * * *

Days passed, and the quarantine continued. Lila and I remained locked down in the house. We settled into a steady, dull routine, trying to maintain our sanity while the world outside, broadcast to us through our TVs, computers, and smart phones, seemed to teeter on the brink of insanity and collapse.

For days, we said nothing about what I'd seen Lila do or about the conversation that followed. I worked, and Lila attended classes - both of us, remotely.

But that's not to say nothing changed. It did. I became aware of Lila in a way I hadn't before. She wasn't just my daughter; she was a grown woman - and a very attractive grown woman. I grew antsy and agitated as the days and hours and minutes ticked past and the prospect of being with a live, breathing woman seemed like a mirage in the desert that never grew closer. The only woman around me was Lila. I couldn't help but notice her.

It didn't help, either, that after our conversation Lila's standard of dress grew looser and skimpier. April turned to May, temperatures

climbed, and Lila seemed to show more skin every day. In the morning I'd be making coffee and hear Lila's soft bare-foot fall, and she'd turn the corner into the kitchen wearing short shorts and a cropped top. She seldom wore a bra. Later in the day she'd keep wearing the short shorts or switch into miniskirts, and perhaps replace the cropped tops with thread-bare tees or tank tops. I don't think her legs were ever covered, and they were beautiful legs - long, shapely, lightly muscled from daily sessions of yoga and running. When she ran, she wore compression shorts that barely concealed her bottom and a tight sport bra that pushed her youthful breasts up and out. When finished with her run she'd come back to the house, a sheen of sweat over her barely covered body, and she'd linger close by me in the kitchen while slowly nursing a Gatorade.

And I could swear, although I couldn't exactly put my finger on what made me think so, that she was showing off to me. There was something about the way she would stand in front of me in the kitchen, munching a muffin, with her hip thrown farther to one side than seemed necessary. Or the way she would push her chest out in a tight top, the little bumps of her tits under the top so conspicuously displayed. When she left the room, she'd linger in the doorway, back to me, in her short shorts - so short they exposed an expanse of firm skin on each ass cheek.

I didn't want to look. I tried not to. But sometimes I couldn't help myself.

One night before going to bed I watched a rerun of a favorite television show, spread out in a big comfortable leather chair. I

thought Lila had gone to bed when I heard her rummaging through the kitchen. A minute later she skipped into the den, wearing nothing more than a t shirt. I tried to behave but my eyes couldn't help but run up the length of her legs to where they disappeared under the hem of the shirt. It bounced as she walked, and I caught a brief flash of pink panty.

My cock twitched. My God. I didn't want that to happen in front of her.

To make matters worse, Lila plopped down on my lap. Right on top of my cock.

"What are you watching?" she asked.

Was she grinding against me? I wasn't sure but I hoped not. I wouldn't be able to keep my cock from responding if she did.

"Looks boring," she said. "Well, good night, Daddy."

"Daddy?" I asked. "You haven't called me 'Daddy' in a long time."

"Dad. Daddy. Whatever."

She leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

Plump, ripe breasts mashed against my shoulder as her lips touched my face.

She bounced out of my lap and headed for the den door. My eyes followed her the whole way. Then she did something uncharacteristic for her, dropping the napkin she had been carrying. She bent over to retrieve it and her shirt rode up, revealing that she was wearing nothing but a thong, the pink stringy back of which cleaved her perfect, bare ass cheeks and concealed almost nothing underneath.

When she left the room at last, I groaned quietly.

Later, in my room, I pulled up a porn video on my laptop. I needed relief, but not to images of my daughter in my head. So, I opened a video featuring an adult actress closer to my age. I came just three minutes after it began.

It offered only temporary relief.

* * * *

The next day began the same as all the rest - a slow breakfast, cleaning up the kitchen and straightening up the house.

Lila complained that the blinds in her bedroom weren't closing properly, so I spent half an hour diagnosing the problem and fixing it. I was handy with projects like that, and Lila showed her appreciation by giving me a sweet peck on the cheek when I finished.

The crop top and boy shorts she wore seemed briefer than ever. They molded perfectly to her body, leaving none of its curves to the imagination.

The doorbell rang. By the time I walked to the front door and opened it I noticed the delivery van already was leaving and a rectangular package sat on the doorstep at my feet.

I picked it up. I had no idea what it was.

"Lila," I called, "Were you expecting a package?"

"Yes!" she called, jogging to the entry way, excitedly. I handed her the package.

"What is it?"

Lila didn't answer at first. Her eyes rolled to the ceiling and her mouth twisted coyly.

"Sure you want to know?"

"Why wouldn't I want to know? It's not something illegal is it?"

"No, of course not. Nothing like that. So, you want to know?"

I should have said 'no,' but I wasn't thinking clearly enough.

"Sure, of course."

"OK then. It's my new vibrator."

"Your new -"

"Vibrator. You know what a vibrator is, don't you?"

"Of course, I do. I just didn't -"

"Think I'd use one? I'm not a little girl, Dad. I'm a woman."

"I can see that." I stammered. "I mean, I know that. It's not my business. Sorry." I shook my head.

"Nothing to be sorry about." She grinned. "Here, I'll show you."

"Lila, you don't have to -"

"No, it's fine," she said, interrupting me.

I should have said no, firmly. I should have walked away. But I didn't. I chose badly, again. I stood and watched as Lila's deft fingers tore open the box. Within a minute she pulled a slender purple rod out of the box. It curved slightly at one end, and at the end of the curve it bulged noticeably.

She held it up in front of her face, looking at it the way I might inspect a power drill.

"The curve allows the tip to hit my G-spot. I love that feeling."

She looked at me with a naughty expression.

"You do know what a G-spot is, don't you, Dad?"

"Lila, of course. I wasn't born yesterday."

"Oh, I know you weren't born yesterday. Just checking. You're not embarrassed, are you?"

"No," I replied, even though I was, in fact, embarrassed to see my daughter holding a sex toy between us. "I'm just, um, still getting used to some things around here."

"Getting used to your daughter being a grown woman, is that it?"

"Something like that. I know you are. But it's an adjustment. And with us cooped up like this the adjustment's faster than I expected."

"Faster isn't always better, is that it?"

"Um," I said again, fumbling with my words. "I'll leave that thought to you. I have work to do."

Fortunately, I did. A client had contacted me the previous day seeking guidance on her business's social media outreach. I was glad to get the work. I left Lila with her new toy and returned to my office. Soon I immersed myself in drafting a memorandum to the client, and my absorption in the work got my mind off my daughter.

I usually kept a browser window open to my email inbox, so I would know immediately when emails arrived. Two hours after sitting at my office computer I noticed a new one - from Lila. I opened it.

"Enjoy!" it said in the text portion. Below the word was an attachment. I clicked on it, without thinking.

A video opened.

I gasped, literally.

Lila's nude body, sprawled on her bed and facing the camera, legs open, filled most of the screen. Her pussy was bare - freshly shaved, I guessed. She held the purple vibrator in her hand and its bulbous tip lay against her skin just over her clitoral hood.

Lila was talking into the camera, but I had the sound off and had no idea what she was saying. The tip of the purple rod slid down over her clit and between the lips below.

I couldn't watch any more. With the click of my mouse I closed the video.

I sat at my computer, shocked.

Two minutes later I received another email, again from Lila.

"Dad," it said, "That email was meant for someone else. Sorry!"

Meant for someone else. I wondered who. Probably her friend . . . Sasha, I think she called him. But how could she mistakenly send an email to him to me instead?

Was it really a mistake?

My mind reeled. And, I could not deny, my cock stirred. I hated myself for that.

I highlighted the email with the video and prepared to delete it, my finger poised over the mouse. But I didn't press the button. I should have, but I didn't. I closed the email window instead and resumed drafting the memo.

This time it was much harder to stop thinking about Lila.

I didn't see Lila again for hours, when I was in the kitchen starting to prepare dinner - fried chicken and mashed potatoes and salad.

Lila walked into the room quietly, and I didn't see her until she was almost at my side. She wore brief denim shorts, with holes in them, and a loose crop top. The bottom hem stopped not far below her breasts. She obviously wore no bra and her breasts swayed and jiggled with every step and movement.

"That looks good," she said, looking at the meal I was making.

"I hope so," I replied.

"You're a really good cook, you know. I don't think I've said that. I appreciate it. You take good care of me. I want you to know that."

"That's kind of you. I've always liked cooking and I have more time than ever to do it."

"Well, you use your time well. Most of the guys I know in college can't cook for shit."

"Language, Lila."

"Sorry, Dad," she said, with exaggerated emphasis on the last word.

I went back to preparing dinner and Lila watched television. My mind was troubled by the video I'd seen of Lila, but I didn't know whether to bring it up.

Later, we sat at the dining room table and I laid out the food before us. I preferred to eat at the table to eating in front of the television. I preferred a little ceremony with a meal. I let Lila have a half glass of wine with her dinner. We ate in silence for a few minutes, but I decided I had to speak.

"Lila, about your email earlier today. The video."

"You saw that?" she asked.

"I did. I opened it, and then I closed it right away. But not before, you know, seeing you."

"I hope I didn't shock you."

"Well, I was kind of . . . shocked, I guess."

"You weren't supposed to see it," she said. "It was meant for someone else."

"Well, about that," I said. I paused. It was uncomfortable, to say the least, to talk about. "Do you think that's smart?"

"What do you mean?"

"Sending a video like that to . . . a boy. To someone else."

"You shaming me, Dad?"

"It's not like that," I said. "I'm concerned about you. When you send a video like to someone, you don't know where it will end up. He could show it to his friends. He could show it to anyone."

Lila rolled her eyes, holding them on the ceiling, and her body fidgeted.

"Dad . . ."

"What is it?"

"I know he showed it to his friends. I wanted him to."

I shook my head, not sure I had heard her correctly.

"What?" I asked.

"Before I sent it, he said his friends wanted to see it. So, I told him 'OK.' I know they saw it. At least three of them, that I know about."

"Lila," I said, the worry in my voice obvious.

"You're not getting all moralistic on me, are you, Dad?" she asked.
"Are you ashamed?"

"No," I said. "It's not about shame. It's about being careful. If you have videos of you out there it could hurt you."

"I've thought about that," she said. "And, like, I decided it was worth the risk. I enjoy showing off. It's a rush. Maybe someone won't like it. Maybe in the future someone won't give me a job because of it. But that wouldn't be somewhere I'd want to work."

"It's risky, Lila," I said.

"I know, Dad," she said, "but I'm an adult and I can make those decisions for myself. You respect that, don't you?"

"I respect your right to make the decision," I said, reluctantly. "I'm just not sure it's the right one."

"I get it," she said. "You're my Dad, so I get it. Are we good?"

"We're good," I said. "I guess."

"Great!" she said, a big grin breaking over her face. "And one other thing, Dad -"

"What is it?"

"If you want to watch my video, go ahead." With that remark, she pivoted on her toes, spun around, and quickly left the room. And I could swear she swayed her ass at me for my benefit as she left.

Two hours later, after having scrubbed down the kitchen and swept the patio and kept myself busy in various ways to keep my mind off my daughter's ass, I found myself back in my office, at the computer.

All my eyes could see was a tiny icon on the computer desktop. It ended in ".mp4." It was the video from Lila I'd downloaded, and that I'd failed to erase.

I used my mouse to navigate the cursor on the screen over it. My finger hovered over the mouse to delete the icon.

I wanted to delete it. I did. I really did. I wanted to be a good father. But she'd given me permission. She wanted me to look at it. And she'd never know, right? No one would ever know.

And maybe I would be a good father to find out what she was doing. Knowledge was a good thing, wasn't it?

I clicked on "open" instead of "delete."

The icon expanded and the video screen opened. Lila filled the screen again, naked and with her legs spread. Without thinking I used my

mouse to click on "Fill Screen" and Lila's naked body filled the large monitor inches from my face in high resolution. The purple slender rod of her vibrator hovered just over her clitoris. The lips of her pussy were pulled back, almost perfectly, like the wings of a pink butterfly, as though she'd spread them with care before starting her video. Nothing was left to the imagination. Her knees were pulled back wide and her womanly breasts pushed out toward the camera with wide rosy erect nipples.

My cock grew instantly hard.

A shock of embarrassment and shame swept over me. I knew I shouldn't be doing this.

But I couldn't help it.

"Hi Daddy," Lila said on the screen.

"Daddy?" I mouthed to myself. Was this some weird game she had with her boyfriend? It must have been, because she had told me she'd meant to send the video to him. It must be some weird role-playing game.

"I know you've been looking at me," she said on the screen. The little purple wand tap-tap-tapped over her clit. The depths of her pussy remained open below.

"I think you want me, but you can't say it." She writhed on her bed. Her legs spread apart still more and the opening between her legs widened.

"I want you to know," she said, "that I want you too. I think about you and I want to sit on your cock and I want my little pussy to wrap around it and grab it, and I want you to fill me."

My cock was rock hard, and, almost against my will, my hand went to it and squeezed it between thumb and forefinger.

"I want to put on a little show for you," she said. The hand on the vibrator flicked the button and the buzz of the vibrator grew.

Lila didn't put the vibrator inside her pussy - not yet. She moved the little round head of the instrument up and down each delicate lip, gently tickling to one side and back. I groaned. Literally - I groaned.

"Fuck, Lila," I heard myself say.

That's right, fuck Lila, an unspoken voice in me said.

No, I thought. That's not right.

"Oh, Daddy," Lila said, almost as though she was reading my thoughts. "Do you like the sound of the vibrator on my pussy? Do you like looking at my pussy? I'll bet you do."

Oh, I did. But I didn't want to admit it.

I wanted to look away from the computer screen. I really did. But I couldn't. I was horny and frustrated, and my daughter's bare open cunt lay in front of me and there was no fucking way in God's Earth that I could tear my eyes away from the sight of it.

One hand, on the computer mouse, maneuvered around the screen to increase the volume. I was nervous about Lila being able to hear what was going on from outside the room, but I wanted to hear her voice and the sounds of her toying herself more clearly. I saw the little volume bar on the screen move right and the sound increased. Her heavy breathing played out from the computer speakers. Oh, my cock grew harder still.

My other hand fumbled with my pants, unbuttoning my fly and drawing down the zipper and pulling my pants and briefs down until my hard cock sprang free. It bobbed and pointed toward the screen, toward the naked, spread figure of my daughter Lila. When my hand was done getting my pants and underwear out of the way it grabbed my hard penis at the head and then moved swiftly down to the base. My penis roared up from my body in a gob-smacked salute to my hot daughter.

"I'll bet you like the sound of this vibrator," she said. "But I bet you'll like another sound even more."

She switched the vibrator off and it went silent. I wondered what she meant. I liked the sound of it against her. I liked watching that tip against her pussy. I didn't know what she intended or what sound she was referring to.

She showed me, soon enough. She pushed the purple rod away from her body, and then she pulled it right back. She speared herself with it. The head, and then the entire shaft, of the purple vibrator disappeared into the depths of her pussy. Her lips enfolded it.

"Unnnnh!" she cried out as it entered her.

With no thought about it I started stroking my cock. Up. Down. Up. Down. I couldn't help myself. I really couldn't.

Lila started really fucking herself with the vibrator. My daughter.

"Daddy," she called.

In and out, in and out, the vibrator moved.

My hand moved against my cock in rhythm with it.

Then, I began to hear it - not the vibrator, not her voice, but the sound of her pussy being fucked. It was a squishy, squelching sound, a sound that grew in volume with every plunge of the instrument into her body. I could tell that her pussy grew wetter as she kept fucking herself with the vibrator, and with more wetness her pussy grew louder.

My hand's grip on my cock grew tighter. Its stroking quickened.

"Lila," I heard myself say to the figure on the screen.

I felt bad, but not bad enough to stop. No father should do what I was doing, but I was doing it anyway, and I gave into the need and desire and told myself I couldn't stop. What man could? Lila was a beautiful young woman displaying herself for her man's satisfaction. It would have been inhuman for me not to appreciate the sight of her body.

I kept stroking.

I knew I was going to ejaculate to the sight of my daughter frigging herself with the little vibrator.

The squishy noise of the vibrator in her cunt grew louder.

"Daddy," she called out on the computer screen.

The sound of that word sent a little shiver through my body, starting somewhere around my shoulders and traveling down to the end of my cock head. A dribble of pre-cum dribbled out the top and my swiftly moving hand shrouded it and drew it down over the length of my shaft. Lube would be no problem.

"Go ahead and come now, Daddy," she said, pumping the vibrator in and out of her with increasing speed. My hand moved over my cock faster and faster to keep up with her.

"Unnnh, unnnh, unnnh," she said.

"Ohhh, Ohhh," I said back.

With great suddenness I felt the seed erupt from me, welling up from the depths and through my shaft until great milky gobs of cum erupted from my cock into the air like a geyser. It felt like I'd lost all control of my cock and cum sprayed left and right and forward. It splattered the carpet and the computer keypad. A few flecks hit the computer screen and the fluid began streaking down the face of the monitor.

Onscreen, Lila came too. Her body bucked and twisted, and she held the vibrator inside her until the movement slowed and stopped.

Spots and tiny streams of white trickled from her cunt. Lila moaned and squealed.

After a minute of staring at the ceiling while her body stopped shaking, Lila's head moved down and she looked directly at the camera.

"Tell me you want to fuck me, Daddy," she said, her eyes twinkling with the lustiest expression imaginable.

I shouldn't have said it, but I did.

"I want to fuck you so bad, Lila," I said back at the screen.

After ten more seconds, the video faded to black.

I stared, open mouthed, at the screen. My hand still gripped my cock, and both were coated in my cum. I couldn't believe what I'd done.

After a minute of paralysis, I found a tissue box and cleaned up the mess I had made.

My lust was sated, for the moment. At the same time, I worried that my soul was lost.

* * * *

I didn't see Lila the rest of the day. She was cooped up in her room, I guessed, and I had no idea what she was doing. I ate a quick dinner of leftover stew stored in Tupperware in the refrigerator. I brooded the rest of the evening and settled into my bed in an agitated state of mind.

The next morning, I woke up, got out of bed, and walked in a daze to the kitchen. I made coffee. The air felt cooler than it had before, so I approached the thermostat on the wall to set it.

Before my fingers contacted the thermostat's touchpad an image popped up in my mind: the image of my daughter, in skimpy underwear. I wanted her to be comfortable in her underwear. If she was cold, she might have to put on more clothing.

And I . . .

I . . .

I didn't want that. I wanted her to be comfortable so she could be skimpily dressed. I punched the thermostat buttons so the temperature would be warm.

I asked myself what I was doing. I knew what I was doing, but I wondered why I was doing it. Lila was my daughter. I shouldn't have been thinking about her the way I was, but I did. I couldn't get the images of the video and of her raw, young, open pussy out of my mind. The mental image of it drove me crazy.

I sat on a stool at the kitchen counter eating cold cereal and gulping down coffee until Lila woke up and entered the kitchen.

Sure enough, she walked into the room in her skimpiest outfit yet - a little cropped white camisole and white panties. Not shorts, panties. She hadn't even bothered getting dressed. The front of the panties closely sculpted her pubic mound and the band of fabric on either side of her hips was no more than an inch wide. She wore no bra under the camisole. The points of her nipples were clear under the white top, pointing dramatically outward.

I felt my cock stiffen and told myself I had to stop that.

"Morning, Dad," Lila said, walking almost naked to the refrigerator

"Good morning, Lila," I said.

She pulled out a pitcher of orange juice and poured it slowly into a glass. I tried not to, but I couldn't help but run my eyes over her body, and they zoomed in on the mounds of her nipples under the thin camisole.

I can't do this, I thought.

But I did it anyway. My eyes ran over my daughter's body like she was a stripper on a stage. I mean, she kind of was that, wasn't she? She'd sent me a video of herself, naked and showing off, frigging herself to orgasm. She'd given me the OK to look at the video. We didn't say anything about it, but the thought hung over us, unspoken, nonetheless.

A heavy quiet lay over the atmosphere as we ate breakfast together. Neither of us said anything. I tried to keep my eyes off Lila, but every time she turned away, they went back to her. At the refrigerator door she bent over, and her pretty ass mounded in my direction, stretching and pulling the skinny gusset of her panties further into the crack of her cheeks. Her cunt, which I'd jerked off to the day before, lay just beneath, and I couldn't tamp down my keen awareness of it.

It was all I could do at breakfast to keep Lila from catching me staring at her body. I'm not sure I did. She had to be wondering if I'd looked at the video, but she didn't say anything. I was glad to sit on the other side of the table from her so she couldn't see my otherwise obvious erection. When I was done, I shuffled out of the kitchen, turning my body away from her so she wouldn't see the cause of my embarrassment.

The whole day was like that. The two of us went about our activities separately, me trying to concentrate on what little work I had, with limited success, and Lila off attending virtual classes or doing whatever it was she was doing. Maybe making another video, I thought.

I grilled chicken breasts on the grill in the backyard. The evening had grown pleasant and cool and stars were beginning to emerge. I threw some corn on the grill as well and downed a glass of sauvignon blanc.

Lila set the table on the patio outside and we ate dinner together. Lila was dressed, sort of, although still with a degree of skimpiness that would have seemed unusual before the lockdown - little shorts and a crop top, obviously, still, braless. But things seemed almost normal again. Lila talked about her classes and shared thoughts about the craziness of the world outside. It was strange enough cooped up in the house together, but outside the world seemed trapped in a surreal haze. Being in the house with Lila seemed almost normal by comparison. We made a toast with our glasses and wished for a speedy end to the lockdown.

I stared around the yard. I'd had so much time on my hands that I'd kept it immaculate. The patio glowed under soft lights and the water of the hot tub sparkled blue.

"That looks inviting," I said, pointing to it. "I'm going in after dinner. Want to join me?"

"Sure," Lila said.

Neither of us had yet broken the silence about the video. I didn't want to bring it up and I dreaded the prospect of her doing so. I didn't know what I would say.

We cleaned up the dishes together, and I retreated to my bedroom to put on my swimsuit. When I was done, I posed in front of the mirror. I had a dad-bod, but it wasn't bad. I'd exercised regularly and had avoided any lockdown weight gain. I was reasonably trim and fit for a man my age. But was it good enough?

I didn't want Lila to think badly of the way her middle-aged father looked.

I shook my head, yet again. I had to stop thinking that way. It wasn't healthy.

I walked with a towel out of my room to the back patio, grabbing a wine glass and a bottle of wine from the kitchen on the way. I hit the switch to turn on the bubbling of the hot tub. I tossed the towel to the deck and lowered my body into the scorching, churning water.

It was painful but pleasant, and it took my mind off everything else - the insanity of the outside world, the stress of maintaining a remote

business, and the increasingly strange thoughts I had about my daughter.

I gulped some of the wine and closed my eyes. My skin adjusted to the heat and my belly felt good with a bit of alcohol in it.

"Mind some company?" I heard Lila's voice say.

I looked up, and Lila was crouching down and dipping her feet into the water of the jacuzzi.

She pulled them out after only a second. "Ouch! That's hot. She tried it again, dipping them slowly, until her legs dangled into the water while she sat on the edge.

She still wore the little shorts and cropped top, exposing a lot of flat tummy as she sat across from me with her arms at her side and her chest out. In the light reflecting off the pool water the outline of her nipples under the top was obvious.

She stretched her legs out, raising them until her toes broke the surface, nails in a French manicure, just like her fingernails.

They look so suckable, I thought before telling myself I couldn't think that.

Lila looked at me with an amused smile.

"What?" I asked her.

"Oh, nothing."

"Come on, what is it?"

"You watched the video. The one I sent you."

She didn't say anything after that. She just watched me, her eyes flickering over my face.

For more than a few seconds my mouth didn't work right. I couldn't speak. My mouth opened, but no words came out. When at last the words did come out, they did so in a kind of croak.

"Lila, I didn't . . ."

"Yes, you did." Again, she stared at me without moving after saying the words.

"How would you know -"

"Because I heard you," she said. "Outside the door."

I think my mouth opened and moved, but I didn't say anything. Lila kept talking.

"I put my ear against the door. I heard the video playing, although you'd turned the sound down. I heard you say my name. I heard the sound of you jerking yourself off."

"Lila," I managed to say at last. "You shouldn't have been listening in on me like that."

"Some people might say you shouldn't be beating your meat to the sight of your naked daughter playing with herself," she said. "But I'm not some people. I think it's great. It's what I wanted."

"What?" My head swam.

"I made that video for you. I wanted you to watch it. I was fibbing about sending it to my boyfriend. I've sent other videos to my boyfriend, but I sent that one to you."

"Lila," I said, my voice husky and uncertain. "Why?"

"Because you're alone, and lonely, and frustrated. I can tell. And I am too. We've both been cooped up here so long. And you take such

good care of me. I always feel safe and protected with you. But there's another thing."

"What's that?" I asked.

Lila smiled.

"You're, like, kind of hot, for a dad. You take good care of yourself. I got horny and impatient. I could have just shown up naked at your bedroom door, but I wanted you to want me, first."

She bit her thumb. My mind raced in a million directions. But I was mesmerized, turned on, no question, by Lila's way of talking to me, and, of course, by her hot, sexy body in the skimpy clothes.

"Sorry to tease you so much," she said. "It's time to stop the teasing and move on to the next stage."

My voice responded, like the voice of another person, in a near whisper.

"What's that?"

"It's time for you to fuck me," she said. And with that her arms swept her little top off her body and tossed it to the patio. Lila sat topless in front of me, her breasts swaying and jiggling.

In an equally fast gesture, she jumped off the tile patio and slid her shorts off her hips. Then she lay back and her toes pointed to the night sky and the little shorts, pulled by her hands, slithered up her lean thighs and shins. My eyes focused on the nexus between her thighs and the bare, pale pussy slit that emerged - the one I'd seen and jerked off to in the video earlier.

The shorts lifted off her feet, and she tossed them in the air, and they traced an arc until they landed several feet away from her on the patio.

Lila spread her legs wide, knees far apart. Her eyes locked with mine and I knew she was daring me to look at her.

At first, I couldn't. My eyes stayed on hers, although her nude body pulled on my gaze like gravity. I did not know how I looked to her - probably like I was pleading with her, Do you really want me to do this?

She nodded at me, just slightly, but distinctly enough to know her meaning.

My eyes left hers, and they traveled down her magnificent nude body, down her neck and chest, past her full breasts and thin waist and womanly hips, until they settled on her gorgeous, bare pussy, fully exposed between her lean, spread legs.

My daughter's pussy.

Her hand slid down her belly until it reached the delicate hood of skin over her clit. The fingers of her hand splayed out, spreading her lips with them. Lila's pussy, glistening and pink, lay fully exposed to my eyes. The pearl of her clit popped out from under its hood.

And I couldn't look away. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't.

"Lila -" I started to say.

"Don't say anything, Dad," she said. "Just watch."

I wanted to say something, but I couldn't. The words didn't come. I shut up, and I watched.

Her middle finger snaked down from the button of her clitoris to the open, pink expanse of her pussy, and it pushed in. Lila threw her head back, and she moaned. The air was chilled now, but my body burned like a furnace. Crickets chirped, somewhere. The water in the hot tub rippled. But the sound of Lila moaning rose above everything else.

Her finger pushed in and out of the depths of her wet pussy, and I couldn't pull my eyes away.

"Lila -" I started, but I didn't know what to say.

"You like looking at my pussy, don't you, Dad?" she asked.

"Lila - "I tried to say again.

"Say you like it," she replied. "Say it. Say you like looking at my pussy."

I couldn't say it. I didn't think I could say it. No decent father could say that. But there she was, naked and splayed open before me, her finger darting in and out of her wetness, and whatever was left of my scruples melted away before my lust and the magnificence of Lila's nude body. The impossible became possible, and then inevitable. I wanted to look at her pussy. I needed to look at her pussy.

"Yes," I said after a long pause.

"Yes, what?" Lila asked.

"I like to look," I said.

"Look at what?" she asked. "Tell me, Dad. Tell me what you like to look at."

"I like looking at your pussy, Lila," I said. The words left my lips, but they didn't seem like my words. They felt like they came from someone else, from a million miles away.

"Do you want my pussy, Dad?" Lila asked. The finger of one hand moved in and out of her while the other hand spread her lips open in as lewd a display as she could manage.

I didn't say anything.

"Say it, Dad," Lila urged. "Tell me you want my pussy."

Still I said nothing.

"Say it," she said. "I want that. I want you to want my pussy. I want my pussy to be yours. I want you to fuck it."

"Oh, Lila," I said. My voice was thick and faint and it was all I could manage.

"Say it, Dad," she said.

"Oh, Lila," I said again. "My daughter."

"Yes," she said. "I'm your daughter, and I want you to fuck me. Say it. Say you want it."

I closed my eyes and I knew I had no more resistance. Whatever scruples I had were gone. I admitted it to myself: I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to fuck my daughter. Then and there.

"Yes," I said.

"Yes, what?" Lila asked.

"I want to fuck you, Lila," I said.

Lila pulled her finger out of her cunt with a squishy sound and hopped off her butt into the hot tub and scooted toward me in the steaming water.

She clambered onto my lap. Her legs splayed out. Her butt pushed down on my cock. Her arms enfolded my shoulders and neck. Her face was inches from mine. Her lips were parted and open and waiting.

"Come on, Dad," she said. "Kiss me."

All resistance to my naked daughter was gone. I kissed her.

I'd kissed my daughter before, but never like this. This kiss was not just the kiss of a father, nor just of a lover, but of an animal. Our mouths opened on each other and assaulted each other, with a loud smack. My tongue pushed forward until it met hers, and hers pushed back on mine. Our tongues tussled. Barely aware of what I was doing, I put one hand behind her head to pull her to me, and I put another hand on one of her breasts and tweaked and twisted a nipple between my fingers. The tips of my fingers savored the delicious hardness of her tit.

Lila writhed against me, in my arms.

We sucked each other's mouths, tongues slapping and wrestling against each other, and hands sweeping over one another's bodies. I don't know how long we moved together like that. Time lost all meaning. But, eventually, desire rose in my breast, and I needed more than kissing.

My hands moved down, scooping Lila's ass - that perfect ass -and I stood up and lifted her with me. With a feral growl I slung her over my shoulder.

"Oh!" she cried.

I stood up, and I climbed out of the hot tub, surprised at the ease with which I lifted my daughter.

Lila was surprised, too. I heard her reaction to the way I grabbed and carried her.

"Woah," she said. "Dad."

"Time to go inside," I said.

"Whatever you say," she replied.

I carried her inside the house, water dropping off our bodies. I slung Lila over my shoulder like a prize from a hunt. I didn't care about the water we splattered over the floor. I knew what I wanted and nothing else mattered.

I entered my bedroom. Then I tossed my daughter onto the bed. She bounced off the mattress and her legs splayed wide and her eyes met mine, searching mine, wondering what was to come next.

I didn't keep her in suspense long. My hands grabbed her ankles. I spread her legs wide. Lila's pussy - my daughter's pussy - lay exposed and wet and open to my view.

I knew what I wanted. My hands clutched her thighs and my mouth went forward. I need to taste her. Lila. My daughter.

I descended on her, and my lips contacted her lips - the lips that lay sweet and open between her legs. With one hand I pushed one of her legs back, and with the other I pushed back those sweet lips that beckoned to me. I pushed my tongue forward. I tasted that perfect savory taste, and I pushed further. In another moment, my tongue swirled around and caressed the depths of Lila's cunt. My daughter's cunt.

"Daddy," she moaned.

Lila's voice thrilled me, making my tongue move faster on her, but it stirred another part of me, too: my cock. It twitched, and it hardened. The need rose in me, a need that my mouth on her pussy could not fulfill.

My mouth pulled back. My eyes opened.

Lila's legs splayed open as I pulled back from her.

Our eyes met.

"Fuck me, Daddy," she said.

"That's what I'm going to do," I responded.

My hands went to her ankles and pushed them to either side. Lila's youthful, lean, muscular legs splayed out to either side. I looked down and the fleshy lips of her pussy had parted, already, revealing her pink, moist and sparkly depths.

"I'm going to fuck you, Lila," I said.

"I want that, Daddy," she said.

My cock at this point was steel-hard, and pointing straight toward the gap in her legs, so it wasn't difficult to push forward until the head of my cock nestled at her waiting pussy. Her hole beckoned. I pressed forward. My cock tip pressed against her. With a little angling I directed it toward the depths of her pussy. I pushed. It went in. Lila was so wet that despite the snugness of her pussy my cock head had no trouble pressing forward and soon disappearing inside her. I thrust again and my shaft slid inside her.

I looked down.

My cock had disappeared completely inside my daughter's wet cunt.

I pulled out, just a little, and I saw the coat of wet pussy juice that coated my cock.

I pushed back in, hard.

"Dad!" Lila cried.

"Lila!" I cried back.

My hard cock plunged into her again, harder and needier still. With every thrust into her she squealed.

After those initial thrusts I maintained a steady rocking motion, in and out of Lila at a fast pace. On every in stroke I pushed the whole way until my body smacked against hers. I didn't want any part of her cunt to go un-fucked. I wanted to consume her entirely. She was mine and I claimed her with every thrust. And from the way Lila's body writhed and from the moans that escaped her mouth I knew she wanted what I wanted. She wanted her Dad to fuck her. She'd wanted that for a while. It had taken me a while to come around, but I'd come around now, and I was all in.

I wanted to fuck my daughter Lila, and I did.

I don't know how long we fucked, but it was a long time. I varied the rhythm of our fucking to keep it going and to hold off my orgasm. Soon after we started, I felt myself getting near to coming, so I slowed down, and when the feeling receded, I sped up again.

The whole time, Lila's body bucked and swayed like an animal. Her voice was feral and needy.

"Oh yeah, fuck me!" she cried.

"That's right, Lila," I said back. "I'm fucking you."

As my cock thrust in and out of her and she gasped with mouth open and eyes closed I beheld Lila's body. She was beautiful - more lovely than any woman I'd ever fucked. I loved the way her breasts jiggled with the rocking of her body under my insistent thrusts. I loved the combination of innocence and animal lust that played over her face. My daughter. My sweet, fuckable daughter.

"Oh, Dad," she said.

"Take that, Lila," I said, thrusting even harder than before.

At last, inevitably, the feeling welled inside, and it would not be held back. I had to come in my daughter. I'd come too far, and now I had no choice. I wanted our urgent father-daughter fucking to end on a high note, so I started pumping harder and faster, and every thrust ended in a sharp smack as our bodies clashed. My cock thickened harder and longer in anticipation of the load to come. And it came. With my eyes focused on the delicate beauty of Lila's lips clinging to my hard-charging cock, I felt the surge coursing through me until the moment of sweet release into her cunt. I came in three grand spurts and several smaller ones. But I stayed inside her until I'd given everything I had. My body - spent and thrilled - collapsed on her,

and I rolled over, on my side. We lay on the bed with our faces together, and with my cock still pressed firmly inside her.

We said nothing for a few moments, but our eyes spoke with one another in a silent conversation.

"You fucked me, Dad," Lila said at last.

"I did," I replied, embarrassed but happy at the same time.

"It felt great," Lila said, smiling. "I can't wait until we fuck again." She wrapped her arms around my neck, and we kissed. I pressed a hand against her bare bottom, partly for the sheer pleasure of the feel of her pert ass but partly to keep my cock within her depths.

I thought about what Lila said: "until we fuck again." It had been strange enough to fuck my daughter once. To fuck her again, to fuck her often and regularly - it was too much for my mind to handle in the moment.

But I knew it would happen. There was no doubt about it.

We lay like that together, cuddling each other, for a while, joined the entire time. At last Lila pushed, and we rotated again, and this time I lay on my back on the bed and Lila perched above me, riding me,

her snug pussy encasing my cock. She began rocking, and with surprise and pleasure I felt myself hardening again.

Lila looked down at me. Her hair was mussed up and her eyes shone.

"Being sheltered isn't so bad when you're sheltered with the right person."

She pushed down. I pushed up. We pushed together, and together our bodies pushed and pressed against each other and found joy and comfort in a world gone mad.

Mailgirl and More Ch. 01

"You could be a mailgirl."

Shanaya's jaw dropped. She couldn't believe what her best friend, Kimmy, had just said to her.

"What do you mean, I could be a mailgirl? Are you crazy? I didn't graduate with an honors degree in accounting to be a mailgirl. Come on, Kimmy. I'm desperate, but I'm not that desperate."

Shanaya and Kimmy sat in front of Shanaya's computer in her apartment. They'd spent the last hour searching the Internet for jobs

for Shanaya. The economy was bad and job prospects were bleak. Shanaya had been laid off six weeks earlier from the accounting firm she'd worked at for the last two years. She'd been looking frantically for a new job ever since, but with no luck.

"I can't believe you suggested that," said Shanaya. "You're not serious, right? I'm not the mailgirl type. Look at me. I'm sure they want buxom, blond bimbos for that job. That's not me."

"From what I hear," said Kimmy, "That's not true. They look for all types, and right now they're looking for women who don't fit the usual stereotypes. You definitely do not fit the bimbo stereotype."

That much was true. Shanaya was no blond bimbo. She was the daughter of a half-Indian father and an Irish-American mother. She got dusky skin and long, luxurious black hair from her father, and piercing sky-blue eyes from her mother. The combination was arresting. Shanaya didn't look like anyone else she'd ever met, and even though she usually dressed modestly she often got double-takes.

"Come on, Kimmy," Shanaya said. "Be serious. I need a job. I REALLY need a job. You know I've got tons of student loans and I'm way behind paying them off. I've gotten, like, three debt collection letters in the last two weeks."

Shanaya's debts were huge. During her freshman year of college her father, sued by an unscrupulous business partner, had lost

everything. Shanaya had to scramble to get loans to pay for the rest of her education at a prestigious, private university. She worked several jobs, too, but it wasn't enough. The debt piled up, and by the time she graduated she was buried under financial obligations to several creditors, some of whom were now aggressively pursuing her to get paid.

"Shanaya, you're my best friend," Kimmy said. "You know I love you. You're one of the smartest people I know. But you know something else? I know you don't believe this, but you're also beautiful. You're hot. Guys stare at you. You might not know that. From what I hear, this company is looking for mailgirls who are beautiful in a different way. And that's you."

"I'm not saying it should be your career. But the economy is bad and there aren't a lot of jobs, and - who knows? - it might be a way to make some money while things are bad. To get you through the bad time. Until you can get a better job. I have a friend named Emily who has a friend who did it for a while, and according to Emily she made a lot of money. Like, a LOT of money. You'd be surprised."

"Yeah, I would be surprised," said Shanaya. She paused. "So what do you mean by a lot of money?"

Kimmy gave her a number.

Shanaya's eyes widened and her jaw dropped, again. The number Emily cited was comparable to what she'd been making as an

associate with the prestigious accounting firm she'd worked at before. She wondered how that was possible.

Nothing made any sense. Shanaya had worked her butt off her whole life, always getting straight As. She'd wanted to make her parents proud, and, besides that, she always had high standards for herself. From an early age, she was a math whiz. Accounting was a natural choice for a career. She earned her way into one of the best universities in the country, aced its accounting program, and graduated with offers from some of the best firms in the country. Her family had beamed with pride when she accepted an offer with Morton Leeds, one of the world's biggest and most prestigious accounting firms. For two years, things had gone great.

And then the economy tanked. Accounting firms like hers had been hit hard. Business dried up. People were being laid off. Shanaya had been a good employee, always meeting her hours requirements and pleasing the clients, but it did no good. When the shit hit the fan, the youngest employees bore the brunt of the shit. And Shanaya was still young. One day, she got called into the office of a senior member to get the bad news. She couldn't believe it. All that education, and all that hard work, and she was being shown the door.

She cried that night, and for a few days afterward, but soon she collected herself and looked for other opportunities. The problem was, there were no opportunities. Accounting firms like her former employer were firing, not hiring. There were no jobs to be had.

She widened the scope of her job search, sending letters to second-tier and third-tier accounting firms. No responses. She sent emails and left voice mail messages for different kinds of businesses, hoping they might have a place for someone with her impressive background. Still no responses. In the meantime, she earned no money. But rent came due, and bills piled up. And the student debt holders began coming after her. Shanaya was in a tough spot, and it was getting more and more difficult to see a way out of it. Her family was no help. Dad was broke and being sued. Her friend Kimmy offered moral support, but she was an elementary school teaching assistant and had no money to give.

Kimmy tried to encourage Shanaya, telling her how talented she was and how she was sure to succeed but that she had to think outside the box to get through the hard times. In the back of her mind, though, Shanaya couldn't stop worrying about her dire predicament. If she couldn't earn some money and pay rent, she'd be evicted soon. She couldn't imagine that. Her only recourse would be to live with her parents. To a smart, ambitious young woman like Shanaya, that would be as good as admitting she'd been defeated in life. She couldn't bear the thought of that.

Shanaya's reverie was interrupted when she realized Kimmy was saying something.

"What?" Shanaya asked.

"I said, let's get some information," Kimmy said. Kimmy's fingers tapped at the computer keyboard. She went online and researched

"mailgirls." Together, Shanaya and Kimmy gathered what information they could about the mailgirl program.

Shanaya discovered that the mailgirl program had started in Japan, the brainchild of an offbeat entrepreneur named Yakuso Wakisame, a self-proclaimed expert in the field of employee productivity. He was 40-something, an out-of-the-box thinker looking to strike it rich with the next big thing. He came up with the idea that corporate productivity could be enhanced by spicing up the work environment with erotic stimulation - specifically, with attractive, skimpily dressed women delivering the mail and performing other, assorted mundane office tasks that no one ever noticed before. He assembled a team of academics from elite universities across Japan. They conducted surveys and tests, and to everyone's surprise the tests proved Wakisame was right: the presence of skimpily dressed women carrying mail and performing similar tasks significantly raised office productivity. The mailgirl program caught on, and it was adopted by many companies in Japan. Wakisame became a rich man.

The program was still new in America, and the results of the program were still uncertain. In Shanaya's city, the program was dominated by Intex Corporation, a corporate personnel services firm with offices around the country. Intex hired mailgirls and contracted with companies throughout the city to have their mailgirls perform their tasks while dressed in outrageously skimpy outfits.

It seemed weird to Shanaya that the program was even legal, let alone tolerated. She couldn't understand how the mailgirl program

could survive challenges from sexual harassment attorneys and feminist advocates. But, somehow, it had. So far, anyway. The bad economy had something to do with it, no doubt. With unemployment rising and jobs scarce and profits falling, both business and political leaders were willing to adjust their thinking to accommodate unusual programs to boost the economy in any way possible.

"Let's see if they have any job openings," said Kimmy.

"Kimmy, come on," Shanaya said. "There's no way they'd want me, and there's no way I'd do it even if they did. Which they don't. This is pointless."

"You don't know unless you search," Kimmy said.

Kimmy pulled up the intex.com web page. She clicked on the page for "employment opportunities." There it was: a subheading for "mailgirls."

They scanned the web page in front of them. Intex was hiring. They had a few slots open for new mailgirls. The hiring page promised "outstanding compensation", although it didn't say just how much that was. At the bottom of the page was a link to an online application form.

"Let's fill it out," said Kimmy. "Come on. You have nothing to lose."

Kimmy started filling out the form for Shanaya, inserting all the information about her friend she knew: name, address, birthday, etc. It asked for her body measurements, too, something she'd never been asked for before.

"Kimmy, this is such a waste of time," Shanaya said.

"Maybe, maybe not," Kimmy said. "You might as well try."

"If you like this idea so much, why don't you apply?" Shanaya asked her friend.

"Well, number one, I'm not as hot as you, and, number two, I'm a teaching assistant, trying to become a full-time teacher at a Catholic school. They're not going to hire a mailgirl."

That was a good point, Shanaya thought. But, for that matter, she worried that any future employer, including another accounting firm, might look askance at seeing "mailgirl" on her resume. What would it do to her career? Probably nothing good.

At the moment, however, Shanaya had no options.

Reluctantly, Shanaya worked with Kimmy to fill out the application form, inputting information about herself.

"It says we need to submit a photo of you," Kimmy said. "Do you have a sexy photo?"

"Sexy?" Shanaya asked. "What's sexy? I don't think so."

"Oh, come on," Kimmy said, trying to encourage her friend. "How about that photo of you at the Solstice party last summer? Where's that?"

Embarrassed, but feeling pressured by her friend, Shanaya opened a folder of photos from the previous summer. She clicked on the one she thought Kimmy was referring to - a photo of her in a short, form-fitting white dress, which showed a lot of leg.

"They'll like that!" Kimmy said. Kimmy uploaded the photo over Shanaya's weak protests.

They scrolled down to the bottom of the application form page. Kimmy's finger poised over the Enter button.

"Here goes," Kimmy said.

Shanaya almost called out to stop her, but she was too late. Kimmy's finger hit the keyboard button, and away the application went.

There was nothing more to do. Shanaya and Kimmy finished their glasses of wine and conversation, and then Kimmy left. It was late.

Shanaya stared at her computer screen.

"I can't believe I just did that," she said to herself. "They're going to laugh at me."

Shanaya shook her head.

"Me as a mailgirl," she said, out loud to the empty room. "What a crazy idea. I'm sure they'll think it's a crazy idea too. I probably won't hear from them."

She logged off her computer and headed to bed. She thought to herself that it would be fine with her - more comfortable, certainly - if Intext Corporation never responded to her online application. What a nutty idea. Kimmy was high if she thought Shanaya could do that, Shanaya thought. In another minute she was in bed, under the covers, and soon she fell asleep.

x x x x

It was 9:30 am the next day when a "ping" sounded from Shanaya's phone.

"Probably Kimmy," she thought.

But it wasn't Kimmy. The message was from an unknown number. It said: "Ms. Reddy. We received your application for the mailgirl program. If you are interested, please show up at 11 am at our offices tomorrow. Please send reply text to confirm. Send a resume. Sasha Bloomfield, Personnel Manager, Intex."

Shanaya stared at the text for a full minute without moving. She couldn't believe it. They were interested! She didn't know what to think about that. For six weeks no one had shown any interest in hiring her for her expertise in accounting. Now, in less than 24 hours, she'd gotten a response from a company that wanted to hire her for showing off her body.

Shanaya looked at her online calendar for the month. It was blank. No work. No appointments. No interviews. No nothing. She had nothing to lose. It was short notice, insisting that she show up the next day. But Shanaya had nothing else to do. What the hell. She texted back, replying and confirming that she would show up at the appointment at Intex's local office.

x x x x

At 11:00 a.m., the next day, Shanaya stepped out from the elevator on the 19th floor of a high-rise building downtown and into the large, immaculately designed foyer of the Intex headquarters. A perfectly coiffed receptionist sat behind an enormous desk.

Shanaya was nervous. She had no idea what to expect. She'd called Kimmy as soon as she'd accepted the interview offer to get her advice.

"That's so exciting!" Kimmy said on the phone. "I knew they'd say 'yes.' I think it was the picture. You look like a hottie in that picture."

"What do I do? What do I wear?"

"Just act natural. Be yourself. Wear something that makes you comfortable, but that's a little sexy. Wear your shortest work skirt. They'll want to see your legs."

Act natural. Shanaya had no idea how to do that, interviewing to be a mailgirl. She still couldn't believe she was here. She wouldn't have come without Kimmy's bubbly encouragement.

On Kimmy's advice, Shanaya had chosen a creamy, long-sleeved blouse and her shortest work skirt. It was a pencil-style skirt that hugged her figure and ended two inches above the knee. She teetered on three-inch heels, which were longer than she usually wore to the office.

Shanaya gave her name to the receptionist. Two minutes later a smart if severely dressed woman in gray walked forward and held her hand out.

"Ms. Reddy?" she asked. "Monica Stevenson. Please follow me."

Shanaya followed, timid and nervous. She still couldn't believe she was actually there, about to be interviewed for a job to be a mailgirl. She wondered what her parents would think. They'd be even more mortified than she was, she guessed. She tried to imagine explaining it to them. She couldn't.

Ms. Stevenson ushered Shanaya into a conference room. Two other people sat at a long table. All had black folders open in front of them, with papers inside - printouts of her resume, application form, and picture.

A video camera was perched on top of a tripod and pointed at her seat.

When she sat down, they got down to business.

One of the men, whose tag read "Bob," pushed a form across the table to Shanaya.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Confidentiality and permission form," he said. "You agree this interview is confidential. We agree to maintain the privacy and

confidentiality of your answers as well, although we may use the interview and video for our own internal research and evaluation purposes."

She signed the form.

"So, Ms. Reddy, what makes you want to be a mailgirl?" Stevenson asked.

Shanaya shifted nervously in her chair. She hadn't prepared much for the interview - hadn't even known what to prepare for, since she knew so little about what they wanted.

Act natural, she told herself, repeating Kimmy's words. Be yourself.

"To be honest, Ms. Stevenson, I need the money," she said. She regretted saying it immediately. "Sorry!"

"Call me Monica," the woman replied, smiling. "Don't be sorry. I appreciate your honesty. Not many of our applicants aspire to become mailgirls. Some do, but usually they're not the kind of girls we're looking for. Do you know what this job entails?"

"Just a little. I looked at your website."

"Well, let me explain. First, understand that it's a serious job. We don't hire bimbos. Our job at Intex is to improve our clients' productivity. We work with Fortune 500 companies, large law firms, banks, brokerage firms, and accounting firms like the one you used to work for. The mailgirl program has been scientifically proven to raise company morale and to increase productivity. Our girls absolutely must be good at what they do. The job description may not sound like much, but it's important that our mailgirls must be efficient and professional."

"How does it work, exactly?" Shanaya's voice was hoarse. She had dry mouth from nervousness.

"Bob, could you get Shanaya some water?" Monica asked.

"Sure thing." He poured water from a pitcher on a counter to the side of the table and set it on a coaster in front of Shanaya.

"Thanks," said Shanaya, drinking nervously from the glass.

"It works like this," Monica said. "A mailgirl is given an assignment - usually one client or sometimes more than one. It's a little bit like Uber. You'll receive assignments on a company cell phone, which is strapped to your arm. You'll deliver mail, packages, and do other courier-related tasks. You may be given other, similar tasks, although the job does not require any secretarial skills."

"You will receive a regular salary, but most of your pay will be task-driven. You will be assigned an online Intex account that is hooked up to the client's account. When you complete a task, money transfers from the client account to the Intex account, and you get a percentage. A bonus payment may be made if you get the assignment done within certain parameters. If the client likes your performance, the client can pay a tip, which also gets divided between the Intex account and your account. The client is supposed to rate your performance as well, and you can receive an extra monthly bonus if you exceed certain rating standards. Understand?"

"I think so."

"Good. It says here on your resume that you were on the cross-country team in college."

"I was. I was third on the team at 1500 meters."

"That's good. You'll be on the move a lot, and speed and stamina may be important. Understand, you're not supposed to be running through the halls. You'll need to move with grace and efficiency. Personality counts, too. Mailgirls are supposed to lift the spirits of those around them. Working in an office can be a grind, as you know."

"I know," said Shanaya. Secretly, though, she missed working in an office. She was bored out of her mind sitting around her apartment.

"Can you tell me - "Shanaya began, but she knocked over her water glass in her nervousness and didn't finish her thought. "Oops! Sorry."

"It's OK, I'll get it," said the third interviewer, whose name tag said "Dave."

"Don't worry about it," said Monica, as Dave wiped up the spilled water with a paper towel. "Being nervous about this job is understandable. Now why don't you tell us some more about yourself."

They talked for half an hour, which to Shanaya seemed like a surprisingly long time to interview for a job with what seemed like such a thin job description. She tried to answer with as much verve and personality as she could, since she guessed that's what they were looking for, but it was difficult for her, an accountant by training, to keep up the act. "Bubbly" did not come naturally to her. They were friendly, but they asked pointed questions, too, about her interests, her work history, likes and dislikes. It wasn't an unpleasant experience, exactly, but it didn't ease her nervousness.

"OK, Shanaya, now for the next part of the interview. Can you stand up, away from the table, and turn around slowly so the camera can record you?"

Shanaya stood up, more nervous than ever. She'd never applied for a job before that counted good looks as an explicit job criterion. She knew she was smart and could answer interview questions, but she

had no confidence about passing this part of the exam. Her looks were unusual, and she couldn't imagine that she was what they were looking for.

After what seemed like an eternity, Monica stood up and cheerfully said, "OK. That's enough. Now we need you to do one more thing. You need to try on the uniform. We've selected one based on the measurements you gave us online. It's in the changing room right over there."

Monica pointed to a door at the side of the conference room.

Shanaya timidly entered the changing room. It was not much bigger than a closet, but it had full length mirrors on opposite sides of it and a counter with some cosmetics and a hand mirror. On one side of the counter lay the uniform: a top and a bottom, and two shoes.

Shanaya picked up the pieces of the uniform. She recognized the colors - green and blue and white - from the website. She had known from the website pictures that the uniform was skimpy, but it was a whole different matter seeing the uniform close, in her hands. It was tiny. It appeared to be made from a stretchy, shiny, breathable artificial fiber of some kind she didn't recognize. It didn't look much bigger than a bikini.

She stifled the thought that after years of education and academic honors she was trying on an outfit to get a job that would parade her around like a bikini model.

She took off her shoes and hung up her skirt and blouse on pegs on the wall. She looked at herself in the mirror, standing in her bra and panties. I'm really doing this, she thought.

She wasn't sure what to do next. The outfit came with no bra, but it was obvious that her bra would not work with the top - the top was so skimpy that the straps of her bra would show, and she was sure they didn't want that. She took off her bra and hung it up. Her full breasts stared back at her in the mirror. For some reason her breasts had always embarrassed her, although she'd been told by boyfriends that they were beautiful. It might be that they were big for a runner with a thin frame. She'd always needed a sturdy sports bra when she ran to prevent unwanted jiggling.

She pulled the top over her head. It was something between a sports bra and a crop top, as it stretched around her torso and ended a few inches below her breasts. What appeared to be an extra layer of thickness in the material beneath her breasts provided some support, but not much. Fortunately, Shanaya's boobs were naturally firm, and stood high and pointy with little sag.

But, speaking of pointy - Shanaya audibly gasped at the way the tiny top presented her breasts. Her nipples were large and pointy, and the outlines of them were clearly visible under the fabric, which almost seemed thinner over her nipples than elsewhere. She stood sideways to the mirror. No doubt about it, the profile of her nipples flared out conspicuously from her body under the skin-tight top.

She gritted her teeth, stopped looking, and picked up the bottoms. She pulled them up, over her legs, stretched them over her hips, over her panties. Fortunately, she'd picked skimpy, form-fitting panties, so the bottoms stretched over them and over her hips without too much effort.

The bottoms were skimpier than anything she'd seen anyone wear in public, except perhaps at a cross-country meet, or at the beach. The top edge barely hit her hip bone. The upper portion of the V of her inguinal crease was exposed. The inseam could not have been more than two inches. She looked in the mirror behind her, and the bottoms of her ass cheeks were exposed. She was glad that years of running had given her a firm tush.

Now, for the shoes. She looked at them quizzically. She'd never seen shoes like them. They were black, strappy, and high heeled. The heels must have been close to four inches. But they were solid, and the heel part gave a bit when she pushed her finger against it.

It took her a minute to figure out how to strap them on. When she finished, she looked up, staring at herself in the mirror in the completed ensemble.

She could barely believe that the girl looking back at her was her. To Shanaya's eyes, she looked like a stripper. She wobbled a little on the heels. Despite their height, they were more comfortable and more stable than she would have guessed, probably because of their design. Shanaya stared, struck dumb by the image that greeted her.

I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought.

"Are you ready?" Monica's voice called out from the conference room.

"Yes," said Shanaya, her voice thin and reedy.

She blushed at the thought of other people seeing her like this. She didn't know if she could go through with it. She put her hand on the doorknob, but she didn't turn it for a while.

I can turn back, she thought. I don't have to do this. I don't have to make a spectacle of myself.

But what else will you do? she asked herself in reply. You have no job and no prospects. You have bills to pay. It's only temporary. You'll do this until you get a real job.

She opened the door and walked back into the conference room, which seemed much brighter than before for some reason. She stumbled, almost, on the unfamiliar heels, but righted herself before falling. Monica and Dave stood nearby, and Bob stood back with the video camera, now recording her. Knowing that she was being recorded increased her nervousness.

"You look great, dear," Monica said. "Let's see you. Turn around a few times."

Shanaya turned around, concentrating as hard as she could on staying upright on the heels without stumbling again.

"Shanaya, you look splendid, but there's one thing," Monica said. "I can tell you're wearing panties. You'll need to take them off. The shorts are made to be worn without panties. Go back, take them off, and we'll get started then."

No panties? What? Shanaya tried not to show her surprise and dismay.

Back in the changing room, Shanaya shucked off the shorts, and then pulled her panties down until they dropped to the floor, pooling at her ankles.

She caught her reflection in the mirror. She was careful to keep her dark bush in a well-trimmed triangle above her vulva. It was her lips she was concerned about. She'd been told by lovers in the past that she'd had a pretty pussy, but she always fretted about it. Thin, wavy lips dangled slightly at the gap between her legs. She wondered whether they'd be visible under the shorts if unobscured by panties.

She'd have to find out. She pulled the shorts back up her legs.

The feeling of the form-fitting shorts against her pussy was arousing, and nerve-wracking. She stared hard in the mirror, and, while she couldn't see her pussy through the fabric, she could make out some of its shape. There was no lining in the shorts. They molded to her tightly enough that a dimple formed where her labia bulged and framed her cleft.

Her nervousness and embarrassment redoubled, she left the changing room again. Monica inspected her closely while the camera recorded her.

"Perfect," Monica said. "I know it may seem unusual, but it's supposed to be a tight fit. One other thing, though. You don't need to deal with it today, but if you get the job, you need to shave."

"Shave?" Shanaya asked.

"Shave. I can tell you have a patch of pubic hair from the way the fabric is raised slightly, here."

Monica pointed, her finger an inch from Shanaya's pubis.

"You need to shave that off, if you get the job. We insist that our mailgirls must shave all body hair except on their head. Eyebrows must be well manicured. Leg hair, armpit hair, pubic hair - it's all got to come off. We prefer if you wax it, because it's closer and longer lasting, but shaving is OK if you can do it well."

Shanaya had never engaged in a group conversation about her pubic hair before, especially one that was being recorded. She didn't think she'd ever been so embarrassed in her whole life.

"Now, Shanaya, we need to have you walk around the conference room. You won't be sitting around as a mailgirl - you'll be on the go all the time. Most of the time when people see you, you'll be walking briskly through the hallway. We need to see what you look like when you're walking. So, walk."

Shanaya began walking, circling the conference room table. She felt ridiculously on display, which she was. She concentrated on standing straight, and on not falling on the heels.

"I'm sure you've noticed the shoes by now," Monica said. "They've been specially designed for our mailgirls. The heels are four inches, to accentuate the calves and make them look sexy. Our focus groups revealed that this was the most desirable height in terms of appearances. But, of course, it's not easy getting around quickly on four-inch heels. So, we made them in a thick, wedge form, with a slight flare at the bottom. The heel is made of a special, reinforced rubber, not unlike what you'll find in your running shoes. The heel is thick enough to be stable, but the give in the rubber provides support and comfort. It takes a bit of training and experience to get around them with ease, but if you get the job, you'll find you get used to them."

Shanaya found that hard to believe. A four-inch heel was a four-inch heel. It was taller than she was accustomed to, and she didn't feel very stable. She tried to hide it as much as possible, but she feared that her instability and discomfort would show to Monica and the other interviewers.

She circled the table a few more times, the camera recording her the whole time and her interviewers staring intently at her. She noticed that they scratched notes on pads of paper as she walked.

"That's enough," Monica said at last.

"You have one last task, and the interview is over," she said.

"Task?"

"Yes. You're going to do a practice task. We're going to time you and record you."

"Practice task? What do you want me to do?"

Monica handed Shanaya a phone and an arm band.

"Put this on," she said. Shanaya did.

"This is a company phone, "said Monica, "like the one you would be carrying as a mailgirl. In a minute, you will get a message on the phone. You will have to follow the instructions, pick up an item as it instructs you, and deliver that item to a person in an office on this floor."

"Wait - a person on this floor. You mean, outside this conference room?"

"Yes, of course."

"People are going to see me in this outfit? Out there?" She gestured toward the conference room door. Her finger shook.

"Of course they are. That's the job, after all. Everyone will see you in this outfit. Hundreds of people. Maybe thousands. If you're going to do the job you need to show you can do it. Now get ready. The task should be coming in."

Shanaya, now in a near panic, heard the phone in her hand buzz. She looked at the screen. She read the instructions: "Pull the Sharpie pen from the pocket in Dave's shirt, and deliver it to Austin Appleby in Office 1914."

Shanaya felt utterly flustered. The instructions seemed simple enough, but her body froze. Her head felt cloudy. At first, she couldn't move."

"Better get going," Monica said, quietly.

Shanaya got going. She looked up from her phone, at Dave. Behind Dave, Bob's camera recorded her. Shanaya teetered over to Dave and pulled the black pen out of his pocket. She looked back at her phone. "1914."

She knew it was on this floor, but she didn't know where. She skittered over to the conference room door.

"Remember, Shanaya," Monica said. "Walk fast, but don't run. We don't want you causing accidents in the hallway."

The only accident I'm worried about is peeing in my shorts, Shanaya thought.

She opened the conference room door, and with a big nervous gulp of air she stepped outside.

She turned to the left and began to walk, not run. Once, some years ago, Shanaya had tried race-walking, and her experience now stood her in good stead. It wasn't easy to maintain form in the heels, but once she got a rhythm going it was almost easier to maintain her balance if she kept moving forward. She scanned the office room numbers to her side.

"1954."

It was a big office, obviously, and she had a long way to go to get to her destination. At the next office she saw that the numbers were getting smaller.

Directly ahead of her, a man stood with a cup of coffee talking to a secretary in a cubicle. As Shanaya approached they looked up at her. The man smiled and his eyes ran up and down her body. Shanaya felt her skin flush with warmth and embarrassment. She was keenly aware, moving quickly down the hallway, that her breasts bounced and jiggled and swayed with little restraint. She saw the man glance at her chest and saw the lusty appreciation in his eyes. Obviously, he could see the prominence of her nipples inside the thin top.

She kept going. The office numbers kept decreasing.

I'm almost there, she thought. Don't think about anything. Just get there and get it done.

Her mind on the task ahead, Shanaya didn't notice a small rise in the carpet ahead of her. The toe of her shoe caught it, and she stumbled. She tried to catch herself, but she couldn't. She went tumbling.

She fell on her hands and knee, and one knee burned slightly where it scraped along the carpet. She hoped she hadn't skinned it. But there was no time to focus on that now. She had to complete her task.

She stood up and resumed walking. She passed by many offices, some of them occupied by men - and women - that looked up from their desks at her with obvious interest. She saw an older man pass her in the hallway. He, too, ran his eyes greedily over her body. When she passed him, she imagined him turning around and staring at her ass, sculpted in the tiny shorts.

At last, breathing nervously, she reached office number 1914.

She stood at the door with a hand on the frame, the other hand holding the pen.

"Mr. Appleby?"

A friendly young face looked up from a desk. The window behind him revealed a view of other high-rise buildings.

"That's me," he said. "And you're -"

"Shanaya," she said. She held out the pen. He took it, picked up his phone, and pushed a button on it.

"45 seconds," he said. "That's pretty good."

Shanaya couldn't believe it. It felt like it had been 45 minutes, and a lifetime of shame and embarrassment.

"Thank you very much, Shanaya," said Austin. "You better get back to the conference room."

Shanaya left Austin's office and walked back to the conference room. On the way, she noticed more people out and about than before - many more. Word had gotten out that a new girl was in the office, and everyone wanted to see her. Shanaya felt their eyes on her body.

By the time she got back to the office, she was nearly a wreck, and she didn't know if she could keep standing up. She wanted to collapse in a seat - anywhere to get off her wobbly feet. But she couldn't. Monica and Dave were there, and Bob still held his camera. She had to hold it together for a little while longer.

"You're back!" Monica said, smiling kindly at her. "Good job. You're done. You can get put your own clothes on again."

Once in the dressing room, Shanaya sank to the floor, her head in her hands.

What had she done? Who was she? She could not believe that she had just strutted her nearly nude body past so many people, all of whom were staring at her.

She heard voices, and looked up from the floor. She hadn't completely closed the door, and she could just barely hear Monica and her colleagues talking. They were talking about her.

"She's cute, don't you think?" she heard Bob say.

"She is," said Dave. "Nice figure, too. Fits the uniform well. Her calves looked good. Probably from all that running."

"She looks good," said Monica. "But she seemed awfully nervous. And awkward. I don't know about her. Personality is such an important part of this job. I don't know if she can pull it off."

"Well, we have more candidates coming in today and tomorrow," said Bob. "We'll talk about it when all the interviews are done. We'll see."

Shanaya's heart sank. All that embarrassment, and it was probably all for nothing. She wasn't right for the job.

Dejected, she pulled the uniform off, tossed the shoes to the floor, and dressed herself in the clothes she'd come in.

She felt something below, and she touched herself. She was damp. Not sopping, not wet, but damp. A trace of moisture lay over her folds below where none had been before.

She was excited, she thought. She was nervous and embarrassed and ashamed, for sure, but she was excited, too. She stood, still undressed, and searched her body and her feelings with her mind. It was true. Beneath all the trepidation she felt a tinge of excitement. Shanaya had never been much of an exhibitionist - or any kind of exhibitionist - and she'd never done anything remotely like what she'd done today. But today was different. She felt excited, and even a little bit aroused.

Shanaya dressed quickly and left the changing room. Only Monica remained. She held out her hand.

"Thank you for coming, Shanaya," she said, with a cool smile. "Your interview is over. You should hear from us in a few days."

x x x x

Back at her apartment, that evening, Shanaya was bummed. She felt sure she'd blown it, knocking over the water glass and acting too obviously nervous and embarrassed in front of her interviewers. She thought about the other girls that would interview after her. She thought for sure that some of them would be closer to what Intex was looking for.

She stared at her blank computer screen across the room. She'd have to log on and start looking for other jobs. The thought depressed her. She'd been looking for jobs for over six weeks, and the Intex interview was the closest she'd come yet to landing one.

Her phone rang. She didn't want to answer it, but she saw Kimmy's face on the screen, and she knew Kimmy would want to hear all about the interview. She swiped the answer button.

"Hey Kimmy," she said, glumly.

Kimmy made Shanaya go over the entire interview, step by step. It felt strange telling someone how she'd gotten almost naked and shown her body off to an office full of people. She heard the words coming out of her mouth and could scarcely believe she was talking about herself.

"It was so embarrassing, Kimmy," she said. "I can't believe I did that."

"But you did, girlfriend, you did. I'm proud of you."

"You are?" Kimmy asked. She couldn't believe it.

"I am. You're beautiful and you don't know it. You're too uptight. I think this was good for you."

Shanaya didn't know about that. She found that hard to believe.

"I don't know," Shanaya said. "You don't think what I did was kind of . . . like . . . slutty?"

"Hey, what's wrong with slutty?" Kimmy asked, laughing over the phone. "I've been telling you for years you need to slut it up."

Kimmy was right. She had been telling Shanaya that. For a long time. Kimmy had never had a problem getting men, or having fun with them, and she liked talking about her exploits with them with her best friend. Shanaya's love life had been nowhere near as prolific or entertaining, if even half of Kimmy's stories were true.

"Well, it doesn't matter," Shanaya said. "I'm not going to get the job. I'm not their type."

"Don't get down," Kimmy said. "I've got a good feeling about this. Wait a few days."

x x x x

Shanaya waited a few days. She spent most of the time hanging around her apartment. Because of the absence of cash flow, she couldn't go shopping, and she'd cancelled her gym membership. The

refrigerator was starting to look a little bare. She'd spent more time online, looking for any kind of employment she could find, and she'd made phone calls. But no responses had come in.

At 4 p.m., three days after her interview, the phone rang. It was Intex. Shanaya was reluctant to answer. She braced herself for the inevitable disappointment of being told she didn't get the job. She sighed and swiped her phone.

"Hello?"

"Shanaya? This is Monica from Intex. How are you?"

"I'm fine, thanks."

"Good. Shanaya, I'm pleased to say that the evaluation of your interview the other day went well, and we'd like to see you again, as soon as possible."

Shanaya was thunderstruck.

"Does that mean . . . does that mean I have the job?"

Shanaya waited while Monica paused for a long time.

"There's a bit more to it," she said. "We want to work with you. But something new has come up, and we need to talk to you about it. In person. Not over the phone. So, if possible, we'd like to have you come in tomorrow. Same place. Same time - 11 a.m."

Shanaya didn't know what to make of this news, but it was better than anything else she'd heard.

"Sure," she said. "I'll be there."

x x x x

The next day, at 11:00 a.m. sharp, Shanaya showed up for the next stage of her interview. She wore a pretty wool A-line dress that she'd often worn to the office at Morton Leeds. It was one of her favorites: simple, elegant, professional. While she was eager to be employed, she also wanted to send Intex the message that she was a professional, not a bimbo.

She had no idea what to expect from the next step of the interview. No one at Intex had told her anything. In anticipation of being asked to wear the uniform again, she had shaved herself completely bare down below earlier that morning.

She sat down in the same conference room as before. Monica, Bob, and Dave were there, as before, but so was another man, unfamiliar to her. He was dressed in a suit and tie, unlike the others, who were

dressed in business casual style. He wore a more serious expression than the others.

"Thanks for coming in, Shanaya," Monica said. "I must tell you, in all candor, that at the end of our interview the other day I had doubts. Don't get me wrong, we all liked you. You're smart and personable. And you're very pretty. But you seemed so nervous. We weren't sure if your personality was the right fit for our program."

Shanaya watched Monica on pins and needles. She hoped they hadn't brought her all the way to their office to give her bad news.

"But then," Monica said, "We showed the video of you to our focus groups. And the results were off the charts. They loved you. Your shyness and nervousness were endearing, not off-putting. Here are some of the comments our participants in the program made about you:

"Awesome combo of girl-next-door charm and exotic allure."

"Loved this girl. Awesome."

"Fantastic eyes."

"Her shy demeanor and hot body were the sexiest thing I've ever seen."

"Beautiful eyes."

"Hot legs."

"I could watch her all day."

"Great tits."

Monica looked up.

"Oops. Sorry. I didn't mean to read that one to you."

"It's OK," Shanaya said, but her voice sounded to her like it was coming from someone else. Monica continued.

"Since our program started, we have never, ever, gotten such a positive response from our focus groups as we have gotten for you. You far outshone all the other applicants for the position for the last few days. Intex wants to extend you an offer of employment to be our next mailgirl. But . . ."

"But?" Shanaya asked.

"Yes, but," Monica said. "Since your interview, the company has decided to enter a new phase of the program. We've done some testing and some research, and we feel highly confident that with this next phase we will be able to provide even higher levels of client service, and achieve even higher levels of profitability, both for our clients and for us. And that means more income for the mailgirls, too. We're very excited about this next step, but we need someone to lead the way. We need someone to be a test figure in the next phase of the mailgirl program, to make sure it's going to work. We'd like that person to be you."

Shanaya didn't know what to say. She was still reeling from the fact that they actually wanted to give her a job. She was excited about the possibility of working on something new, and she was flattered that they wanted her to do it.

"What is this new phase?" she asked. "What will I have to do?"

"Well," said Monica, hesitating. "We're changing the uniform."

"OK," said Shanaya. She was so excited about the prospect of earning income she could barely concentrate on Monica's words. "How are you changing it?"

"We're getting rid of it."

Shanaya stared at Monica. She didn't understand.

"What . . . what does that mean?"

"I mean we're getting rid of the uniform," said Monica. "You'll be naked."

"Naked?"

"Naked," said Monica. "You'll wear the shoes you wore before, and a phone strapped to your arm. But that's it. Other than those two things, you'll be completely naked. You will spend the entire day doing your job as a mailgirl in the nude."

Shanaya's jaw dropped open, and she stared at Monica, and then at Bob and Dave, like an idiot. She had no idea what to say. She'd barely adjusted to the idea of running office errands in the brief Intex uniform, and now they were talking about her being naked.

Monica's words hit her like a ton of bricks. What she said was inconceivable. Impossible.

Shanaya had never been naked in public in her life, unless you counted taking showers in the school gym with other women around. She'd never exposed her nude body to another man, other than to a boyfriend or doctor. The idea of running around an office building naked - she couldn't even imagine it.

"I . . . I don't even know what to say," she said.

"I understand," said Monica. "I know this is surprising. This is new for us too. The executive committee has worked out this plan only very recently. We didn't even know about it in personnel when we talked to you a few days ago. But the company is determined to do it. It's been tried on a limited scale in Japan, and the boost to productivity has been amazing. We're convinced it can work here, and we're convinced you're the right person to be our first. Our first naked mailgirl.

Naked mailgirl. That's what they wanted her to be. Shanaya couldn't believe it.

"Can't you get someone else to do that?" she asked. "I could do it with the uniform if you could get someone else to be naked. Naked. I just don't -"

"Unfortunately, no," said Monica. "From this point forward, the mailgirls will be naked, assuming the program goes according to plan. We really want to hire you, Shanaya. But it's naked or no offer."

"Is that even legal?" Shanaya asked.

"Our legal department is working on that," Monica said. "We think so. The state supreme court recently legalized non-sexual nudity on

public property. Besides, you'd be on private property. We believe the studies and evidence of enhanced productivity would be enough to show it's a sound, legitimate business practice, enough to overcome any sexual harassment or hostile work environment claims. Our lobbyists are working with the legislature to pass a bill. The economy is so bad right now, they're willing to push almost anything through."

"I just can't believe it," said Shanaya. "You want me to be naked. You want me to do this job - be a mailgirl - with no clothes."

"Yes, we do, Shanaya," Monica said. "We want you to be a naked mailgirl. We are convinced, from everything that we've seen, that you'll do a great job. We want you to take it."

Monica reached inside her black folder and pulled something out. It was a check. Monica pushed it across the table.

"In fact," she said, "we want you so much that we'll pay you this signing bonus if you agree at the end of today's interview to do the job."

Shanaya looked down at the check and the amount written. She gasped. She couldn't believe the number. With that much money, she'd immediately be able to pay rent and utilities and restock her refrigerator and have a little extra.

"You're willing to pay me THAT to run around delivering letters in an office naked?"

"Yes, we are," Monica said. "Shanaya, it's like we said: the potential productivity and profit increases are significant. This is a bold new step into the future for Intex Corporation. You would be leading the way. We want you to do this, and we want you to be successful. If you get through this interview and agree to do the job, we'll give you that check today."

Shanaya's head was swimming.

"Get through the interview?" she asked. "Do I not have the job?"

"Yes, you basically have the job," said Monica. "But since the uniform has changed, you need to do a test in the new uniform."

Shanaya began to understand.

"You mean -"

"We need to see you naked, Shanaya," said Monica, interrupting her.

Shanaya was flustered.

"N . . . now?" she asked.

"Now," said Monica. "Like I said, Shanaya, we really want you. You're our first choice. But if you can't do it, we'll bring in someone else. The company wants to move aggressively forward with the new phase."

"I don't know if I can do this," Shanaya said.

"You can, Shanaya," Monica said, reaching across the table and patting Shanaya's hand with her own. "You can do it. And if you do, whatever, happens, we'll give you the check in front of you."

It's just an interview, Shanaya thought. It's just four people. They'll see me naked and it will be over. And I'll have the money and I can pay my rent and my bills and buy groceries. No further commitments.

"What . . . what do I do?"

"You can get undressed in the changing room," said Monica, pointing. "The shoes are in there."

Shoes. Just shoes. No uniform. They wanted her to get naked for them, and they wanted to parade her naked body in front of them. To find out if it was good enough for them to hire her.

Shanaya stood up, dazed and uncertain, and entered the changing room. It was the same as before, but this time there was no uniform on the counter. Only shoes.

She tried not to think too hard about what she was doing. She stripped off her clothes, including her panties and bra, hanging them on the hooks on the wall. She strapped on the four-inch black heels again.

Then she stared at herself in the mirror.

A naked young woman, with long black hair and blue eyes, stared back at her. The young woman was scared. She was out of her depth. But she was pretty, too, with shapely long legs and firm, full breasts. Shanaya tried to ignore the obvious labia puffing out between the young woman's legs.

A couple of weeks ago, she could not possibly have imagined herself doing what she was about to do. But here she was.

Better not to think too much about it, she told herself.

Taking a deep breath, Shanaya walked out the door.

The four people in the conference room stared at her, intently. One of them, Bob, again held a camera and recorded videotape of her. She saw eyes scanning her nude body. She felt mortified, and it took every ounce of self-control she could summon to stand tall and not cover herself with her hands. She kept her hands at her side. She knew they'd need to see her body.

"You shaved," said Monica. "Good."

Monica came closer and inspected Shanaya's body carefully.

"You look beautiful, Shanaya," she said. "Even better than in the uniform, I think. Now, we need to take a good look at you, since your body will be on display to our clients. This may be a bit embarrassing, but it's necessary."

"Jump up and down," she said.

"What?" Shanaya asked. "Why?"

"We need to see how your breasts look when you move around," Monica said. "Jump."

Reluctantly, Shanaya jumped in place. It wasn't easy in the heels, but she managed to keep her balance. She was aware how much her full breasts bobbed up and down as she jumped. All eyes in the

conference room were on her chest. The video camera lens was directed at her. She was putting on quite a show.

"That's enough," said Monica. "Now, come over here."

She guided Shanaya to the conference table.

"Put your hands on the tabletop, and bend over."

"Bend over?" Shanaya asked, incredulous. "Why?"

"We need to see all of you, because our clients will see all of you. Sorry, but it's necessary."

Out of the side of her eye Shanaya saw Bob, the camera man, move behind her. She was sure he was getting close-up videotape of her asshole. Shanaya was so far beyond being humiliated that she almost didn't care anymore. She'd already degraded herself beyond her imagination. It couldn't get worse.

"OK," said Monica. "I think we have enough video."

"Am I done?" Shanaya asked. "Can I get dressed?"

"Almost," said Monica. "There's one more thing."

"What's that?"

"You need to leave the conference room and walk down the hall until you circle the entire perimeter of the building and then come back here to the conference room."

Shanaya's heart sank. The embarrassment just kept getting worse.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "You can see me. You've videotaped me. Why do you need me to do that?"

"Shanaya," Monica said, with a kind face. "I understand this is tough. But if you do the job you are going to be exposing your naked body to hundreds of people every single day. We need to find out if you can do it. Not everybody can. Do you have what it takes to be a Phase 2 Intex mailgirl? We need to know. We need to know now. Can you do it? Or not? If not, I understand. We'll have someone else do it. Just let me know. If you can't, you can go home now."

Monica put her hand on the check on the table. The implication was clear: it was Shanaya's choice, but if she said no she'd leave the office with no check.

Shanaya looked at the faces of the people in the conference room, staring at her, waiting for her answer. She took a deep breath.

"OK," she said. "I'll do it."

Monica clapped her hands together.

"Excellent!" she said. "Bob, are you getting this?"

"I've got it all, Monica," he said, continuing to videotape Shanaya's naked body.

"One time around, Shanaya," Monica said. "Just one time. Go ahead. We'll see you back here in a minute or so. Remember: walk fast, but don't run."

Shanaya tentatively, timidly approached the conference room door. She hoped few people would be milling about the hallway. Maybe she could encircle the building without drawing much attention.

She opened the door.

Her mouth formed a big "O" and her heart rose up in her throat when she saw a dozen people outside the conference room, watching and awaiting her exit. They clapped as she emerged from the conference room. It took every bit of strength and discipline in her to stop her hands from covering her tits and pussy. For a moment, she did nothing, standing in front of the crowd with her hands at her side

and putting her naked, shaved body on display for them. She hid nothing. She saw their eyes running all over her.

Then she remembered what she was supposed to do and got started. She turned left, past the crowd, and began power-walking her way down the hallway, past secretary cubicles and executive offices. Unlike last time, people were everywhere, eager to see the new, naked mailgirl. Shanaya was keenly aware of the way her breasts bobbed and jiggled as she walked. She was aware that the bare slit of her pussy was on display to everyone.

Never in her life had she felt so exposed and so vulnerable.

People were supportive, at least. A naked mailgirl was new to them as well, and people clapped and cheered as she walked by them. A few people whistled. Though mortified, she took a little bit of solace in the fact that everyone seemed to enjoy seeing her naked body. It boosted her confidence, just a tiny bit.

At least, after what seemed like an eternity, she completed the circuit around the office building. She entered the conference room and shut the door behind her.

"Great job, Shanaya!" Monica said. "I knew you could do it." The video recording by Bob didn't stop.

"You can get dressed now," Monica said.

Shanaya quickly dressed in the tiny changing room. She was glad to be dressed and covered when she reemerged into the conference room.

"Do you want the job?" Monica asked. "You've got it if you want it."

"I . . . I . . . Can you give me a little time to decide?" she asked.

"You can have until tomorrow," Monica asked. "Text me and let me know what you decide."

"OK," Shanaya said in a tiny voice, barely her own.

A few minutes later she sunk into the seat of her car. She was stressed out and exhausted.

Everything seemed surreal.

Everything, that is, but the check she held in her hand. She'd deposit it in the bank on the way home.

x x x x

Hours later, Shanaya sat on the balcony of her apartment with a glass of chardonnay in her hand. She'd already downed one glass, and the half-empty bottle sat on a small side table to her left. It was a warm, summer evening. Her apartment stood on the gentle slope of a hill, and she looked down on the lights of the city below. She'd turned off all the lights in her apartment, and now she sat in the dark, pleasantly buzzed, recovering from the insanity of the day. An hour earlier she had finished a long conversation with Kimmy, who coaxed every detail out of Shanaya of her experience at Intex.

"You're going to do it, aren't you?" she asked.

"I don't know," Shanaya said. "Would you?"

"If I were you, yes."

"Easy for you to say. You're not me."

"I know. You're right. But think about it, Shanaya. Think about the money they're going to pay you. You'll be able to pay off your debts. You don't have to do it, like, forever. And it's so . . . hot! Oh my god, it almost makes me wet just thinking about it."

"Well, it terrifies me. I still can't imagine doing it. But the money is great. I admit."

"Let me know what you decide," said Kimmy. "But girlfriend, if you take my advice, do it. I know it seems crazy. But do it."

"I'll let you know," Shanaya said, noncommittal.

They hung up and Shanaya took her wine to the balcony to relax.

She'd been sitting there, ever since.

A gentle breeze washed over Shanaya. She still wore the dress she'd worn to her Intex interview. Her feet were up, on the balcony railing, and the breeze kissed the skin of her thighs under her dress.

She was aroused. The events of the day, the wine in her belly, and seductive touch of the summer wind made her horny. It had been a long time since she'd had sex.

Her phone pinged. She had a text message.

It was Kimmy.

No.

Hanging out on my balcony. In the dark. Drinking wine.

No, of course not! Why would you ask that?

I don't think so. I'm in the dark and I don't see anyone.

Why would I do that?

I love you but you are a nut.

Bye Kimmy.

Shanaya put her phone down, on the table, and sat quietly on her balcony. A feeling of peace and calm came over her, the first she'd felt in a long time. But peace wasn't all she felt. She felt a tingle of arousal, coming from between her legs, spreading over her body.

It had been a long time since she'd had relief. She needed it, now, more than ever.

Shanaya thought about what Kimmy had said. She looked around. No one was in sight. Many apartment windows faced her, but most were dark, and she saw no sign of anyone. Besides, her balcony was in the dark.

She lifted off her chair and grabbed her dress, pulling it up, off her body, over her head. She sat on the balcony in her panties and bra.

She had never undressed on her balcony before. It had never occurred to her to do so. She wasn't an exhibitionist and she had no innate desire to get naked in front of other people. But the weird events of the day left her agitated and horny. Many people - how many? She didn't know - had seen her completely naked, cantering through the Intex office hallway.

Naked. She'd been naked. In front of so many people. It seemed like a dream.

The wine helped calm her down. She took another gulp and set the glass on the little table.

She unhooked the bra and let it fall to the balcony floor. Then she rose off the chair, hooked her fingers around her panties, and pulled them down and off her legs.

Shanaya was completely naked again, this time in solitude, in the dark. She'd never done this before. But after the day's activities, sitting naked on her balcony in the dark seemed like a mild thing to do.

She put a hand over her breast, caressing it. A quarter moon overhead bathed her body in pale light - not enough, she thought, to make her visible to anyone around her, but enough that her body was visible to her own eyes. The soft touch of her hand on her skin felt good. Her hand snaked down her torso, over belly, and down

between her legs. She traced a finger up and down the length of her slit. She was wet already.

A window in an apartment building across from her lit up. The blinds were open, and she could see inside what appeared to be a living room. A figure entered the room. She couldn't see the figure's features clearly, from the distance, but it clearly was a man - seemingly young, tall, and with blond hair. He was staring at mail in his hand. She guessed he'd just come home.

There was no way that the man, in a well-lit room, could see her from his vantage point. But it aroused Shanaya to know that she was nude and that he was in view. She opened her legs and put her feet up on the balcony rail. Had he been able to see her, he would have seen directly to the junction of her legs, where her fingers moved at an increasing pace up and down the folds of her pussy.

Her pussy was on fire. Pent up frustration and nervousness and arousal from the day's events left her surprisingly horny. After picking up wetness from her insides, Shanaya moved two fingers over her clit and rubbed it in small circles. She considered going inside to get a toy, but she didn't want to interrupt the fun she was having. Besides, she didn't want to take her eyes off the man in the apartment. He was seated on a sofa now, with a beer in his hand, evidently watching television.

She imagined herself putting on a show for him, and it aroused her more. Her fingers, pressed together, stroked her clit in fast, tight circles, and her body responded. It shivered, and she raised her butt

off the seat of the chair, pushing her clit against her fingers in response to the movement of her fingers.

If only Kimmy could see me, she thought. I can't believe what's gotten into me.

It was a turn-on to stare through her open legs at the man across the way, watching TV, oblivious to her lewd show. She began to moan softly.

She threw her head back and stared at the pale moon. She spread her legs farther apart and moved her fingers down, again. Now she hooked them inside her wetness, deeper and deeper, until two fingertips, pressed tightly together, contacted the spongy mass of her G-spot. She pulled up with her fingers and pressed against it, simultaneously maintaining pressure on her clit with her thumb.

It felt good. She hadn't tried a combination of pressure quite like it before, and it was delicious. Keeping up the pressure on her clit with her thumb, she began stroking in and out of her pussy with her two fingers. Every time the fingers contacted her G-spot, she let out a moan. The moans started low and soft, but they gained in pitch and volume as she stroked her fingers inside herself.

"Unh . . . Unh . . . Unh."

Reveling in her masturbation, Shanaya almost felt detached from herself. After all she'd gone through that day, all the things she'd done that previously she could never have imagined doing, she felt like a changed person. She didn't recognize herself. And, to cap it off, here she was, jilling herself while naked on her balcony in the moonlight, legs spread to the world. It was a strange - but delicious - end to the weirdest day of her life.

She kept stroking herself, thumb encircling her clit and fingers urgently fucking her pussy to its depths.

Soon she felt the orgasm coming. She couldn't remember her last orgasm. Her unemployment and financial distress had dampened her sex drive, and most of the time she was too stressed out to think about getting herself off. But it was all she could think about now.

The orgasm came. Her body bucked against her hand. She squealed with pleasure.

And then she felt an unfamiliar sensation - a gush of wetness over her fingers, and a spray of drops on the inside of her thighs.

She'd squirted! She couldn't believe it. She'd never done it before, and was half convinced it was a myth. But it wasn't. She looked down at her hand, soaked and dripping, and the drops of her girl cum gleaming in the moonlight on her open legs.

Her eyes refocused, and she looked at the apartment window across from her again. The light was still on, but the man was gone. She wondered if he'd gone to bed. She wondered what he would think if he saw her. She wondered when she would see him again.

And then she saw him - in the dark, on his own balcony, to the side of the lit window. He stood at the balcony rail, his face in silhouette, turned to the sky. He stared at the moon.

He's a romantic, she thought.

Her legs were still open, and if he looked her way he might, she thought, be able to see her, through the slats of the balcony railing. But she didn't move. She was too aroused and too curious to cover up.

She didn't know what made her do it, but she stood up, away from her chair, at the edge of the balcony, bracing her hands on the rail to either side of her. She said nothing and made no sound.

After another minute of moon-gazing the man looked away from the sky, up and across the way, to Shanaya. She couldn't see his face clearly in the dark - couldn't see his eyes - but she knew without doubt that he saw her. She quelled the instinct to cover herself, instead gripping the rail tightly with her hands to steady herself and keep herself on display for her neighbor. She was sure that in the moonlight he could see her full breasts and bare torso, and if he

looked carefully, he probably could see her hairless pussy through the wood slats in the balcony rail.

They stood quietly for a long time, looking at each other.

Finally, Shanaya turned away. She grabbed the wine bottle and glass and re-entered her apartment. She closed the blinds and turned on the light.

Still naked, she fetched her phone from the kitchen counter. She pulled up Monica Stevenson's phone number and entered a text message.

I'll do it.

Michael's Mom Has Got It Going On

"Michael, would you come here for a minute?"

Susanna called to her son from her home office. Michael did not respond at once. He sat slouched on the sofa, on the other side of the house, playing Fortnite on the big-screen TV in the living room. It was late Sunday morning, and Michael didn't have to go to work.

"What is it, mom?" he shouted back, not moving a muscle to get up. He was in the middle of a game, and it was going well. He was keeping up, more or less, with his teammate and recent tournament champion Buttstomper467.

"Can you just come here? It's important," she called.

"Shit," he said out loud. At that moment his character was killed by an assault rifle burst from an unseen enemy. He tossed the game controller on the sofa and stood up. His mom seemed determined to see him, and Fortnite could wait.

Susanna sat at the computer in her office. As usual, the room was cluttered with her paintings and drawings. She swiveled around in her chair as Michael entered the room. She wore a threadbare, tie-dyed shirt, and it was obvious to Michael from the movement under it that she wasn't wearing a bra. For the hundredth time, Michael wished his mom wouldn't dress that way, because it agitated him to stare at her breasts swinging unfettered under the flimsy t-shirt. But Michael knew that going braless fit with his mother's newly adopted carefree, Bohemian image of herself, and he knew she wasn't going to stop. He glanced away from his mom to the computer screen. Susanna didn't appear to notice his agitation.

"I'd like you to see this," she said, pointing at the screen.

Michael stepped closer to see what she was looking at. A masthead with the words "Human Synergy Institute" stretched across the top

of the screen. Underneath the heading were pictures of people with hands pressed together and eyes closed, expressions of bliss on their faces. They looked like they were meditating, or maybe achieving orgasm. It was hard to tell. The site looked vaguely Eastern and New Age-ish. Michael wondered what new thing mom was up to.

His eyes wandered to the mess on his mother's desk. His mother was careful about some things, but she was hopeless when dealing with paperwork. A phone bill was spread out next to the computer monitor, with a big number following the boldface words "Late Fee."

That would have to wait. He turned his attention back to the computer screen.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Remember I asked you not to make plans for next weekend?"

"Yeah, I remember. You said you wanted us to spend some 'quality time' together."

"That's right. This is what I want us to do. The Human Synergy Institute. A friend from my painting class told me about it. They put on workshops at a hot springs resort in the hills about two hours away. The workshops help people work out obstacles in their relationships. I want to attend a workshop there with you. We have

some issues to work out, and this would be a nice way to do it. My friend said good things about them."

Michael looked at the computer screen, skeptical. This was his mom's kind of thing, but not his. Susanna had a Ph.D. in psychology and had spent most of her career as a clinical psychologist with a successful private practice. Seven years earlier, she'd given all that up to try becoming a full-time painter and poet. She'd had mixed success at her art ever since. But his mom never had shed her habit of thinking like a psychologist or of believing that there was no such thing as too much therapy or too much communication. Over the years Michael had attended several joint sessions with his mom with therapists to discuss his parents' divorce and his feelings about it. He wasn't eager to do more.

"Mom, I don't feel like we really have more issues to discuss. I'm fine with things. We get along well. We're good."

"Getting along doesn't mean there aren't things to work out. I've sensed some distance between us lately. I wonder if you are still angry. But, regardless, this is a great opportunity. Whatever you think about the relationship, it will be good time together for us. And it's not just workshops. The resort has some great pools and the scenery is beautiful. We can go hiking. I know you enjoy that."

Susanna was right about that. Michael always liked getting out in nature, and hiking in the hills was one of his favorite things to do. It was a great time of year for it, too: the summer was in its early days, with the trees full and green with foliage, scattered remnants of

spring flowers still abloom in newly sunbaked fields. Michael wasn't so sure about the therapy, but the hiking sounded fun. It would only be one weekend. And he could tell his mom really wanted to do it.

"O.K., mom," he said. "Sure. I'm up for it."

Susanna jumped up and down twice. Her unclad breasts shook under the t-shirt. Michael looked away.

"Yay!" she said. "We'll have fun, Michael. And it will be good for us."

Michael doubted that, but he didn't want to argue with his mom. He already had told her he'd leave the weekend free to spend time with her. He intended to honor his promise, whatever she had in mind.

Michael didn't think there were any issues to work out with mom, though he knew that in the past, that hadn't been true. Seven years earlier, when Michael was thirteen, his mom suddenly quit her job as a psychologist. She had a mid-life crisis. Michael never knew what it was all about. He was just entering his teen years and still trying to navigate his way through the trials of adolescence without having to figure out his parents' problems.

Unfortunately, he couldn't extricate his life from his parents' marital crises. Not long after his mom left her job and started taking painting lessons, she had an affair with an art teacher. Michael's dad found out, and their marriage blew up. Later, he found out his dad had

been having an affair with a secretary. So, neither parent was fully innocent and neither one was fully guilty in Michael's eyes. They got divorced. It sucked for Michael, at first. But as time passed, he realized his mom and dad never had been right for each other. They were happier in divorce. His dad married his secretary. His mom pursued her art and poetry. They grew as people. They remained as loving to Michael as ever. But there were scars, and they didn't heal right away.

That was a long time ago, however, and Michael thought he'd moved past it. He was a junior in college now, studying economics. College was several hours away, but he was living at home for the summer, alternating between his parents' houses while he worked as an assistant at a local real estate development company.

Two days after Susanna told Michael about her plans for the weekend, he was hanging out in the kitchen with his friend Connor. He'd just gotten home from work. He told Connor about his mom's plans for the coming weekend.

"So, you're going to this hot spring place with your mom, huh?" Connor asked. "Are you going to be naked?"

"No!" Michael said, offended. "We're not going to be naked. It's not like that. It's some kind of therapy workshop, where people work on relationships."

"If you say so," Connor said. "I thought those hot spring places were clothing optional. Whatever. Not that there's anything wrong spending the weekend naked with your mom."

"Connor!" said Michael, almost shouting.

"Hey, sorry," said Connor. "It's just . . . you know. It's your mom. You know what I mean."

Michael stared at his friend, not blinking.

"No. I don't know what you mean."

Susanna suddenly appeared in the kitchen. She wore a tight t-shirt and cutoff shorts.

"Hey Connor, it's nice to see you," she said. She opened the refrigerator, bent over, and pulled out a cup of non-fat yogurt.

"Nice to see you, too, Mrs. P," Connor said. Michael still stared at Connor, who stared at Susanna.

"What are you guys doing?" Susanna asked, turning around from the refrigerator with the yogurt in her hand. The t-shirt stretched tightly against her breasts.

"Not much," Michael said. "Just hanging out."

"Well, have fun," she said, and she walked away. Her shorts were short - short enough to reveal a thin strip of the skin of her butt cheeks over her lean thighs.

"Michael," Connor said, his gaze lingering after she disappeared behind the corner. "Your mom has got it going on."

"Connor, come on, that's my mom," Michael said, annoyed.

"No offense, sorry," Connor said, throwing his hands up. He changed the subject and started talking about a Fortnite tournament coming up in two weeks. He was excited about it, and two days earlier Michael had been excited about it as well, but right now he couldn't focus on it, instead mulling over what Connor had said about his mom.

"Connor, what did you mean?" Michael asked, interrupting his friend.

"Mean about what?"

"About my mom. When you said she's got it going on. What do you mean by that?"

Connor was flummoxed by the question. He couldn't say anything right away.

"Well, it's just . . . it's just that . . . she's just, you know."

"No, I don't know."

An uncomfortable pause punctuated their conversation.

"O.K., it's like this," Connor said. "Your mom's like, really smart and really educated, and she's got this intellectual way of talking about everything. Like she's got a psychological explanation for everything. You know what I mean?"

Michael did.

"Yeah, but what's that got to do with -"

"Because," Connor continued, "you can tell that's not all that's going on with her." He paused. "Don't be mad at me for saying this, O.K.?"

"Fine, fine. What are you saying?"

"I'm saying underneath all the intellectual talk and all the psychobabble stuff, your mom is . . . She's hot. She's . . . sexy. No, not sexy . . . sexual. And she knows it. You can tell. She wants to be looked at that way. She gets off on it. I'm not trying to offend. But you can tell. Just saying how it is."

Michael had no idea what Connor was saying. He had never thought of his mom this way at all, and he had never noticed what Connor said he'd noticed. But he couldn't argue with Connor's characterization of what she'd looked like a minute earlier. The outfit she'd worn had been skimpy, and Michael had to admit to himself that her exposed legs looked good. He kept thinking about them, even while he wrestled to make sense of Connor's words.

"This is a weird conversation, Connor," Michael said.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I'm not trying to offend you. I'm just . . . I'm just saying how it is."

Michael wasn't convinced, but he let it go. Connor stood and looked at Michael awkwardly, until he told him it was time for to go home. After Connor left, Michael stood in the kitchen for a while thinking about what his friend had said and wondering if it was true.

xxx

The week went by fast. Work kept Michael busy and distracted him from thinking about the upcoming weekend with his mother. But Friday came, at last, and when it did, Michael took the afternoon off at Susanna's request, so they could drive to the hot springs resort and get there before evening.

The forecast was for warm weather, so Michael packed his bag with a few t-shirts, jeans, shorts, and other appropriate items. He tossed in a pair of sport sandals. Michael realized he had no idea what to expect from the place they were headed. He hadn't thought about it much that week. His only experience going to a hot spring was a short vacation his parents and he had taken to a resort in the mountains when he was 12. It was billed as a "family-friendly" place. Michael recalled that there was nobody his age to play with, and the place was full of little kids screaming and running around the whole time. It wasn't his idea of fun. He hoped the place mom was taking him was better. From what she'd said it sounded like they'd be cooped up for much of the time in a family therapy workshop, and that didn't sound like much fun, either. But mom really wanted to do it, and they hadn't been away together on a vacation for a while. The hiking sounded promising. And if there was a pool there might be cute girl or two in a bikini for Michael to ogle.

At last, Michael and Susanna piled into her car, an old Volvo that needed a new paint job, and they took off. Michael glanced at his mother sitting in the driver's seat as they drove down the street. She wore a loose-fitting long dress with flowers on it, and her frizzy blond hair drooped in a long pony-tail down her back. In the years since Susanna had left her counseling practice and become an artist, she'd taken on a more carefree, artsy look. Her inner hippie had

emerged. Michael wasn't much of a hippie, and he sometimes looked askance at her transformation. He was still getting used to Susanna's new style. He guessed it fit with her self-image as an artist.

"So, mom, what do you know about the place?"

"Not much, Michael. They sent me some information online when I made the reservation, but I've been so busy with my paintings this week I haven't read it. I heard they have a nice yoga class. And you can get a great massage, so I thought we might try that out."

"So, it's not like that place we went to before? With all the screaming kids?"

"Oh no. This is adults only. No kids."

Thank goodness for that, Michael thought. It would be quieter, at least.

The sun was high in a bright blue and cloudless sky. It was warm - high 80s, at least. After an hour's drive Susanna exited the highway and turned on to a two-lane road that wound its way deeper into the tan hills. Olive-green stands of trees dotted the landscape. Michael noticed hawks soaring overhead. It was a pretty drive. Michael thought that if their destination was anything like their current surroundings, it would be a serene setting and a good place to relax.

Mom and Michael sat in their seats quietly for a while when she broke the silence.

"There is something else you should know about it, if you don't know this already."

"What?" Michael asked.

"Some of the facilities at this hot spring are clothing-optional. The hot spring pools, I'm pretty sure, and I think the sauna, too. I'm not sure about the rest."

Michael was taken aback.

"Wait - clothing optional - you mean, like, nude? Like, people are hanging out nude at this place?"

"At parts of it, yes, but not all. And it's clothing optional, meaning you can go nude, but you don't have to."

Michael didn't find that reassuring, at all. His mind reeled at the idea that his mom was taking him to spend a weekend at a nudist resort.

"Why are we going someplace with nude people? I thought this was supposed to be about counseling with you and me, with some hiking

and relaxation by the pool." Michael tried to keep cool, but his voice cracked with dismay and surprise.

"Well, it IS about that," Susanna said. "But the hot spring we're going to allows guests to take their clothes off. Nudity is not a big deal, Michael. When you take your clothes off you strip away the pretense and the armor you wear every day. It helps you focus on the issues you want to confront most. It helps you avoid distractions. That's what we're trying to do."

Michael thought about what she was saying. It sounded like psychobabble to him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Are you saying you're going to go nude at this resort? You? With me? Mom, don't you think that's kind of . . . weird?"

"No, I don't, Michael," she said, and the scolding mother tone came through in her voice. "It's not weird. And, yes, I expect I'll spend some time there nude. You probably should, too."

"Crap, mom! Why should I get nude? I haven't done anything like this, before."

"Neither have I. Oh, your dad and I went to a nude beach once and I took off my top, but I haven't done anything like this. I think it will help break down barriers."

Michael wasn't sure what barriers he needed or wanted to break down. And if he did have any, he didn't think he had to take all his clothes off and parade his private parts in front of a bunch of nude hippies to break them down. He could not believe his mom wanted to do this, and that she hadn't told him about it until they were near their destination.

"You don't have to do anything, Michael," she said. "Like I said, it's clothing optional. That means you have the option to wear clothes."

She paused for a few minutes before speaking again.

"Michael, the point of this weekend is for us to be candid and honest with each other. The nudity is just part of stripping away the barriers to being honest. I want us to be honest with each other. Just think of it that way. But you don't have to be naked if you don't want to be. It's optional. The point is being honest, not being naked."

That provided some comfort, but it still left Michael facing the likelihood that, very soon, he would see his mother naked. He realized he never had. One time, he saw her walking topless in her bedroom when he walked in on her unannounced, but he'd never seen her without a bottom. He wasn't sure how he felt about it.

Michael thought his mother was pretty, no doubt about it. She was in her 40s, and her recently adopted style was more hippie-ish than he preferred, but she had a trim figure and full breasts and womanly

hips. And he'd seen enough of her legs in shorts around the house to know they were still lean and youthful, with clear, unwrinkled skin. He admitted to himself he felt a tinge of excitement at the idea of seeing his mom lying naked out by a pool at the place we were going. But he felt uncomfortable about it, too. And he felt even more uncomfortable about the thought of the two of them lying around a pool naked together, with other naked people lying around them.

Michael's thoughts stewed with such images when he saw the sign ahead of them: "Anders Hot Springs."

They passed a curve in the road and reached their destination. He heard the crunch of gravel as the car left the road and entered a parking lot. Ahead of them, framed by dense shrubs on either side, was a large two-story Victorian-style house, with a wide porch and many windows. It was different from what he expected. Michael expected something that looked more run down, like it was operated by broke, aging hippies. But it wasn't like that at all. The grounds were well-manicured, and the paint job on the house looked new. Susanna parked in a space near the door and they got out.

They entered the main door with their bags and walked to the front desk, where a cheerful, youthful Asian woman with wedge-cut hair greeted them with a huge, white smile.

"Welcome to Anders Hot Springs! I'm Mimi. Do you have a reservation?"

"Yes," Susanna answered. "Susanna Penley and guest."

Susanna and Mimi processed the transaction for the room. Mimi then presented a form with tiny print with two blank signature lines at the bottom.

"This is for participation in the Human Synergy Institute program session this weekend," she said.

Michael thought the name "Human Synergy Institute" sounded odd. It sounded flaky. But this was his mom's show. Michael and Susanna scribbled their names on the paper without looking at it. Mimi handed each of them a key.

A door in the back of the room opened and a beautiful, slim blonde in tight-white shorts emerged from it.

"Varda will show you to your room," Mimi said, gesturing to the blonde.

"Follow me," Varda said.

Michael and Susanna followed her through the door to a small room behind the waiting room. Through yet another door she took them into a locker room, with many nicely varnished wooden lockers lining the walls and a few benches sprawled around.

"Is this your first time to Anders?"

"Yes," said Susanna.

"Let me go over the rules of the place. First, we don't allow any electronic devices like telephones, cameras, computers, or anything else on the grounds. We are off the grid and non-digital. We want our guests to be fully immersed in their surroundings during their stay, without distractions. So if you have such devices you have to put them in a locker." She pointed to two that were empty.

Michael hadn't expected to give up his cell phone and charger. He figured it would be a lifesaver if the events at the resort became too boring. But Varda's look made it clear the rule was firm. Michael pulled his phone out of his pocket. Varda continued talking.

"This also is where you should store all your clothes for the weekend," she said.

"Why would we keep our clothes here rather than in the room?" Susanna asked.

"Because you won't be needing them."

"What?" Susanna asked. "What do you mean we won't need them?"

Varda looked at Susanna's face, and then at Michael's. Michael looked at Susanna. Both looked bewildered, and Varda's face, at first showing as much puzzlement as ours, suddenly brightened.

"Oh, I guess you didn't know. I'm sorry. This weekend is exclusively for participants in the HSI program, and a requirement of this weekend's program is that all participants must spend the entire weekend in the nude. No exceptions. Didn't you read the form you signed?"

Michael and Susanna both shook their heads.

"I'm sorry if you are confused. But if you want to stay here this weekend and participate in the program, you'll have to take your clothes off now before entering the rest of grounds."

Neither Michael nor his mother said anything for a beat. They stared at Varda, mouths open, and they glanced at each other.

"Uh, what if we get cold?" Michael asked.

"That shouldn't be a problem this weekend. The days are forecast to be hot, and even the evenings should remain warm. Your rooms are well-heated, and so are all the common areas in the buildings. And the hot springs are hot, of course!" She smiled. "I'll leave and wait outside and give you some time. If you decide you want to continue,

just leave your electronic devices and all clothing in the locker and take the key with you. You can bring sandals or other footwear, and hats, so you can explore the grounds comfortably. And you can bring toiletries, but nothing electric. We have extra sunscreen in the rooms for protection. If you decide you don't want to, just let me know and you can go, and we'll refund your money."

Varda left, leaving Michael and Susanna alone in the locker room.

"Mom, how could you not know about this?" Michael asked.

"Michael, I had no idea. I swear. I didn't read all the fine print in the materials they sent me. I thought nudity was optional, not mandatory.

"But what's the big deal?" she continued. "I was planning to take my clothes off anyway, at the pool and the springs. Everyone else will be nude. You would have been uncomfortable staying clothed. Let's just bite the bullet and do this."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes, I'm serious. You'll get used to it right away."

Michael doubted that. He could see getting used to being around naked people, but he had a hard time imagining spending two days completely naked with his mom.

"I don't get this, mom. Why do they want people to get naked for a family communication workshop? What's the point? It sounds weird."

"Well, I didn't read the fine print," she said. "So, I don't know for certain. But I've heard of therapeutic approaches like this one. Shedding your clothing is symbolic of shedding your inhibitions and breaking down the barriers that prevent people from communicating. It's a confidence builder, too. If you can shed one barrier, you can shed another."

It sounded like more psychobabble to Michael. But psychology was mom's field, not his. She was the expert. She might have been right. But none of that changed the weirdness of the idea of being naked around his mom for two days without interruption.

"So, what do you think, Michael? Say 'yes.' We've come all this way. It will be a beautiful weekend. The hills around here are lovely, and we can take a nice hike. And I really want you to do this program with me."

Michael wrestled with the idea, inside. Part of him - most of him - still thought it sounded crazy. But he had to agree it was a nice place, nicer than he expected, and the surrounding area looked great for

hiking, even if the idea of hiking in the nude seemed weird, too. And, he had to admit, the idea of seeing his mom naked, even if it was strange, piqued his curiosity. She was very attractive, and he'd never seen her naked.

What the heck.

"OK, I'll do it."

"Yay," she said, and she gave her son a hug.

"Let's do this," she said, nodding. Each of them approached an open locker, on adjacent walls. Michael removed all the clothes from his bag, first, and stacked them neatly at the bottom of the locker. Then he took out a digital tablet, and a charger. He pulled his phone out of his pocket. He lay the items on top of his clothes.

Now came the hard part.

He took off his shoes and socks first, tossing the socks in the locker and the shoes in his bag. Next, he pulled off his shirt. His mom had seen him in a swimsuit, so that was no big deal. He heard rustling behind him, off his right shoulder, and he knew his mother was taking off her clothes as well. He said nothing, and he kept his eyes focused on the locker in front of him. Next came his belt and his pants. All he had left was a pair of boxer briefs. He paused. This was the moment of truth. The rustling of clothes continued behind him.

In a swift movement he pushed the briefs down his legs and stepped out of them. He tossed them in the locker as well. He glanced at his cock. He was half-hard already. It stood away from his body in a droopy half-arc. It was embarrassing to be in that state, but he felt an erotic tingle inside knowing his mom would see him for the first time thick and partly aroused rather than shrunken.

"All right, kiddo," he heard her say behind him. "Time to turn around."

He turned around and beheld his mother in all her loveliness for the first time. Her skin was darker than one would expect for a blonde, smooth and youthful, dotted with occasional freckles. Her breasts were full, with large pink-brown nipples, pulled down only a bit by gravity. He couldn't stop his eyes from being drawn by curiosity lower, between her legs. He was surprised. With his mom's new hippie style he expected a full, wild bush. Instead, her blond hair was closely cropped and shaped in a wedge, and it did nothing to hide thin lips dangling sweetly between parted legs. Susanna suddenly threw her hands out to her side.

"So, what do you think?" she asked with a laugh.

Michael was embarrassed, again.

"Uh, you look great, mom. Really."

She did.

"So do you," she said running here eyes up and down his body. "Now let's get going."

She picked up her bag and walked to the door. Michael's eyes now were drawn to her ass, full and firm and ripe, and exposed to his view. He felt another twinge between his legs. He worried about not being able to control his reaction. He didn't want to walk around other people with a raging hard-on. But he had no choice but to follow his mom now, and he did.

Michael followed his mom into the next room, where Varda waited. She beckoned them to follow her, and the three of them exited the building by the back door, stepped into the bright afternoon sun, and entered the main grounds of Anders Hot Springs.

Michael was not sure what he expected, but it wasn't this. He imagined it would look like a run-down, ex-hippie commune, with sulfurous pools of murky water all around. But it wasn't like that at all. A well-manicured campus of pools and wooden buildings spread out around them. Everything looked well-tended. The buildings were designed in an eclectic but mostly contemporary style. Several different pools, set in patios of concrete and wide stones, lay around. Naked people walked, sat, lay down, swam, and bathed all around them. Michael had expected to see a lot of old, fat, naked, unattractive people. A few people were like that, but most of them weren't. Many of them looked to be fit and trim and well-heeled. The

ratio of men and women was about even. Some of the women were hot. But it was hard to pull his eyes away from his mom's ass.

As he walked along the path, naked, following Varda, surrounded by naked people, Michael realized he'd never done anything like this in his life. He'd never been to a nudist resort, or beach, or any other place where naked people were all around him like it was no big deal. The weirdness of it, thank goodness, offset the stimulus of seeing lots of attractive female flesh. His cock, still only half erect, behaved itself.

Varda guided them along a path that twisted away from the pool area to a collection of small wooden cabins. "Cabin" probably wasn't the right word. They were small, standalone structures, but they looked modern and inviting. Varda opened the door, pushing a few numbers on a keypad, and showed them into one.

It wasn't big, but it was big enough, with an understated décor of stained natural wood and off-white walls and carpet. A single large bed was pressed up against a side wall. Michael was surprised to see just one. Susanna walked to the far end of the room, and she leaned over to look out at a wooden deck with a sunny meadow beyond the big window. Michael caught a glimpse of her pussy between legs. He felt that twinge below again.

"It's 4 o'clock," Varda said. "There's no program tonight so you're free to do what you like. I recommend you try the hot spring pools. They have different temperatures, and you can figure out which you like best. Dinner is at 6:30 in the common room attached to the main

building. You can meet your fellow guests there. Breakfast starts at 7 a.m. tomorrow. You'll have unstructured time after that, until 1 p.m., when the workshop starts. When that's done, you're free to spend more time at the pools and grounds for the rest of the afternoon, and your stay will end after that. Any questions?"

"That sounds nice," Susanna said. "We'll get unpacked and then go out to the pool area."

"Very well," Varda said. "I will leave you and your partner to get to know the place, and I'll see you at dinner."

Michael furrowed his brow until she left.

"Mom," he said. "Partner? What does that mean? Do they - do they think we're a couple?"

"I'm sure they don't," she said. "I'm sure that's just the language they use. It's a neutral term. They want you to come to this program with an open mind."

"Yeah, maybe," he said. "But there's another thing."

"What's that?" she said.

"There's just one bed, mom. We're supposed to sleep naked together in bed?"

"That's a little awkward," she said, patting her hand on the bedspread as she said it. "But it's a big bed. Looks like a queen-sized bed. Plenty of space for me to have my side and you to have yours. We can put pillows between us if it makes you uncomfortable."

As she talked, she sat down on the end of the bed and her legs parted slightly and Michael saw the lips of her pussy. He tried to pull his eyes away and keep them on her face, but it was almost impossible. Her lips were parted, just a crack.

He wondered what it would be like to part them more, before he stopped his mind from going further in that direction.

Michael felt like he'd fallen down a rabbit hole. This was the strangest experience he'd ever had in his life, by far. Susanna sat naked with legs spread a few feet from him, on the bed. He was naked with a half-hard cock pointing roughly in her direction. He caught her glancing at it, between his own glances at the enticing junction between her legs.

"Well, one way of dealing with the awkwardness is to get out of the room," Susanna said. "Let's go out to the pools."

Michael couldn't argue with that. He had no phone or tablet, so he had no games to play or messages to check. There were no books in the room. The view outside the window was pretty, but it wouldn't hold his attention for long.

Michael and Susanna unpacked their few things, minus clothes, and then walked to the door.

"Um," Michael said. "Where are we going to keep the room key? We're naked. There's no place to keep it."

Susanna pulled it out and looked at.

"There's a code on it, for the door," she said. "445. We can leave the key here. Don't forget the code!"

Ordinarily, that wouldn't be a problem for Michael, because he was good with numbers. But his mind was so focused on the weirdness of the situation and with his mother's lush nude body that he wasn't sure he'd be able to remember it. Susanna, however, was right; there was a pad of number keys next to the handle on the outside of the door.

It was near evening by the time they got back to the pools, and the pools already were darkened by long shadows cast by the buildings around them. There were a few irregularly shaped, small pools and a larger pool. Michael figured out that the larger pool was for cooling

off, and the smaller pools were fed by hot water coming directly from the springs. Susanna led the way, walking to the small pool in the middle, where a few other naked people already were gathered enjoying the steaming mineral waters. Her ass swayed in front of Michael as she walked, and he thought to himself that it was a nice, firm ass for a woman her age.

Susanna waded into the pool and plopped into it, but not so far that her breasts were fully submerged. She turned around as Michael walked down the pool's steps into the hot water, and her nipples floated just above the surface. The water was hotter than he expected, but not unbearable. He lowered himself into the water quickly, to hide his confused and half-hard cock from view.

The water felt delicious - not just hot, but tinged with a pleasant, astringent quality from all the natural minerals in it. Michael submerged himself to his neck, and he instantly felt the water doing its work. It was easy to imagine it sucking everything bad and unpleasant out of his body. He closed his eyes for a moment. Michael wasn't a very spiritual person, so he wouldn't have described himself as feeling one with the universe, or anything like that. But a feeling of calm and peace swept over him, and for a moment he forgot that his nude mother bobbed in the water nearby.

He didn't know how long he sat in the water, eyes closed and tuned out to everything around him, but his eyes opened again when he heard his mother laugh. He turned to the source of the noise, and now she was out of the pool, sitting on the edge, talking to a couple that sat together at the edge about a quarter turn around the

roundish pool. To Michael's eyes, they looked like they were about thirty, and they had a confident, sleek look that made him think they had money. The woman was gorgeous, with long dark hair and dark eyes. The guy wore expensive sunglasses despite being in the shade.

Michael also noticed quickly the way the woman sat: leaning back, her hands against the stones, one leg turned away and dangling in the water, and the other up and bent, with her foot on the pool edge. Her pose left her pussy on conspicuous display to anyone in or around the pool. Michael couldn't help but stare between her legs for a moment, and he forced himself to turn away to avoid seeming like a creep. He turned to his mom, and to his surprise he found she was in the same position. Her pose was an exact mirror of the younger woman's.

Michael felt a strange vibe about it. It was a clothing-optional resort, and he knew that at such places being nude was regarded as something normal and natural and non-sexual. But he detected a trace of something else going on in his mother's posing. Her knees seemed to be a bit farther apart than they had to be. Her body was inclined farther back than it had to be, and the result was that not only was the entire cleft of her pussy in view, with a hint of pink showing between her labia, but the creased circle of her anus was as well. Susanna was carrying on an animated conversation with the man and woman, letting them see her in her full glory. Michael couldn't see the man's eyes behind his sunglasses, but the glasses faced his mom and they never moved.

"So, you haven't been here before?" he asked Susanna.

"No, we never have," she said. "Our first time."

"Lisa and I come a couple of times a year," the sleek guy said. "We always have a great time. My name's Troy by the way."

"Susanna," she replied.

"This your partner?" Troy asked, pointing at Michael.

"Uh . . . yes," Susanna replied. She didn't say anything more.

Michael thought it was strange being referred to as his mother's partner, and stranger still that his mother didn't correct Troy. He could see how Troy wouldn't immediately assume he was her son, both because of the circumstances and because Susanna and Michael didn't look much alike. But he wondered why his mother didn't say anything. He assumed she kept quiet because it would have been awkward under the circumstances to reveal the truth. It was becoming increasingly clear that the weekend was not going the way Michael's mom had expected it would. This wasn't a family event. That much was clear.

"I'm Troy," said the sleek man with the glasses, looking at Michael. Michael held out a hand. They shook.

"Michael," he said.

"Nice to meet you," Troy said. Michael noticed he was looking at his mom while he talked to Michael, and Troy's girlfriend was looking at Michael. They exchanged glances.

"If you want to stop by our cabin after dinner, we're number 22," Troy said. "We'd love to have another couple come over. Probably around 8. Feel free to knock if you're interested."

Couple, Michael thought. Troy had called Susanna and Michael a couple. Michael thought this was getting weirder and weirder. Troy obviously was checking out his mom, and Michael had a pretty good idea he was being checked out by Troy's girlfriend.

The chit chat continued for another half hour. The shadows lengthened and then the sun disappeared behind a hill to the west. Susanna and Michael walked back to their room. He let her walk ahead of him, again, and he kept noticing the way her ass swayed as she walked. It swayed a lot. Michael wondered if she was making it sway more than necessary, for his benefit. He wanted to look away, but he couldn't.

There wasn't much to do when they returned to the room. Michael sat on the bed, his dick flopping between his legs, wondering what to do, while Susanna went into the bathroom to take a shower. She left the door open.

Not more than a minute after Susanna started, she called to her son.

"Michael, would you come here for a minute?"

Michael had heard that call before. This time, he responded right away.

From the open door of the bathroom Michael saw his mom in the shower. It was an open shower with a tile floor, and a glass wall and door, with no curtain. Before he said anything, he watched his mother soaping and washing herself. Suds coated her body. Her hands cupped her breasts, swept over and above them, and then spread over her smooth flanks down to her hips. He eyes were closed, and she put a hand between her legs, rubbing soap and suds down there. Michael was mesmerized at the site of his mom's hands running all over her body. A few moments later she opened her eyes.

Michael felt embarrassed to be caught ogling her, but his mom didn't seem to notice or mind.

"Michael," Susanna said. "Are you OK with everything so far? I know this is strange for you." She didn't stop running her hands over her body, working the soap into every nook and crevice, as she spoke. Michael's eyes focused on the hard points of her tits under the soap suds. It was difficult to focus on her words, but he tried.

"It's OK, mom," he said. "It's strange, but I think I'm getting used to it." That wasn't at all true, but he didn't want mom to be alarmed at his agitation.

"I'm glad," she said, facing her son. Her hand rubbed furiously between her legs, flecks of soap spraying all around. "I think we should try to make this as normal as possible."

"Sure, mom," Michael said. There was no way he was ever going to think of this as normal.

Mom finished washing herself, turned off the water, and stepped out of the shower. Michael noticed the way her breasts quivered as she stepped through the shower door, and the way the dangling, wet lips of her pussy glistened in the bathroom light. Nope, he thought. There was no way to see any of this as normal. But he couldn't stop watching.

"You should take a shower, too," she said, as she squeezed past him to get out of the shower. He felt the nubs of her tits brush against his back for a split second.

Michael did as she asked. He turned the dial to a colder than usual setting. He thought the cold water might quell the rising and disturbing interest he was feeling in the gorgeous, nude figure of his mother.

The cold shower was unpleasant, so he cut it short. He got out quickly and toweled off. When he left the bathroom, his mother, as nude and hot as ever, stood before him.

"Let's go to dinner," she said.

Michael thought that sounded like a good idea. As soon as she said it, he realized how hungry he was. They left their room and stepped outside. The sun had long since set, and the trees on the hills around the resort were inky black against a purple sky. But the air still was warm. When Michael thought about where he was headed his self-consciousness came back. He was walking, completely nude, to get dinner, and everyone there would see him nude. It was difficult to get accustomed to this place.

The dining room was spacious and comfortable, with pale oak walls and tables arrayed in rows for the guests. It was half-full of naked people when Michael and Susanna arrived. Along one wall was a buffet. Susanna and Michael loaded their plates with food and took their places at an empty table. Not more than a minute after they sat down, Troy and Lisa joined them - Lisa next to Michael, and Troy next to Susanna. Another couple, about the same age, followed behind Troy and Lisa.

"Susanna and Michael," Troy said. "This is Chuck and Madeline. We met them at the last session, a year ago." Susanna and Michael shook hands with the newcomers.

"Michael and Susanna are new to the program," Troy said, turning to Chuck and Madeline. "They've never been here before."

"Really?" said the guy, Chuck. "This is your first time with the program? We've been for several sessions, but we liked the first one so much we've come back to repeat it. You're going to like it."

Michael had no idea what he was talking about. The words meant nothing to him. He glanced at his mother. She looked confused, too, but she didn't seem to want to let on.

"Well, uh," she said, stammering, "We felt comfortable going to this . . . session."

"That's awesome," said Madeline. Her breasts were small, but her nipples weren't. They were an unusually dark pink and they stood out in hard points from her chest. Michael felt a tingle between his legs.

"How long have you two been together?" Madeline asked, looking at first at Michael and then at Susanna.

Michael didn't know what to say. This was all getting stranger and stranger.

"We've been together for a long time," Susanna said. Michael looked at her and she caught his gaze. Neither one of them said anything more.

Michael concentrated on eating his dinner, and Susanna did, too. The other two couples at the table talked to each other. Michael and Susanna joined the conversation from time to time, but neither of them contributed much. They were too confused about the steady flow of innuendo between their table companions.

Madeline and Chuck finished first. After they had left the table, Troy spoke.

"Dinner finishes early here. How about joining us at our cabin afterward? We can hang out. And we've got a nice bottle of Chardonnay that needs drinking. It'll be fun."

Michael looked at his mom. This was her vacation, and it was her call.

"OK," she said. She looked at her son, as though to get approval. He had no idea what he felt about the situation, so he looked at her with what he thought was a noncommittal expression. Evidently, that was enough for Susanna.

"We'll do it," she said.

"Great," Troy said. "Come by our place any time after eight o'clock."

A few minutes later Susanna and Michael left the dining room and walked back to the cabin. Inside, they walked about the room nervously, not sure what to say to each other. Susanna didn't say anything, so Michael spoke first.

"They think we're a couple, mom," he said. "Nobody here knows I'm your son."

"I know," she said. "This is very strange. I thought this would be different. I'm not sure why. I'm confused about things."

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "It's still early, and I'm not tired. I'm not sure what to do here. Why don't we go to Troy and Lisa's cabin?"

Michael had no other ideas, so he followed his mom out of the cabin. A minute later they knocked on the door of Troy and Lisa's cabin.

As Susanna knocked on the door, Michael stared at her ass, and at the rest of her. His mother was beautiful. But she and he didn't look much alike. He could see how people would not assume they were mother and son. But it was weird to think that everyone at the resort saw them as a couple.

He didn't have more time to think about it, because the door to the cabin opened suddenly. It was Troy, naked, of course.

"Susanna!" he said. "Michael! Come on in."

Lisa sat on the bed, facing the door, legs parted wide and chest out, her pale tits seeming to stare right at Michael. There was no way to see her pose as anything but inviting. Troy motioned his guests to sit on a sofa against the wall. He handed each of them a wine glass and poured Chardonnay into each one. Then he sat on the bed next to Lisa and wrapped his arm around her side. She giggled.

"Do you feel like you're getting the hang of the place?" Troy asked, putting a slight emphasis on the word "hang."

"I think so," Susanna said. "It's still new to us. We've never been to a place like this before."

"I get it," he said. "You'll get used to it fast. I mean, it's not as though you haven't seen each other like this before, right?" He laughed.

Neither Susanna nor Michael said anything in response. They never had seen each other completely naked before today, but Michael wasn't going to tell that to Troy. He tried to keep his cool, thinking this was by far the weirdest situation of his life.

"Lisa and I fell in love with this place the first time, and we love coming back. It's been great for the relationship. Isn't that right, baby?"

"Yes, it is," Lisa said, turning Troy's face to hers with her hands and planting a huge, noisy open-mouthed kiss on his waiting lips. Michel saw the tip of her tongue enter his mouth. He cupped her breast.

Susanna and Michael watched quietly. They sipped their wine. Troy and Lisa kissed for nearly a minute before Troy came up for air.

"I hope you don't mind," he said. "This place just makes me horny. Feel free to make yourselves comfortable." He winked at Michael when he said it, and then kissed Lisa more, his hand now grabbing her hair in bunches at the back of her head.

Susanna and Michael looked at each other. They finished their wine. Michael was curious about what his mom was going to do. He didn't wait long.

"Troy, Lisa," she said. "I'm actually rather tired. It's been a long day. I think we're going to go back to our cabin. Thank you for the wine."

"You sure?" Lisa asked after peeling her lips off Troy's. "We thought you might be open to some fun. Troy and I are very open." She

looked into Michael's eyes as she spoke. Michael caught Troy staring at his mom.

"I'm sure," Susanna said, standing up. "I'm tired. Another time, maybe."

Michael and Susanna got out of there fast and shut the door behind them.

"Mom, what have you gotten us into?"

"I swear, Michael, I don't understand. This is not like what I expected at all. After they assumed we were a couple I was embarrassed to say we were mother and son. And now this deception's been going on for a while. I think, to avoid awkwardness, we should just keep that quiet and keep our cool."

Michael thought it was a tall order to ask him to keep his cool while hanging out with his naked mother at a resort where everyone thought they were lovers. But he couldn't think of anything else to do.

Back inside the cabin again a minute later, Susanna beckoned to Michael.

"Let's go out on the back deck. It's warm out and it's still early."

"I thought you were tired."

"No, I just said that to get out of there and leave those two to themselves."

A door in the back of the cabin opened to an uncovered, private wooden deck. It faced a meadow, with a small creek gurgling through it. A fat moon, just past full, shone overhead, bathing the meadow and surrounding trees in a milky sheen.

Two lounge chairs with the backs propped up faced each other. Susanna took one. Michael took the other. She put her hands behind her head and turned her face skyward, to the spectral light of the moon. If anything, Michael thought his mom looked even more beautiful under the light of the moon than she had during the day.

Susanna looked young for her age in any light, but the light from the moon softened and took years off her skin. Her chest was arched, and her breasts lay firm against it, nipples pointed up. Michael's eyes traced a curve between her breasts, over her navel and down to the gap between her legs. Her thighs were open again, and the full slit of her pussy was on display. The lips glistened faintly under the moon glow.

Michael felt it: his cock hardening. He looked down at the lap of his own naked body, and his cock stood up and away from him. He looked up again. Susanna's eyes were out of sight, looking toward

the canopy of stars over them. Michael didn't think she could see him. He heard her sigh. She shifted and her left thigh bent open still more.

His cock was rock hard now. Glancing briefly at Susanna again to confirm that she was looking away from him, he touched the erect shaft with his fingers. His eyes were on his mom's pussy as he touched it. He knew he shouldn't do it, not only because his mom might see him but because touching it would only make his need worse. He wasn't going to jerk himself off in front of his mom. But the lure of gripping and stroking himself in front of his mom's open pussy was almost too much to handle. He gripped his cock a little more tightly, between his thumb and two fingers. He thought that maybe if his mom lay that way for just a few minutes and he was quiet -

"Beautiful, isn't?" Susanna asked, breaking the silence. She shifted her gaze back to Michael slowly, giving him time to pull his hand away before she saw it. Or so he thought.

"It is," he said, turning his eyes away from the gap between her legs to the moonlit meadow. He bent his legs up to prevent her from seeing his erection. He wasn't sure if she saw it or not.

Mom stretched her arms above her head and purred, her lambent, nude body stretched like a cat.

They didn't say anything for a long time. Susanna lay nearly still on her chair, the moon's rays reflecting off her lithe body. After a while she stood up and walked to the rail framing the porch. She leaned forward against it, her ass pushed out and back toward Michael. She leaned over far enough that she gave Michael just a shadowy peek beneath her ass of a slit framed by petite, dangling lips. His cock swelled again. He began stroking it. He felt terrible doing it, sort of. But he couldn't help himself. His arousal overwhelmed his guilt. His pace quickened, but he tried to keep his movements as quiet as possible, so his mother would not hear him. Crickets chirped all around them in a nighttime symphony, masking the sound of his stroking and helping him avoid detection. Finally, Susanna turned around. Michael moved his hand away before she did, but he didn't shift his body fast enough to hide his hard-on before she looked at him.

In the dark Michael couldn't tell if she saw his erect cock. She stood still by the rail of the deck and her face bore a faint, inscrutable smile. Michael wondered if she had seen more than he thought she had.

"Come join me over her, Michael." She patted the cap rail to the side of her. Michael got up. There was no way to hide his hardness, and it careened from side to side as he approached her. He leaned over the rail just as she did, staring out into the meadow. Under the pale glow of the moon and stars, surrounded by the song of crickets, and standing next to his nude mom, whose breasts were pressed between her arms, Michael felt light-headed.

"This meadow reminds me of something I heard once. A story. Told by a woman who named Alida. She called herself a shaman. I visited her with a few friends a couple of years ago."

Michael vaguely remembered his mother telling him about that visit. It had been a few years ago, earlier in her post-professional, neo-hippie phase. She'd gone with some like-minded female friends going through similar mid-life crises.

"This shaman, Alida, she gathered us into her living room. And we were asking her questions about love. How to find it. We were all man-less at the time. And Alida shushed us. She said 'That is not a question to ask. To receive love, you must give it of yourself. You must give yourself.'

"And then she told us to close our eyes and imagine standing in a meadow under a full moon. And she told us to imagine that we were naked, and dancing under the moon, giving ourselves up to the moon. She said, 'Do that, and the moon will transform you. Give yourself, utterly and completely, to the person you love most. Under the moon, you'll find the love you need.'"

Susanna paused. "It didn't make a lot of sense to us at the time. But it stuck with me. Her words were so seductive I could imagine myself in that meadow, dancing naked, giving myself to the moon. This meadow reminded me of that."

She paused and stood quietly at the rail again. Neither of them said anything for a while.

"Time to go inside," she said suddenly. "I'm going to go to bed. I want to get a good night's sleep for tomorrow."

Michael agreed, but the next part might have been the strangest of all - climbing nude into the same bed as his mother. Before she turned out the light, he caught another glimpse of the curve of her body and the swell of her breasts. He didn't get a long glimpse, but he thought her nipples looked hard.

"Good night, Michael," she said as the light switched off. For a moment, their bodies under the covers, they lay on the bed facing each other, and Susanna smiled. Then she turned away. Michael did too. It would be easier to get to sleep, he thought, if he wasn't staring at her nude back.

It wasn't easy to sleep, though. The combination of utter weirdness and intense arousal kept Michael up for an hour or more. He stared into the darkness of the room around him, the image of his mom's body dancing naked in a meadow through his head, giving herself to the moon and to the one she loved most. He wondered who that was.

His feelings were jumbled. It had been a strange day. He had no idea what the next day would bring, but he guessed it would be even stranger.

Eventually, he fell asleep.

Michael slept until 8, awakened finally by the sound of the shower coming from the bathroom. He rubbed his eyes, threw the covers off, and stood up, stretching and yawning. He walked across the room to get his toiletry kit from his bag, and he noticed Susanna had left the bathroom door open. He walked toward it.

"Morning, mom," he said, his voice still scratchy from just waking.

He saw his mom through a clear glass shower door. She was spreading a thick lather of soap over her breasts, cupping them and rubbing them with vigor. She turned and faced him as the water washed the soap off her chest.

"Good morning, Michael. Did you sleep well?"

He could have slept better, but he didn't tell her that.

"I slept fine," he said. "So, what's up next on the agenda at this place?"

"Breakfast," she said. "We're actually late, so we need to hurry to get ready. Come on in here. I'm just about done."

Michael was getting hard once again, his cock standing out nearly straight from his body. He thought it better to wait, but he didn't know when his hardness would subside.

Fuck it, he thought. Mom got me into this crazy situation. She's going to have to see the consequences.

He walked into the room, his dick bobbing ahead of him. This time, he could tell mom saw it, but she didn't say anything. She pushed the shower door open to let him in. She finished rinsing off and walked out, but not before her breasts grazed against his back, just like the day before.

This is going to drive me crazy, Michael thought.

He wondered if he should say something. He couldn't quite tell if mom was just trying to push him into thinking this was normal, or if she had some other thought in mind. He couldn't really let his brain go there - thinking about his mom that way, wondering what her intentions were. But he couldn't completely stop it from going there, either.

He showered quickly, toweled off, and shaved. Susanna had rubbed her head furiously with the towel, but her hair was still damp when Michael told her he was ready.

By the time they got to breakfast most of the other guests were nearly done with theirs. When Michael was halfway through his scrambled eggs, organic toast, and orange juice, a gray-haired 60-something man entered the room. Unlike the rest of the occupants of the dining room, he was clothed, in white shorts and t shirt. He clapped his hands as he walked forward.

"Good morning, everyone," he said in a voice that Michael thought was too loud and cheerful for early morning. "My name is Thomas, and I'm the director and instructor for today's workshop. I wanted to remind you about our agenda for the day. The program is at 1:30. Between now and then you are free to do as you please, hang out by the springs and pools, get a massage, or stroll the grounds. We have some lovely hiking trails. Lunch will be at 12:00. The program begins in the pavilion room, so I will see you there at 1:30. We recommend that you take a shower before coming, especially if you've been hiking."

Thomas turned around and left. Susanna was in no hurry to finish breakfast, but she didn't say much. Michael wondered what she was thinking. His eyes strayed a few times to the swell of her breasts, which shook and swayed faintly as she ate. He got a second helping of the eggs and some free-range chicken sausages, and Susanna was only just finishing her first serving when he'd finished his second. Finally, she was ready to leave. They walked back to the room.

"So, what now, mom?" Michael asked.

"I thought we would go on a hike. It looks like a great day for it. But I need to put on some sun screen and get my sandals on first."

In the room Michael found his sport sandals. He wasn't going to go barefoot on the hiking trail. Susanna lathered her body with sunscreen in broad strokes. Michael saw delicate hands spread it over her breasts, then down her abs, and then finally between her open thighs. She didn't miss a spot. He hadn't thought about putting sunscreen down there, but he guessed it made sense. It was paler than the rest of her.

"Get my back?" she asked him.

After she asked, he realized that although he'd seen her naked for the last day and been next to her, he hadn't put his hands on her nude body until now. The lotion spit out of the tube as he squeezed it, a big dollop in his hand. He mashed both hands together and then started at her shoulders.

His mother's skin felt delicious. It was soft and smooth, but with a tone of hardness underneath that bespoke the fit shape in which she kept herself. His hands circled lower from her shoulders toward the middle of the back. Michael was getting hard yet again. He squirted out more of the sunscreen, more than he needed, and continued down her back, where she obviously had spread no lotion. He still had more on his hands by the time he reached the bottom of her back, so he quickly ran his hands down her butt, making sure each cheek was covered.

"There," he said.

"Thanks," she said. She finished the rest lathering the rest of her body and handed the sunscreen to him. He covered himself in it, but after finishing his legs and abs he looked down and realized there was one more part that needed covering: his pale, hard dick, still standing at attention. He encircled it with his lotion-covered hand and stroked from the base to the tip. He stroked it just once, but he was in such a high state of agitation for a second he thought he might spurt right there on the carpet. Fortunately, he didn't. He caught mom smiling and looking at him.

"Are we ready?"

"Let's go, mom," Michael said.

It wasn't difficult to find out where to go. A large wooden kiosk at the edge of the resort contained a map of the grounds and showed a snaky network of trails winding through the surrounding hills. Susanna and Michael started up a trail that looked promising. It took them steeply up a hill blanketed in sun-tanned grass. An open forest of oaks stood around them, and the trees closed in as they ascended. Already the day was warm, and the sun beat down from overhead. Cicadas buzzed from unseen locations nearby.

They hiked perhaps half a mile, mostly in silence. Then Susanna spoke.

"It looks like we have the woods to ourselves. I guess everyone else wanted to get massages and hang out in the hot springs. We're just hardier than they are."

She laughed. Michael did, too, but secretly he was glad they had chosen to hike. The idea of a massage didn't appeal to him, and he wasn't interested in hanging out naked by a pool in front of a bunch of people. But that wasn't the only reason. He liked the idea of being with his mom, naked, just the two of them. He had started to become accustomed to staring at her, and it was easier to do without a lot of people around them. For a while he hiked behind her, and he forgot about the scenery around them. His eyes were fixed on her smooth back and on the round, firm cheeks of her ass, jiggling slightly as she climbed ahead of him. He caught glimpses between her legs. And as they hiked farther, he saw the pale sheen of sweat, mixed with the lotion, coating her body. He wasn't fully hard, but he was half-way there, and his dick flopped and swayed wildly in every direction as he hiked behind her.

They came to a fork in the trail about a mile from the resort. A narrow side trail veered off the from main trail that they'd been hiking. Susanna beckoned right and they started in a new direction, climbing more steeply still into denser forest.

After another half mile they crested a rise and descended, and they soon came to a creek. It had nearly dried up. Just a sliver of water trickled down along the bottom.

"Let's stop and get a drink," Susanna said.

They drank from water bottles Michael carried in a small backpack, and Susanna fished out two snack bars to munch as well. Susanna sat back on a low, large rock, resting her butt against its broad, flat top. Her legs fell open again, and Michael's eyes couldn't help it, once again. He stared at her pussy. Maybe it was just sweat, but the lips glistened even in the dappled light that filtered through the trees around them.

He must have stared at her longer than he thought, because when he finally looked up Susanna was staring at him, her lips pursed in a wry smile.

"Michael, do you like what you see?"

Susanna's question caught Michael short. He was sure his face registered shock. Susanna smirked at Michael. She's caught me, he thought. He barely could stammer in reply.

"What . . . what do you mean?"

"You were looking at me. Down there. Between my legs. Do you like what you see?"

There was no good way to reply to a question like that, Michael thought.

"Mom, I'm sorry, I didn't mean that. I won't do that again."

"Michael, don't be silly. And don't tell me you didn't mean to. I saw you doing it several times. You've been doing it ever since we got naked yesterday. You were looking at my vulva. You like looking at it, right?"

Michael's discomfort was sky-high. Not only had his mom caught him looking at her down there, but now she was putting on her psychologist's let's-be-completely-honest-about-everything manner. The last thing Michael wanted was to talk honestly with his mom about looking at her pussy. His mom, of course, adopting her clinical mode, had to use the word "vulva." He had never been comfortable with that word.

"Come on, Michael. Be honest."

"OK. Yes. I was looking at it. It's hard not to. You're a woman, you're attractive, and you're naked."

"Exactly," she said. "It's normal."

"I'm having a hard time getting used to this being normal."

"Well, I didn't raise you as a nudist. But many families around the world practice nudism, and they get used to nudity. To them it's a completely normal, day to day thing. It's all a matter of habituation."

She hopped up on the flat surface of the rock, and she patted it with her hand.

"Come over here, Michael."

She sat on one end of the rock and turned around. Michael reluctantly followed and sat on it as well, a few feet from her. His cock had begun to swell with all the talk about his mom's pussy, and he tried to conceal it by pressing his legs together.

"Face me, Michael. On the rock surface."

Reluctantly, Michael did as Susanna told him to do. He swung his legs up on the rock and sat cross-legged, facing her. His cock, choosing a bad time not to cooperate, grew still harder and popped up from his lap, angling in his mom's direction.

"I can see you're definitely interested in the subject," she said and smiled. She looked him in the eyes.

"Now, look at me," she said.

Michael stared back at her.

"No, not at my face. Down here." She pointed to her lap, between her legs stretched out to either side of the rock surface. "Look at my vulva."

"Mom -"

"Michael, go ahead. I want you to."

He did, slowly, his eyes trailing away from her face, down her neck, to her plump breasts, past her belly, and finally to the junction between her thighs. Susanna angled her hips toward her son, until the full vertical slit of her pussy was in his view, top to bottom. She sat only a few feet from him, so he got the closest, best look he'd had of it yet. He thought it was lovely, the mounds of her outer lips framing and pressing against the thin folds of her inner lips. Blond, well-trimmed hair lay about the lips them but did nothing to conceal them. Her inner lips were parted, just a crack, and he noticed a faint glistening inside from the reflected light coming through the trees overhead in slender shafts.

"I think it's time to be candid with each other," she said. "You and I have never been naked together like this. I don't think you've ever seen me fully naked before. Am I right?"

"Yes," he said, struggling to pull his eyes away from her pussy.

"We have some more time here," she said. "We're going to be naked together for a while longer, and if we're going to get something out of our visit here we need to be comfortable. I know you've been trying to be discreet about it, but I can tell you've been agitated. I don't want you to be that way. If you're agitated, then I'm going to be agitated, and neither one of us will get what we should out of this program. So, we're going to try something that should make us both more comfortable.

"Scoot closer," she said.

Michael scooted closer. Mom spread her legs wider still.

"We're going to play some show and tell, so we can put the mystique and strangeness of our nudity to rest and enjoy the rest of the day. OK?"

"I guess so, mom."

"Good. So, this is my vulva," mom said. "You can see the hood here, covering my clitoris." She traced its length with her index finger. It was long and it fully concealed the nub of skin underneath.

"I know what a vulva is, mom. I've seen one before. More than one."

"But you haven't seen mine before, Michael. This is about habituation, remember? Getting you accustomed to something you haven't seen before. Making you comfortable so we don't have to deal with any awkwardness for the rest of the time we're here. Bear with me. It's just anatomy. Nothing more."

She pulled the skin of the hood up and back.

"Now you can see my clitoris. It's small and not easy to see, but it's right there." She touched her finger to the round pink bit of flesh under the folds of skin. She pulled her finger back.

"Ahhh, sensitive!" she said. "Go ahead and get a good look."

Michael leaned closer. There was something mesmerizing about his mom, just feet away, exposing herself to him as she was, and encouraging him to look at her. She was beautiful. Some part of Michael could appreciate that her pussy was appealing in a way that was more than sexual, that its curve and shape and color were beautiful like a flower. But at the same time, he was turned on. It was his mom's pussy, sure, but it was a pussy. And, sitting there, looking at her, with his cock standing straight up in salute from his lap, he couldn't imagine ever being so "habituated" to it that he wouldn't be turned on by the sight of it. And he wondered, too, if his mom really was convinced if that was possible. He wondered if this really was just a therapeutic exercise for her. He wondered if, even just a little bit, mom was turned on, too.

He didn't have time to think about it more because mom suddenly spread her lips apart with her fingers.

"Now you can see my vagina. You know the difference between a vulva and a vagina, right?"

"Mom, of course I do." It was embarrassing to listen to her talk this way, but his eyes were glued to the pink gash she had opened to him. He was a healthy, libidinous 21-old-male, and he'd seen plenty of pussies, but he'd never seen one presented to him quite so brazenly. He tried to fight the feeling, because he was looking at his mom, but he couldn't help but acknowledge how arousing it was to see her this way.

Susanna continued with her anatomy lesson as though he hadn't said anything.

"The vulva is the proper name for the exterior, although some people call it a 'vagina.' But the vagina is only the interior part. You can see from the light reflecting off it that it's a little wet. Some women at my age get drier, especially around menopause, and dryness can make sex uncomfortable. I'm fortunate I stay fairly wet down there and that's not a problem for me."

If Susanna was unaware that she was talking to her son about her body's ability to handle being fucked, Michael wasn't. In his mind he imagined a hard cock pushing into the wide-open pussy in front of

him. He tried to purge the thought but couldn't. Susanna continued, seemingly unaware of the thoughts and feelings her words aroused.

"If you look down here, you can see the urethral opening. That's where pee comes out. A lot of men seem to find it a mystery where a woman's pee comes from, but there's no mystery to it."

Michael's jaw dropped open, without his noticing it. He was spellbound at this point and couldn't say anything. Whether it was because it was his mom or not, he'd never seen anything as arousing in his life as what she was showing him. The detached, clinical manner of her presentation somehow made it even more arousing, not less.

"Down here, just below the urethra, you can see the vaginal opening. That's where the man's penis goes during intercourse."

She peeled her pussy open still farther, so Michael could look deep inside her channel. She held herself open, so he could look for as long as he wanted. How long, Michael don't know. He lost track of the time he spent looking deep into his mother as far as he could see, where bright pink gave way to a dusky rose that faded away into shadow. It seemed to Michael it must have been a minute or so that he sat transfixed, staring into his mother's depths. He couldn't tear his eyes away and she seemed to be willing to let him look as long as he wanted. When he broke his gaze from it and looked up and at her face, he noticed she was staring at his cock, which remained as hard and straight as ever. That gave him a twinge. Mom noticed him

noticing her, and she looked away. Was she embarrassed? Michael thought she might be.

This was getting stranger and stranger, and he was getting more excited.

Mom closed her legs.

"Lesson over for now," she said. "I don't know how much you were paying attention, but it looks like your penis was." She pointed to it. His shaft stood straight away from his lap, hard and vertical and directed at the tree canopy above them.

"Sorry about that," Michael said.

"Michael, there's no need to be sorry," she said. "I hope for your sake your, um, 'interest' subsides a little. Our hike might be uncomfortable for you if it doesn't."

She hopped off the rock and sauntered back to the trail. Michael watched her ass sway as she turned away from him. Right then he knew for certain, if he hadn't fully realized it before, that he would never look at his mom the same way again. His mother's "lesson" had had the opposite effect of the one intended. Instead of desexualizing her nudity, it had aroused him. He remained aroused as they continued their hike.

The narrow trail on which they'd been walking looped around, heading back to the main trail from which they'd come. The mix of trees in this part was more varied, and a dense understory of bushes blocked most of the view going forward.

Coming around a sharp turn in the trail, both Susanna and Michael started at the sound of a squeal in front of them. It was a woman. The squeal was followed by a moan. Susanna and Michael stopped in their tracks and listened. There was no question what they were hearing: two people fucking. Intermixed with the unseen woman's high-pitched moans was a male voice urgently saying, "Yeah, baby. Take that. Take my cock. Just like that."

Susanna and Michael looked at each other. For a moment they weren't sure what to do. They could continue on the trail, but they'd startle the couple and interrupt them. Or they could turn back and return from where they'd come. But neither one of them wanted to do that.

Michael decided what to do. He put his finger to his mouth, whispered "Shhhhh," and crept forward, waving to Susanna to follow him.

"Michael, we shouldn't," she whispered.

"We've been looking at naked people for the last day," Michael said, just as quietly. "Knowing the people who come here, they probably wouldn't mind if we watched them."

He grabbed her hand and pulled her forward. She resisted at first, but then she followed him. He guided both of them to a spot where the density of the bushes lessened. The bush ahead of them had enough gaps in its leaves and branches that they could see through it.

30 feet from where they crouched, they saw a slender strawberry blonde woman with her hands against the trunk of a sycamore, her legs wide apart and her ass thrust backward, grabbed tight by the hands of a dark-haired man rapidly thrusting in and out of her from behind.

Michael liked this place more and more. Susanna saw but hung back. He looked back at her. She looked embarrassed and guilty. But Michael held fast to her hand and pulled her forward and in front of him. He wanted her to watch. She followed his direction. She scooted forward, not making a sound. When she settled in place, she half crouched in front of him to get the best view through the gap in the bush. Michael crouched directly behind her, and he put his hands on her waist to steady them. Susanna shifted for just a second as though to object, but then she stopped and grew quiet in her son's firm grasp. She put one hand atop his on her side. They watched the young couple fucking with abandon before them.

Michael's cock was even harder now, and from where he stood behind his mom its thick head was no more than an inch from the small of her back and the top of the cleft than ran down between her cheeks. Michael wanted a better view, so he ducked down a little

more and pulled back. He could see the darker patch of her anus now, and below it the edge of her pussy. For a moment he got lost in the sight and forgot about looking at the fucking couple in front of them. Mom's ass mesmerized him so much more. His cock tip was just inches from her entrance. If he pushed forward just a little -

It was tempting. But he didn't do it. Maybe it was his sense of propriety, or maybe it was just nerves. But while the angle was perfect to take her, the timing wasn't right. Michael held back.

The couple continued fucking like that for another five minutes. Then they quickened their tempo, and Michael could tell the man was about to come. But before he did, he pulled out, and Michael heard him say, "Turn around, Kate."

The woman spun around and sank to ground, her knees against the forest floor. She held her hands to her side and looked up at her lover with her mouth open and eyes wide. Not 20 seconds later the man's cock gave way and he splattered her face and chest with a messy spray of cum.

Michael felt his mother's hand tighten on his, and she shifted back and to the side. Michael's cock head collided with an ass cheek and veered to the side. His mother didn't even seem to notice. She kept looking forward. Michael and Susanna watched the couple to see what they would do.

"My cum is all over you, Kate," the man said.

"I love it that way," said Kate, drawing her finger along her cheek, scooping up some of his milky seed and taking it in her mouth. "I love the taste, too. I love your cum, Drew."

"Don't eat too much," said Drew. "I want you to wear it on you as we hike back. You'll stay like that until we get back to the pool, and then you'll get in and wash it off in front of everyone."

Kate giggled. "We're not supposed to do that. We're supposed to wash our bodies before entering the pools or springs."

"Sometimes you gotta break the rules, baby. This is one of those times."

He helped her up with his hand and they grabbed and kissed each other loudly. When they stopped, they talked to each other in a tone too soft to hear. After another minute they turned and walked back to the small trail, joining it at a spot about 100 feet ahead of Michael and Susanna.

Susanna pushed back and stood up, and her ass once again brushed Michael's cock head. Michael felt like he was going to burst. If he'd been on his own at that point he would have jerked off immediately. His hand started going down and for a split second he thought he'd stroke himself anyway, mom or no mom. But he stopped. Susanna looked him over, turned, and crept quietly toward the trail. Michael followed her.

"Let's give that couple some space so they don't see us. I don't want them to think we saw them."

"But we DID see them, mom, and if they knew they'd probably like it."

"Hmmm," she said. "Maybe. But that's for them to decide, not us."

They waited a few minutes on the trail. Mom turned to Michael again.

"That was . . . something. Wow. I feel bad. I've never been a peeper before, and I certainly never expected to be one with my son."

"We're doing a lot of things this weekend we've never done before," Michael said. "And there's more weekend ahead."

"True," she said. "I think the program this afternoon will calm things down a while. It's supposed to improve personal communication."

With every passing minute Michael grew more certain that the program his mother had signed up for was going to be different from what she expected. But if his mom suspected so, too, she didn't let on. She stood alongside him, chin up and smiling, seemingly

unaware. Michael didn't know what to expect, and he didn't say anything.

"Let's go," Susanna said at last.

Most of the way back was downhill. By the time they got back to the resort it was mid-day, and their bodies were coated in sweat and their shins were sprinkled with fine dust. They didn't have a lot of time before the program started, so they ducked into the dining room and grabbed sandwiches and walked back to their room.

"We need to shower," Susanna said, wolfing down her sandwich in big bites. When she was done, she shucked off the sandals and entered the bathroom. She left the door open, again. Then Michael heard the tinkle of water. His mom was peeing with the door open. That was another first, Michael thought. This was getting stranger and stranger. He stood to the side of the door, and he couldn't see her. A thought just popped into his head.

"Mom, which program did you say you signed up for?"

"Program 3, Open Communication," she yelled over the sound of water. "Why do you ask?"

"Just curious. I wanted to see what it's about."

"The brochure is in my bag," she called. "I haven't read it, but be my guest."

Michael heard the sound of flushing, and then of the shower being turned on. He walked across the room to her bag and unzipped it. Inside was a shiny brochure with the title "Human Synergy Institute: Programs For Human Growth."

Michael turned to the page for Program 3. There were pictures of people sitting on the ground looking at one another. Some looked thoughtful, some looked pensive. Others smiled. But they were all clothed. Michael read the blurb under the title: "Program 3, Open Communication, is for people in any kind of relationship who want to unlock the secrets of more profound communication and relationships with others. We teach people to open up to a new way of communication through speaking, gesturing, and gentle touching."

Something didn't seem right to him. He looked in mom's bag again and found a piece of paper. It looked like a confirmation sheet that she'd printed out at home; it was dated ten days earlier. Michael's eyes scrolled down the page. They stopped when he reached the following sentence:

"Congratulations! You have signed up for the Human Synergy Institute's Program 8, Synergistic Sexuality, Session 1. This two-hour program will help you get past the awkward barriers that impede so many relationships, enable you to experience your partner sexually in a new way, and take your relationship to new sexual heights. After

you've experienced our introduction to synergistic sexuality in Session 1, we're confident you'll want to return for more sessions."

Holy fuck, Michael thought. She signed them up for a sex workshop. Michael shook his head. He couldn't believe his mom accidentally had signed them up for a class on sex, instead of a communication workshop. On the other hand, he could believe it. His mom was so poor at dealing with paperwork, so poor at reading the fine print, that it wasn't that far-fetched she could somehow misunderstand which program was happening this weekend.

Michael kept reading. Below the description the details of the time and place for the reservation were printed. The word "Rescheduled" appeared in bold next to the following weekend.

Oh mom, Michael thought. She must have scheduled the date and then confirmed the reservation for that date after the program for that date been rescheduled for another date and replaced by this one.

Michael wondered how his mom would react when she found out. She'd be very disappointed, he was sure, because she had been waiting a long time for the communication program and would hate to have spent money and driven all this way only to choose not to participate. For his part, Michael wasn't too disappointed that the program his mom thought she'd signed up for wasn't happening. He hadn't been looking forward to spending two more hours trying to get in touch with his feelings with his mom. Heck, the program his mom signed up for would be more fun than that one. At the very

least, Michael could watch naked couples around him get sexual while he and his mom hung out and . . . whatever.

Too bad it wasn't going to happen, Michael thought, because as soon as his mom found out which program she signed up for, she'd cancel.

Michael heard the shower shut off. Mom was getting out. He opened his mouth to call to her to let her know the truth.

"Mmmmaaaa -." He stopped halfway through the word and shut his mouth. An idea popped into his head - a strange idea, but one that enticed him as soon as his mouth closed.

What if he didn't tell his mom about the mix up?

What if, Michael thought, he kept quiet, and he and she went to the program, and only after everyone was seated and the program started did mom discover it was the wrong one? What would she do? He wondered. Would she get up and leave immediately? She might.

But Michael didn't think she would. When Varda had told his mom yesterday that they had to strip their clothes off, she had. She had accepted Varda's instructions and had been willing to see what would happen next. Ever since they had arrived, his mom had let everyone at the resort think they were a couple rather than a mother and son. If mom stayed true to form, she wouldn't say anything.

She'd stay seated with Michael, and let the program, and then . . . what?

Michael didn't know. But there was another reason Michael thought she would want to stay. She liked being naked in front of people. She was enjoying this. Michael was certain of it.

Mom wants to show off more, Michael thought. She doesn't want this to end too soon, because she gets off on being naked. In front of the other guests. And in front of me.

Michael's thoughts turned to the image of his mom propped up on the flat rock earlier that morning, spreading her legs and opening herself for his inspection. Michael felt the twinge again. He looked down and, sure enough, his cock lengthened and hardened. Michael became aware, suddenly, almost painfully, that he was terribly horny.

I want that too, Michael thought. Mom wants to show off her naked body, and I want to see it.

Michael decided not to say anything to his mom. He tucked the confirmation slip back in her bag seconds before she left the bathroom. He scurried in to shower before she noticed his erection. When the spray of water hit him, moments later, he was tempted to lather his cock and bring himself to quick relief. But he didn't. He chose not to do anything before the program.

Maybe I can jerk off to mom during the program, he thought. That would be something. As soon as the thought formed, he shook his head and tried to bury it, without success. He finished his shower and got out.

"It's time to go, Michael," his mom said. "I'm really looking forward to this!"

"Me, too, mom," Michael said, smiling.

"I'm so glad!" she said. "It seems like you've had a change of heart. I appreciate that. I think you'll like this as much as I will."

He thought he might like it even more, but he didn't say anything.

They left the cabin and walked to the pavilion room. The pavilion was a circular building that stood at one end of the resort. Stained wood enveloped the exterior, and a pointed terra cotta roof capped it off. Michael and Susanna noticed other nude couples, some holding hands, approach at the same time. They fell in line to enter a set of double doors that had been swung open.

The interior of the pavilion was a spacious round room covered by a clear-stained oak floor, over which had been laid a series of large off-white mats that looked to be made of a soft material a couple inches thick. Large mirrors covered the walls of the room. High on the walls, above the mirrors, frosted window panes let light in from outside.

As Susanna and Michael walked through the door they were greeted by Thomas, the man who spoke to them at breakfast. He wore a white robe. He pointed them to a mat against the wall on the far side of the room. Susanna and Michael sat next to each other on the mat and waited for the program to start. Other couples filled the mats all around them. Troy and Lisa sat together closer to the middle of the room. Drew and Kate, the couple they had seen fucking in the woods earlier, sat immediately to their left against the wall. They sat close together, Drew holding his hand on Kate's inner thigh, near her pussy, Michael noticed.

Michael counted fourteen couples. He guessed that their ages ranged from late twenties to early sixties. It was obvious he was the youngest person in the room. Twelve of the couples were male-female, one was two men, and one was two women.

A clap of hands brought everyone to attention. Thomas stood next to an empty mat in the center of the room. A gray-haired woman stood next to him in a matching robe.

"Welcome, everyone," Thomas said to the group. "I'm Thomas, and I'll be leading today's session, along with my partner Adia. I see a few familiar faces, so I know you've been through this before and we're glad to have you back. For the rest of you, I expect you've heard something about the program, but if not I'll give you a rundown. There's only one rule here, and that's to respect yourself, your partner, and everyone else. Because of the intimate nature of our session, we ask that you respect the privacy of others and not talk

about what happens or reveal the names of the participants to anyone you know on the outside. What happens here stays here."

Michael glanced at his mom's face as Thomas spoke. She knitted her brow, a look of confusion and uncertainty on her face. As Thomas continued speaking her look of concern grew. Thomas's description of the program didn't fit with mom's idea of it.

"Adia and I will guide you in our session today, which will last about two hours. You are not required to follow us or mimic what we do. You may express your own intimacy and sexuality however you and your partner agree to do so. But I recommend that you take our cue at the beginning, start slowly, and build up, so you build up trust and communication before moving on."

With that, Thomas and Adia removed their robes to reveal their own nude bodies. Michael thought they didn't look bad for old people. They had wrinkles and Adia's breasts sagged, but both were thin and fit. Adia's nipples were an almost cherry hue.

"Go ahead and sit facing your partner," Thomas said. "Sit close enough that you can touch each other with ease."

Michael and Susanna shifted on their mat. Susanna leaned over to Michael and whispered in his ear.

"Something isn't right. This isn't what I expected."

"Let's just play along for now," Michael said.

Susanna nodded as they faced each other. Her eyes darted around the room. Michael kept his eyes on his mom, watching her confusion.

"To start with," Thomas continued, "Put your hands at your side so your body is fully revealed. Take a few minutes to look at your partner. Really LOOK at them. Start at the top, and move your eyes down. Try to notice things you may not have noticed before. Think about what you find beautiful in your partner."

That wasn't difficult for Michael to do, because there was a lot that was beautiful about his mom. He'd been looking at her a lot in the last 24 hours, and felt he'd come to know her body well. But, looking at her even more closely, he noticed things he hadn't before. He tried to put a name to the color of her hair, and he couldn't. It defied naming. It was blond, but it wasn't. As he focused on it carefully, he noticed individual strands of hair, standing up and falling away from her face together in a loose, frizzy cascade. Every strand was different. The more he tried to put words to what he saw the more he failed in the effort.

The next thing Michael noticed was his mother's eyes. They were opened wide and searching his own. Michael saw uncertainty in them. His mom didn't know what was going to happen next, and she didn't know what to do. Michael mouthed the words "It's OK" to her, and she nodded, although he wasn't sure she really felt it was OK

His eyes strayed to her breasts, plump and full, sagging only a little from middle age. The nipples were hard and pink, pointed at him. If his mom's eyes seemed uncertain, almost timid, her nipples looked fearless and eager. Michael felt the sudden desire to take them into his mouth, to kiss them and suck them.

Not yet, he thought.

Michael's eyes moved down his mom's flat belly and thin waist, settling at last on the slit between her legs. A well-trimmed, light patch of hair, matching the hair on her head, lay over it. He couldn't see it as well as he liked because she sat cross legged. He wasn't sure if it was permitted to touch her at this stage of the program, but he did so anyway, putting his hands lightly on her knees. Susanna uncrossed her legs and spread them open in response to Michael's touch.

Michael thought that was much better. Now his mom's pussy was fully open and on display to him, as it had been earlier that morning. It lay before him like a sweet flower in bloom.

You're the flower and I'm the bee, mom, Michael thought. I'm going to explore you and touch you and taste you.

Michael was surprised at the boldness of his thoughts about his mom. A surge of desire swept through him. Until that moment, Michael's arousal had been suppressed by the sheer strangeness of

the weekend. But it was held down no longer. Michael quickly looked up and around him, at the other couples, staring at each other's body parts.

This is just a bunch of horny people who want to get it on with each other in front of other people, he thought. We're not learning about communication. We're a bunch of exhibitionists and voyeurs getting our rocks off doing this in a group and being told it's OK because we're learning something about intimacy or whatever.

Michael looked at his mom, who was staring at his cock, hard and pointed at her, its tip less than two feet from the open lips of her pussy. Thinking about how close they were made him harder still. Michael was struck by how passive his mom looked. She wasn't passive by nature. On the contrary, in most situations his mom was confident and assertive. But now she seemed subdued and uncertain. It was obvious she realized that this program was not what she expected and that she didn't know what to do about it.

Michael's thoughts were interrupted by Thomas, speaking to the group again.

"You've spent several minutes using the sense of sight. Hopefully, you've seen something about your partner that maybe you haven't seen before. The next step is the sense of touch. One of you will take your hand and touch your partner on a part of their body. Feel their skin like it's the first time you've ever felt it. Think about how it feels on your fingers. Imagine the energy flowing between your fingers and their skin."

Michael and Susanna stared at each other in response to his instruction, neither one moving for a moment. Then Susanna raised a hand and touched Michael's cheek. She moved her fingers in a small circle over his skin. Michael was surprised at the charge he felt from her touch, at the electricity that passed from her finger tips to his face. He had never experienced such a powerful, erotic feeling from such a simple, seemingly non-sexual gesture. His mom didn't say anything, but they stared at each other as she touched him. All Michael could think about was the touch of her fingers on his face and the hardness of his cock, pointed straight at his mother. He was keenly aware that after almost 24 hours of constant visual stimulation he hadn't come.

A few minutes passed, and Thomas spoke again.

"OK," he said. "Now it's time for your partner to reciprocate. Touch your partner, but touch them somewhere different from where they touched you. Wherever you touch them, focus on how it feels to your touch. Imagine your energy flowing from your finger to your partner's skin, and back again."

Michael wanted to roll his eyes. Thomas's words sounded like gobbledygook to him. He knew how he wanted to touch his mom and he didn't need a lot of high-minded instruction about flowing energy.

He put his finger to his mom's upper lip. Susanna's eyes widened, as though she was surprised at the boldness of her son's touch. Michael's face was still, betraying no emotion. The tip of his forefinger traced the length of her upper lip, and then it swept down, tracing the fullness of the lower lip. Michael never had really paid attention to his mom's lips before, but he paid attention to them now - their softness, their rosy hue, the way they glistened in the ambient light of the room. He noticed his mom's stillness as his finger swept over her, her submission to the exploration of his finger. His mom's tentativeness emboldened him.

With his finger at his mother's mouth, Michael glanced at the couples around him. They were touching each other in similar ways, hands pressed to faces or against each other, and most of the couples seemed focused on each other. He caught a few faces, though, sneaking glances at what others were doing, as he did. He turned back to his mom and decided to take things a step further.

Michael moved his finger between his mother's lips, and he pressed it forward. Susanna's lips gave way, and Michael's finger pushed forward into her mouth. He pushed until it was all the way in. His mom couldn't say anything, and she stared back at Michael with wide, wondering eyes. Michael enjoyed the warmth and wetness of his mother's mouth on his finger. He moved it around, against the thick swirl of her tongue.

He pulled it out, almost all the way, until just the tip of his finger remained between her lips, and then he pushed his finger back, with more force than before. Susanna tried to say something, but she

couldn't with Michael's finger in her mouth. Michael then began pumping his finger in and out of his mother's mouth in a slow sensuous rhythm. Susanna's eyes grew wider still.

In the background, Michael heard Thomas offering occasional instructions or words of encouragement, but Michael was so intent on his play with his mother that he barely heard him.

"Everyone's doing great," Thomas said. "Feel the sensual energy around you and your partner, and let it flow through your body to theirs. Let the energy connect you. "

Michael didn't know anything about flowing energy, but he liked the feeling of fucking his mother's mouth with his finger. That's how it felt: he was fucking her. Michael was surprised at his own boldness and assertiveness. He liked it. He knew his mother knew he liked it too, because his cock stood out in a straight arrow pointed at her, the full purplish head no more than a foot from the slit of her pussy.

If his mother didn't like the mouth-fucking she was getting, she didn't show it. She sat passively before him, her mouth accepting every thrust of his finger. Then she wasn't passive. Michael felt the pressure of his mom's mouth on his finger as she sucked on it. He saw her cheeks compress. He lost track of how long they kept up the rhythm of his finger in her mouth.

Thomas spoke again.

"That's right. Feel the flow. Go with the flow. Now I want everyone to take the next step, which is to channel your sensual energy through your lips. Feel the softness of your own lips. Concentrate your energy there. And then, when you're ready, kiss your partner on a part of their body. Caress it with your lips and your mouth. Use your tongue. Share your loving, sensual energy with your partner by using your lips and mouth."

It was his mom's turn, and Michael wondered what she would do. He glanced around the room again. Thomas's talk about energy sounded like a lot of new age nonsense to Michael, but there was no doubt that the air was thick with sensuality. People were losing inhibitions, getting closer, embracing each other. Several couples were pressing their lips together. One woman was sucking on her partner's toe. Troy sucked on Lisa's right breast.

Susanna leaned close to Michael.

"Michael, I'm sorry, this is not at all what I expected," she whispered. "I'm not sure what to do."

"Mom, like he said, just go with the flow," he whispered back. "Nobody here knows who we are. If we get up and leave, we'll disturb everyone. Let's just go along for now. You've kissed me before. Find some place to kiss me and just go along. Do whatever is comfortable."

Since Michael and Susanna sat on the far side of the room from the door, they would have to weave their way past a roomful of writhing, naked bodies if they wanted to leave. It would look awkward, and it would upset the mood of the room. Plus, it would be difficult to explain. The desire to avoid making a scene seemed to persuade Susanna.

"I guess you're right," she said. "It would look weird if we suddenly left."

Michael felt more comfortable by the moment, except that his cock felt like it was going to burst. He wondered what his mom would do. He figured she'd kiss him on the cheek, but she didn't. Instead, she leaned close to him, then turned her face to his neck, where it met his shoulder. Her lips tickled as they touched his skin. It wasn't much of a kiss at first, just the faintest brush of her skin against his. But it was electric. No doubt about it, Michael felt the energy passing between his mom's lips and his neck. He felt her lips give him a succession of soft kisses - so many he lost count. He'd never felt anything like it. He felt, too, that his mom finally was giving in to the moment, going with the flow, and letting her own sensual energy wander and explore the connection with her son. Michael could scarcely believe what was happening. But he was caught up in it too, and he felt his desire surging inside him, along with the need that was pent up and nearly bursting behind his hard cock.

He put a hand behind his mom's head, running his fingers through her thick hair while also pressing gently against her, pushing her lips

harder against his neck. Susanna didn't resist. She kept kissing her son.

Michael looked around the room. The air of soft sensuality was giving way to outright sexuality. He saw a woman planting light butterfly kisses on the head of her partner's penis, which was erect, but not, Michael noted with satisfaction, as long or as thick as his own. As his mom kept kissing him, Michael used his other hand to draw his mom closer to him, until his cock head was no more than inches from her open pussy. Michael imagined he could feel the heat emanating from it and wrapping itself around his member.

In the background, Thomas gave further words of encouragement and instruction, but Michael could barely concentrate on them, and they came more infrequently, because Thomas himself was busy having his chest and nipples kissed by his partner Adia. Michael vaguely heard Thomas saying something about taking turns and progressions and surges of energy, but it didn't seem like the room needed his direction any further. The pattern had been established, and the couples were moving together in a group rhythm. After a while everyone seemed to understand when it was time to move on to the next act.

Susanna lifted her head away from Michael's neck, but not before giving him a playful nibble. Michael wondered if it would leave a mark; he hoped it would. The idea of his naked mom giving him a hickey turned him on. Susanna sat up straight again looking her son in the eyes. Neither was sure of the next step. It was Michael's turn to kiss her.

Michael decided to do the obvious. He put a hand to his mother's cheek and drew her to him, and he pressed his lips against hers. Startled, Susanna began to pull away, but Michael didn't let her. He put his other hand behind her head and held them together, fixed at the lips. Her mouth was closed, at first, but his mouth was firm and insistent on hers, until it opened up.

"Michael -" she started to say until more kisses stopped her.

"Shhh, Mom," he whispered. "Go with the flow." Michael was aware that his whispering hadn't been as quiet as before, and he wondered if someone nearby might have heard him say "mom." He was too busy kissing her to look up and find out.

Susanna appeared, finally, to be going more with the flow. The tenseness in her body slackened and she relaxed her head in her son's firm hands. He peppered her mouth with soft, rapid kisses, and then followed them with a harder, more urgent kiss, pressing his tongue into her, past lips and teeth that at first were resistant but gave way eventually to his desire.

The room now was filled with the sounds of love-making: moans and soft cries, sucking and slurping noises, the slapping of bodies against each other. Over the hum of sexuality Thomas's voice came again, although it sounded distant.

"Everyone's doing great. Feel that sexual energy. Let it flow. You are free now to go at your own pace and rhythm. Feel free to touch each other and experience each other's sexuality at your own pace. You'll feel the synergy between you."

Michael was feeling it now, for certain. He was mashing his lips against his mother's, his tongue working against hers. He put a hand on her neck and felt the rapid beat of her heart. She was utterly passive now, letting her son kiss her as he wished. He'd never known his mom to be so submissive, and it excited him to his core. He couldn't kiss her deeply enough or fast enough. He couldn't get enough of her. They kissed like that for minutes more, until that indefinable but certain feeling came over the room that it was time to move on.

When they pulled back from each other, Michael saw his mom trembling, her eyes watery and uncertain. Michael could tell she didn't know what to do. Michael didn't either. He looked around the room, and everywhere the level of sexual activity had risen. Legs were spread wide, cocks were being rubbed and sucked, pussies were being licked and fingered. Michael decided that even though it was his mom's turn he'd take the initiative for the next step to take the responsibility away from his mom. He was winging it, but he had an idea. He leaned close to her ear.

"Turn toward the wall."

He guided her shoulders as he spoke, and Susanna followed the direction of his hands. She turned toward the wall, facing a mirror

that rose from the floor. Michael and Susanna saw the reflections of their nude bodies. Somehow it aroused Michael even more. It was like watching himself in a pornographic film. When Susanna finally faced the mirror directly, Michael scooted behind her, until his chest was pressed against her from behind and his legs were splayed out to the side of hers.

Michael pressed his butt forward along the floor until his cock head met his mother's back. She opened her mouth in surprise, and Michael could see and hear her stifle a cry. As he moved forward further the head of his cock traced an upward line against her until its full, hard length was at her back. Susanna breathed heavily. Michael didn't wait. He moved his hands around his mother until they rested on her thighs. Then he pulled them back, splayed wide, opening up his mom's pussy fully to his view. Wetness glistened between lips that were not fully closed. Michael's hands went to Susanna's belly, and then moved up.

"Michael -" she started to say.

"Mom, it's OK," Michael said. "Just relax and go with the flow, like he said. It's OK, mom." He emphasized the last word, loud enough that he thought someone might hear. He could tell his mom wondered the same thing, because she looked to both sides of her, as Michael did. Everyone appeared to be too busy with their own activity to notice or hear anything.

Michael felt surprised at his own boldness and assertiveness. He knew why. His arousal was overpowering. He felt an overwhelming

need to see and touch and experience his mom. He had to keep moving things forward. He had to take the next step.

"Mom, look in the mirror. Look at yourself."

Michael sat directly behind his mom but with his head to the side, over her shoulder. Susanna stopped glancing at her neighbors and looked Michael in the eye.

"Don't look at me, mom. Look at your body. Look at your breasts."

As he spoke, he cupped the underside of each full breast and squeezed. Susanna gasped.

"Michael, I think this is going too -"

"Relax," he said, cutting her off. "Relax and feel the energy, mom. You wanted to get something out of this program. Let's get something out of it. It's not what you thought it would be, but we can still get something out of it."

His hands squeezed and kneaded her full breasts.

"Mom, do you like being naked?" Michael whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, like this morning, on our hike, sitting on the rock, did you like being naked in front of me? Did you like showing yourself off?"

It was hard to carry on a conversation in whispers, with the growing din of lovemaking around them, so Michael put his mouth directly to Susanna's ear.

"I wasn't showing off. I was trying to make a point," she said.

"I know you were, mom. But you liked it didn't you?"

"Michael, I don't think that's -"

"Mom," Michael said, a little more loudly than before. "You've said yourself this weekend it's important to be candid, to be honest. You said we should open up. So open up. Tell me. I want to know the truth and I want you to say it. You liked it? You like it now, don't you?"

Michael could tell that his mother was struggling. She didn't say anything.

"Come on, mom. Tell me. You like being naked for me. Say it to me."

Susanna's mouth opened, and it closed. It opened and closed again. She struggled to say anything.

"Say it, mom," Michael said. "Say you like to be naked in front of me."

"I like it," Susanna said at last.

"I knew it," Michael said. "And you like it now, being naked in the mirror so I can see you? You like that? Say it, mom."

"I . . . I like it," Susanna said.

"Then you'll like this, won't you mom," Michael said, as he took her nipples between his fingers and rubbed his fingers around them. "You'll like the feeling of my fingers on you and knowing that you're showing off your tits and that I'm grabbing them and feeling them. You like that too, mom? Tell me."

Michael saw his mother close her eyes in the mirror and exhale as his fingers squeezed her hard nipples.

"Tell me," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Yes. I like it."

Her words emboldened him, and Michael squeezed and caressed his mother's breasts with more vigor.

"Open your eyes, mom," he said. "Look what I'm doing."

Susanna opened her eyes and looked into the mirror as her son grabbed and kneaded and massaged her breasts. She moaned.

"I like that, mom. Grabbing your breasts. Squeezing them. I like pinching your nipples." Michael took one between his thumb and forefinger and pinched it hard. Susanna let out a high-pitched squeak.

Michael was in a frenzy now. Any hesitation he'd felt before was gone. His hands were on his mom's body and it was all he could think about. He wanted her body. He needed her body. He knew what his hands had to do next. Michael saw Susanna's head thrown back, eyes closed, soft sounds escaping her lips.

"Open your eyes, mom," he said. "Look at us."

Susanna opened her eyes and stared back into the mirror, at her son's hands on her breasts. The hands moved down, slowly over her belly, caressing it as they descended. Michael's left hand stopped at her thigh, pushing it back. His right hand kept going. It stopped when his fingers reached the hood of her clit.

"Michael, what are you doing?" Susanna whispered.

"I'm doing what I want to do, mom," he said. "What I need to do." His finger moved over the top of her clit and began tracing small, quick circles over it. Susanna moaned.

"Michael, you can't do that," she said. "You have to stop." But she pushed her pelvis forward to increase the pressure of his finger on her clit hood.

"I'm not going to stop, mom," Michael said. "You don't really want me to. You like this. Admit it. Admit it."

Susanna didn't say anything for a while, but words escaped her lips at last in a quiet rush.

"It does feel good," she said, her head thrown back.

"Look back at yourself in the mirror, mom," Michael said. Susanna did. With two fingers Michael spread his mother's lips open so both he and she could see her open pussy in the mirror.

"Oh, Michael," she said.

"I'm spreading you open, mom," he said. "Look at yourself. You've been showing yourself off and spreading open ever since we got here. You liked doing that this morning, didn't you? You liked spreading yourself open for me?"

"Michael," she said. "I was trying to make a point."

"I know," Michael said. "But that wasn't all of it, was it? You wanted to show off. It turned you on, didn't it? Tell me, mom. Tell me it turned you on."

"It turned me on," she said.

Michael's middle finger descended below her clit, into her wetness. He pushed it in. Her pussy was tight and deep, but he kept pushing. He had to hold his hand at just the right angle, so his finger could press all the way into her. He heard his mom sighing and moaning more. When his finger was all the way in, he curved it up until he felt what he was seeking - a soft spongy mass. While his middle finger pushed against it his thumb pressed down on her clit. Susanna whimpered.

"That's your G-spot, isn't it, mom?" he asked.

"Oh, oh, oh," she said, breaths coming out fast and high-pitched. "Yes. You found it. That feels so good."

Susanna's body had gone slack in Michael's arms. He knew at that point he had her - that she would do whatever he wanted her to do. He wanted more. But for a moment he wanted to enjoy the sensation of his finger delving deeply into her wet cunt. She grew wetter with every moment. His finger moved around, exploring and enjoying her depths.

Michael's eyes savored the sight of his mother's pussy filled by his finger. He liked the way the rocking of his finger mashed and moved her pussy lips in a steady rhythm. He looked at his mother's face and he liked the way her eyes were closed and her mouth was open and soft feral sounds came out of it at an irregular pace. He kept a steady speed with his finger, fucking his mother's pussy with it, in and out, in and out.

Michael looked in the mirror at the people around him. Troy lay back on his mat, Lisa sucking his cock, but Troy's eyes were focused on the mirror, staring at Michael's mom's pussy. Michael liked that. He was consumed by the idea of his mom showing off. While his finger continued pushing in and out of her, his free hand pushed his mom's thigh back so Troy could get a better view. Susanna's eyes snapped open at the touch of his hand, focusing on her son. Michael glanced from his mom to Troy to let his mom see what he'd done. Susanna's eyes widened when she realized Michael was exposing the finger-fucking of her pussy to someone's view. But she did nothing to close her legs. She let Troy look.

Michael pushed his finger in and out of his mother's pussy. It got wetter and wetter, until he felt her wetness dripping and spreading

over his hand. Michael loved the feel of her pussy on his finger, but he needed more.

He withdrew his finger, and he saw his mom look at him with surprise. Michael didn't say anything. He grabbed his mom by the waist with his hands, and he moved her up and back while he inclined his body half way to the floor. In the mirror, his hard, straight cock popped into view between Susanna's thighs. That's where Michael wanted it. Susanna's pussy was open and wet, showing the signs of being freshly fucked by Michael's finger. Michael's tall, hard cock bobbed and knocked against her inner thighs and against the lips of her pussy.

"Michael," Susanna said. "We need to stop. We can't do this."

"Sure, we can . . . mom," Michael said, saying the word louder than before. "I just fucked your pussy with my finger. You liked it. I'm going to fuck you with my cock now."

"We can't do that," she said, her voice weak and uncertain.

"We can and we will," Michael said. He took a hand off his mom's waist and brought it to his cock, long and hard, its bulbous head almost bursting.

Susanna didn't say anything. Her son controlled her body now, and she sat passive in his lap and arms awaiting his direction. Michael

didn't wait longer. He grabbed his cock in his hand and pressed it back against his mother's pussy. He slapped it against her clit, several times. Then he moved the head up and down against her wet furrow, watching her lips mashed and spread to the side of it.

Oh my God this feels good, he thought. His cock was pushed up against his mother's pussy. It wasn't quite in it, but it was pressed up against it, the lips framing and cupping its hard length.

He looked at Troy and Troy still was staring at the space between Susanna's open legs. He seemed mesmerized by it, even though his girlfriend Lisa was stroking and sucking him with great energy.

"You need to say it, mom," Michael said.

"What . . . what you do you mean?" Susanna asked. Her words came out punctuated by deep fast breaths. Michael felt her pulse beat furiously.

"You know what, mom," Michael said. "You know what I need to do next. I need my cock inside you. But I want you to say it. Say it, mom."

"Oh, Michael," she said, her body undulating, uncontrolled and fighting her words. "I can't do it."

"Yes, you can," Michael said. "Say it." His hand pushed his cock against his mom's pussy harder, and he moved the head of it against his mother's clit in insistent circles.

"Oh," she said.

"Say it, mom," he said. "Say it."

For a full minute she said nothing. Her body rose and fell against her son, and the furrow of her sex encased and rubbed against the hard, young cock of her son. She tried to stop moaning but she couldn't.

"Say it, mom," Michael said. He kept rubbing his cock, harder than he ever remembered it being, against her.

"Yes," she said.

"Yes what, mom?" he asked. "Tell me."

"Do it," she said.

"Do what, mom?" Michael asked again, his voice louder. He looked to Troy and Troy's eyes were open with amazement. Michael could tell Troy had heard him.

"Put it in," she said.

"No, mom," Michael said. "Say it. Say it right. Say what you want me to do. Say what you want your son to do to you."

She rose and breathed with two more undulations and relented.

"Fuck me, Michael," she said. "Fuck me."

"Gladly, mom," Michael said. With his hand he directed the bulb head into his mother. For a moment in the mirror he observed the pink, wet inside of her pussy, before his cock filled it. He pushed up and in. He pulled her down onto him with his other hand. He was surprised at how fast it went. Her wetness helped. It only took a second for the full length of his cock to disappear into his mother's cunt.

"Now look at it, mom," he said.

After a second or two her eyes opened, and Michael saw them turn to the junction between his cock and her pussy. Her eyes widened and turned glassy, and her mouth hung open. Her pussy lips held fast to the width of his cock, buried almost entirely inside her.

Michael pushed his bottom off the floor and pulled his mom's body down onto his body to fill her more deeply. Susanna responded. She

lifted off him, revealing the long and hard length of his cock slicked by her juices. Then she pushed down, filling herself once more.

They took up a steady, slow rhythm, both watching themselves fucking each other in the mirror. The sight of his mom's pussy on his cock was nearly as exquisite as the feel of it. Michael couldn't believe how good it felt - better than anything he'd ever experienced. And there were no words to describe the delicious sight of her pussy rising and falling on his cock.

I'm fucking my mom! Michael thought. He was, but he could barely believe it.

Michael looked in the mirror at the naked, writhing bodies around him. Every couple was engaged in intimacy of some kind or another, but none were fucking as brazenly as Michael and his mom. Lisa was sucking hard and fast on Troy's thin, hard cock, but Troy was watching Michael and Susanna in the mirror. Michael liked that. He wanted people seeing him fucking his mother. He didn't know what had come over him, but he suddenly felt consumed by the need to have as many people as possible seeing his cock in his mother.

"Mom," said Michael, quietly.

"Michael," said Susanna, whispering in reply.

"Mom," said Michael, louder, pushing inside her.

"Oh, Michael, yes," said Susanna, still whispering, but gasping and gulping air, too.

"I love fucking you, MOM," Michael said, emphasizing the last word.

In the mirror, Michael saw Troy's eyes widen and his jaw drop. He'd heard. The secret was out. Troy knew Susanna and Michael were mother and son. He looked at Michael in the mirror, eyes wide, seeking confirmation.

Michael nodded with a thin smile. He wanted Troy to know. He wanted everyone to know. He wanted everyone to see him fucking his hot mother. He'd crossed a crazy line, and he didn't care anymore what anyone knew or what anyone thought.

"Oh, mom, I love fucking you!" he yelled.

Michael looked up and out at the room, watching heads swivel toward them. Faces intent on intimacy with their partners now turned toward Michael and Susanna. Mouths opened wide. Michael smirked as he kept fucking his mom. He'd got their attention. His mom didn't seem to notice. Her eyes were cast down, intent on the sight of her son's hard cock pumping in and out of her. Michael saw his mom's face mesmerized by their movement in the mirror.

Now that he had the room's intention, Michael decided to take another step. With his mom still rising and falling on him, he swiveled his butt on the mat, moving his mom's body around with strong hands. When he was done, they faced the room, legs spread, giving everyone in the room a show. All around them nude bodies writhed and fucked each other, but some had stopped moving, and Michael quickly counted about half the faces turned toward his mother and himself.

"Michael -"

"What is it, mom?" he asked, loudly enough for others to hear.

"They're looking at us," she whispered, leaning her head back and turning her lips to his ear.

"They are," he said.

"We shouldn't do this."

"You could stop," he said. "You haven't."

His mom's lithe body rocked against his as fast as before. When she rose above him Michael knew his cock was exposed and that the entire room could see the lewd display of the union of mother and son. He knew the men were looking at his mother's pussy while his

cock pumped away at it. He liked that. Inside his breast some deep animal force rose, fierce and determined. He'd never felt this way - for his mother or for any woman. But he felt it now, and its full force was directed at the beautiful woman he was fucking before a roomful of people: his mother.

He loved the feeling of his mom rising and falling on him, but he wanted more. He needed more. He burned with unsatiated need, even as he savored the snug grip of his mom's pussy on his cock.

Without warning to his mom, he grabbed her hips suddenly and lifted her off his cock, which left her pussy with an audible plop and bobbed underneath her emptied and open cunt.

"Michael, what are you doing?" she asked, turning to him.

"Turn around," he said, with a low growl in his voice. Michael was startled at himself. He'd never been this way before. He turned his mom around, back to the room. Then he pushed her back, against her chest, not roughly, but not too gently, either. She gave way and lay back against the floor.

"Michael, what -." She didn't finish.

"Let me do this, mom," Michael said. "I know what I want." He looked into his mom's eyes, at the surprise and wonder they

revealed. She was seeing it too, he could tell: the deep bestial hunger in her son's face, hunger for her. He could tell she craved it, too.

When she lay fully back on the floor mat, Michael grabbed her hips and lifted them. His arm muscles tensed. He scanned the room. It was quieter now, most of the people in the room forgetting sex with their own partners and captivated by the spectacle of Michael and his mom. Michael's muscles rippled as he lifted his mother's ass off the mat. It suddenly occurred to Michael that he and his mom were also the best-looking couple in the room. He was going to give everyone in the room a show.

When his mom's ass was completely off the mat, Michael grabbed her thighs, spread them open, and pushed them back and away from him. His mom's legs careened through the air, back, back, back, until her feet hit the mat, far apart, behind her head. His mom stared into his face, her mouth a big, silent "O." With her legs so far apart, her pussy was opened wide. Michael peered into its pink depths. The interior glistened in the ambient light filtered through the frosted windows. With one hand Michael steadied his mom's ass suspended a foot or more over the mat. With the other he peeled her lips back farther, to give everyone a good view. He snuck a glance at his mom, who seemed to be struck silent and immobile by her son's boldness, and then he glanced at the roomful of people silent and awestruck at what they were witnessing.

Michael edged along the mat on his knees toward his mom, between her widespread legs. His cock stood straight out and bobbed over the gaping flower of her pussy. He moved his hand from her pussy to

his cock and held its pinkish-purple swollen head toward her. He pushed, entering quickly. He pushed again, and in a moment, he was inside her all the way.

The rush of fucking his mom was exquisite, but it wasn't enough. Michael wanted others to see it. When he pulled out, he did almost all the way, until only the tip of his cock was between her lips. He wanted everyone in the room to see them, joined, furiously fucking each other, mother and son. His hands gripped his mom's thighs tightly, to hold her in place and expose her. His cock pumped in and out of her, urgently. A sudden gush of wetness came forth, splashing his thighs.

"Mom," he grunted, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear. His cock pumped into her, never stopping, never slowing.

"Michael," Susanna said, her voice quieter than Michael's. Her body undulated against his in response to his furious fucking of her.

A howling storm of desire rose up through Michael's breast, like nothing he'd ever felt before. He did not know what had come over him. Only a day before he had been timid and fearful at the idea of being naked in front of people. Now, only 24 hours later, he wanted everyone in the room watching his stiff, throbbing cock pumping into his spread-open mother. He didn't understand it. But he didn't have to. He was consumed by the need to fuck his mom and have everyone around them see him doing it.

Michael looked at his mom's face, wondering what she was thinking. Her eyes were closed, but her lips were parted, and they let out a soft, high-pitched squeal with every thrust of his cock into her. Her pussy, and all the pale skin around it, was soaked with her wetness. Michael saw it running down her extended legs and dripping off her. Drops from his mom fell onto the mat below. He almost didn't recognize the wild creature under him as his mother. She was something else now, submitting to his fast, hard fucking of her.

Without letting up on her, he raised his eyes to scan the room around him. Everyone now was looking at them, absorbed by their incestuous coupling. Michael stared at Thomas. Thomas wasn't looking at Michael. His eyes were turned down, on Susanna's open sex being fucked and filled. His mouth was agape.

Michael decided to take their performance to its last act. He looked down again, eyes on his mother, her breasts bobbing and heaving every which way, her body lacquered from sweat and the fluid gushing from her open pussy. Her hands were thrown back, over her head, and her eyes were closed. But then they opened, and Michael and his mom held their eyes on each other's as they kept fucking.

With a deep growl Michael pulled his cock almost all the way out and pushed in deeper and harder. Susanna let out a breathy shriek and called his name.

"Michael!" she cried. "Michael. Oh god. Oh god." Her back-stretched legs rocked and quivered under her son's firm hands.

Michael forgot about their audience and concentrated all his energy on his mother's splayed-open pussy. He wanted to pull out of her as far as possible with each upstroke without pulling out altogether, and it took all his concentration. He sought that delicious feel of her lips on his cockhead, over and over, and the satisfaction of it diving down deep, deep, deep into the center of her wetness and womanhood. His surroundings became a blur. No reality existed other than their fucking.

"I'm going to give it you, mom," he called, loudly, so everyone could hear. "Do you want it?"

"Oh, Michael, Michael."

"Do you want it, mom? Do you want it? Say it."

"Oh, oh," she said, the sound of her voice muted by her fast, shallow breathing. "I, I -"

"Say it, mom. Say it so everyone can hear."

Their fucking grew louder as their bodies, wetter with every minute, slapped together hard.

"I want it."

"What do you want, mom?" Michael kept repeating the word, so she would hear, and everyone would hear.

He looked at her face, her eyes open and on his, desire and wonder on her face, long hair strewn back against the mat. Her mouth opened and he could tell she was trying to say something and struggling to get the words out. At last the words came over her labored breathing.

"Make me come!" she cried.

"You got it, mom."

Michael moved his hands up her thighs, closer to her hips, and pulled her hard toward him with every stroke into her. He sped up his pace, thrusting into her harder and faster than before.

Susanna's eyes rolled back, and her mouth let out strange animal sounds, rising in pitch and volume to a crescendo. Michael, while keeping up the pace of his fucking her, took one hand away from her thigh. He pressed a palm to her clit and moved it in circles. She cried out, and then he felt her come.

Her body spasmed from side to side and she put a hand over her face. Her legs shook and her feet rose from the mat and splayed out above her head. But Michael didn't stop. He was close too. After a

few more deep thrusts of his cock into her, he was ready. He felt the welling up inside him. Ecstasy spread from his loins and engulfed him. At the last minute he pulled his cock out of his mom, grabbed it, and pointed the tip of it at her chest.

His cock erupted, a thick white geyser of cum spraying her belly and chest. It fell heavily on her skin, creamy and translucent, covering her, frosting her. Michael kneeled, transfixed over the sight of his mom on the mat beneath him. He milked his cock, hand squeezing the thick purple bulb further until every drop had fallen onto her. Her body, wet with her cum and his cum and their mixed sweat, shone in the bright afternoon light coming through the windows. Her eyes were closed. Her body kept twitching, in paroxysms of diminishing intensity.

In another minute, Michael's mom lay in repose under him, legs open and oblivious to her surroundings. Her breath slowed, but soft, high-pitched moans still escaped her lips. It was the only sound in the room. The nude couples around them sat or lay silent, watching Michael and his mom.

After a time - Michael didn't know how long it was, but it felt like an eternity - Thomas spoke, breaking the tomb-like silence.

"Um, well . . . it looks like time's ended for our session today. I, uh, uh . . . I hope you all feel you've learned something about intimacy."

Thomas's voice interrupted Susanna's reverie, and she opened her eyes and gazed at her son. Her eyes were glassy, filled with wonder, desire, and uncertainty. Drops of cum flecked her chin and cheeks.

Michael looked around the room. Some people were still looking at Michael and his mother. Other couples were looking at one another, uncertain about whether to leave or whether to keep watching. Thomas, the leader, didn't seem to know what to do. Michael decided it was time to leave.

He stood up and offered his hand to his mother.

"Let's go, mom."

"OK," she said, voice barely audible. She took his hand and he pulled her up. Michael put his arm around Susanna's waist and escorted her to the door. The crowd parted for them. Michael caught Troy's gaze, and Troy mouthed the words, "Holy fuck."

Michael and Susanna stepped outside the pavilion into the afternoon sun. Michael saw his mom's cum-covered body gleam in the afternoon light. His cum, mixed with hers, trickled down her chest as they walked back to their room. His mom wobbled in his arms, her legs unsteady. Michael held on to her all the way to the room. Susanna said nothing on the way, but she shook her head a few times. Once inside the room he guided her to the shower. He let her take it by herself. When she was finished, he hurried into the shower to wash himself off. Three minutes later he turned off the shower

head and walked out of the bathroom. His mom sat on the bed with a towel around her. She stared at him.

"What just happened, Michael?"

"Well," he said, "I think we just finished Session 1 of the Human Synergy Institute's program on synergistic sexuality."

His mom wasn't completely tracking. She shook her head.

"No, I mean —." She paused. "Michael . . . we just had sex."

"We did," he said.

"In front of people," she said.

"We did that, too," he said.

"How . . . what" She tried to continue her thought but couldn't.

"Mom," Michael said. "How about if we talk about it in the car. Let's go home."

It took her a few seconds before she nodded. They gathered their few things and left the room. Walking back to the office, Susanna kept her head down and avoided looking at anyone. But Michael looked, into the eyes of everyone who glanced his way. He didn't know why, but he felt emboldened and surer of himself than he could remember feeling in a long time.

In another minute they were in the locker room. They retrieved their clothes and dressed quickly. This time, Michael watched his mom dress. After the previous 24 hours it seemed strange to see her body covered. When they were done, they walked together, hand in hand, to the front desk. Mimi stood behind it.

"Hello, Ms. Penley," she said. "Are you checking out? You're early. I hope your time at Anders was enjoyable and productive."

"Yes," Susanna said, her voice still quiet. "Very, um, enjoyable. And educational."

Mimi stared at a computer screen and her fingers flew over a keyboard.

"All set to go," she said, with a wide smile. "We hope you come back soon!"

"We'll see," said Susanna, after a beat.

Two minutes later, in the car, Susanna paused before turning on the ignition.

"Michael," she said. "We had sex this afternoon. In front of a lot of people. They know you're my son. They know what we did."

Michael admitted to himself that what happened was pretty fucking weird. He could barely believe it was real. But he could tell his mom was on edge about it and he didn't want to reveal his own feelings.

"Yeah, we had sex," he said, his voice even. "We fucked."

Susanna winced at his use of the word.

"What do you think about that?" she asked.

"Mom, what do you think about it?" he asked. "I liked fucking you. I really liked it. I loved it. But what do you think? You planned this trip. It turned out kind of different from what we expected, but you're the one who got us here. You and I fucked. What do you think about that?"

She didn't answer right away. She stared ahead, through the windshield toward the tan hills, hands gripping the steering wheel.

"I liked it," she said at last. "I liked the way you fucked me."

"Good," he said. "Let's go home now. We'll talk about it later."

Susanna stepped on the gas and started driving. They heard the crunch of gravel again until the car regained the highway.

Michael turned to his mom as she drove away from Anders Hot Springs.

"Connor was right," he mumbled.

"What?" Susanna asked.

Michael smiled and looked his mom in the face.

"You've got it going on, mom."

"What does that mean?" she asked, without looking at him. She had to keep her eyes on the road because it was narrow and twisty as they left the hot springs resort behind them.

Michael didn't say anything. He couldn't explain it. But he knew that he'd show her when they got home.

Mom Spreads Her Legs

Jill Mulvaney loved to spread her legs open.

As a teen, many years earlier, Jill competed in gymnastics. Her body was lean and limber. She learned the thrill of pushing her body to its utmost. When she stretched and pushed her limbs as far as they could go, Jill felt most in sync with her deep animal core. That connection always gave her joy.

Later, in college, Jill discovered the sexual advantages of being limber. She could fold and extend and contort her arms and legs and torso in ways that held her lovers in rapt attention. The men she knew intimately always marveled at the many positions Jill's lean body could hold.

Of all Jill's positions, one inspired admiration above the others: legs spread wide, pussy on display.

No other position left her feeling quite the same exquisite combination of vulnerability and strength. When spread, Jill could never forget that she exposed and revealed her most private parts. But when spread, she had power, too. She could see that power reflected in her lovers' eyes. Around pussies, men became little boys. They could never get enough, never see enough. When confronted with one, open and on view, they all seemed to be subdued by its power. A delicious thrill took Jill every time she parted her legs. The wider she spread them, the more power she had over her lovers. The

men she knew in college, exposed to Jill's spread legs, fell under her spell every time.

Her late husband John was different. John loved Jill's pussy, but he was never cowed by it. John and Jill would lie in bed, naked, Jill on her back. John would push gently against her knees, until they opened, and Jill exposed herself, and then John would attend to her. He would caress her, lick her, tease and tickle her. He would push her lips back with his fingers and carry on a long, silly conversation with her pussy. John would tell Jill's pussy what a pretty pussy she was, that she was just right in every way -- that she had the right amount of swell and curve, the ideal, flirty slit, the perfect little hooded button of a clit, and just the right degree of lippiness. Jill never could get enough of his words and his fingers and the press of his hand against her knees, pushing them open. She could never get enough of his swollen cock, pressing against her folds and entering her with the perfect mix of urgency and tenderness. John never failed to bring her to orgasm, nor did he mind that she often squirted into his hands and his face when she came. He drank whatever he could with glee. The days and nights in bed with John led Jill to connect the spreading of her legs with some of the happiest and most fulfilling moments and sensations she had ever known.

John had died two years before, of a sudden illness. Jill was 45 now, widowed, horny, and ready to find a mate again.

It was late summer, mid-morning, and her son Jack was downstairs, probably still sleeping in his bedroom. Jack had just graduated from

college, and he was staying at home with mom until the fall, when he would move to another city to start a job.

Jill sat on the floor of her upstairs bedroom, back propped up against the side of the bed. She sat naked, with her legs spread straight out from her body. She looked at her reflection in a full length mirror a few feet away.

When she was a gymnast Jill could have spread her legs perfectly straight out, so that they formed a horizontal line from toe to toe. Though still fit for her age, she was neither as lean nor as limber as she was as a teen, and now she had to settle for her legs forming a wide, shallow 'V' instead of a straight line.

She wasn't a teen, anymore, but she looked good, she thought. She ate smartly and exercised. Her body held up well against the onset of middle age.

She reached between her legs and pulled her labia back.

Jill liked the contrast between the damp, rich pinkness inside her pussy and the pale, freckled skin of her body. John had liked it, too, and he had told her, many times, how much he had liked it. She thought about his words as she touched herself. My God, I miss him, she thought.

She dipped a finger into her pussy, pushed it deep inside and curved it up to feel the spongy G-spot, and then pulled it out again to press it against her clitoris. Her hand moved in quick circles. Her breathing grew faster and shallower and louder. It wouldn't take long for her to make herself come. Her ass bounced off the carpet. She closed her eyes to concentrate on the coming orgasm.

Before she came, she heard footsteps. Her eyes opened. Looking up, she saw her son Jack, just inside the bedroom door, staring at her, mouth open and eyes wide.

Jill shrieked, and her legs snapped closed. Her hands flew to her breasts and to her pussy, to shield her nudity from her son.

"Sorry!" Jack cried. He jumped off the carpet, put his hands up, and turned and ran away, out of the bedroom.

Jill sat against the bed, quivering. She wondered why she hadn't closed the door. She wondered what her son thought of her. She wondered how she would face him.

She jumped off the floor and closed the bedroom door. She sat on her bed for a long time, thinking.

An hour later, dressed in khaki shorts and a white short-sleeved top, she left her room and walked down the stairs to the kitchen. She wore thick, black-rimmed eyeglasses to correct her near-sightedness. Her

straight, red hair, falling about her shoulders, was not quite dry from her shower. When she turned the corner from the bottom of the stairs, she saw her son Jack in the kitchen, munching on a leftover burrito from the previous night's dinner, and holding a coffee mug.

Jack looked up from his brunch. Their eyes met, and they didn't know what to say to each other. After several awkward moments Jill broke the silence.

"Jack --."

"Mom," Jack interrupted her. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gone into your room. I'm sorry about that."

"I should have closed the door. I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry you saw that."

"You don't need to be sorry, mom. You don't have anything to be sorry about."

"Yeah," Jill said. "But still . . . that's not something a son should see." She smiled grimly. "I hope you're not traumatized for life."

Jack smiled too.

"I think I'll recover, mom. Why don't we try to forget about it. Next time, I'll shout and knock before I come into your bedroom."

"Sounds like a plan," Jill said.

She walked to the refrigerator and pulled some fruit and leftovers out. She and Jack spent a while eating their respective meals without speaking. Jill broke the silence.

"It's been hard," she said. "Without your father. I haven't had a man in my life for a long time. I hope you understand that."

"Mom, you don't have to explain," Jack responded. "You and dad were always open-minded about things -- things having to do with sex. I always appreciated that. You don't have to explain anything to me. You don't have to be sorry about anything."

"I appreciate that," Jill said. "I should let you know . . . I'm thinking about dating. What do you think about that?"

"It's been two years, mom," Jack said. "I totally understand. I'm sure it's been, like, really hard. You don't need to worry about me."

"Thanks, Jack," she said.

"Dad would want you to be happy, mom," Jack said.

Jill almost cried at that. Her son's understanding about her needs surprised her. But Jack had always been mature for his age.

"The truth is," Jill said, "I've gone on a couple of dates already. Through an online dating site. I hope that doesn't bother you."

Jack was surprised. He had no idea his mom had started dating again.

"When . . . when did this happen?" he asked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Jill put her head down, avoiding Jack's stare, before answering him. She was embarrassed she hadn't told him.

"I don't know, Jack. I wasn't sure how it would go. I haven't dated in a long, long time. I didn't know what to expect and I thought I'd just spare you the details of your mom's dating life."

"Mom, I understand," Jack said. "I'm an adult. I don't expect you to live the rest of your life like a nun. Can I ask, though -- is there somebody you're dating steadily now?"

"No," she said. "I've been on a few first dates -- guys I've met through the dating site. But no second dates. It hasn't gone anywhere. I've been disappointed."

"Why's that?" Jack asked.

"Well, it seems like all the guys who are interested are . . . old. I'm getting interest from guys in their late 50s and 60s. I want to date somebody younger, closer to my age, or maybe even younger than me. But it seems like guys my age are looking for women who are a lot younger. It sucks."

"You know, mom, I've, like, done some online dating myself. A lot of it is how you market yourself. You may not be marketing yourself the right way to get attention from guys your age."

Jack downed a big gulp of coffee in the mug in his hand.

"Tell you what," he said. "How about if you let me look at your dating site profile? I can give you some pointers from a guy's perspective."

"Ah," Jill said, and she hesitated. "That seems awkward. Letting my son look at my dating profile. I don't know, Jack. I'm not sure I can deal with that."

"Mom, come on," Jack said. He smiled, his face reassuring. "I can help. I want to help. I've done my share of dating online. I know how it works."

"Well," Jill responded, slowly. "I guess so. I guess I've got nothing to lose. But don't laugh, O.K.? Your old mom is feeling vulnerable."

"I won't laugh," Jack said. "And you're not so old. Let's look at it over here." Jack walked to a computer and monitor sitting in a nook to the side of the kitchen. He waved his mom over. After a moment's hesitation, she followed him.

"Go ahead," Jack said.

Jill's fingers tapped over the keyboard as she logged in to the Web site. In a minute her profile page popped up on the screen. She stood to the side to let Jack look at it, but not without feeling nervous and embarrassed.

I can't believe I'm letting him look at this, she thought.

But she let him look.

Once on her page, Jack consumed it, greedily. Jill saw his eyes scanning the way she'd described herself. She saw him poring over the photos she had uploaded. She saw the intensity of his face while he looked over her profile page. She wondered what he would think of her. She realized she didn't want him to disapprove. She caught her breath and waited for him to finish.

At last his fingers stopped hitting the keyboard. He pulled back, and he turned to his mom. He pointed at the screen.

"Mom," Jack said. "It says here on your profile that you want to date guys from 45 years old to . . . 25. That's 20 years younger than you, right? That's only three years older than me."

Jill blushed. She didn't want her son seeing that. She wished she hadn't let him log on to her profile page.

"Yeah," she said. "Yes. That's right. It's just . . . I keep myself in very good shape. I go to the gym. I want somebody . . . compatible. I don't want to date old guys. I thought it might be fun . . . to date somebody a lot younger. I've never done that." She put her head in her hands. "Is this weird? Do you think I'm a bad person?"

Jack looked at his mom with patience and love.

"No, mom!" he said. "There's nothing wrong with wanting to date younger guys. But if you want to do that, you gotta change your profile."

Jack pulled up her dating site pictures.

"Mom, no offense," Jack said. "But your pictures suck. The ones of you are all selfies. Your main portrait picture is fuzzy. It doesn't even

look like you. And this one -- it's a bathroom selfie. You're wearing some long dress I've never seen you wear. It totally hides your figure. And what's this?"

He pointed to a photo of a flower in the garden in the backyard.

"Well," Jill stammered. "I like gardening. I wanted to let them know that."

"Mom," Jack said. "No guy gives a shit about that. Pardon my French. Guys want to know what you look like. And if you're interested in younger guys, they want to know if you're hot. They don't want to look at a bunch of plants."

Jill didn't know what to say. Jack seemed to know more about online dating profiles than she would have guessed. But as she looked over the photos of her on her page, she had to admit, they weren't very glamorous.

"What do you think I should do?" she asked.

"You need new pictures, mom," Jack replied.

"O.K.," she said. "I guess I'll do that. I'm not much of a photographer, though. I try, but, well . . . you've seen the selfies I took."

"I could help you out with that," Jack said.

"What do you mean?" Jill asked.

"I mean I could take the pictures. I'm a pretty good photographer. I could take photos of you that are way better than what you've got on your profile page."

Jill paused.

"Like, what do you have in mind?" she asked.

"Let's get a picture of you by the pool," Jack said. "In a swimsuit. Show yourself. You're a good-looking woman, mom."

It felt strange to hear those words from her son. But it felt good, too. It had been a long time since she'd shown her body, and it was still in good shape. Maybe Jack was right.

"O.K., Mr. photographer," Jill said to her son. "What do we do now?"

"You go upstairs, and put a swim suit on, and I'll get my camera. We'll meet at the pool. How's that?"

"O.K.," Jill said. "But this still seems kind of weird."

"It's only weird if you make it weird," Jack said.

Jill left the room and walked upstairs.

Her skin tingled. What Jack proposed seemed strange. She wasn't comfortable. But maybe he was right -- it was only weird if she made it weird.

She pulled open the second drawer of the dresser in her bedroom, where the swimsuits lay. She fished out a one-piece suit, pink with a floral pattern. She shucked off her shorts and top and pulled the suit over her body.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Not bad for an old lady, she thought. But she stopped by the bathroom before heading downstairs. She touched up her face with some foundation and she applied mascara around her eyes. Before she left she applied sunscreen all over her body. She rubbed it in well, so it wouldn't make her skin look greasy.

Ready, I guess, she thought. She walked downstairs.

When she reached the ground floor, she looked for Jack. She didn't see him at first. Then she saw him, through the window. He stood near the pool in the back yard, and he was doing something to his camera.

Jill sucked in a big breath, and she walked through the back door.

It was a strange feeling, parading in front of her son in a swimsuit, wanting him to take pictures of her. Jack's reaction eased her nervousness. He smiled, kindly, and beckoned her toward the pool with his hand.

"Over here, mom," he said, gesturing toward a reclining chair near the pool. "We'll get some pictures of you lying on this lounge chair." Jill walked toward the reclining lounge chair. A thick off-white cushion covered its heavy, stained teak frame.

"What do you want me to do?" Jill asked her son.

"Go ahead and lie on the lounge chair, and we'll go from there."

The reclining chair stood on the pool patio, a few feet away from the kidney-shaped pool. Thick shoots of greenery sprang skyward from the ground around the patio, against the backyard fence. The bushes stood deep-green and dense, screening the backyard from the eyes of potentially peeping neighbors.

Jill lay on the reclining chair. Her body didn't feel entirely her own. She saw her son taking photos of her, stretched full-length in the chair in her pink swimsuit, but it almost felt like it was someone else having her photos taken.

Jack took many photos of her, instructing her to move this way and that. But he seemed dissatisfied. Jill sat up in the chair.

"Jack?" she asked.

"Yes?"

"Is something wrong? You don't seem happy."

"It's not that."

"Then what is it?"

Jack did not answer immediately.

"Well --" he began.

"What is it?" Jill asked.

"I don't think that's the right suit for this, mom. It's too . . . conservative. It's an old lady suit. In your dating profile you put that you want to date guys that are 25. That's near my age. You're very pretty, mom. If you want to date guys that age, mom, I think you can. But you gotta do better than that suit."

Jill was taken aback. It was strange to hear criticism from her son about her swimsuit choices. But, she had to admit, he had a point. He was 22. She was 45. If she wanted to attract younger men -- and she did -- it made sense to listen to Jack.

"What do you recommend?" she asked.

"Let's go upstairs," he said.

Jack and Jill walked into the house, Jack in the lead, taking stairs two at a time on the way up to her bedroom. She followed him close behind, until they both reached her dresser.

He opened the top drawer. Panties and bras. That wasn't it.

He opened the second one, full of swimsuits. Bingo.

Jill's mouth clenched as her son's hands went into the drawer, rifling through her large swimwear collection. John had bought many suits for her over the years, most of them skimpy. She had enjoyed showing off for him, but at 45 she wasn't sure she could fill a bikini as successfully as she had in the past. It was a lot stranger, too, having one's son handling her bikinis than having her husband do so. But she stood silent, watching him. He was trying to be helpful, and she had to admit there was a devilish thrill in watching his fingers sifting

nimbly and lovingly over the tiny pieces of fabric that had hugged her body in its most intimate places.

"What's this?" Jack said suddenly.

He pulled out her smallest and sexiest bikini. It was almost impossibly tiny -- two pieces of aqua lycra held together with the thinnest of strings. It was unlined. The bottom was in a Brazilian style that left most of the ass exposed. The top consisted of tiny triangles that obviously were insufficient fully to cup and cover breasts as large as Jill's. John had bought it for her just before a vacation to Hawaii, and she had worn it only once, when they spent the day at a beach with few people. To Jill it had seemed like John was unable to take his eyes off her all day. She enjoyed the visual feast she gave him even though the suit was so brief that it left her feeling nervous and embarrassed the whole day that she wore it.

"Wow, mom!" Jack said. "You wore this? This is tiny!"

"I wore it when your dad and I went to Maui a while ago," she said. "Just one time."

"You must have looked amazing in this," Jack said. Jill saw that he caught himself as soon as he said it, as though suddenly aware that it was an odd thing to say about one's mother. He stopped talking, but Jill noted that his forefinger and thumb were rubbing over the tiny triangle of lycra meant to stretch over and cover her pubic mound. He stared at it intently, and Jill had the feeling that her son

was thinking about the part of her body that this part of the suit had once covered, if only barely.

She felt goosebumps on her body.

"You need to wear this," Jack said firmly. "This will be perfect."

"Jack, that's much too skimpy," she said. "I can't put pictures of myself on the Internet in that thing. Come on."

Jack held it up to the light. It wasn't quite see-through in the bedroom light, but it almost was.

"Yeah, you can, mom," he said. "You're not going to show anything you shouldn't. I'll be careful with the angles. This color is perfect against your skin. It's going to show you off really well."

Jack meant it, but Jill wasn't entirely convinced. The suit was awfully small.

"Besides, mom," Jack said. "Taking the photos doesn't mean they're going on the Web site. You can pick and choose whatever you want to put on. Let's do it. You'll look great."

Jill decided to give it a try. What the heck, she thought. If I don't like the pics, I'll choose another suit.

"O.K., I guess," she said. But I get to veto any pics going up if I think they're too much. Deal?"

"Deal," Jack said. "I'll go wait by the pool while you put it on."

He closed the door behind him. Jill stood over the tiny suit lying on the bed.

She pulled off the one-piece and quickly tied on the aqua bikini. She hadn't worn it in years, and she had forgotten how slight it felt on her. It was like she wasn't wearing anything at all. When she was done with both hip ties she reluctantly gazed into the full-length mirror to see her reflection.

Wow, she thought. It was small. Crazy small. The triangle tops were only a couple of inches across, and her pale, full breasts spilled out to every side of them. The bottom was just as tiny -- nothing more than a thin inverted triangle that covered just what it absolutely needed to, and nothing more. If it moved even a fraction of an inch to either side, part of her labia would be exposed.

She half-turned to see the back coverage. It wasn't a thong, but the triangle of fabric left most of her butt exposed, and its apex disappeared into the cleft at the bottom of her cheeks. She was pleased to see her butt looked firm, with no sign of imminent droop, in the tiny suit. The color of the suit was a good fit, too; the pale green-blue nicely set off her pale, pink-toned, freckled body.

Her biggest concern about the suit wasn't its size, however, it was the thinness of the lycra -- what looked like less than a millimeter of fabric obscured her private parts from view. And, to be honest, they weren't fully obscured. The suit wasn't see-through, but it had no lining and it was so thin that it molded closely over her nipples, which jutted out noticeably, and over her pussy, which left a subtle but noticeable vertical dimple between her legs. When she looked more closely still, she noticed a hint of darkness where her privates were, as well.

She also saw a few stray hairs peeking out from the bottom. She would have to take care of that.

She shucked off the bottom, walked to the shower in the bathroom, and pulled out her razor and some shaving cream. A well-cropped patch of auburn hair did little to obscure anything below, but it would look bad peeking out the side of the suit. She began to shave the sides, and then decided on a whim to shave it all off. It would be easier to deal with the suit that way, and it took no time to get rid of the remainder of the scrubby patch. In a few strokes she was clean shaven. John always liked it that way, he said, because he liked the feel of her smooth skin against his cock. Jill had liked that feeling, too.

Shaved and ready, Jill put the suit back on. She slathered on more sun screen, a necessity to protect her pale skin from the mid-summer sun. She thought about putting on a cover up, but she hadn't done it before and decided against it. There was no one in the house to see

her other than Jack, and there was no point hiding her body from him when he was going to be taking photos of her in minutes anyway.

Her body lay exposed to the cool, air-conditioned atmosphere of the house, and her skin tingled as she descended the stairs. She felt like she wore nothing.

Jill's confidence waivered. She took a detour to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of white wine. A few sips took the edge off her nervousness, and she took the glass with her to the backyard.

When she opened the back door and walked into the sun and toward the pool, Jack heard her and looked up from clipping a large flash to his digital camera. His jaw dropped before he composed himself. He skipped a beat before speaking.

"Mom, that looks perfect," he said.

Jill felt relieved to hear him say it.

"So," she said. "Where do you want me?"

Bad word choice, she thought. She saw a faint smile twist over Jack's lips, and she knew he was thinking about her word choice, too.

"Over here," he said slowly.

He ushered her over to the side of the pool, where dense green bushes lay behind, offering a suitable background for the photograph.

"Let's start with a nice portrait shot. It'll be nice and pretty and not too sexy, but your . . . uh . . . potential dates will see from your bare shoulders you're in a swimsuit. You can use it as a good portrait shot."

He instructed her where to go, adjusting her position with his words to get the light and background right. He took several photos, adjusting settings and the degree of fill flash to offset the glare beating down from above. He pulled the camera down and looked at it.

"Wow, that turned out great," he said. "Come and see."

She sidled up next to him and leaned in to see the photos he'd just taken pulled up on the view screen in the back of the digital camera. She was aware that her barely clad boob was pressed against his arm, but she didn't move it away.

They were good pictures. Jack had a keen eye, and her eyes and smile, she had to admit, looked youthful and pretty. It was a good

classic portrait photo, except that the smooth, freckled skin of her shoulders lay bare instead of covered.

Jill felt a boost of confidence. I look a lot better and younger in those photos than in the ones I took, she thought.

"O.K., now, mom," Jack said. "Let's take some real bikini shots."

Jack talked Jill through a series of poses standing up by the pool -- arms akimbo, arms at her side, arms over her head. He asked her to stand with one leg in front of the other, then with her weight on one leg and the other bent, and then with her legs apart. The last pose made her feel more vulnerable. The farther apart her legs were, the more flesh was exposed, and the smaller the tiny bottom would be, relative to it. But as she stood that way, before her son, the familiar tingle rose, through her body. That feeling of power she got as her legs parted. She felt embarrassed that the tingle emerged in the presence of her son. But it was a welcome feeling. She hadn't felt it in a long time, but it came rushing back. Jack lingered over that last pose as he took more photos.

"Let's go back to the lounge chair," Jack said.

Jill walked over to it in and sat down at the end of it, her feet still on the pool deck.

"Put a foot up on the chair."

She did as he asked, perching one foot on the chair cushion, and the other on the concrete patio, and pointing her toes on both feet. Her legs were bent and parted, and her knees were up, and, again, she was aware of the show her open legs gave Jack.

I should be more embarrassed than I am, she thought. I shouldn't do this.

But she did do it, following every instruction Jack gave her. He took shot after shot as she assumed different variations of the pose on the chair. For a moment she looked down, and she liked the contrast of the seat cushion, her suit, and her pale skin. From Jack's attentiveness with his camera she guessed he liked it too.

She reached for her wine glass and took a sip, and then a big gulp, and then another big gulp, until the glass was empty. The cool Chardonnay entered her belly and had an immediate effect. Tension and nervousness eased. Calm took over. And something else took hold of her -- a frisson of excitement, maybe even arousal.

"You look great, mom!" Jack said. She appreciated his efforts to make her at ease, even though they were becoming less necessary. Jill was simultaneously struck by the strangeness of what she was doing and the deliciousness of how it made her feel. It was nice to have someone appreciate her body again, even if it was her son.

"Thanks!" she said. "I've got an idea."

She got up from the chair, and then sat down on the patio. The radiant heat from the concrete was hot against her mostly bare bottom for a moment, but she forced herself to take it. She stretched her legs to the side. She wondered how well she could still do the splits on the pool patio in the tiny suit.

Jack's eyes bulged wide as his mom's legs stretched wider. Mom was getting into it, and she was starting to enjoy the show she was putting on. That was fine with Jack. He kept busy with the camera controls to ensure he got the clearest, best-focused photo he could of his mom stretched wide on the patio in the miniscule bikini.

Her legs didn't quite make it to a full horizontal position, but they came close. It seemed to Jack like they went on forever to either side of her, ending in red-painted toe nails pointed to either side. The length of her legs accentuated the brevity of the bikini bottom, which now lay taut against the small part of her that it covered. He took several more pictures.

"Yoga poses!" she said. Jack didn't even know what that meant. He knew his mom did yoga, and he'd seen her in yoga outfits often, but he'd never actually watched her do it, and he'd never done it himself.

Jack got a quick education, watching his mom put her body through a series of twists and stretches. Her barely clad body pretzeled in front him, legs and arms going this way and that. He tried to concentrate on the photography, but he found his eyes constantly

glancing back at the minute top and bottom triangles, wondering if the stretching would cause something to pop out unexpectedly. He was getting warmer under the sun. A film of sweat lay over his forehead and arms. And he could see sweat through the camera lens beginning to coat his mom's exposed skin, too. A sexy sheen soon enveloped her.

"Wow, mom, that's fantastic," he said. He took a few more photos and shook his head. He'd lost control of the shoot as the photographer. Mom was leading the way. As much as he enjoyed watching his mom take over and pose for him, there were specific shots he wanted to take.

"Mom, let's get back on the lounge chair," he said.

Jill jumped up from the concrete in response, and she lay back in the chair. She wondered what Jack had in mind.

"Put your hands behind your head, and one knee up," he said.

Jill felt giddy from the wine and the yoga stretching. Her body buzzed under the sun. She'd forgotten her earlier embarrassment and was enjoying showing it off. She followed Jack's instructions, but she exaggerated the pose he wanted, arching her back and thrusting her breasts out. One leg stretched down the length of the chair, bent slightly, and the other bent up and out with a toe wildly pointed away from her. She let that leg fall back and away against the wood arm rest of the lounge chair. When Jack looked up from his camera,

she caught his glance, and she knew he was looking at the way her body stretched and swelled and pushed against the thin aqua fabric. She enjoyed the feeling so much she almost forgot it was her son looking at her. She wanted to tease him. She pulled both knees up and snapped them together.

Jack took several photos, and then he moved closer to her. Uncertainty showed in his face. Then, as though he had a faint but not yet fully formed idea how he wanted her to pose next, he reached out to her, and his fingers touched her left knee.

The touch was electric, flooding her with long-buried desires and sensations. As though beyond her control, her knees responded to the touch by parting. She pulled both knees back, until they rested against the wood arm rests as far as they could go.

"You look beautiful, mom," Jack said.

"Thanks," she said, but she thought, I know you think that without telling me. I can see it in your eyes. Jack wasn't looking at her like a son, anymore. Her mind wrestled with the implications of that look.

"You're so limber, mom," Jack said. "I had no idea."

"You know I was a gymnast when I was young," she said.

"Yeah, I guess I knew that. But I'd never seen you do stuff like that. That was impressive."

"Thanks," she said. She kept her legs parted. If she felt vulnerable before, she felt more vulnerable now, but more powerful, too.

"Can you put your legs behind your head?" Jack asked, out of the blue.

"Um," she said, suddenly less comfortable. "I'm not sure, but I don't think that falls within the bounds of good Web site photos."

"Well," Jack replied. "I guess it depends what kind of Web site."

"What do you mean?" she asked, challenging him with a skeptical edge in her voice.

"I mean, there are ordinary dating sites, and then there are sites for people who just want to hook up for a night. It's like . . . some people don't want to do the whole dating thing. They just want . . . some quick fun. You said you were thinking about guys in their 20s, so I wonder if that's what you're thinking."

"You think that's what your mother wants?" she challenged him.

"Mom, it's no big deal," he said. "Like I said, you and dad taught me to be open about sex. I'm not judging. But if you want a hook-up, there are sites for that, and the photos are a lot more, um, well, they show more. But you can block out your face from those photos. No one will see your face. Just your body."

"Jack," she said. "I can't see myself posing like that for a Web site."

"That's fine, mom," he replied. "Let's just take the photo; like the rest, you can decide later what to do with it."

He tapped her lightly on the knee.

"Go ahead, mom."

Something about the touch of his finger persuaded her. It was a weak spot. She knew it, and she felt the resistance give way. Jill grabbed her ankles, and she pulled her legs back. It was a move she could have done with ease when younger, but her legs, though still limber, responded more slowly to the pull on them than before. Finally, though, her feet were behind her head. She looked at Jack's face. He wasn't looking at hers; he was staring straight between her legs. Jill had a pretty good idea what he could see.

Jack saw the tiny triangle of lycra stretched so thin over the mound between her legs that the contours of her pussy were unmistakable under it. At its narrowest point the upside-down triangle was so thin

that it didn't cover all the darker skin surrounding her anus, which, with his mom's legs spread so far back, was turned up toward his face. He wanted to reach out and caress it, but he couldn't go that far. He put his camera up, instead, and took photos of his mom from no more than two feet away. She looked beautiful, and, in this pose, extremely enticing.

Jill held the pose for what seemed minutes. Jack took his time, and despite her misgivings she enjoyed the scrutiny he gave her body, and the loving way he focused the camera on her. It felt good to have a man's eyes on her this way, even if it was her son's eyes that scanned her.

"Have you got all your photos?" she asked.

"You can put your legs back," he said.

She let her ankles go and her feet fell back to the lounge chair, but she kept her knees apart. She was enjoying this too much, she thought.

"I've got another idea," Jack said. "Let's get a shot of you coming out of the pool. That'll look great."

"You mean, you want me to get in the pool?" she asked. "I'll get the suit wet."

"Yeah, but not your hair," he said. "Keep your hair above the water."

"My point is, Jack," she said. "I'm not sure I want pictures of me in this suit wet. It's going to be . . . kind of see-through."

"It'll be fine, mom," Jack replied. "Come on, you'll look great. If you don't like the pictures, they don't have to go on the site. It'll be your call."

After a moment's indecision, Jill gave in, against her better judgment. Jack beckoned her over to a metal railing at the side of the pool, close to the deep end. Jill turned around and lowered herself in the pool, hands on the rail. The water felt cool and pleasant under the hot sun. She lowered herself into the water until it reached near shoulder level and the fringes of her red hair hit the water.

"Ready?" she asked.

"Ready," Jack said, holding his camera in front of his face.

She climbed very slowly up the steps, pulling herself up by the metal rail. She emerged from the water like a modern-day, red-headed Venus.

It took all Jack's concentration to keep taking pictures, rather than tossing the camera to the side and staring at his mom. He figured the

water would make her suit a little clingier and maybe a little more see-through, but he underestimated the effect of the water on the suit's transparency. The soaked bikini top and bottom left nothing to the imagination. It was almost clear. The detail of his mom's nipples and areola were fully revealed. When her hips lifted out of the water her sweet, bare, vertical cleft, framed by the fleshy mounds of her labia, was completely visible. The little hood over her clit poked out against the suit. Jack asked his mom to hold that position, hands on the top of the metal railing, while he took photos of her. Jill knew what Jack could see; it embarrassed her and excited her.

He was almost shaking when he was done. He couldn't believe what a powerful impression the sight of his mom's body -- nude, for all intents and purposes -- had on him.

"Let's go back to the lounge chair," he said, struggling to keep his voice steady.

Jill knew full well what she was showing off, and as she lay back on the lounge chair again, this time with her bikini soaked, she kept her legs together and put an arm over her breasts.

"Go ahead and open up your legs again, mom," he said.

"Jack --."

Jack didn't say anything, but he touched her knee again. That feeling. She couldn't deny it. She let her legs fall back against the arm rests.

"Put your hands up, near your head," he said. "Take your arm away."

She did as she asked. Her body tingled with nervousness and guilt, but it trilled with unmistakable arousal, too.

"You like it, don't you," Jack said after a beat. "You like opening up your legs. You feel weird doing it with me -- it is kind of weird -- but you like it. You look good, mom." He said it quietly, his words reassuring, not lewd.

Jill didn't say anything in response at first. She stared back at him while he stared at her nearly nude body.

"Your dad --" she began.

"What about dad?" he asked.

"He liked me this way. I always liked . . . opening up to him. I miss that."

"I like it too," Jack said. "Like father like son, I guess."

"Let's take some more pictures," he said.

Jill almost gave in to his request, but when she saw Jack focusing his camera on the clear bikini bottom she shot a hand down from its place at her head to between her thighs, covering the soaked and clear lycra.

"Oh, Jack, I don't know," she said.

"I do, mom," Jack said, and he smiled. "Take your hand away."

Her hand lay over her the fabric stretched over her pussy. She wrestled with Jack's instructions, and with her own warring desires. Slowly, she pulled her hand away. It trailed along her body, and when her middle finger moved over her clit she pressed down, softly. Her fingers continued their progress up her body.

"Wait, mom," Jack said, and Jill stopped her hand, fingers barely above the top edge of the scant bikini bottom.

"You just touched yourself," Jack said.

Jill's pale face reddened. Jack was right, but she had not wanted him to see that.

"I saw that," Jack continued. "You just touched your . . . your clit. While I was watching you. Wow.

"Go ahead, mom," he said. "If you want to touch yourself, touch yourself." To give weight to his request, he touched her knee again, and her legs opened still more. It didn't seem fair to Jill that such a simple gesture had a such a powerful effect on her willpower and resistance.

Jill's hazel eyes fixed on her son's eyes -- blue, like his father's.

For seconds, minutes -- she lost track -- Jill's hand rested on her lower body, fingers poised to reverse direction and touch herself again. She was conscious of the importance of the decision she was about to make, a decision that might affect her relationship with her son forever, that might affect their whole lives.

She made her decision. Her hand moved down. The tip of her middle finger touched the little nub showing under the bikini bottom, where her clit lay only partly obscured. She pressed down. Then she added two more fingers, and soon her hand moved in tight, steady circles around her clit over the thin fabric of the suit.

"That's right, mom," Jack said, excitement in his voice. "Touch yourself like that."

He took a photo, but after taking only one he put the camera aside. He wanted to watch, not photograph. He sat down on the end of the lounge chair, his mom's legs spread out to either side of him.

Jill's hand moved faster and faster. At first, the bikini bottom, tightly pressed against her skin, didn't move. But as her fingers pressed harder and faster, the fabric began to give way. Her swirling fingers pushed it right, and then left. On either side, her outer lips, bare and freckled, came into view.

"Take it off, mom," Jack said.

"Oh, Jack," Jill replied. She didn't take it off, but she kept moving her hand, faster and faster, and the tiny lycra piece lifted and moved back and forth across the skin of her mound.

Jack put his hands on his mom's thighs and squeezed. He pushed them back while she masturbated.

"I can see everything already, mom," Jack said. "There's nothing to hide from me. I see your pussy through the suit. Take it off. You'll get yourself off better if you take it off."

Jill's hand kept moving between her legs. Her head was back, against the seat cushion, and her eyes were closed. She heard Jack's words as though through a thick filter of lust and confusion. He wanted her

to do something, but she was so busy rubbing herself she didn't know how to do it.

"You do it," she said. "You do it."

"O.K., mom," Jack said.

It was easy to do. His hands went to each side of the bikini bottom, and each gave a quick tug on the string on her hip. The knot came undone on each side. Jack pulled, and after a moment's resistance he felt her ass lift off the chair and the bikini bottom gave way to his hands. As soon as it was off her he tossed it to the side.

His mom's pussy lay in front of him, uncovered. Her hand never stopped rapidly massaging the little clit, and the motion caused her pussy lips to open and close in a steady rhythm, revealing pink depths that left Jack in rapture. Jack took her thighs in his hand, and he squeezed them, enjoying the soft, pale, freckled skin and the firm, lean muscles underneath. He held the thighs apart, so he could enjoy the view that mom's hand created.

Jill closed her eyes. She focused her attention on the pressure of her hand on her pussy. She wanted to come, whether her son watched or not. Her fingers rubbed more and more furiously over the nub of her clit.

Jack sat mesmerized at the sight of his mom, open legged and frantically rubbing herself. He lost track of time. His surroundings became a blur. The singular focus of his attention was his mom's pussy.

Jill felt the orgasm come on quickly, and sooner than she expected. It welled up from inside her, and her back arched. She pushed her hand down hard on her clit and her body reacted. She came.

Jack watched, spellbound, as his mom's body shook and writhed over the lounge chair. The lips of her pussy parted.

Jill squirted. She opened her eyes, in time to see a thick spray of clear liquid erupt from her pussy, splattering and covering Jack's shirt. Jack looked on without moving, bug-eyed and open-mouthed. Jill tilted her hips up and with a quick hand opened her pussy further, and the spray became a thin jet of fluid splashing over her son's face. His mouth, open with surprise, took some of it, and Jill watched her cum spilling out its sides.

When the squirting stopped she still shook from the orgasm. Her legs and hips spasmed. While her body shook she held her gaze on her son, still and stunned. She wondered how he would respond.

She didn't wait long. The look on his face changed from slack and immobile to something different. He put a hand to his face, dripping with his mom's fluids. He wiped it off and put the hand to his mouth.

He licked his mother's wetness off his hand. He closed his mouth and swallowed.

My son just swallowed my cum, Jill thought.

When he was done licking the cum off his hands he pushed his mom's legs farther apart and his face went forward. He kissed his mom's pussy, tongue out, lapping up all the wetness that coated her.

Jill closed her eyes again and moaned. It had been a long time since a man's mouth had been on her. Jack's tongue, in its attentiveness to her body, recalled the tongue of her late husband.

"John," she said.

She felt Jack pull back.

"I'm Jack," he said.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's just . . . you felt like your father."

"He liked doing this?"

"He did."

"You'd squirt for him?"

"I did."

"And he'd drink it up, put his mouth all over you and drink it up?"

"Yes. He did."

"And you loved that."

"I did."

"I can do that too, mom," Jack said, his eyes wide and steady on hers.
"And I want to. Watch."

Jill watched as Jack put his mouth on her, sucking and lapping up the wetness from her orgasm on her thighs and around her pussy. She hadn't felt anything so good since John had gone. She reached a hand forward, grabbed the short hairs on Jack's head, and held him close to her. His tongue went to work on her for several more minutes.

Eventually, Jack pulled back.

"I'll bet dad liked something else, too, mom," Jack said, as he stood up and his hands went to the waistband of his shorts.

"What are you doing, Jack?" Jill asked.

"I'm going to fuck you, mom," he said. "I've just watched you squirt and come and I've put my mouth all over your pussy, and now I need my cock inside you."

Jill almost said something in protest. It was wrong for her son to talk about her this way, she thought. But in her son's voice she heard the echo of her husband. He had talked to her that way. And she'd talked back. John and Jill had woven dirty talk into their fucking. John had always been good at it, and Jill had gotten good at it too. They had made it a contest: who could talk dirtier and make the other come first with his or her words.

Whatever reservations she might have had minutes earlier, Jill knew now she wasn't going to stop Jack from fucking her. She decided then and there she wanted Jack to know what that she thought about that. She would play with him as she had played with John.

"You want to fuck your mother's wet pussy?" Jill said to Jack, almost surprising herself.

Jack stopped, startled, and stared at his mom.

"Yes," he said. "That's what I want."

"You want to fuck me right here in the backyard by the pool, where the neighbors can hear us?" she asked.

"Yeah," Jack said. "That's exactly what I want to do to you."

A moment hung in the air. Jack and Jill knew they were on a precipice, that they were about to jump off and change things between them forever. Jack's blue eyes and Jill's hazel eyes locked on to one another, and a lifetime of love and meaning passed between them as they readied themselves to give in to their mutual desire.

"Then you better fuck me," Jill said. She lay back against the lounge chair and she pulled her legs back, spreading them wide for Jack.

"I'll fuck you, mom," Jack said. He stood up and pulled his shirt off. Jill admired the lean muscles of his chest and shoulders. She watched his hands go to the waistband of his shorts. He pushed them down his legs. Jill saw a hard, fat cock pop up when the shorts went down. There was no denying Jack's excitement, because the cock stood up straight and away from him.

I want that, she thought.

Jack wasted no time. He kicked the shorts away from his ankles and grabbed his mom's thighs again. He angled his body, and the swollen cockhead bumped against the fleshy hood over his mom's clit. Jill squealed at the contact. There was no need to use his hand to guide himself in; his cock knew where it wanted to go, and Jill's pussy was open and waiting for it.

He pushed in.

That's a fat cock, Jill thought, as it entered her. John had always satisfied her, but the cock pushing its way into her might have been even larger, or at least wider, than her husband's. It had been over two years since a man had been inside her, and with her son's cock quickly filling her she wondered how she'd been able to do without that feeling for so long. Jack pushed into her quickly and his body angled over hers, his arm muscles tense as he held himself over her.

Jill knew what she wanted, so she grabbed her son by the back of his head and pulled his mouth down to hers. Her lips pressed hard against his, and their tongues danced together. She felt his body shiver over hers as though shocked by her aggressiveness, but after a few seconds his body relaxed. It began rocking against her as they kissed.

Jill felt the thick cock pull back then push back in. She pulled her mouth away from Jack's to let out a low moan of satisfaction.

"Oh, Jack, fuck me," she said.

"Oh, mom, I will. I am."

"I love the way you fuck me with your big cock. Do you like it? Do you like pounding your mom's wet cunt?"

"Oh, yeah."

By his quickened breathing and the grin on his face Jill knew her words turned him on. They turned her on too.

Jack pulled his face away from his mom's, and he locked his mouth over a pink, upright nipple. Jill felt his saliva over her breast, and then felt her nipple sucked hard into his mouth. He bit down gently.

"Oh!" Jill cried.

Their bodies rocked together as Jack sucked on one tit, and then the other. Jill's hands clenched against his short hair, and her nails dug into his scalp.

"I like the way you fuck me, Jack," she growled. "I want to get lots of hard fucking from your stiff cock."

Jack pulled back, suddenly. His cock still pumped away inside her, but he got up on his knees and grabbed her thighs near her butt and pushed. He wanted her open, again, and Jill obliged. She spread her legs open. Jill and Jack smiled at each other, mouths open, grinning and hungry for each other as he fucked her deeply. Their eyes turned away from each other and they both stared at the junction of his cock and her pussy. His cock was slicked with her wetness, and it glistened in the bright sunlight overhead. Jill saw her equally wet pussy lips dragging along his cock every time it pulled out of her. Jack began a rhythm of pulling out a little farther each time, until his cockhead emerged, almost entirely visible, and Jill's lips clung to him with seeming desperation, wanting him back inside her. The farther out he pulled each time, the harder and faster he pushed back in.

Jill became aware suddenly of where they were: in the backyard, naked and fucking and exposed under the sun. She became aware of the noise they were making, too, panting and squealing and moaning, all mixed together. She wondered if a neighbor could hear. Any prying neighbor determined to find out what they were doing surely could find a crack in the fence somewhere and watch them as they fucked.

Jill didn't care. She just wanted Jack to keep fucking her. She hadn't felt anything so good in years.

She put a hand on Jack's chest.

"Stop for a minute. I want you to fuck me in a different position.

"Pick me up," she said.

It wasn't easy to do as she asked. She put her hands around his neck and he put his hands under her ass. He lifted on his knees and with effort put a foot on the ground. Almost there. He pushed with the other knee -- a slight jump in the air -- and his other foot was on the ground. Now he stood on the pool patio with Jill's arms and legs wrapped around him. The thick cock inside her hadn't budged.

Jack looked around. Jill did too. She was glad the shrubbery screened them from view from her neighbors; she hoped it did. Jack started bucking his hips against her, and she responded by bouncing up and down on his cock as Jack stood by the pool. She worried at first that she'd be too heavy for him, but he seemed to handle Jill's weight with ease. She let herself go and fucked him harder and faster.

"Oh, my pussy feels so good, so good grabbing my son's hard cock."

They pumped away at each. A sheen of sweat lay over each of them now. It lay thickest where their skin touched. Sweat trickled down their bodies.

"I want to try something, mom."

"As long as it means you keep fucking me, try anything."

"I have to put you down for a sec."

She relaxed the grip of her legs around him and set them on the ground. The pulled away from each other. She gripped his cock and held it tightly.

"Mommy wants more of Jack's big dick," she said. With the other hand she put the tip of her finger in her mouth.

"Mom, I can't believe the way you talk," Jack said, breathing hard.

"You mean the way I talk dirty about how hungry I am for your cock?"

"Yeah."

"You like it?"

"I love it. It's just . . . surprising."

"Your dad liked that too. You're more alike than I thought. He liked it when I told him how much I liked him fucking me. So, I did. I'm going to tell you too. I love it when you fuck me. I want you to fuck me more."

"Come over here then." He backed up to the lounge chair, again, and lay back against it. His cock, still hard after all the fucking, stood straight into the air, away from his body, pointing at the sun.

"The advantages of youth," she said, pointing to the upright pale shaft. "It works for me. Do you want me to ride you?"

"Yeah, mom," Jack said. "I want to see you over me with your tits bouncing while we fuck."

"I can do that," she said. But she did something Jack didn't expect. Instead of climbing over him from the bottom of the lounge chair, she straddled the wooden armrests, her thighs on the warm teak. She stretched her legs out, nearly horizontally.

"God, mom," Jack said, marveling at her elasticity.

"I don't know if God has anything to do with it," she said. "But it is hot, huh? You want more of this?" She put a hand down and peeled back her labia, exposing her depths to Jack's crazed eyes. "My cunt's wet and ready for you. Do you want it?"

"Yes, now," he said.

She positioned herself right over him and grabbed his shaft. She lowered her ass as much as she could between the arm rests and felt the cock enter her again.

"Grab your mommy's tits while we fuck," she said.

He didn't need to be told twice. He cupped a breast in each hand and pinched each nipple, hard. Jill squealed.

"Do it again."

He did it again, harder, and she squealed louder.

Jill put her hands against her breasts and mashed them together as her son mauled them with his fingers. Her breasts shone with Jack and Jill's sweat, and she caught the scent of his sweat wafting off his body; his body lay lacquered in it. The heat rose against her body, still mid-day August air mixed with the fire coming off her son's bucking figure.

Beneath Jill, Jack's hips rose and fell in a furious rhythm. His hips pushed forward and up to delve into her depths as far as his cock could go. Jill was vaguely aware of the buzz of insects around her, but as the fucking continued her surroundings blurred. Sights, smells, and sounds other than those coming from their two bodies slapping together faded away. Jill took her hands off her breasts and threw them up to the cloudless sky, saluting the hard fucking she

was getting from her son. And it was hard -- one of the hardest fucks she'd ever had. Jack pressed into her relentlessly, so hard that her legs bounced slightly off the wood arm rests. She had to throw her arms back and hold on to the back edge of the arm rests to keep her body from falling over.

It's been so long since I've felt this, she thought. She arched her back and pushed her breasts out and gazed down at her son. His eyes were closed. He's so handsome, she thought. Different from his father, but every inch his equal as a lover. His stamina struck her. Although straddling the wooden arm rests was neither easy nor comfortable, Jack was doing most of the work, bouncing his ass off the lounge cushion and driving himself, over and over, up and into her. He seemed to be enjoying it, but from his hard breathing and the heavy flow of sweat off his lean, muscled body she knew it took a lot of effort to fuck her this way.

Time to make him come, she thought.

"Look at me, Jack," she said.

Jack opened his eyes in a flash.

"Look at my body over you as you fuck me. Look how much I like it. Look how my pussy is swallowing up your hard cock." She pushed down when she said it and her spread lips mashed over his pubic bone.

"Oh yeah, mom," Jack said, voice shaking. "I love it."

"You'll love when I frig my little clit while you fuck me, too. Look, Jack." Her hand went down and opened the hood to reveal the delicate pink button underneath. Then her hand covered it and began rubbing furious circles over and around it.

"Can you come in me, Jack? Do you want that? Do you want to come in your mother?"

Jill saw the answer in his eyes -- yes, he wanted that, badly, and soon. His open mouth sucked in fast, ragged breaths.

"Yeah," he said, struggling to get the words out. "I want that."

Jill grabbed her right tit and with effort put the nipple in her mouth while she rose and fell over her son. She gave it a big, exaggerated slurp for Jack's benefit. His eyes were like saucers, wide and round with lust and disbelief.

"Do you like my body, Jack? Do you like your mom's body?"

"Oh yes," he said.

"Do you like my big tits?" she asked. She grabbed them and shook them as he stared at them.

"Oh, mom, I love them."

Her hands snaked down her torso from her breasts to her upper thighs, which still bounced up and down in response to her son's hard thrusts.

"Do you like my lean legs, spread and stretched wide for you?" Her hands spread out, toward her knees, as her body writhed above his.

"I can't get enough," Jack said.

"And do you like my pussy, Jack, wrapped around your hard cock as you keep fucking it?"

"Oh yes, mom. I love your pussy. I need it."

"Then I think it's time for you to come in it. Come in my pussy now. Look at your mom's spread open legs and fill her pussy. Do it now, Jack."

She saw her words hit their mark.

"Mom, mom," Jack cried, loud enough that Jill was sure any neighbors nearby could hear. She could see it coming, and she rubbed herself even harder, so they could come together.

Jill saw Jack's eyes closed. His hips thrust against her harder, though the pace of his thrusting slowed.

That's it, Jack. That's it, son. That's it, baby, come in me, she thought, wanting it more than anything she had wanted in years.

And then it happened. His body shuddered, and the fingers on her waist tightened against her to ensure her pussy held fast to his cock. One more big thrust came, and then he didn't pull out. He held himself there, against her, hips and ass in the air, shaking over the lounge seat.

A few more good rubs against her pussy, and Jill made herself come too. She squirted again, clear fluid spraying and drenching Jack's cock and all the skin around it. Jill cried out -- there was no doubt, she thought, that anyone in a nearby backyard would hear that. But she didn't stifle it; she let her cry reach its crescendo and then fade out slowly. Her body shook and shivered as well, and for a full minute Jack and Jill's spasming bodies slowed down and quieted together.

Jill lifted her body off his and slid down and off the arm rests. His cock popped out of her, and at last it began to soften and subside. She set a knee on the seat cushion to either side of Jack's waist. Her

hand went down again, and she opened herself. She smiled with satisfaction as Jack's mouth dropped open to see his seed spilling from her. He was impressed at the size of the load. Jill was, too. It plopped onto his belly, a little puddle of it collected over his belly button, mixing with the residue of the cum Jill herself had sprayed on him moments earlier.

Jill fell forward against her son. She'd come twice in his presence now. In no time, the sweet mix of endorphin rush and hot sun made her happy and drowsy. Their bodies lay sticky against each other, cum and sweat intermingling.

"Oh, that felt good," she said, her hands against Jack's strong shoulders. "We need to do that more."

S . . . sure, mom," Jack said. "I want that too." He cradled her, lying naked on top of him, and his hands gently caressed her back.

They lay quiet for a while. Jill broke the silence.

"You took a lot of pictures of me."

"Yeah," Jack said, his voice slurred and uneven. "I did."

"So, do you think your mom's hot enough for those Web sites?" she asked him.

Jack's head swam. He barely understood what his mom was saying. All he could think was that his mom's pussy still was pressed against his spent cock. It was limp for now, but it wouldn't be limp for long. Eventually, the fog in his head lifted, and his thoughts became clearer.

"Forget the Web sites, mom," Jack said. "I want the pictures for myself. I want you for myself."

Jack pulled his mom closer, and they lay naked in the sun together for a long time.

The End.

Votes and comments are welcome!

Mom, You're Naked!

"Oh my God," Lara said out loud, to herself. "What am I going to do?" Her voice sounded thin and small in the empty living room.

Lara was in a fix. Her boyfriend, Chuck, had left her house 20 minutes earlier. Earlier in the day he had persuaded her to let him strip her clothes off, tie her up, and take pictures of her. He said it

was in honor of Nude Day. He wanted to post pictures of her on a fetish website for which he was a member. He promised he'd hide or crop her face out of the photos so nobody would recognize her. For reasons she couldn't explain, and that seemed especially dubious now, in her current predicament, she had agreed.

Things had gone OK, at first, even though she was nervous. Chuck bound her, and he fetched his camera from a bag to start taking pictures. But after a few minutes, he got a funny look on his face. Lara had seen that look before. He got that look when he was about to pull a prank, something he did often. A tremor of nervousness shook her body when she saw that look in his face while she was in her current state.

"I need to get you excited," he said.

"No, you don't," Lara said. "I'm already excited."

"Not enough," Chuck said.

He pulled something out a large bag he had toted to Lara's house. It was a vibrator - rabbit-style, with one long tip for insertion and the other to touch her clit. A devilish grin spread over Chuck's face.

"That's not fair," Lara said.

"All's fair in lust and bondage," he said.

"You would say something like that."

"I would and I do. You'll enjoy this."

He flipped the rabbit's on switch, and the long purple toy buzzed and twitched in his hand. Lara's eyes widened. Chuck had used the toy on her before, but never when she was tied up. It had never failed to make her pussy gush and her body shake with a room-shaking orgasm.

She felt the thick tip push forward between her lips, into the furrow between her legs. Lara twisted at its touch, the restraints holding her in place. Chuck's grin grew. The vibrator kept moving forward, stretching her insides, until the thick end settled into her tight but wetting channel and the smaller tip hit her sensitive nub.

"Arrrr," Lara called, straining against the cuffs and rope that bound her.

Chuck kept the thin tip of the rabbit against her clit, but he moved the thicker part inside her around as well as he could. The steady vibration against the little pink knob under her hood was almost too much. She knew she would come soon. She closed her eyes to accept the oncoming rush of orgasm. The wetness inside already was

building up, and she felt the toy moving with slippery ease inside her now. She expected to make a mess on the wood floor below her.

Then, suddenly, the buzzing against her stopped. She opened her eyes to see Chuck pulling the vibrator out of her.

"Don't stop now!" she cried. "I was close! You have to finish me."

"That's too quick," Chuck said, eyes sparkling with mischief. "I want this to last longer. I want you to feel horny while you're bound like that. I want you to feel that need to come while you stand there."

Lara said nothing, and for a while neither did Chuck. His eyes traveled up and down Lara's bound body. When he was done ogling her, he drew closer to her and stared into her eyes.

"You know, I just thought of something," Chuck said. "You'd look good in whipped cream."

Lara didn't say anything right away. Chuck's face twisted into a wicked smile.

"And?" she said.

"We don't have any whipped cream," he said. "I think I need to get some. Yes, I'm sure of it. I need to go to the store and get some whipped cream."

Understanding dawned slowly on Lara. He meant to leave her like this when he went to the store.

"Um," she said. "You need to let me out of this, first, right? You're not going to leave me like this?"

Chuck's eyes held Lara's for a long time, evenly and with little blinking.

"I think I will leave you like this. I think you want this. You don't think you do, but I think you do. I'm going to run to the store. I'll get some whipped cream and some other things. I won't take . . . too long. I'll be back in -"

He paused dramatically, staring intently at Lara's face. Lara could tell he enjoyed her nervousness.

"Two hours," he said. "You'll be fine until then."

"You've got to be kidding," Lara said. "Chuck, you can't do that. Let me out. We can resume this when you get back."

"No," he said. "I'm going to leave you like this. I think you'll like it. It'll be good for you. You act so demure most of the time, but there's this side of you that wants to get out, and I'm going to help you do it. I'll be back in two hours. On the button. Nobody will be here or see you before that. By the time I get back you'll be going crazy for what I'm going to do to you."

Before Lara could say anything further, Chuck turned, opened the front door, exited, and closed the door behind him.

Clank.

Chuck was gone. Lara was in the house alone.

Lara's jaw dropped with astonishment and dismay.

* * * *

Now, 20 minutes later, Lara hadn't moved. She was in the same position in the living room she had been. She couldn't move, because her hands were held by thick leather cuffs over her head. The steel link chain between the cuffs was strung between a sturdy eyebolt Chuck had screwed deeply into a heavy wooden support beam in the middle of the living room, rising from the floor to the ceiling.

Lara faced the front door of the house, not fifteen feet away. Her back and bottom rested against the cool wood of the support beam. She couldn't go anywhere. And she was completely naked.

Before he'd pulled out his camera, Chuck also had bound her right leg with a long line of jute rope and tied off the other end around the beam above her head. The result was that the rope held her right thigh suspended at almost a right angle from her left leg. Only the ball of her left foot touched the ground. With the front of her body facing the front door, Lara was aware of the extreme vulnerability of her position. She was on display with her legs parted to anyone who might come through the door.

Lara looked all around, wondering how she might get out of her predicament. She looked above her, at the eyebolt screwed into the wood. She thought she might be able to unscrew it, but her hands couldn't reach it. One of her legs was free, but she needed it to stand on, and there was nothing to do with it, besides. She thought Chuck, in his puckish hurry, probably had left the key to the cuffs nearby, but she didn't know where they were. She wouldn't be able to reach them, probably, even if she could see them.

She pulled down on the cuffs, putting all her weight against them. She wondered if the weight might break the chain or pull out the bolt.

It did neither. The only thing she accomplished was to cause the cuffs to dig into her wrists.

"Shit!" she said, in pain. She put the weight on her foot again and stopped pulling against the cuffs.

Her position, when relaxed, wasn't comfortable, but it wasn't painful, either. If she shifted right, she could throw the bulk of her weight on to the coil of rope around her thigh and take the weight off her foot. The leather of the cuffs was soft, and they weren't painful if she didn't pull against them. But she realized quickly she couldn't hold this position forever. Two hours - what Chuck had promised - was a long time to be kept in this position.

As the minutes ticked by, her anger at Chuck grew. She knew she was partly responsible. They'd been boyfriend and girlfriend for the last two months. Soon after they'd started dating, Chuck had revealed his fondness for kinky games, and Lara, not long divorced from a sexually boring marriage, went along with everything Chuck suggested. Lara enjoyed walking the knife's edge of control. Chuck enjoyed putting her in vulnerable positions, and she had to admit she got a charge out of being in those positions.

But this was the most vulnerable position she'd been in, yet. She was naked and cuffed and bound, fifteen feet from an unlocked front door. Theoretically, anybody could walk in the door at any time. She knew it was unlikely. There was little chance anyone would walk through the door before Chuck's return a little over an hour and a half away. The only person that might do so was her son, who was playing baseball with friends from college and wasn't expected to be

back until after 6 pm - several hours away. So, it was highly unlikely anyone would see her before Chuck came back and set her free.

Still . . . there was the possibility. Only an unlocked door stood between Lara's nude, bound, exposed body and the rest of the world, and there was nothing she could do about it until Chuck came back.

"You're going to pay for this, Chuck," she said to the door. It said nothing back. The silence that followed her voice was almost palpable, heavy, oppressive.

As time passed, she grew more nervous. She didn't think it was likely that her son would come home before Chuck, but she guessed it was possible. Her son, Connor, was a junior in college and lived in an apartment half an hour away with two friends from college. But he had a key to the house, and Lara and Connor had talked about him coming over to the house to have dinner with his mom at 6. Lara turned her head to the right. The clock on the wall said it was only 1 p.m.

She tried to suppress her nervousness at the possibility of Connor seeing her as she was. She didn't think it was likely. Earlier in the day he'd called her to tell her he'd be playing baseball with his friends all day. Connor was a dedicated athlete and took his baseball games with his friends seriously. It was very, very unlikely, thought Lara, that he'd come home early. But it was possible. She couldn't imagine Connor seeing her naked and cuffed to the post. They weren't a prudish family, but they didn't walk around naked in front of each other, either. Lara couldn't think of a time that Connor had seen her

naked. He was no longer a boy, but an athletic, good-looking, eligible - though currently single - young man. It would be just too mortifying if he came home before Chuck did.

With the growing nervousness she felt something else, as well. The temperature was rising. She hadn't turned the air conditioning on earlier, and the heat from the relentless summer sun was working its way into the house. She looked down at the pale, nude surface of her body. She wasn't sweating yet. But she would be by the time Chuck got back.

Lara was annoyed at Chuck. She liked playing games, but this was too much. It wasn't right of him to leave her in such a vulnerable position for such a long time. She was nude and helpless. She'd agreed to be cuffed and trussed like this, but not for 2 hours with Chuck outside the house. He'd had no right to leave her so helpless. The more she thought about it, the angrier she grew at him. She imagined things that might happen. The mailman accidentally pushing the door open and stumbling upon her. A nosy neighbor trying the doorknob after getting no response to the doorbell and finding the respectable Lara Winston in a decidedly unrespectable state. Or - God forbid - a burglar seeking entry into the house and finding the door unlocked.

Still another feeling grew inside Lara. She fought it, trying to keep it at bay with her annoyance at Chuck and fear for her predicament. But she couldn't stop it. The feeling started from someplace deep and coursed through her. Her skin tingled. Her heart beat faster.

Lara was aroused. She was excited to be naked and exposed and helpless. Chuck had figured out this secret part of Lara right away, though her ex-husband hadn't figured it out in 18 years of marriage. Lara liked to be on edge. She liked being naked, and she especially liked being naked in circumstances where one wasn't supposed to be naked.

She gazed down on her full breasts. The nipples stood pink and pert and erect. Warmth suffused her chest and belly. A warmth started between her legs, enveloping the lips and cleft of her vulva. It grew in intensity. Something tickled her thigh. She was wet. She couldn't see it, but she was sure of it. A faint trickle started down her skin.

"No, dammit," she said again, to herself in the empty room. "Don't get turned on."

But she couldn't help it. She was turned on. A part of her body responded eagerly to the possibility that someone might find her naked.

"Concentrate, Lara," she said out loud. "Focus. Chuck will be back soon. Nobody's going to see me. This will all be over. Get it together."

She worked on her breathing. In. Out. In. Out. She tried to calm herself. It wasn't easy, but after two minutes of steady breathing she thought it was working. She told herself she'd focus on breathing until Chuck got back and let her out.

Then she heard the doorknob turn.

Lara's heart surged up from her chest into her mouth, choking off a cry of fear. It's just Chuck, she told herself. He's back early. He'll get me out of here.

The knob finished turning, and the door opened. A tall figure silhouetted against the mid-day light from outside filled the entry way. The figure paused and looked down at a heavy gym bag in his hand. Then the figure looked up. His eyes caught Lara's.

It was her son Connor.

He was sweaty and shirtless, wearing only gym shorts, ankle socks, and sneakers.

He said nothing, at first. Neither did Lara. To her the silence seemed endless. Connor's mouth opened, a wide, immobile "O", while neither of them said anything. Then he dropped his gym bag on the floor. He slammed the door closed behind him.

"Mom," Connor said. "You're naked!"

Lara said nothing, and for some moments neither did Connor. He stared at his mom blankly, eyes wide and mouth agape. Lara saw him shake his head and approach her. He looked at her cuffed hands

and then he looked all around the room. She saw the confusion in his face turn to alarm.

"Mom," he yelled. "What happened? Are you OK? Who -"

"I'm OK, Connor," Lara replied, cutting him off. But Connor wasn't mollified. His body shook and his eyes scanned the room frantically.

"Who did this?" he asked.

"Chuck did it," Lara said.

"Chuck? I'll fucking break his head open." Lara saw Connor's fists bunch up. Obviously, he thought Chuck was nearby. Lara winced at her son's anger and his foul language. She had an aversion to obscene words and rarely used them. She knew she needed to calm him down.

"Connor, listen to me," Lara said. "Chuck isn't here. This was a game. I let him do this. We did it together. Calm down. He's gone and won't be back for a while. He went to the store to get some things and said he'd be back."

Connor took three more steps toward his mom until he was only a few feet away. His body, tense and wound up, deflated a bit. Lara could tell he was trying not to look at her nude body, but he wasn't

succeeding. His eyes darted up and down her exposed figure. It was obvious he didn't know what to say.

"Connor," Lara said. "Can you do something for me?"

"Sure, Mom," he said. "What do you want?" He tilted his head away from her, but Lara could see he still looked at her from the side of his eye.

"Find the key to these handcuffs," she said. "It should be around here."

To Lara it seemed to take a few seconds for her request to land on his consciousness. Connor was rooted to his spot, trying hard not to look at his nude mother but unable to avoid doing so. But eventually he responded.

"OK, Mom," he said. "Where should I look?"

"I don't know," she said. "Somewhere around here. The sofa. The chairs. It's got to be nearby."

Connor began looking around the living room, overturning sofa cushions and throwing pillows to the floor in his search for the key. Lara noticed that from time to time his gaze turned from his search

to glance at her nude body. It made her feel funny to know her son wanted to look at her.

"You're home early," she said. "Why? I thought you were coming over at 6."

"We were supposed to have a game, but half the guys didn't show," Connor said, hoisting a pillow from the sofa. "I don't know why. So, we didn't have enough guys for a game. The rest of us pitched and hit some balls for a while. But it was too hot, so we stopped. I decided to come home. I didn't expect -"

He didn't finish his thought. He paused and let his arms fall to his sides. He looked up and held his mom's gaze.

"Mom," he said. "This seems . . . kind of messed up. Are you OK? What's going on?"

"I'm OK, Connor," she said. "This is something Chuck wanted to do. I went along. Willingly. I'm sorry. It must be weird for you to find me like this."

Lara wished she could disappear, but the cuffs and rope held her fast to the support beam. She would be exposed to her son until he found the key and let her go.

Connor kept looking around the living room.

"Ouch!" Lara said. She had been shifting her body to get comfortable and the rope on her right leg suddenly pinched her.

Connor stopped what he was doing and approached her.

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing serious," she said. "It's just this rope around my leg. It tightened when I shifted my weight and it pinched me a little.

"Can I do something?" Connor asked. He stood only a few feet from her. Lara noticed his shirtless body, slicked with sweat, not yet dry, from his athletic activities. She noticed the breadth of his shoulders and his muscled chest and torso. A tremor shook her body.

"I'm not sure," she said. "The rope is tight around my leg. I'm not sure -" Her voice trailed off. She didn't know what to say.

Connor squatted until his head was even with the tied-off leg. His fingers grabbed the rope and adjusted it on her thigh.

"Is that where it was pinching?" he asked. "Did I fix it?"

Lara shifted her body to figure out if Connor had solved the problem. She realized her naked hips were rocking and pushing forward just a foot away from her son's face. For reasons she didn't quite understand or want to admit to herself she kept rocking, not saying anything right away. She looked down from her position at her son's face. She saw Connor's eyes dart from the rope on her leg to the bare junction between her legs. It was hard for her to admit it to herself, but it was true: she was getting more aroused from the nearness of her son's face to her exposed pussy.

"It's better," she said, after a delay. "Thanks. Can you find that key?"

"Sure, mom," Connor said, but he didn't move. His body remained in the same pose, but he craned his head up at her.

"Mom, why would you do this? This seems kind of . . . I don't know. Out there. Weird. I would never imagine you doing this. You're tied naked to a post while your boyfriend - who's an asshole, by the way, to leave you here - is away at the store. I don't get this."

Lara looked down, into her son's upturned eyes, and her heart melted at the genuine concern she saw in them. She knew this must have been strange for him, seeing his mother tied up and naked liked this. But she saw his eyes dart from hers to her erect nipples. A strange feeling swept her body, ending at her pussy, and she wanted to bring her thighs together, but, tied as she was, she couldn't.

"It's Nude Day," she said.

"Nude Day?" Connor responded. "What the fuck is that?"

"Connor, your language," she said. "It's a national day to celebrate nudity. Chuck told me about it and said he wanted to do this for Nude Day. Look, I don't know how to explain it, Connor," Lara said, trying to stay calm. "It's embarrassing to talk about with you. Chuck and I like to play certain kinds of games. He likes to expose me and put me in vulnerable positions. I know it's hard to understand."

"You're sure vulnerable now, Mom," Connor said. He looked away from her face, and Lara thought he was looking at her pussy again. Without even thinking about, she rocked her hips, once again pushing her pussy toward her son, ever so subtly. A faint gasp of air escaped her lips. She hoped Connor hadn't heard it. She drew back, butt against the support beam, as soon as she realized what she was doing. She wondered if Connor, with his face so close, could smell her.

"You're totally bare, Mom," Connor said after a half minute of silence. "Do you . . . do you shave it off?"

Lara was uncomfortable talking about how she maintained her pubic area with her son, but she was aroused, too.

"I had it waxed two days ago," she said. "Chuck likes it this way and he gave me a gift certificate."

"A gift certificate for a wax job," Connor said. "It looks good. You look good down there, Mom."

Lara recoiled at the sound of the crude word - about her! - coming from her son's lips, but a shiver coursed through her body.

"Thanks, Connor," she said. She heard her voice wavering. She couldn't help it. As much as she wanted to keep her desires in check it was driving her crazy that her son was looking at her bare pussy from inches away. Chuck had pushed her near the edge, and the nearness of her son, knowing his eyes were on her body, pushed her nearer still.

"Connor, could you stop looking at my . . . you know, and look for that key?" she said.

"Sure, Mom," Connor said, but, again, he didn't move. From what Lara could see he couldn't tear his eyes away from her bare sex. She looked at his face from above and it didn't move. But she saw his hand reach out and point to her naked thigh.

"What's that, Mom?" he asked. "It looks like moisture. My god, Mom, it's flowing from your pussy. Are you turned on? Do you . . . do you like me looking at you like this?"

Despite the heat, Lara couldn't stop a cold shiver running up and down her naked, exposed body.

"Connor, I don't think we should talk like this," she said. "Can you please find that key and let me out of here?"

But Connor still didn't move. He held his squat in front of her, eyes inches from her pussy, staring at her.

"You're gushing, Mom," he said. "Fuck, there's more of it. I've never seen anything like that before. I can see it coming out of you."

From overhead, Lara saw Connor press his index finger against her thigh, where a thin, shiny rivulet of moisture emanating from her depths ran down her excited skin. He ran his finger up, scooping up the moisture, until the moisture shined in the light of the room when he held it away and in front of his eyes.

"You like this," he said, his voice wavering. "This turns you on. Your own son looking at your pussy."

Then Connor put the finger in his mouth. He sucked up his mom's juices with a loud smack.

"Connor!" Lara said with a gasp. "What are you doing?" She saw his eyes close with evident delight at what he was tasting. The one knee

that held her up grew weak and slumped. Lara wanted to be outraged and let Connor know her outrage, but what he'd done excited and aroused her. She couldn't, however, let her son know she felt that way.

"Connor, please," she said.

"Sorry, Mom," Connor said, pulling his finger slowly out of his mouth. He held his finger to the side and looked his mom in the eyes, but he didn't move.

"Mom, you're totally helpless," Connor said.

"I know," Lara said, a frantic note in her voice. "That's why I need you to help me. Please look for the key."

Connor still didn't move.

"But you wanted it that way," he said. "You wanted to be helpless and naked, so a man could do what he wanted to you." Connor gestured to his mom's thigh with his chin. "It turns you on, right now. I can see it. I can see it dripping down your leg."

"Connor, please -"

"You have a pretty pussy, Mom," Connor said.

"Well, thanks, you said that already, but you shouldn't say it. Please, can you -"

"Have other guys told you that?"

"Connor, that's not an appropriate question for you to ask."

"But this isn't an appropriate situation you've gotten into, Mom. You're naked and cuffed to a post in the living room near the front door. You're so excited you've got fluid leaking out of your pussy down your leg. 'Cause I'm looking at you. Am I right?"

Lara didn't say anything.

"I know I shouldn't say this. Shit, I shouldn't think this. But you're really hot, Mom. This is like the hottest thing I've ever seen." He ran two fingers over the part of her thigh where he'd picked up her wetness.

"Tell me it turns you on, Mom," Connor said. "I want to hear it from you. It turns you on that you like being tied up and you like that I'm looking at your pussy and admiring how pretty it is. Tell me, Mom."

Lara was turned on. She couldn't deny it to herself. It drove her crazy that her bare, aroused pussy was only inches from her son's eyes.

And his words drove her arousal to still greater heights. She could feel her arousal in the fluid that leaked from her sex and dripped down her legs. But she didn't want to admit it to her son. That was wrong. She felt she had to find a way to get control of this situation, but cuffed and bound as she was, she couldn't think of any way to do it.

"Oh, Connor," was all she could say.

"Connor, what?" her son replied. "What do you really want to say? Tell me you're turned on. I can tell you are. Tell me, Mom."

She wanted to stay strong and stand fast against what her son was asking. It wasn't right to talk to him this way. But her body fought against her. The tingling wouldn't go away. Arousal washed over her.

"Yes," she said, in a very small, quiet voice.

"Yes, what?" Connor asked.

"I'm . . . I'm turned on," she said at last.

"I think this will turn you on more," Connor said.

Lara felt her son's finger touch one of the lips of her pussy, so faintly that she barely felt it at first. But it was enough to make her body convulse. An electric charge surged through her. She was equal parts embarrassment and arousal.

"Oh!" she cried. Her eyes closed, and for a moment all sensation was concentrated on the touch of her son's fingertip to the lip of her pussy. She neither saw nor heard nor felt anything else. But at last she opened her eyes, looked down, and saw her son, his attention focused on his mother's pussy and his finger caressing her lips.

"Connor, you can't do that!" she said.

"I can, Mom," he said. "And I can tell you like it. Look how your body is reacting. I wouldn't do this if you didn't like it, but I can tell you like it. You told me that, too."

Lara felt Connor's finger move away from her lips to the cleft between them. The finger moved up, then down, tracing the full length of the slit of her pussy. Up and down, and over and again. Lara felt Connor's finger pushing deeper as it kept moving up and down. Then the finger slid over the other side, tracing the length of the other lip. Lara's hips buckled to the touch of the finger. She tried to stifle a moan but couldn't.

"Oh, Connor," she said. "Please don't do that."

Connor pulled his finger back.

"Please look again for the key, Connor," Lara said. She tried to look at him with the most pleading expression possible. She thought if she couldn't convince him to stand up and away from her now, she wouldn't be able to do it at all. And then - she couldn't imagine what would happen then.

Her body shivered again.

"OK, Mom," Connor said. "I'll try."

He stood up and walked around the living room again. To Lara's gaze it appeared he was being thorough. He was turning over the pillows on the sofa, which was facing the other direction. Then he walked over to a big stuffed chair closer to the front door. He bent over the seat. He seemed to see something and paused.

"Did you find it?" Lara asked, her voice breaking with desperation and embarrassment.

Connor didn't answer right away. He was staring at something.

"Well," he said. "I found this."

He stood up from the sofa, holding the rabbit vibrator in his hand. Chuck must have put it there when he left, Lara thought, and she hadn't noticed him doing it. A glint of moisture shone at each of its tips. Connor turned it over and around, seemingly fascinated by it. Lara's body slumped with embarrassment.

"Did Chuck use this on you?" he said.

"Connor, please -"

"He did, didn't he? That's why you were wet. He was using it on you. My God, Mom."

Her embarrassment was complete. She was naked and exposing the depth of her sexual perversity to her son. Even after she got out of her predicament - whenever that might be - she had no idea how she'd be able to look him in the eye again. She couldn't imagine what he thought of her.

"Mom, I had no idea," Connor said. Lara thought he seemed calmer and more collected than she imagined he would be, seeing evidence of his mother's sexual kinkiness for the first time.

"You're a lot different from what I thought, Mom," Connor said.

She groaned.

"I've seen these online, and I saw one in a sex shop once," Connor continued. "But I've never used one or seen it used." Lara saw him stare at it, his eyes wide and attentive with curiosity.

"There's some moisture and a little crust at the tips," he said.

Connor looked back at his mom. He stepped around the sofa and approached her. She felt her body shrink as he drew near. He held the toy between them. Lara couldn't help but notice the dull sheen of dried sweat coating his leanly muscled shoulders, chest, and torso. Its masculine scent hit her nose. Another tingle swept her body.

"I didn't see the key," he said. "Just this. So, your boyfriend cuffed you and tied you to this post, used this on you, got you excited until you were wet, and then just took off? Why'd he leave?"

"He said he was going to get whipped cream and some other things," Lara said. "But I think he just liked the idea of me being like this, naked and helpless."

"I'll bet," Connor murmured, almost to himself. "Asshole. I might kick his ass when he gets back. When's he going to be back?"

"He said he'd be back in two hours," Lara said. She looked at the clock on the wall "That was an hour ago. So, we've got an hour to go. Connor, can you please do something to get me out?"

Connor didn't say anything right away. Lara couldn't tell what he was thinking. He looked lost in thought, like he was mulling something over or trying to figure something out.

"I can't find the key," he said. "I might be able to slice through those leather cuffs with some garden shears we've got out in the garage, but I'd be afraid of cutting you."

His voice trailed off as his eyes remained fixed to the toy between them.

"You didn't get any release, did you, Mom? He left you here without getting that. And you've been wanting it ever since."

His voice grew stronger and more authoritative. Lara was worried about what the tone of his voice meant, but she liked its timbre and firmness. His voice was deeper and more masculine than Chuck's.

"I'll get the shears and get you out, Mom, I promise. But seeing as how you've practically traumatized your poor son by surprising him like this, I'm going to get my payment for my good deed first."

"Payment?" she asked, voice rising. "What do you mean, pay -"

"I'm going to make you come myself, Mom." Connor held the rabbit toy closer to her face. "With this."

"Oh, Connor, please, just let me out," Lara said. But her voice cracked and softened to a whisper, and another voice cried inside her, which Connor could not hear: Yes, do it! I need to come! I'm going crazy, Connor, and I need to make you come.

A blush swept Lara's face. She felt the flush of warmth and could tell Connor saw it and figured he wondered why.

"Mom, admit you want to come. I can see you're excited. You admitted that before. Tell me you want me to make you come with this." On the same beat as the word "this" he hit the on switch of the rabbit. It hit Lara like a gunshot and her body quivered with fear and arousal.

"Connor, we shouldn't -"

"We left the 'shouldn't' bus a long time ago, Mom, don't you think? Come on, say it. Say you want it. It'll be quick."

The slow, uncertain shaking of her head became a timid nod.

"OK, Connor," she said. "But make it quick."

"Make what quick?"

She couldn't believe how pushy and assertive Connor was being. She knew he was aggressive and always acted older than his years, but he'd always been a polite and respectful son to her. This new Connor was a person she almost didn't recognize. But she had to admit, his assertiveness turned her on, and her body rocked with a rising eagerness to submit to him.

"Make me come, Connor."

"OK, Mom."

He lowered the rabbit and squatted in front of her again until his head was level with her waist. Lara looked down and noticed that between his bare outspread legs his dark gym shorts tented lewdly toward her. The sight of her shirtless, sweaty son, the tent in his shorts, the toy poised at her bare entrance, her cuffed and bound nude body - the combination was driving her crazy. She thought she might come before the toy even touched her.

She was wrong. She felt it enter her once again, just as before, though more quickly and with less finesse. Chuck had far more experience with rabbits, and probably all toys, than Connor did. Chuck knew how to tease and caress a woman with toys. Connor pushed the rabbit into her with boyish eagerness. But she'd already been teased and caressed and prepared, and her body was ready for harder play.

She liked the forceful way the rabbit, at Connor's urging, plunged into her wetness.

"Unnnnh." Guttural sounds escaped her lips as her eyes shut and she concentrated all attention on the touch and feel of the long buzzing toy making its way deeper into her. The other tip collided with her exposed clit. "Ohhhhh." She opened her eyes to see the toy in Connor's hand shoved all the way inside her. "Mmmmmm." It felt so good she couldn't help but let out a symphony of sex sounds for her son.

"Mom, this is amazing," Connor said, his voice high with evident joy and lust. "You look amazing. I've never seen anything like this before. I can see your clit. It's bigger than I thought. Like a big pink pearl, half inside that cute little hood. I'm going to peel it back so I can see it better."

Sure enough, she felt her folds pulled back and the tip of the toy pressed harder against her there, now moving in little circles over her at Connor's hand, which was growing more skillful by the minute.

It was coming now, she thought. She couldn't hold it back. Nothing could. She was pure sensation now: the thick shaft of the toy buzzing and buzzing in her depths, the insistent tip circling her clit, the exposure of her bare nude and now sweaty body to her son's gaze. She couldn't take it anymore.

"Unh, unh, unh." She grew louder and louder in response to him.

"I'm going to come, Connor," she said, her voice quavering as her body buckled.

"Go ahead, Mom" he replied. "I want you to. Come for me."

His last words pushed her over the edge. The orgasm burst forth from between her legs and fanned out in waves over her body, which shook and spasmed. Lara's eyes rolled back and for a moment she saw nothing, savoring, though barely able to stand, the joy and release and embarrassment that swept her nude, helpless body.

Connor somehow held the rabbit inside her against the shaking and bucking of her body. She guessed he wanted to see her orgasm if he could. She didn't deny him. Her body rocked and rolled in every direction and dimension as her son watched her.

Then she felt it. Oh no. She couldn't help it or stop it. The quake of the orgasm broke the dam holding back her wetness, and she gushed. She watched as fluid poured and sprayed out of her, over the thick cylinder of the toy inside her body, over Connor's hands, splashing and spattering his bare torso and spilling finally to the floor. Lara let loose in a thick torrent of girl cum. She saw it spray and coat the front of Connor's shorts, which, now wet, did even less to conceal the raging hardon that was obvious to Lara's eyes.

The spasms and shaking grew less intense but continued for another minute. She thought she might pass out. Her body slumped and the cuffs drew tighter against her wrists.

"Ohhhh," she said.

She saw Connor's face grow startled at the reaction of her body. He pulled the toy out and dropped it on the floor and stood up. Before she knew what was happening her son's large, heavy hands were on her sides, partly bracing her and partly holding her up.

"Are you OK, Mom"? he asked.

"I'm OK," she said. "But that orgasm was so . . . so intense. I almost passed out. But I won't. Just hold me for a second, OK?"

"Sure, Mom."

Connor was much taller than she was, and it was a comfort to let her head fall forward and rest against his chest. Her forehead hit a bulging pectoral muscle. Her arms were weary from being held over her head for so long. Her legs were like rubber, and she was grateful for the steadying power of Connor's hands. The pungent smell of his sweat hit her nose again. She felt his lips kissing the top of her head, softly and lovingly through the thicket of her hair. She wished she could rest her hands on his shoulders.

Connor drew closer to her, pulling her body tightly against her. A bulge hit her belly. His penis, erect and straining against the shorts, dug into her. She pushed back. She couldn't help it any longer.

"That was incredible, Mom," Connor said. "Don't you think so?"

"Mmmmm, incredible," she said, not moving her head against his chest. Her eyes were near the level of his chest, muscled and smooth (did he shave it? she wondered), and directly beneath her gaze was the prominence of his penis, obscured by the black shorts fabric and bent upward where it hit her belly. Its head was pointed toward her, she could tell. She was sure it was uncomfortable.

Without thinking about it she began rotating the center of her body, so her son's cock, pressed against her through the shorts, began to trace a small circle around her belly. After no more than a few seconds she felt Connor respond, rotating his body in a different direction but always keeping his cock pressed against her. As spent as she was from the orgasm, Lara felt something stir anew inside her.

Lara lifted her head off Connor's chest and gazed at his face. His eyes already were fixed intently on hers, and they held hers like that for what seemed a long time. Then he looked at the floor.

"You really let out a gusher, Mom," he said. "I've never seen it like that. Have you done that before?"

"I have," she said. She felt an urge to cling to his body, but the cuffs prevented her from doing so. "Not quite like that, but I've done it." She looked at the mess still spreading slowly over the oak floor. "That's a record for me."

"So better than with Chuck?" Connor asked, grinning.

"Oh, yeah," she said. "Better than with Chuck."

Neither said anything for a moment. The silence became suddenly heavy, the only sound the faint ticking of the clock on the wall. Connor and Lara looked into each other's eyes.

Connor grabbed his mother and kissed her then, his mouth firm and hard on hers, and she submitted readily and without resistance. She moaned again as their mouths explored each other and their tongues danced together. Only smacking sounds now broke the stillness in the room. Lara thought her son was a surprisingly good kisser. Her focus on his lips shifted when she felt his hardness on her belly again. She pushed against him with her belly and her mouth as Connor held her and pressed her against his body.

She broke briefly from a long kiss. "That must be uncomfortable," she said, pressing her belly against him to emphasize what she meant.

He pulled his face back and looked at her with a shy grin. It was adorable to Lara that after all that had happened her strong, adult son could manage to look shy. His smile melted her once more.

"I guess it is, a little," he said. They kept grinding into each other.

"I'll do something about that, Mom," he said. He pulled his hands away from her and quickly pushed the gym shorts down to the floor. He stepped out of them and bent down and quickly pulled off his shoes and socks, throwing them to the side where they wouldn't soak up fluid from the puddle Mom had left.

Connor stood naked in front of his mom. He closed the distance between and gripped her sides in his hands, resuming the position they'd had moments before. It was the first time Lara had seen her son's penis since he'd become a man. It stood straight and erect and veiny away from him, its bulbous head poking into her torso. As he pushed closer the head tipped up, moving against her body until it lay hard and lean between their bodies.

Lara noticed she was breathing harder.

She and Connor looked closely and deeply into each other's eyes. She wanted to grab him, but she couldn't. The cuffs wouldn't let her. She'd have to wait for Connor to make the first move.

She didn't have to wait long. He put a hand behind her head and pulled her closer. Their lips met and he kissed her again. He kept kissing her, on and on, his mouth moving in an oval all around her lips, kissing them, biting them. His hands gripped her ass. Lara loved the rough, strong fingers that mashed and squeezed each cheek.

Without ceasing the assault of his mouth on hers, his hands lifted off her ass and swept around to the front of her thighs. Lara felt her left leg lifted off the floor. She no longer supported herself. She was held up by the cuffs, the rope around her right leg, and her son's hands. He pushed her legs back, spreading them wide. Lara knew what was to come and she knew she couldn't stop him.

"Are you sure?" she asked him.

"Yeah, Mom," he said. "I'm sure. I can't even think. I need this."

He'd no sooner finished speaking when Lara felt the big, firm bulb push against and part her wet, waiting lips. They gave way easily. His cock was thicker than the toy that had been inside her minutes earlier. It filled her and stretched her, and she moaned again.

"Connor -"

"You like that, Mom?"

"I love it. Oh, I love it."

"I'm fucking you, Mom."

"You're . . . " She didn't want to say it - didn't want to give in to the use of obscenity. But the word seemed right. "You're fucking me. Keep fucking me."

"I will, Mom. I will. But you have to tell me. How does it feel?"

"It feels fantastic, Connor. So good. I feel so naughty."

She got the words out, somehow, between gulps of air as his cock picked up speed in its thrusts into her. She was completely helpless. She couldn't push back against him or pull away from him. Her hands were still bound, and her feet were off the ground. All she could do was feel his control over her body.

She knew, dimly, someplace deep inside, that she shouldn't be doing this, but it seemed like she'd crossed the moral redline so long ago she no longer cared. She wanted only to surrender to the moment and the sweet, insistent pulse of her son's thick cock inside her. All redlines dissolved to a blur against the onslaught of their mutual lust and need.

Connor, silent for a while, suddenly growled.

"Aggggh, Mom! It feels so good. Your pussy feels fantastic."

It sounded weird to Lara to hear her son talking about her pussy, but she couldn't stop him, and had she been able to she doubted she would have. She thrilled to his hard, furious fucking of her, and if he wanted to tell her how good it felt that was fine with her.

He pushed her back against the post as he fucked her. He pulled one hand away from her thigh. It shot up and roughly grabbed one of her breasts, kneading it with strong fingers. She marveled at her son's strength, and his ability to hold her up with one hand and the weight of his body pressing her against the post. She felt a sharp pinch as he squeezed a hard nipple between his fingers. Then his hand moved to do the same thing to the other breast.

She felt the rise in her, again. She was going to orgasm. Her body shivered and a high-pitched squeal escaped her lips. She watched her son's strong face, his square jaw clenched, and his dark eyes cast down to watch their fucking.

"You're going to make me come again," she said.

Connor didn't look up, but he changed his rhythm. He sped up, grabbing her butt cheeks harder with his hands and pushing inside her with even more vigor. Lara almost felt like she'd be split in two, and she loved it.

"I want you to come, Mom," he said. "I'll come with you."

Then he looked up, into her eyes, and Lara and her son stared at each other while their bodies, now slick with sweat, rocked together.

She could tell he was getting close, too. His breaths came faster and louder. His hips pressed against hers with more urgency. The thick rod of his flesh seemed to press more deeply into her with each stroke.

"Oh, yeah," he said. "Oh, Mom."

His voice did it. The dam broke and she cried out a in great shriek that filled the room.

"Connor!"

The orgasm shook her to the core, touching something deep inside her, something Chuck had never touched. Lara couldn't name it. But it didn't need to be named. It enveloped her with overwhelming force, and she surrendered to it, utterly.

Moments later she heard her son.

"Here it comes, Mom. Here it is."

Connor pushed three times more, deeply, and then Lara felt his body shudder against hers. They shook together, Lara's left leg entwined around her son, his arms embracing her. Their bodies stilled after a while, and they stood together for a long time. Lara heard the ticking of the clock on the wall.

After a minute or two, Lara could see Connor trying to say something, but the words didn't come right away.

"That was . . . That was -"

"Yes, it was," she finished.

"I can't believe we did that."

"I know. But we did."

Connor pulled out and let his mother down. Lara's left foot hit the floor again. Her son stepped back from her and they stared at each other, eyes wide and shining with wonder at what they'd done. Cum dripped from Connor's penis, Lara saw. She felt his cum at her entrance and trailing down her thigh. The house was warm, and their bodies were damp. The smell of sex and sweat filled the air. Lara became aware again that her hands were still cuffed over her head

and they were growing weary. She also realized the time was drawing nearer for Chuck to return. She couldn't let him find her like this.

"Connor, please get me out of this. Find the key. Get the shears. It doesn't matter. Just get me out."

His eye glinted.

"OK, Mom. I'll look for the key again. If I can't find them, I'll get the shears."

Connor, still naked, rounded the sofa and lifted a cushion. He reached forward and held his hand up.

The key was in it.

"Found it."

Lara's suspicion rose.

"That was awfully quick. You didn't see that before?"

"Of course not," Connor said, grinning. "I wouldn't do that."



Before Lara could reply Connor came around and put the key in the cuffs. They opened at once and Lara lowered her hands to her sides. Her right leg was still bound. Connor played with the loops and knots until at last he loosened them. He set Lara free.

Lara's hands felt tingly from having been cuffed so long. She shook them.

"I don't want Chuck to see me like this. Here. I have an idea."

Lara fetched her phone from a nearby table.

"Take this," she said to Connor.

"What for?"

"Take a picture of me. From the shoulders up."

Lara held the cuffs in front of her face. Connor snapped the photo. Lara took the phone from her son and tapped her thumb rapidly over the touch screen.

"I'm texting Chuck."

"What are you saying to him.?"

"I told him I got out of the cuffs, but I'm not telling him how. I told him not to come back to the house. Ever."

Connor smiled, and Lara enjoyed the sight of her son running his eyes over her still nude, messy body.

"Sounds like a good call, Mom."

Lara smiled, too.

"I think so," she said. "I don't need him. I've got somebody better."

THE END.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 01

Growing up, I never thought my mom was hot.

My friends did. Tucker, one of my best friends, started using that word to describe her when we were sophomores in high school. One day, when he came over to my house, he saw my mom in a bikini sitting by the pool in the backyard. His jaw almost fell off his face. When we went inside the house, and we were sitting around doing nothing in my room, he kept saying, "Randy, your mom is so hot!" It annoyed me to hear him say it, because I didn't like to think of her

that way, and I didn't want my friends to think or talk about her that way, either.

I told Tucker it annoyed me, but that didn't stop him. On the contrary, it egged him on. It wasn't just Tucker, either. Mason and Alex said the same thing, over and over and over again. Even though I didn't think of her that way, I spent most of my high school years hearing that I was the guy with the hot mom. My house was the one that my friends always wanted to come over to. I think the main reason was that they wanted to see my mom.

No question about it, my mom was pretty. She was only 21 when I was born, so, as moms went, she was young, and she kept her figure trim and firm by lifting weights and doing yoga at the gym, running several times a week, and playing tennis. Mom, whose name was Inga, was tall and lean but shapely. She had athletic legs, sculpted and lightly muscled. I never asked her, but I guessed, from what I could see on the Internet as a reference point, that her bust size was in the neighborhood of a firm, perky C-cup. I knew that when she had been in high school she'd been voted homecoming princess, and it was easy to see why, with her long, wavy, darkish blond hair, full lips, and bottle-green eyes.

Because of my mom's active and athletic lifestyle, my friends knew that if they hung around long enough at my house there was a good chance they'd see her coming or going in a little tennis skirt, or in running shorts and a tight, nylon top, or in form-fitting yoga pants. After a while, it felt like my friends were timing their arrival at my

house to coincide with the best opportunity to catch my mom in a skimpy, sporty outfit.

But I never looked at my mom that way. To me, she always was just mom. And she was a great mom: attentive, loving, supportive, and kind. She had a job in the human resources department of a big company nearby, and she worked there four days a week, but she still found time to do all the usual mom things well: she cooked, she washed the laundry, she kept the house clean, among other things. I always thought my mom was the greatest mom in the world. Despite what my friends said, though, I never thought of her as hot.

Until I turned 19.

When I was 18 years old, and had just been graduated from high school, my parents suddenly separated because my dad cheated on my mom. Dad always had been a good dad to me, but it had been obvious for a while that something was wrong between my parents. Dad was away at the office a lot, and eventually he confessed to mom that he'd been having an affair with his 24-year old secretary. He wanted to leave mom, and he did, abruptly.

Fortunately, my parents were able to negotiate an amicable settlement, and the divorce was granted within 9 months of the separation without too much acrimony. By that time, I was 19 years old. I was enrolled at a local college, and I also worked part-time selling TVs and computers at the local Best Deal store. I'd always known my way around computers, phones, and other devices, and I also knew how to persuade people to do things, so it was a good job

for me. I didn't make enough to support myself and put myself through college completely, but it helped a lot to lighten the burden for mom and dad, and it gave me some discretionary income.

After the separation, dad moved out of the house and into an apartment that he shared with his girlfriend. I stayed in the house with mom. It was just the two of us. We lived in a one-story, ranch-style house in a suburban area on the fringe of a large city. My bedroom was on one end of the house; mom's bedroom was on the other. It worked out well for both of us. I got a free room. Mom got someone to keep her company after the separation and to help take care of a house too big for one.

One of the appealing things about the house, for me, was that it was located near the edge of the neighborhood, which abutted an expanse of hills that remained undeveloped. The hills were interlaced with fire roads and dirt trails. I had inherited my mom's fondness for running, so as often as I could I put on my running shoes, exited the house, and headed to the hills to run.

One afternoon, after I had finished my college classes and come home, I went for a run. It was a warm day in early September. It was warm enough that I decided to run without a shirt. I often ran without a shirt when the weather was warm enough; I had been doing so since being a member of my high school's cross-country team. It wasn't an exhibitionist thing; it was just comfortable for me.

I hit the running trail and headed up a steep incline, wearing black nylon shorts, socks, and running shoes. I also wore a GPS watch that

would track my time, pace, and distance. My cell phone was velcroed to my right bicep, allowing me to stream music through tiny headphones stuck to my ears. I'd cued up a playlist of songs by Slipknot, one of my favorite bands. I liked to run to the sound of hard, pulsing rock music.

After about twenty minutes my body was covered in sweat. I was running well, my limbs loose and strong. This was my favorite part of the run, the part where I was warmed up but not yet tired. The sun beat down on me in a cloudless sky, but the glare was no problem because of my sunglasses.

The trail on which I ran curved up the hill. I reached the crest with steady effort, and before me lay a smooth, flatter stretch, with some oak trees scattered around.

On the trail before me, I noticed a woman for the first time. She was running too, about 200 yards ahead of me. She was running more slowly than I was, but, still, she was running with grace and vigor. I picked up my pace, estimating I would catch up to her in a few minutes if I kept doing so. As I drew closer to her I saw her more clearly.

I confess I had a mild fetish for women in running outfits. As a former high school cross-country runner, I had been around runners of both sexes for a long time, and I had developed a keen eye for the way shorts and tops hugged and set off a woman's limbs and curves. The woman ahead of me wore blue shorts and a white shirt. The shorts were quite short, with probably no more than a 3-inch inseam,

and they fit her snugly, accentuating the length and leanness of her legs. As I drew closer to her from behind, I saw the contraction of her thigh and shin muscles with every step. She was a graceful runner. Not all runners are. Some runners plod. Others run with short, jerky steps. This woman's stride was both fluid and feral, like that of an animal to whom running came naturally.

As I drew still closer to her, I saw her butt more closely. It was pert and round, like a ripe apple. Her hips, though not wide, nonetheless contrasted with the narrowness of her waist. Her little T-shirt didn't fully cover her. As she ran, the bottom hem of her shirt moved up and down, momentarily exposing glimpses of the skin of her back just over the waistband of her little shorts.

Her blondish hair, gathered in a ponytail that poked out from the back of a white cap, flew and bobbed after her as she ran.

I couldn't see her face, but from behind she was nice to look at, and the sight of her spurred me to run faster so I could catch up with her. I picked up my pace. I started rehearsing what I might say to her as I caught up to her. If the front of her looked anything like the back, I thought to myself, she was hot. The word "hot" escaped my lips in a breathy whisper as I ran to catch up with her.

Both of us ran for several minutes like that: her ahead of me, running slowly, and me, running faster and closing the distance between us. I drew closer and closer to her. So far, she had not turned around or noticed me.

When I was about 50 yards from her, I suddenly noticed something. It startled me so much that it almost stopped me cold.

The woman running in front of me was my mom.

At first, I couldn't believe it. But it was true. I had been running after my mom, admiring her and even thinking of her as hot, and I hadn't even realized it was her.

I had seen my mom in running outfits before, as she left the house. But I never had seen her running, out on the road, or on the trails. I hadn't recognized her stride, either. Nor had I recognized this particular running outfit.

Although I almost stopped, I didn't. Instead I kept pace with her. It didn't look like she had noticed me yet. I was able to look at her, running on the trail ahead of me, while she didn't even know I was there.

I just called my mom 'hot,' I thought to myself.

She was hot. I would never have guessed the woman running ahead of me was 40. The first sight of her had hit me with a wave of lust, and the wave lingered and washed over me even after I had recognized her. I was close enough to her now that I could see the cheeks of her butt clenching with every stride under tight-fitting

shorts. I saw the thinness of her waist, and the V-shape of her lean but muscular back from waist to shoulders. I felt a twinge of guilt feeling this way. But I also felt the same thrill I got from looking at any sexy woman. It was the first time I had ever looked at my mom this way, and it was both embarrassing and exciting.

I realized it would be weird if I hung back too long running behind her, so I picked up my pace to catch up with her. It didn't take me long.

When I was about 30 feet behind her, I knew she would be able to hear my steps and my breathing, so I called to her.

"Mom! Wait up!"

She slowed and stopped and turned around at the sound of my voice.

"Well, hey there, Randy," she said. "I didn't expect to see you. I thought you were working this afternoon."

She gave me a big smile, full of white teeth. Her eyes were not hidden behind sunglasses, as mine were. She stood half-way turned around toward me, giving me a view of her figure in profile, with her shoulders thrown back and her breasts high and firm, jutting nearly straight from her thin chest. As I closed the distance between us I noticed that although the shorts were cute the t-shirt was a little

frayed and ratty looking. I was surprised for a moment that mom would go outdoors in something like that; she usually was careful with her appearance and dress.

"No work today," I replied. "Just school. I finished at 1 so I came home to run. I didn't expect to see you on the trail."

She looked me up and down.

"I didn't realize you liked to run without a shirt. You're looking pretty fit." She poked me in the stomach. "Impressive," she added.

I wasn't very muscular, but I was lean and I had good definition. I knew I could pull off the shirtless look, but it was funny to hear it from mom.

"Thanks, mom," I said. "You're looking pretty hot yourself."

That word again. As soon as I said it, I regretted it. The word hung in the air and an awkward silence followed.

I stammered. "I just mean, you look really good. It's good to see you take care of yourself."

She looked at me with a sly smile and a raised eyebrow.

"But, mom," I followed up. "That shirt. It's seen better days. You need to get yourself some new running gear. Seriously."

She pulled the bottom of the shirt out and away from her torso to run her thumb over a frayed edge. I got a glimpse of her taut belly. I felt a little "zing!" inside at the sight. It was a weird feeling.

"I suppose you're right," she said. Then she let go of it and looked up.

"How about we stop talking about fashion and keep running," she said. "Want to join me?"

"Sounds like a good idea," I said. We resumed running, this time together.

Mom was in a chatty mood, and we talked steadily the next few miles about my schoolwork and about recent movies. We ran in a broad loop of about three miles, at the end of which we were back on the crest of the hill. The sun was getting low on the horizon, and it bathed the hill in a honeyed yellow hue. It was the start of the golden hour, the best time of day to take photographs, as I knew from my limited experience as a photographer. Mom and I stopped for a moment and looked ahead of us and down on our neighborhood below, at the bottom of the hill.

I pulled the cell phone out of the Velcro strap.

"Here, let me take a selfie of us. The light's good," I said.

I drew close to mom and wrapped my left arm around her shoulder. We were both sweaty, me especially so, so I held her lightly. I held the phone out with my right hand and snapped the photo.

I looked at mom with her face toward the setting sun and a scrubby oak tree behind her.

"I'll take one of just you," I said.

"Oh, please, Randy, don't do that," she said. "I'm a mess."

"Well then, you're a hot mess," I said and grinned. She rolled her eyes.

"I insist," I said.

Mom didn't protest again. Instead, she pushed her shoulders back and thrust one leg out and in front of her. She cocked her hip a little and put her hands down just below her hips. Mom acted like she didn't want her picture taken, but she knew how to pose. She smiled without opening her mouth and her eyes shined. Even after running several miles and working up a sweat, mom was a beauty.

Snap.

"There, I'm done," I said. "Thanks for indulging me."

"You're welcome," she said. "Just promise me you'll delete it if I look terrible."

"That's not possible," I said. "Now let's run."

We ran down the hill trail together and back to the house. Before we went inside, mom said that we should do some stretching. I often skipped stretching after a run. I knew I shouldn't skip it, but I figured I was young and limber and I could get away with it.

But mom insisted, and before I could protest she turned around and put her hands against the wall, brought one foot forward, and pushed her bottom out and away from the wall, in my direction.

I needed no more convincing.

We had gone around the side of the house to the backyard, where mom kept a key to the house under a pot. While mom was stretching against the wall, I put my hands against a patio post and stretched my calves. I wrestled with the desire to look at her behind, and I tried to focus on my stretching. But I didn't succeed. Mom was turned the other way, giving me the chance to sneak a peek at her without her

knowing. So, I did. The first thing I noticed was the way her firm, round bottom stretched against the thin nylon of her short shorts. Each cheek was perfectly sculpted in blue. Mom's stretching caused the shorts to ride higher on her bottom -- high enough that I could see the inner lining of her running shorts peeking out, and under that I even could make out a sliver of the exposed skin of a butt cheek.

Mom's legs, nicely tanned after a summer full of outdoor activities, stretched lean and long behind her. Mom lifted on her toes, and the motion accentuated her calf muscles. As I mentioned before, I have a lot of experience running with women, and I appreciate the sight of a fit woman. Mom was very fit.

She pushed away from the wall and started to turn toward me so I turned my own head away quickly and focused on my stretch. I didn't want mom to see me ogling her. We spent a few more minutes like that, stretching, my thoughts jumbled and conflicted, and then mom grabbed the key and we went inside.

When we got in the house, we both went to the kitchen. I grabbed a Coke out of the refrigerator, and mom grabbed a bottled water. I popped the tab on my drink and started guzzling it immediately, but mom just held the bottled water up to her forehead with her eyes closed for a few moments.

The air in the house was cool, and it felt even cooler against skin lathered in sweat. The cool air had a noticeable impact on mom. Even under the sturdy fabric of her running bra, her nipples popped out noticeably against the frayed cotton of her shirt. Mom's eyes still

were closed as I looked at her. She carried all her weight on one leg, with the other leg bent forward. Her shirt rode up, exposing a band of skin on her tummy again. She looked sexy, I thought to myself, even as I simultaneously told myself I shouldn't be thinking such things.

She opened her eyes and caught me looking at her, so I looked away quickly. It was bad enough that I was starting to look at my mom the way my friends had. It was even worse if she saw me doing it.

When I looked back at her she was checking out the shirt again.

"I guess this thing is a little ratty," she said. "I could stand to spiff up my running wardrobe. What do you suggest?"

Mom didn't know it, but she was not making it easy on me by talking about her clothing while standing in the sweaty running shorts and shirt.

"I don't know, mom," I said. "The running store nearby has everything. You should get something synthetic, though -- not cotton. A technical shirt, or a tank top, or a jog bra."

"Yeah," she said. "I don't think this 40-year-old body is going running in just a jog bra. That might be a little much."

"I've seen Judy Havens, Alex's mom, running in just a jog bra," I said. "She's older than you are, and nowhere near as good looking."

"Judy? Really? I haven't seen that. I'm surprised. Wouldn't you be embarrassed to see me running around in just a bra?"

"Embarrassed? No," I said. "I see that all the time. It's no big deal. You could pull it off a lot better than most women. But whatever. It's up to you."

I found the image in my mind of my mom running in tiny shorts and a running bra extremely compelling, but I didn't want to act like it in front of her. That would be too strange.

"Well, thank you, I guess," mom said. "I'll run over to the store sometime over the next few days and get something."

She finished her water and set it down.

"Now it's shower time," she said.

Thinking about mom in a jog bra reminded me that I needed a shower, too. I headed off to the bathroom on my end of the house, while mom headed off to hers.

Standing under the hot water streaming over my body a few minutes later, I couldn't stop thinking about my mom in the kitchen, in her skimpy outfit and pert, erect nipples visible under the old shirt. I had never thought of my mom this way before, but now I couldn't stop. Mom was hot. I couldn't deny it. Those legs, lean and supple, and the way her calf muscle popped into relief when she stretched her legs and pointed her toes. The firm perkiness of her breasts under the tight, raggedy tee shirt.

I lathered my body with soap, and I ran my hand with the soap bar down between my legs to

wash off there. I ran my hand up and down my cock to wash it and the image of my mom in the jog bra popped up again. My cock thickened suddenly and noticeably and I ran my hand up and down its length a few more times, my mind focused on the picture of my bra-clad mom.

I became aware of what I was doing and stopped.

No, I thought. I am not going to jerk off to thoughts of my mom. I am not going to do that. That's going too far. I've got to set some boundaries over this.

With that admonition in mind I hurried up and finished my shower, got out, and toweled off. I looked around the bathroom. I had forgotten to bring a change of clothes to put on. Worse, I knew there

was nothing in my room because mom had just done the laundry and hadn't put it away yet.

I wrapped the towel around my waist. The laundry room was near the kitchen, so I padded along the floor in my bare feet to retrieve something to wear.

I passed by the kitchen, and mom already was there. She was wearing gray cotton shorts and a long sleeve, gray cotton top with a big scoop neck over what looked like a white tank top. She was in her bare feet, too. She had a clutch of pasta noodles in her hand and already was busy making dinner. She looked up from her task at me and smiled.

I was aware I was standing in front of my mom, naked but for a bath towel. I'm not conceited about my looks, but I'm not shy about my body, either. I'd been in a towel in front of my mom before, and it was not a big deal. But with all the new thoughts this afternoon about my mom being hot, it suddenly felt different being exposed this way. It never had occurred to me to think about how I looked to my mom undressed. But it did now. I had looked at her as a woman, and I wondered how she looked at me as a young man. The towel was low on my waist and showed off my lean torso, and my well-defined abdominal muscles. I didn't have big biceps or triceps, but my shoulders were broad. I didn't have a lot of body hair, so I knew my smooth, lean, hard chest was exposed to her. I wondered what I looked like to her.

"Looking for something to wear?" she asked me. Her eyes strayed from mine to my bare chest, and back.

"Yeah, sorry, just headed for the laundry room," I said.

"No apology necessary," she said with a grin.

I scurried off to the laundry room and fished some long shorts and a t-shirt out of dryer. For some reason, I decided to skip the underwear. I pulled the warm clothes on quickly, dropped the damp towel in a hamper, and headed back to the kitchen.

Mom and I chatted more about my classes. I hadn't settled on a major -- I had no idea what I was going to do after college -- and, so far, my class choices had no rhyme or reason to them: econ, computer science, art history, to name a few. I sensed that mom was, gently, trying to encourage me to focus on what I was going to do with my life. She didn't make any headway that evening.

When the pasta was cooked we sat down at the table to eat dinner and a salad I helped her make, and mom pulled out a bottle of red wine. I wasn't much of a wine drinker, but she assured me it was something good -- a pinot noir -- so I took a glass and drank it with dinner.

After dinner, I helped mom clear the table and put the dishes in the sink. Once that was done, mom picked up the wine bottle, which still was about half full, and the two drained wine glasses.

"Randy, let's sit in the living room and chat," she said.

"Sounds good to me, mom," I said.

We sat together on a spacious, comfy sofa in the living room, mom at one end, and me about two-thirds of the way toward the other end. Mom put her back against the arm of the sofa and stretched her legs out toward me. I could not help but check out her outstretched legs in the little gray shorts. The other thing I noticed about the shorts was that, although they weren't long, they were somewhat loose, and the holes of the legs fit her legs loosely. A broad expanse of the smooth skin of her upper thigh lay visible under the shorts. One leg was bent up, while the other was bent and lay on the sofa, with her foot curled under the other leg.

She poured wine into our glasses and set the bottle down on the side table behind her. She clinked her glass against mine and said "Cheers." I said "Cheers" in reply.

"So, Randy, I haven't heard about your love life lately. Anything going on in that department?"

Being quizzed about girls by my mother wasn't the most comfortable way to begin a conversation, but it wasn't something we'd talked about for a while. It was fair for her to ask.

"Not much going on. The semester just started. I've been to a couple of parties but haven't met anyone."

I had dated a girl at my school named Tilly during the summer, but we'd broken a few weeks before the fall semester started. I'd hooked up with another girl after a party right after school started, but I didn't really want to talk to my mom about that.

"I'm not really in a hurry right now. It will happen when it happens," I said. "What about you, mom? When are you going to start dating?"

"I'm surprised you ask," she said. "Are you OK with me starting to date?"

"Of course, mom. I want you to be happy. Dad's been seeing what's her name since you two broke up. It's only fair you get to have some fun too."

The truth was, it would be strange to see my mom dating someone, but it had been over a year since the breakup, and I hated to see mom be lonely.

Mom didn't reply to me right away. She looked at me, her eyes still and barely blinking, appraising me in some way or for something; I couldn't tell what.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You don't act 19," she said. "You don't seem 19 to me. You've never seemed like your age." She looked off to the side, her eyes focused somewhere, far away.

"I remember taking you to the playground when you were five years old. You'd play with the other kids. I didn't have to worry about that. But the thing I remember is that you'd walk up to the other adults sitting on the benches watching their kids, and you'd start talking to them. You'd charm them. You'd carry on long conversations with them, even as a little kid. You were a little adult, even then. And now you are a real adult, and you seem a lot older than you are. I look at you and I don't see a 19-year old."

She was quiet for half a minute and we both sipped our wine.

"I've thought about dating. I've kept myself busy with work, and with you, and working out, so until now I haven't thought about it much. But I think I'm ready. I even checked out an online dating site. I realized I don't have any good recent photos of myself to set up a profile."

"I could help you with that, mom. I know how to use a camera," I said.

"Yes, I know. You're quite handy with that, like with a lot of things."

She beamed a big smile at me, and then she noticed that her glass and mine were empty again.

"Time for a refill," she said. She twisted her torso to the side and stretched back to grab the wine bottle behind her head. And I just couldn't help but run my eyes up and down the smooth thigh stretched out closest to me -- the long expanse of unblemished, lightly-tanned, supple skin. My eyes kept following the curve of her leg to her inner thigh, where it disappeared under the loose-fitting cotton shorts.

Only, it didn't completely disappear. The shorts were loose and the leg hole had popped open. And that's when I saw it.

My god, I thought. Mom isn't wearing panties.

My view extended all the way to the skin between her legs. I actually caught a glimpse of well-trimmed dark blonde hair. The pussy itself was just out of view.

And then mom reached back just a little more, to get the wine bottle. The opening in the shorts grew a little wider -- just enough to see a puff of pussy lip, and beyond that a brief but glorious glimpse at the shy slit of her pussy.

I was looking at my mom's pussy.

It was just a glimpse. It lasted no more than a second, because it took little more than that for her to grab the wine bottle and start turning back to me. But the sight of it was burned into my brain. My mom's pussy. I'd never seen it before. We weren't a prudish family, but we weren't nudists, either. I'd never seen my mom naked. Now, I had seen her pussy. I could never un-see it. Nor would I want to.

I felt a sharp stiffening under my shorts immediately. Right away, I regretted not wearing underwear. I was aroused, instantly, and it would be difficult to conceal the fact.

I'd been sitting with my feet on the sofa toward mom. I brought my legs up and bent them to hide what I knew, very soon, would be a raging erection.

"You all right?" mom asked.

"Yeah," I said. "I think my, uh, foot fell asleep."

"Well, here, let me have your glass." Mom poured the rest of the contents of the bottle into our glasses.

Mom took a few sips in quiet and then looked at me again.

"So, you think I should try the online dating thing?" she asked.

To be honest, I had mixed feelings about that. I did want mom to be happy, and I knew that eventually she would want another man in her life. I knew also that because she was beautiful and charming she would have plenty of options. But I had enjoyed having mom to myself. I had a hard time imagining a man who would be good enough for her. It was a strange feeling, coming from a son, but I felt a twinge of jealousy at the idea of her being with other men. But I wasn't going to say that to her. I wanted to be supportive.

"I think you should give it a try," I said. "You'll have no problem finding men to date."

"That's what I worry about," she said. "From what I've heard, most of the really eligible men on these sites are looking for women a lot younger. Like your dad. I'm not really looking forward to that. I want to dad somebody my age, not somebody who's sixty."

"Mom, I don't think you are going to have a problem. You don't look like a normal 40-year-old. You're beautiful. You keep yourself in great shape and look really young. Even my friends say so."

"Well, that's sweet of you. It's nice to hear. After the divorce and your father leaving me -- it was hard. Hard on my self-confidence. My self-image. I've sometimes felt over-the-hill at the age of 40. It's not a good feeling."

"You sure as hell don't have to worry about that, mom. You're anything but over the hill. "

"Thanks," she said. She cracked a little smile. "That's funny what you said about your friends. I always knew Tucker had a little crush on me. He was always tongue tied when I was around. It was very cute."

"Yeah, he thought you were more than a little cute. He always said you were 'hot.' It got kind of annoying. Not that you weren't," I added quickly. "It just was annoying to have a friend talk that way about my mom."

"I know what you mean," she said. "I seem to remember overhearing him say that once. It was sweet. And flattering."

"You're very pretty, mom," I said. "If you set up a dating profile right you'll have no problem getting eligible men interested. I can help you by taking some nice photos of you."

"I accept your offer, Randy. Thanks."

I got an idea.

"I'll take a photo of you right now," I said, reaching for my phone, lying on the sofa behind me.

"No, Randy, I haven't prepared for it. I don't even have makeup on."

"You don't need it, mom. You look great. And this lighting actually is pretty good."

It was. It was nighttime, but the room was well lit, and the camera on the phone was good enough that it would take a good photo in moderate, indoor lighting without too much graininess showing up in the resulting photographs.

"OK, then," she said. "How should I pose?"

I took charge. I enjoyed my mom asking me to tell her what to do.

"Sit up straight. Put your arm on the back of the sofa. Shoulders back. Like that. Try a couple of different positions with your legs. Point your toes."

One of my classes the previous year had been a photography class, and I had gotten some experience photographing models, so I was familiar with at least the rudiments of posing, and of directing.

I had mom assume several different positions and took photos of her. I didn't want her to try to look sexy, because that wasn't the right sort of look for an online profile. I was focusing on her face. Mom had a beautiful smile, with white even teeth, and her eyes lit up when she smiled, as well. But even as I focused on her face, and tried to get a good portrait shot, I couldn't help but notice her lithe figure in the gray shorts and top. It occurred to me as well, for the first time that evening -- I didn't think she was wearing a bra. I wasn't certain, because she was wearing both a tank top and a long sleeve top over that, but I didn't see a hint of a bra strap, and there was something about the natural slope and curve of her breasts under the top that suggested she had no artificial support.

She doesn't need it, I thought to myself.

A few more snaps and I was done.

I was having a great time with mom, and I never had felt this way in her presence before -- so aware of her as a woman, and not just as mom. It was thrilling, and arousing. I was aware that I still had a hard-on, and I had gotten careless about trying to hide it. I thought that by now she must have noticed it, but if she had she wasn't giving anything away.

She patted me on the knee.

"I'm going to clean up," she said. She stood up and took my empty wine glass and walked to the kitchen.

"I'll help," I said.

"No, I'll do it. You probably have school work to do."

Actually, I didn't. I was pretty good about getting homework done quickly, and I'd finished it quickly at school after my last class was done.

At the moment, it was hard to think about homework, because when mom had gotten up and walked to the kitchen I'd been given a nice view of her pert ass in the gray shorts, and all I could think about was the absence of panties under them, and the lack of any panty line. Mom's ass was perfect -- firm, round, and sculpted. I knew she did squats and other exercises at the gym to keep it in shape, and whatever she did, it worked.

The sight didn't help my hard on, though. If I stood up and followed her to the kitchen to help it would be impossible to hide the conspicuous tent under my shorts. I decided to take mom up on her offer and retreat to my room instead.

"Thanks for dinner, mom. I'm going to my room to get some work done. I'll process the photos for you, too."

I had partly turned myself around to hide my erection as I talked. Mom turned back to me, and I'm not sure if I successfully hid my hard-on, or not.

"It was nice to chat with you, Randy. I appreciate your support. Love you."

"Love you, too, mom."

I walked the rest of the way to my room, my erection straining against my shorts.

I shut my bedroom door behind me and walked to my desk. I sat down with the computer screen in front of me. I unzipped my shorts, and my cock popped up and out, standing up straight. It was a relief not to have it straining against the shorts anymore.

The computer already was turned on. I connected the phone to the computer with a USB cable and downloaded the photos. I scrolled through them.

The first one was the one I'd taken of us during our run, which turned out well. Then I saw the one I took of just her, on the hill, in the glow of sunset. She looked beautiful, like a model.

I scrolled further, through the photos I'd taken of her on the sofa. I was glad to see they'd turned out well. The light had been good enough, and her face was lit up with a beautiful smile. Several of them would be good enough to get a good dating site portrait shot.

I scrolled a little more, and then I stopped.

I hadn't planned to take any sexy photos of mom on the sofa, and I hadn't directed her to pose provocatively. But I had taken a photo of her when she had been shifting from one position to the other. In this photo, she was sitting up, with one leg bent up and pressed against the back of the sofa, and the other leg bent and lying against the sofa seat. Her legs were spread open in this photo, and the angle stretched the shorts open, just as before -- but even more so.

The shorts were spread open wide enough that mom's pussy was on display in the photo.

I had no idea I had done it at the time, but I had taken a photograph of my mother's pussy.

I could see the dark blond fuzz. The curtain matched the drapes.

I could see smooth outer lips, and inside them the thinner inner lips, pressed lightly together. The inviting vertical slit lay between them. I looked more closely, and I could swear that at one place in the dark slit, the lips parted a little, and there was just a glint of a pale color, where light from behind me must have reflected off moisture inside her.

If my cock had been hard before, it was like a rocket ship on the launch pad now, primed and ready for takeoff. My hand flew to it and seized it. I had stopped stroking myself to thoughts of mom in the shower earlier in the evening, but there was no way I could stop this time. I didn't care if it was wrong.

I thought about grabbing some lotion to help the process, but I didn't want to get up and take my eyes off mom's image. And, I didn't need it. Already, a dollop of precum lay over the hole at the top of my cock. With two more quick up and down strokes I milked more precum from my cock, and the resulting milky flow was enough to lubricate my length to do the job. I knew it wasn't going to take long, anyway.

I've gotten good at controlling how fast I come, and I haven't gotten a lot of complaints about coming too quickly, but I knew I was going to come fast this time. The sight of my beautiful mother smiling at me with those shining eyes, and her legs spread wide apart and her pussy fully on display for me, was too much for me to hold back.

I pumped away furiously, eyes transfixed on the picture before me, my thoughts a jumble of lust and desire. The dam had broken. I'd

never thought of my mom as hot before this day, and now I didn't think I'd ever be able to look at her any other way.

God, you're so hot, mom, I thought. Your pussy, mom. Your hot pussy. Your wet cunt. Spread and on display for me. I love you, mom. You and your hot, wet, open pussy. You like that, don't you? Showing off your gaping, steaming fuck hole to your son, stroking his cock for you? You want me to come for you, don't you? Come on you? I'm going to do it, mom. I'm going to come for you and your wet pussy.

I felt just a twinge of guilt letting myself indulge these thoughts about my mom. My sweet mom. My loving mom. The woman who had given birth to me, raised me, cared for me. Now I was staring at her pussy and jerking off to her like she was a Hustler model. Yes, I can say that in that moment I felt guilty. A little bit. But not too much. Not enough to stop. In truth, I loved it. I loved the sight of my mom spread that way. I couldn't get enough of it.

My hand pumped up and down fast. I pulled hard on the upstroke, to draw my cock out and extend it as far as I could. I wanted to feel it getting longer for my mom, as long as I could make it. My hard, long cock, jerked rapidly by my fast-moving hand and getting close to climax, was my salute to my hot, spread-open mom.

Before I knew what was happening my cock pulsed twice and a thick spray of white goopy cum erupted from my cock tip. I had never seen so much cum spurt from my cock before. It went everywhere -- my hand, my shorts, even my shirt, and my desk. It even splattered

right on the computer monitor, directly on the image of my mom on the sofa.

I sat there for about a minute, not moving, staring at the image of my mom and my handiwork. It was a mess.

A knock came at the door.

"Randy?" mom called.

I panicked. Had I locked the door? I couldn't let mom come in and see what I was doing. Or see the photo of herself.

Thank goodness, she didn't come in after the knock.

"I'm getting changed, mom," I called out. My voice was shaking, and I hoped she didn't hear it. "Can you wait a sec?"

"No need to come out. I just wanted to say good night. I'm going to bed early. Good night!"

"Good night, mom."

The emergency was averted. My heart was racing. What if mom had opened the door and come in? I didn't want to think about it.

I hadn't moved. I was still sitting on the chair with my cock in my hand and the cum-splattered photo of my mom on the screen.

What a weird day, I thought.

All I could think about was my mom.

My mom is a hot mom, I thought. Holy shit, she is hot.

At that point, my still-hard cock in my hand and my cum sprayed all over and dripping down the high-resolution image of my mom blown up on my computer monitor screen, I had no idea where all this was going to go. I watched a drop of cum dribble down the screen and stop right over the exposed junction between her legs in the image. It obscured my view of mom's pussy.

I wasn't thinking with perfect clarity, but I knew one thing.

I wanted to see it again.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 02

The morning light, streaming through my bedroom window, woke me from a deep sleep.

I was a slow riser, most of the time. I usually did not get out of bed right away, and it often took a few minutes after I awoke for me to get my bearings. This morning, however, I was awake for no more than five seconds before I remembered what had happened the night before: sitting on the sofa with mom, taking photos of her, and masturbating to a photo of her in my room, later, when I realized that one of the photos I had taken showed off her pussy.

I bolted out of bed -- something I never do. I was wearing black boxer briefs, nothing more, and a raging morning hard-on formed a big tent in front. I raced over to my desk and hit the button to turn on my computer monitor. I was reasonably certain the events of last night were not a dream. But I had to be sure.

They weren't. The photo of my mom popped up on the screen, in her gray top and loose gray shorts, her pussy on view in the gap in her shorts in the center of the photo.

My God, I thought.

A light knocking sounded at the door.

"Randy, are you awake?" my mom called softly through the door.

"Yeah, mom, I'll be out in a minute."

"O.K. I'm making some breakfast."

The clock on my computer said it was 7:30. Mom would be leaving for work before long, but I didn't have a class until 11, so I was in no hurry.

My cock had pushed through the fly of my briefs and stood straight and steel-hard above my lap. I couldn't leave my room and face my mom like this. Fortunately, the solution to my problem was spreading her legs on the computer screen in front of me.

I opened a drawer and pulled out a bottle of lotion and some tissue I kept there for, well, occasions like this one. It had taken me a while to clean up the mess I had made at my desk the night before, and I didn't want to do that again.

I pulled the briefs off and held and squeezed the lotion bottle over my cock and watched as the lotion squirted out, making a faint plop, plop, plop sound. Then I stared at my mom on the screen and started stroking up and down my shaft. It took no longer than the night before to release, but this time I was ready and sprayed into a wad of tissues I held over the tip of my cock with my left hand. I tossed the result in the waste basket next to the desk. I turned the computer off -- I didn't want mom see what was on the screen -- and then I pulled on shorts and a t shirt and walked out of my room to see mom in the kitchen.

Mom was at the stove, scraping a spatula over a skillet. The smell of frying bacon lay thick in the air. A few cereal boxes and a carton of milk perched on the counter to the side of the stove, along with bowls, plates, spoons, and forks.

Mom obviously had showered, because her hair fell straight and slightly damp behind her. It looked like hair that had been dried only partly with a few vigorous rubs with a towel. Mom wore a white cotton bath robe. It wasn't the long, plush kind of robe you expect someone to wear after getting out a shower. It was short, hitting about mid-thigh. The material looked thin, and it was imprinted with a waffle pattern. I recognized it as the kind of robe you might wear at a spa—I'd seen that in a magazine somewhere. I thought I recalled dad having bought it for her as a gift. It was a warm morning, and mom had no need to wear anything heavier. A sash was cinched tightly at her narrow waist, accentuating her curves. As far as I could tell, mom wasn't wearing anything beneath the robe. Her feet and legs were bare. The whiteness of the robe accentuated her summer tan. A V of skin showed on her chest where the robe parted between her breasts. She looked good.

Mom looks hot, I said to myself.

"Good morning," she said, turning to me with her big smile.

I walked over to her and wrapped my arms around her and gave her a big hug. She hugged me back tightly with one arm while the other hand still held the spatula. I felt her breasts mashed against my chest, and I knew that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Mom's mood was light and happy. I liked seeing her like that. She was light on her feet and nearly bouncing from one place to another in the kitchen as she made breakfast. I couldn't figure out why her mood was so good, though.

She asked me if I wanted some coffee, and I said no, because I don't drink much coffee. I pulled orange juice out of the refrigerator, poured myself a glass, and started drinking it, all the time watching mom as much as I could, cooking the bacon.

The little white waffle cloth robe accentuated, rather than hid, her body. The tightly cinched sash made the bottom part of the robe flare out, teasing me with the possibility of seeing something I wasn't supposed to see. Or was I? I wondered why mom had decided to wear such a short robe, and, as far as I could tell, nothing else, in front of me. Whatever her reason, I was glad she had done so, because she looked magnificent. The robe exposed a lot of her legs, and with her back turned to me while she was tending to the bacon, I saw a lot of her smooth and lightly muscled thighs. She stood with her legs apart just a little bit. I looked at the gap between her legs where the hem of the robe hit her mid-thigh, and I couldn't help but think that just a few inches above that gap was her pussy, probably uncovered and bare. I didn't know why I thought she wasn't wearing panties -- the robe, though thin, was thick enough that it wouldn't reveal a panty line in any case -- but I had a feeling she wasn't. I felt sure of it.

Mom's pussy. I'd seen it last night, in person, and again last night and this morning on my computer screen. It was the most arousing and exciting thing I had ever seen. And last night I had thought to myself that I wanted to see it again.

I still did. I wanted to see mom's pussy again. I had no idea how it would happen. But I couldn't let go of the vision of it in my mind.

As I mused over my fantasies about mom, she set her spatula down and walked over to the refrigerator.

"Randy, could you grab a couple of plates out of the cabinet over there?" she asked me. She pointed to the opposite side of the kitchen.

"Sure, mom," I said. I moved toward the drawer but I kept my head turned around and focused the other way. I couldn't take my eyes off my mom, who was turned away from me in front of the refrigerator.

She opened the door and leaned over to grab something from the bottom shelf of the refrigerator. And she didn't bend her legs. They remained straight, and when mom bent over at the waist the back of the robe rode up her legs -- up, up, up -- exposing more and more thigh. She paused for a moment in that position while she was fishing around for whatever it was she was looking for, giving me time to savor the view. The back hem of the robe was far up her thighs, so far that it must have been no more than an inch below her pussy, if that.

Then mom very quickly reached a little farther into the refrigerator and grabbed something, and before she moved back I saw it, again - her pussy. It was just the briefest of flashes. A quick glimpse of just part of her lovely slit under the white robe, and then the glimpse was gone.

I'd seen mom's pussy again, from behind this time.

It's hard to describe what I felt. It was like a clap of thunder shaking my body. It was that powerful. Just the briefest glimpse of a small part of the body, one I had seen many times, in movies, on the Internet, and, less often, in person. But it stirred me down to my bones. The sight of my mom's sweet pussy, brief as it was, had that effect on me. My cock hardened immediately while I pulled the plates out of the cabinet.

Uh oh, I thought. I don't know how I'm going to hide that.

I would do my best.

When the cooking was done, I took my plate of fruit and bacon and bowl of cereal, and a glass of orange juice, to the table. Mom joined me. We sat at the end of the table near the window, and the morning light through the window lit the dining room.

While I ate my breakfast, I snuck glances at mom's figure, and particularly her legs, while I tried to pretend I wasn't looking at her. Mom crossed and uncrossed her legs a lot while we ate, and I kept hoping that the robe would part enough to give me a really good view between her legs. But this time I was disappointed. I saw glimpses of her supple thighs under the robe, but nothing more.

After ten minutes, she got up and said she had to get ready for work.

I watched her butt under the short robe as she walked away, toward her room.

With mom out of the room, I thought about what I had seen. Once again, mom's pussy had come into view. It almost seemed too good to be a coincidence.

Is mom trying to show off to me? I wondered.

It was hard for me to believe that could be true. Although mom had never been shy about wearing skimpy bikinis or athletic outfits around the house, I had never had the sense that she was trying to show off for me. But now, in the span of less than 24 hours, she had exposed her pussy to me three times. I wondered if she was playing a game with me -- if she wanted to show off, without being obvious that she was showing off.

Mom dressed and left the house a little later. With the house empty, and with time to kill before I had to get ready to go to my class at 11 a.m., I had time to think. I couldn't get the image of mom's body, and of her pussy, out of my mind. I wanted to see her pussy again. I couldn't stop thinking about it.

But how would I do it?

Mom's birthday was the next day. She had told me that some of her friends were taking her out for a birthday lunch, but she would be at home with me, just the two of us, in the evening. I had told her I would make her dinner. I liked to cook sometimes, and so long as I stuck to the recipe I usually didn't mess it up too badly. But I hadn't bought a gift for her yet.

That was it. The gift. I had to buy her something that would take this little game to the next step. I started to form a plan.

After thinking more about what I would do, I got dressed, got in my car -- mom's old Hyundai mini-sedan -- and drove to school. My classes were boring. Economics, and then art history. My attention perked up briefly in art history when the professor showed an image of Manet's painting Olympia on the white screen behind her. The image of the nude woman reclining on the bed made me think, Mom would look good like that.

Even in class I couldn't stop thinking about mom being naked.

After two hours of class I was done for the day. Next up was a stint at Best Deal. I had to work until 6.

I liked going to work. I enjoyed the job. It suited me. The Best Deal store was a vast, modern cavern filled with expensive appliances and teeming with people who needed a little convincing to buy them. My job was to convince them they should. I worked mostly in the television department; I'd been selling TVs for the previous four months, and already I was one of the better salesmen on the floor.

When I got the job, my boss, Mario, explained that my job wasn't to sell TVs. My job was to talk to customers and help them see what they needed. The TV was just the thing to fulfill the need.

Some guys never got it. They never figured out how to connect to the customer, so no matter how well they knew stuff about the TVs, they couldn't sell them. But I did figure out. It came naturally to me. Instead of just talking about the TVs, I'd chat them up and figure out what motivated them to want a TV. Once I did that, selling the TV was easy.

Just the week before, a guy in a Dallas Cowboys t-shirt had come in. I found out he wanted to get a bigger TV for a Cowboys game he'd invited a bunch of friends to his house to see that weekend. We didn't talk about TVs; we talked about football. We talked about the type of artificial turf Jerry Jones had installed in the stadium. By the end of the conversation I had convinced him there was no way he could enjoy the game without being able to see every artificial grass blade, and every crease in the cheerleaders' uniforms, with the highest

resolution possible. I ended up selling him a 70-inch ultra- high definition model with dynamic range and the home theater speaker package. It sold for a lot of money. My boss was pleased. I made a nice commission, too.

Today, though, I was a little off my game, because I was so distracted with thoughts of mom. I sold two TVs, but I also let a customer get away. I kept thinking about how I could see more of mom.

It occurred to me that I could put the principles of my job to work: I needed to find out what motivated her. I had to find out what mom needed, what she wanted.

I had to figure out if mom wanted to show off to me. And, if she did, why she did.

I got off work at 5 p.m. By that time I knew where I wanted to go before going home. I drove to another store not far away. It was a high-end women's sportswear boutique. I knew what I was looking for, more or less, and it didn't take me long to find it. I stopped at another store next door, and purchased something there as well. My birthday shopping was done. I headed home.

I entered the front door carefully to make sure mom wouldn't see the bags from the stores at which I'd shopped. She wasn't there. I scurried to my room and hid the presents under my bed.

I left my room and walked to the kitchen, and I saw mom walking from her room as well. She must have finished a yoga routine in her room, because she was dressed for it: form fitting pale blue shorts that stopped high on her thigh, and tight-fitting t shirt with abbreviated sleeves, and nothing else. She was bare-footed.

She stretched her arms up and out to hug me, pulling up the little hem of the t shirt, and exposing a band of her taut, smooth tummy to my view. The shorts lay very low on her waist.

"How was your day, sweetie?" she asked me.

"It was fine, mom. Sold a few TVs." We hugged briefly.

Mom turned around and walked into the kitchen to make some dinner. My eyes strayed to her butt. I saw no sign of a panty line, but since mom wore thongs (I'd seen them often enough in the dryer), it was difficult to tell whether she was wearing anything under the shorts or not. Panties or no, her butt was a delicious sight: perky, firm, and perfectly rounded. At the sight of it, my cock started to swell under my pants.

Nothing exciting happened that evening. I helped mom make dinner, and we chatted about life and movies and her turning 41. My birthday was coming up soon; I would be turning 20, and we talked about what a milestone that was, too. I confirmed with mom that I would be making a birthday dinner for her the next night.

Throughout dinner, whenever mom turned away from me for whatever reason, I snuck peeks at her legs, her breasts, and her thin waist. I tried to be discreet; I didn't want her to see that I was ogling her. I couldn't tell if I was fully successful. A few times, she turned back quickly, and I think her eyes caught mine looking away. I couldn't be sure.

I helped her clean up dinner, and I walked off to my room to finish work for my classes the next day. I wanted to get everything done so that I could devote the next day to preparing for mom's birthday. When I finished my work, I went to bed.

The next day passed quickly. I had three classes in the morning, but no work that afternoon -- I'd made arrangements with Mario beforehand to get the day off so I could prepare for mom's birthday. I wanted everything to be right for her. I wrapped the gifts, signed the card, swept the floors and straightened up in the kitchen and dining room, and, finally, cooked dinner.

Mom got home from work in early evening, at the expected time.

"Happy birthday, mom!" I called to her as she walked through the door.

I kissed her, innocently, lightly on the side of her lips, and gave her a vigorous hug.

"Dinner is just about ready," I told her. "Why don't you freshen up and I'll have things ready when you come out?"

"This is so nice of you, Randy," she said. She scampered off to her bedroom.

Dinner was nearly ready, and needed just a few touches to make it complete. I turned off lights and lit candles already set in place. The dining room table was set.

I didn't have a lot of experience in the kitchen, but I knew how to follow a recipe. I felt pretty good about the meal I'd cooked for mom.

My preparations were done, so I walked to her room and knocked on her door. "Mom," I called softly. "Dinnertime." I thought about how many times she'd made that call for me and felt good about having returned the favor just a little.

I heard movement behind mom's bedroom door, and then it opened and mom came out.

She was dressed casually but elegantly, in a simple white sleeveless dress that fit snugly on the top but flared out a little at the waist and stopped a few inches above the knee. Her legs were bare and she wore white, low-heeled sandals that matched her dress. The mold of the dress to her breasts made me think at once that she probably wasn't wearing a bra. Her blondish hair fell around her shoulders.

I offered my arm and she took it and I escorted her to the dining room. I showed her her place and pulled out her chair for her.

When I set dinner in front of her, I was pleased to see that mom was impressed. I had set a bouquet of red roses in a glass vase on the table.

"Randy, the flowers are beautiful!" she said. "You didn't have to do that."

"I didn't have to, but I wanted to," I said.

I set the plate with the food in front of her. I was no chef, but I did well that night. I'd pulled the recipes from one of mom's cookbooks. Dinner consisted of slices of roast lamb, garlic mashed potatoes, and asparagus with hollandaise sauce. The sauce had been tricky, but I pulled it off, and when I set the plate in front of mom I could tell she was impressed. Her eyes widened and she let out a long "oooooh."

I had turned off the overhead lights; our dinner was lit up only by candles burning on our table and on a side table in the dining room.

I wasn't old enough to buy wine, but I'd taken a bottle of red wine from mom's pantry and brought it out, and before we ate I poured some of it into her glass, and then into mine.

I sat down for a birthday dinner with my mom. Mom was a beauty in any light, but in the flickering candlelight her beauty was magical. I raised a glass to toast her.

"Happy birthday to the best mom in the world," I said.

"Thank you so much, Randy," she said, her eyes shining and watery. I thought she might cry. "I'm overwhelmed. I can't believe you did this."

"I enjoyed it, mom," I said. "You do so much for me, it seemed like a little thing to do this, and it was kind of fun to cook the food."

I've always liked food. I mean, who doesn't like to eat? But until that night, I'd never thought of food, or eating, as something sensual or sexual. But watching mom slowly and carefully cut a slice of lamb and raise it to her full lips with her fork changed the way I thought about food forever. It was as though every one of my senses, for the first time in my life, had been turned on and amplified to the highest pitch possible. I noticed the squeak of the knife on her plate as she cut a piece from the lamb. I noticed the twinkling of light reflecting off her knife in the candlelight, and the contrast of mom's tanned skin and her white dress. I noticed the way the aroma of the food wafting up from the plate mixed with the smell of burning candle wicks. Most of all, I noticed the way mom's eyes widened with pleasure when she tasted the food I'd cooked for her.

Dinner was quieter than I expected, but in a good way. We didn't say a lot, but that was because we were both enjoying eating. I knew mom enjoyed it, because while she didn't say a lot during dinner she did praise the food I had cooked for her.

"Randy, this lamb is wonderful," she said. "Everything is delicious. I had no idea you were such a good cook. You're going to have to cook more of the meals from now on." We both laughed.

"I don't think your dad ever cooked a meal for me like this in 20 years of marriage," she said. "I'm sure he didn't."

Mom swallowed a forkful of asparagus and munched it with her eyes closed. A dollop of sauce spilled from between her lips and dribbled down her chin. I don't know why, but there was something mesmerizing about it -- the sauce I'd cooked tracing a crooked path from her lips and stopping at her pert chin. I couldn't take my eyes off it.

When she opened her eyes she noticed I was staring at her.

"What are you looking at?" she asked.

"Oh, you have a little . . . " I said and I held my finger to my chin to indicate where the sauce was.

"Oh," she said and picked up her napkin.

"No, wait," I said. "Let me."

I leaned forward and reached across the table and put my finger to her chin and swept up the drop of sauce. Then I put the tip of my finger to her lips. I didn't think about what I was doing; I just did it. Mom didn't hesitate. She accepted my gesture graciously and eagerly. She opened her lips and I pressed my finger forward. Her lips closed around my outstretched finger and sucked the sauce off of it with a tender smacking sound.

She closed her eyes for a moment as her lips caressed my finger. I wondered if she was imagining herself somewhere else, or if she imagined her lips on something else. When she reopened her eyes, she had pulled her lips off my finger.

Until that moment, I had never imagined I could be so aroused by the touch of my finger to a woman's lips. But I was. The electricity of the moment engulfed and surrounded me. And I think mom felt it too. Her eyes were wide and they didn't leave mine.

After that, we ate in silence for a while. Mom didn't say anything, other than to exclaim from time to time how much she liked the food I had cooked for her. I had to admit, dinner had turned out well, but I enjoyed mom's reaction more than I enjoyed the taste of the food.

When we got up the urge to talk again, we talked about food, and about birthdays (mine was coming up soon, so we talked about that for a while), and I talked about my classes and what I might take the next semester.

When it was time for dessert I pulled out a small cake I'd kept on the kitchen counter. I'd bought it at a store earlier that day. I lit candles and sang "Happy Birthday" to my mom, whose eyes and smile shined and flickered in the dim dining room light. We finished the cake quickly.

When we were done with cake I took the plates to the kitchen, and then I gestured to mom to join me in the living room. We sat on the sofa together, again, where we had been a few nights before when she had exposed herself in her little shorts.

This time, mom sat in her white dress in bare feet with her legs up on the sofa and folded under her. I set two colorful gift bags in front of her, and a card peeking out from one of them.

"Here you go, mom," I said. "Open the card and then that one first."

She took her time reading the card. It wasn't anything special, but I could tell she was touched. Then she pulled the first bag toward her and reached into it.

I was nervous about the gifts I'd bought her. I had a feeling about mom, and I wanted to test if my feeling was right, and I thought the gifts I'd bought would help me find out. But I was worried I was wrong, that mom would be offended or angry about the gifts, and that she might think I had overstepped my boundaries with her.

She pulled the presents out of the first bag. She pulled out, one after the other, a pair of running shorts and a running bra. They matched -- both were blue and black. The shorts were form-fitting, and quite brief. The bra provided ample coverage and support to make mom comfortable, but I knew it still would expose plenty of cleavage and the skin of her taut torso. I knew when I bought the gift that I was taking a risk -- that mom might think it too skimpy to wear, or that it would bother her that I'd bought her something so skimpy. I didn't want her to disapprove. But I thought the risk was worth taking.

Mom didn't react right away. She held the shorts up in one hand and the bra in the other and looked both over carefully. I don't think she knew how to respond. I decided to jump in and explain before she reacted more.

"We were talking the other day about your needing a new running outfit," I said. "So I thought you could use something like this."

Mom's eyes grew wide and she looked at me with a wry smile.

"It's skimpy!" she said. "Am I supposed to go running in that?"

"Of course you are, mom," I said. "Lots of women run in outfits like that. I see women out on the trail dressed in something like that all the time. And they're not as good-looking as you are."

"Well, thanks, Randy," she said. "Is this because of the conversation we had the other night?"

"Yeah," I said. "I don't want you to feel like you are over the hill. You're not. You're very pretty mom, and you should dress in things that make you feel that way. And if you put a photo of yourself in that outfit on your online dating profile, you are going to get a lot of attention."

"Maybe," she said. "I just hope it's good attention."

"Don't worry. Now try the other package."

She picked up the other package, put her fingers in it, and pulled out the contents. It was a bikini, bright red and very small. Not just small, but tiny-small. At the store, I'd seen it on a mannequin, and I immediately had imagined it on my mom's body. I'd never seen her wear a bikini that small. I knew it would be risky, and that it might seem a little strange for her son to buy her such a small swim suit. But from the moment I saw it in the store I was fixated on the idea of seeing her in it. I knew she would look askance at it and at me, so I'd rehearsed what to say when she saw it for the first time.

"That is a very small swimsuit, Randy," she said to me in a soft voice, not taking her eyes off it as she turned it over in her hands.

"I know it is, mom," I said. "I was thinking about what you said the other night. I felt bad about you thinking that you were old, or not attractive. Mom, you are still very young, and you can act like it. I think you should get out there and start dating. And dress and act like the beautiful woman you are. Besides, you can get a better tan in a swimsuit this size."

I hoped I was sounding convincing. Mom seemed a little skeptical as she held up the bikini and scanned the red fabric.

"Well, it's a good brand," she said. "And the quality seems to be good." She touched the fabric between her fingers. "But I'm not sure I can pull this off at 40. I appreciate the vote of confidence. Maybe I'll try it out here at home and see what I think before wearing it out in public."

"That sounds like a good idea," I said. "Now, let me give you a birthday hug."

"Happy birthday, mom," I said as I hugged her. Her firm breasts mashed against my chest as we embraced, and my dick stiffened.

"You're very sweet, Randy," she said. "This evening was wonderful - the dinner, the roses, the presents. You're a very thoughtful son."

"Thanks, mom," I said. "You're a wonderful mom and I wanted to show some appreciation."

"Well, you did. You did a great job. Now I hope I can pull off wearing these clothes you bought. They are skimpy."

"I'm sure you can, mom," I said.

She gestured at the running shorts and top lying next to her on the sofa. "You don't think that outfit's a little small for me to be running around the neighborhood in?" she asked.

"No," I said. "You are a serious runner. You want to wear something light and comfortable. It's functional. And you'll look great. Don't worry about it."

I had had an idea for what I wanted to do next in the evening, but I made it sound like an idea that had just come to me.

"I have an idea, mom," I said. "Why don't you put on the running outfit, and I'll take a few photos of you. You can see if you like how you look, and if it looks good you can use some photos for your online dating profile?"

Her face showed she was skeptical. I wasn't sure if it was because of uncertainty about how it would look on her or because of discomfort with posing for me.

"Well, I don't know, Randy. How would you want me to pose?"

"Just some nice, athletic shots, that will show you how you look in the outfit. And I could use some photos like that for the portfolio I need for my photography class at school."

"You're going to show these photos to other people?" she asked, concern on her face.

"Only if you approve," I said. "I'll take the photos and put them on my computer. Then you can look at them and see if you like them. O.K.?"

My earnestness and enthusiasm appeared to be winning her over and beating back her reluctance.

"O.K., I'll give it a try," she said. "Should I go put this on now?" She held it up.

I was in my photographer mode now, and I knew how to direct her. I recalled mom's readiness to follow my posing directions the

previous night on the sofa and knew that once I got her going she would be more comfortable and responsive in posing for me.

"Take the shorts and top and put them on, and come back here. I'll get my camera and straighten up the room and get it ready for the photos."

With that instruction, I went to my room and she went to hers, the little running outfit clutched in one hand.

I had a fairly good DSLR camera back in my room that I'd bought on an employee discount from the Best Deal store where I worked. I fetched it. Although it was night time, I left the flash behind. The living room was well lit and I wanted to work just with the ambient light. The light was good, I thought. There was enough overhead light to ensure the photos wouldn't be too grainy, and the light from the candles and lamps would provide some interesting side lighting.

I adjusted the settings of the camera. Then I picked up the birthday packaging and set it aside so it wouldn't spoil the photos.

I heard soft footsteps on the floor and looked up and saw mom. She was wearing the little running outfit.

Mom looked a little tentative, a little nervous. But she didn't need to. She looked like a fitness goddess -- lean and sculpted but with skin that still was soft and supple. The shorts sat low on her waist and

high on her thighs, accentuating long, shapely legs and a toned and defined torso. The bra top was more substantial and provided more coverage than a normal bra would, but it still revealed a fair amount of cleavage, and the effect of the firm, compressive material was to push her boobs up and together, accentuating the depth of the groove between them. Mom's dark blond hair flowed over her bare shoulders and down her back.

"Mom, you look great," I said to boost her confidence. "These are going to be great. We've got good light, too." I gestured around the room.

Though she looked amazing, mom seemed timid. She held her hands, clasped together, in front of her tummy. She acted like she didn't know where to go or what to do.

"Do you think this looks O.K.?" she asked.

I knew mom was feeling exposed and uncomfortable and that I had to do what I could to boost her confidence.

"Better than O.K., mom," I answered. "Trust me, you look wonderful. Now come over here, and I'll take some photos of you on the sofa."

Mom walked over to the sofa, still holding her hands together in front of her, and sat down on the sofa.

"I'm going to start with a profile photo," I said. "Just sit upright on the sofa, hands on your lap, and smile at me. Cock your head to the side just a little. Not that much. Yes, that's right."

Following my instructions seemed to give mom heart. She sat up straight and looked directly at me.

"Now give me a big smile," I said. She did. It was a great smile.

I took a few photos of her in that position. Then I got another idea. I walked over to the dining room and pulled a long stem red rose from the vase and walked back and handed it to her.

"Now," I said, "Hold the base of the stem of the rose, and hold it against you, with it just under your chin."

She did so.

"Excellent. I'll take a few shots." That's what I did. Mom was getting more comfortable. I was giving her easy poses to do, and her smile lit up with the brilliant red rose in her hand. She didn't have to pose; she was just sitting straight up, smiling into the camera lens. The rose added an appropriate romantic touch to the scene.

"That's great, mom, good smile. Now turn to the side a little, not quite 45 degrees. That's it. Shoulders back."

I was getting into it. It was fun taking charge of a photoshoot, even a strictly amateur one like this. It was doubly fun being able to tell my mom what to do and having her do it all, promptly and without reservation or hesitation.

The first few poses I had her strike were completely innocent, but it was impossible to avoid noticing how sexy mom looked in the short shorts and bra top. The mounds of her breasts strained against the tight-fitting bra. I wanted to set the camera to the side and just stare at her. But, of course, I couldn't do that. I kept up a steady patter of instructions and small talk to put her at ease and pose her, and to distract myself from the way mom's hot body was making me feel.

Then I decided to ramp up the sexiness of the shoot a little. I had mom lie back on the sofa, head against the pillow, arms bent and over her, one hand crossing over the other through the blond waves of her hair. I had her extend one leg in front of her (not fully straight, of course), and bend the other leg. Mom knew without coaching to point her toes, and I even noticed those for the first time in my life. I have my share of fetishes -- I'm a guy -- but feet had never done anything for me. But now, there was just something about mom's feet -- the curve of the instep, the thin ankles, the perfectly proportioned and -- it appeared -- freshly painted toenails.

I imagined my lips around one of those toes, spreading over it and taking it fully in my mouth and swirling my tongue around it. And as soon as I thought it I did everything I could to purge the thought.

I had more photographs to take, and I didn't want to give away the rising temperature of my feelings for mom in that moment.

Lying back on the sofa, mom pushed her chest out an inch or two -- she really was getting the hang of posing with minimal instructions -- and looked squarely into the lens. She turned her face down just slightly, looking up at me through thick eyelashes, and she let her lips part without smiling. It was a seductive look, no doubt about it. I didn't think mom meant anything by it, but the look seduced me, anyway. I took my time over that pose, and took several shots.

I wanted to push the boundary more.

"Let's stand up now, mom," I said.

"Where do you want me?" she said. I had to try hard not to show her how I was letting her words sink in.

"Over there by the wall," I said. "Where it's uncluttered. Put your back against the wall, and your hands down and against the wall, and now move your hips away, and bend your legs. Get up on the balls of your feet, bend one leg slightly across the other, and point a toe. "

I kept running through the instructions quickly, in part because I thought if I slowed down mom might start wondering whether she really wanted to strike such a sexy pose for her son's camera. It

seemed to work because mom had no objection, and she gave me another sexy, slightly opened mouth expression, as before.

The outfit was perfect for her, and she looked perfect in it. Sculpted but feminine, lean and curvy, sporty and graceful: she was all these things in one.

She seemed to be enjoying herself as well. She took instructions easily and even improvised on my directions, adding gestures and poses.

"Mom, you're a natural at this," I said. "Did you pose for dad? I remember him taking a lot of photos."

"I did some posing for your father," she said with a grin and a look that said she was thinking about the poses she struck.

I kept talking as I snapped photos of her.

"Can I see them?" I asked.

"You can see some of them," she said, the grin bigger now. "Some of them I can't show you."

"Oh!" I said. "I had no idea, mom. I don't mean to pry."

"You're not prying. It's O.K. I haven't thought about those photos he took in a while."

She seemed to like thinking about them, and I wondered how dad had posed her. I was getting hard again.

Now I had another thing on my checklist. I wanted to see the photos dad had taken of mom -- even the ones I wasn't meant to see.

"Let's go over here to the table," I told her. "Put your hands on the back of the chair, turn partly to the side, but with your back to me, and get up on the balls of your feet."

"Are you trying to take a photo of my butt?" she asked, looking at me with eyebrows raised high.

"It's not a butt shot," I said. "It's a shot of your back and your figure from the back." I think I sounded convincing. Mom paused a few seconds before taking up the pose.

Mom turned her butt toward me, her feet apart and her torso twisted part-way to the left so she could hold the back of the chair and look because over her shoulder at me.

From that angle she looked magnificent. The fabric of the little shorts looked like no more than the thinnest layer of black paint over the hard, perfect mounds of her ass. The muscles of her legs were tensed under smooth, taut skin. She rose as high as she could on the balls of her feet, causing her calf muscles to pop out noticeably. Her back was uncovered, save for the three-inch strap of her running bra.

Mom looked back over her shoulder at me with an expression similar to the one from before -- chin down slightly, eyes upturned through thick eyelashes.

I took a few photos of her in that position.

I could see from my view point that mom was conflicted. She enjoyed posing and having her picture taken, but with every passing minute that she was on display in her skimpy outfit the challenge to her sense of propriety grew. I wanted to get as many sexy shots of mom as I could, but I also wanted to end the shoot before she was too uncomfortable.

After a few photos of her with her backside to me I decided to end the shoot.

"Mom, that was great," I said. "I think we got some good shots. I think that's enough for now."

With the photo shoot done, I told mom I would clean up the dinner, but she insisted on helping me. We picked the dishes up off the table together and moved into the kitchen to clean the mess off the dishes. I told her I would do it by myself, but she seemed determined to stay near me and help me. I don't know why, exactly, but I had the feeling she enjoyed lingering near me in the skimpy shorts and bra I had bought her.

When we were done cleaning up in the kitchen, we parted. Mom went to her room and I went to mine.

I wanted, before her birthday was done, to deliver copies of the photos I'd taken of her to her. I downloaded the photos on the camera to my computer, and then I saved them to a handy flash drive I'd kept in a drawer. The copying took almost no time, and when it was done I grabbed the flash drive out of the socket in the computer and walked down the hallway to my mom's room. I wanted mom to be able to see herself -- to see how youthful and attractive she looked in the shorts and bra top I'd given her.

The door to mom's room was open just a crack, so I pushed it open all the way and walked in without knocking or announcing myself.

My mom stood naked in the middle of her room, facing me. She was just stepping out of the tiny running shorts, which lay on the floor at her feet.

She looked even better than I had imagined her. Her body was sculpted and lean, but shapely. Her breasts were full and round, her nipples pink and succulent. Her pubic hair was light and well-trimmed, and it left her pussy fully exposed to me. I saw the outline of thin lips dangling in the gap between her slender thighs.

Mom saw me and let out a shriek.

"Randy!" she cried.

Her left hand flew down between her legs, and her right hand swept across her chest to cover her breasts. In a second she had covered her tits and pussy.

But not completely. Her right arm, though she held it across her body, was positioned just under her right nipple, leaving it half exposed. The fingers of her right hand were over the left nipple, but the fingers were apart, not pressed together, leaving glimpses of pink areola and nipple on view between them. The left hand was pressed down between her legs, but the fingers were off to the side just a bit, leaving some of her pubic hair -- and, I thought, a little bit of her pussy lip -- still on view.

She didn't move. She just stood there, semi-covered.

"Randy, what are you doing? You can see I'm . . . I was getting dressed."

I guess the proper thing to do would have been immediately to turn around and run out of the room with an apology. But I didn't do that. I just stood there, openly staring at her almost nude body.

"Mom, I'm sorry," I said. "I told you I'd show you the photos so I put them on a flash drive to give them to you. Here it is."

I stretched my arm out to her with the flash drive between my fingers. I was so mesmerized by the sight of mom naked in front of me that I wasn't thinking clearly. Obviously, she wasn't going to pull her hands away from her body to grab the flash drive.

She didn't. She kept covered up -- sort of. Her arms over her body weren't completely still, and as she moved them I caught glimpses of her tits and pussy left exposed in the gaps between her fingers.

I was aware that the chivalrous and proper thing to do was to stop looking and leave the room. But I wanted to keep looking at her. Mom was naked. I liked seeing her naked and I didn't want to stop seeing her naked.

"I can't exactly take that from you, Randy," she said. "Why don't you just leave it on the dresser over there." She inclined her head to the side to indicate where she wanted me to take it.

I walked over to the dresser and set the flash drive down on top of it. Then I turned around. Mom had not changed her position; she still was facing the bedroom door, so I now was looking at her from the side. She was covering her front, but her petite bubble butt was uncovered and on display from the side, and the way she stood she pushed it out a little, making the profile view of her all the more delicious.

I didn't want to be lewd, but I didn't want to stop looking at her, either.

"Mom, I'm really sorry about this. Really. I'll knock next time," I said.

"That's O.K."

I just stood there for a few moments looking at her, and I noticed that the side of her left boob was completely uncovered. The shape of it was perfect, I thought.

"I'm going to go," she said.

With that, she turned around and walked quickly and awkwardly to the bathroom. I saw her naked butt for the first time, completely uncovered. I looked down to the space between her thighs, hoping to catch another sight of her pussy, but she was too quick and it was hidden.

"I'm sorry again, mom," I said, and I left her room.

I closed the door behind me, but it didn't close all the way. It remained open, just a crack.

I paused right outside her door and thought about what I'd seen. I'd seen my mom naked. Fully naked. Her tits, her ass, and her pussy -- all on view to me.

I was rock hard again. I knew what I needed to do. I ran to my room.

Two minutes later I had exploded into a wad of tissue paper.

I sat in the chair at my desk for a long time, with my cock in my hand. Thoughts of my naked mom were driving me crazy, even after I had come.

After a while, I put my shorts on. I opened my bedroom door, and the lights were out. It appeared that mom had gone to bed for the night.

I was thirsty so I walked to the kitchen to get a glass of water. As I approached, I could hear a noise coming from mom's side of the house. I hadn't heard it before, and I didn't recognize it.

I tip-toed down the hall, toward her room. The door was closed. When I got close to the door, I realized it wasn't completely closed; it still was open, just a crack, as before.

The noise came from inside mom's bedroom. It was a low, steady buzz. I still couldn't tell what it was.

Then I heard mom let out a soft, low moan, and I understood the source of the buzzing sound.

It's a vibrator, I thought. Mom was getting herself off with a vibrator.

My cock responded, again, tenting out against my shorts. The idea that on the other side of the thin door -- a door that wasn't even fully closed -- my hot mom was probably naked and lying on the bed, probably with her legs open and with a vibrator pressed down on her clit or pushed inside her pussy, was incredibly arousing. I had orgasmed in my room not long before, but the thought of mom masturbating made my cock spring back to life.

I pulled the shorts down, below my cock, watching it jump up and forward. Then I decided to pull them off altogether. I did so very quietly. As long as she didn't hear me, there wasn't much chance she was going to come to the door while her vibrator was buzzing.

I stood completely naked outside mom's door, my head inclined to the crack in the door so I could hear her better, and I started stroking

myself. I was trying to be very quiet about it. Already, things were crazy enough; I didn't need to have her catch me beating off to the sound of her vibrating herself.

I heard the steady buzz, and mom's low moaning at regular intervals. I started stroking in sync with her moaning.

Her moaning increased in pitch; now it sounded more like an urgent, needy whine. It was louder, and faster. I sped up my stroking to keep pace.

Then I heard her say something. I couldn't tell what. I leaned to the door more closely.

"Randy . . . " I heard her say.

Shit, I thought.

"You shouldn't look at me like that," she said. "You shouldn't see your mom naked."

Wow, I thought. My mom is masturbating herself with a vibrator while thinking about me looking at her.

I heard her say my name again, and then again. Then she moaned again, still faster and at a higher pitch. Then I heard the high-pitched "unh . . . unh . . . unh" that told me she was about to come.

I noticed with a start that I was about to come, too. If I didn't act fast I was going to spray cum all over the carpet outside her room. I couldn't do that.

I scooped my shorts up with my left hand and held my right hand fast to my cock and ran awkwardly toward the bathroom off the hallway. I could feel the cum welling up inside ready to burst out, and I applied my fist to my cock like a tourniquet to keep it from doing so. I didn't want to pour my jism all over the floor.

I stumbled into the bathroom and ran, as quietly as I could, to the sink. I loosened my grip on my hard shaft and watched as another gusher of cum sprayed into the bathroom sink. I kept milking my cock until it was emptied of cum.

A big mess of it lay all over and around the sink.

I couldn't turn the water on without the risk of mom hearing me. So I scooped up a roll of toilet paper and mopped up my cum as well as I could. I couldn't flush it down without making noise, and if I put it in the trash mom might see it later. So I grabbed the mess of tissue, peeked my head out the bathroom to make sure the coast still was clear, and then tiptoed off as quietly as I could to my room.

I dumped the tissue in the waste basket in my room. I stripped my shorts off and fell into bed naked.

I lay in bed for a while, holding my cock and thinking about my mom.

I had wanted to see my mom naked again, and I had, but I hadn't expected so many crazy things to happen. It seemed like things were accelerating, out of control. I still had no idea where all this was going, but I wanted to find out. I wanted to see more of my mom.

And, too, another thought was taking shape in my mind: that maybe, just maybe, mom wanted me to see her as well. Maybe my desire was more than just a bedtime fantasy.

With thoughts and fantasies of my hot mom crowding my brain, I slowly drifted off to sleep.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 03

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. What they don't say - - though it's true -- is that a picture of your mom, naked and on display for you, is worth a thousand other pictures.

I know it's true, because on a Saturday, mid-morning, I sat at my desk, looking at a photograph of my mom, her pussy exposed and

on display on the computer screen in front of me. I was reviewing my collection of the photos I recently had taken of mom, including the photo in which she unwittingly had exposed her pussy to me.

It was the day after my mom's birthday, when I accidentally had seen her naked in her bedroom. I had slept in. I wasn't working that day, so I had no need to get up early. I only woke up because the next-door neighbor started mowing his lawn.

The noise roused me from my sleep, and it prompted me to get out of bed. I sat up on the edge of the mattress, feet on the floor and mind turning over what had happened the night before.

I had seen my mom naked. Standing no more than few feet from me. I had seen her completely naked for no more than about two seconds, after which she had tried, with only partial success, to cover her breasts and pussy. She had remained naked in front of me for about two minutes. We'd stood like that, next to each other, her naked and me clothed. It was the hottest thing I had ever seen in my life.

I sat like that on the edge of the bed, thinking, for a while.

It wasn't until 10:30 that I roused myself from bed and made it to the kitchen for breakfast. Mom was awake and tending to eggs frying in a black pan on the stove.

Mom had squeezed her slim hips and lean legs into a faded pair of skinny jeans. Up top, she wore a loose-fitting, long-sleeve, pale pink cotton shirt. A pink scrunchie bound her hair in a ponytail trailing behind her and down her upper back. She paced from one part of the kitchen to the other in bare feet.

Mom didn't see me at first when I entered the kitchen behind her. I wasn't sure what to say to her, after last night. Seeing her in front of me, I kept thinking about having walked in on her in her bedroom, naked. I hoped it wouldn't make things too awkward between us.

It didn't, or, it didn't seem to. When she heard me she turned around and gave me a hug, with no weird pauses or weird looks. We both acted like nothing strange had happened.

We ate breakfast together without talking a lot. When we were almost done, the doorbell rang.

I walked to the front door and opened it. I was surprised to see my dad standing at the threshold. He looked happy to see me but also a little embarrassed to be standing on the doorstep. It had been his house, once, but now it was mom's, courtesy of their divorce agreement.

"Randy!" he said, and we hugged. He crossed the threshold into the house, a little awkwardly.

"How are you doing?" he asked. We chatted for a few minutes about my work and my school. Then he brought up the real reason he was there.

"Is mom home?" he asked.

I told him she was and they met and walked off together to talk about something; I didn't know what. While they were talking, I went back to my room, and that's when I sat at my computer and pulled up the photographs I had taken of mom so far.

My file of hot photos of my mom had grown quickly in recent weeks. I had the photo of her in shorts on the sofa, exposing her pussy. That was the one I looked at most, obviously. But I also had the photos I'd taken of her when we had been running together. And I had the photos I'd taken of her the night before, in the running outfit I'd bought her. When I could tear myself away from the photo of her pussy, I pored over the photos of her in the skin-tight running outfit. The material was so thin and stretched over her body so tightly it almost looked like body paint in the soft living room light. I couldn't see her most intimate parts, but the outline of her delicious, thin but shapely figure was totally revealed. My finger tapped the keyboard, over and over, as I scrolled through the shots I'd taken of my hot mom. I savored every one of them.

And yet, the photos didn't satisfy my hunger to see my mom, they just stirred it. Just the night before, I'd seen mom completely naked, for just two seconds, but I didn't have a camera handy, and I wouldn't have taken a photo of her anyway, under those

circumstances, because she was so embarrassed. But I wanted that. I wanted mom to get naked for me, willingly, and let me take a photo of her.

I had no idea how I would make that happen, but I wanted to. With a desperate, singular sense of purpose, I wanted to.

While I was looking over the photos a knock sounded at my door.

"Randy?" mom called. "Your dad's about to leave. Come out to say goodbye."

I left my room and the photos of my mom on the computer. I met dad at the door. We didn't say much but we hugged. My relationship with dad was O.K. after the divorce, but it still was awkward to see him at the house, which mom now owned by herself.

After seeing dad off, I shut the door and walked to the kitchen and saw mom, cleaning up after breakfast.

"What did dad want?" I asked.

Mom laughed, softly and a little grimly.

"Your dad wanted something back," she said. "Something he had agreed I could have in our settlement agreement. Some old records,

that we'd collected early in our marriage. We used to do that. Even when records weren't being made anymore, we collected some. I had a collection of records from the 70s. When we got divorced, your dad didn't care about the collection, so he agreed I could have it. This morning, he was telling me how important it was to him."

"So what did you say?" I asked.

"Well," mom said, "I didn't have that strong feeling about those, to tell you the truth. Until your dad slipped. He said his girlfriend liked those old records. And somehow, when he said that, suddenly I thought that I cared about having those old records more than I had before. So I said no. He didn't take it well."

"Sorry, mom," I said. "Sounds like dad wasn't being sensitive."

She paused for a moment before replying.

"I don't want to get you wrapped up in our squabbles, Randy," she said. "But you asked, and you're an adult. I don't want to hold a grudge, but I have a hard time with some of what your dad has done."

She stopped, and I could see it wasn't easy for her to talk.

I put my arm on her shoulder.

"It's O.K., mom," I said. "I understand."

Mom's hands were in the sink, washing dishes in sudsy water.

"So what are you going to do today, lazy boy?" mom asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "Think I'll go for a run. Mason texted about getting together with the guys later tonight. We might see the new Fast and Furious movie. What about you, mom?"

"I think I'm going to take advantage of the beautiful day by doing some gardening," she said. "The bushes need some trimming. Not sure about the rest of the day."

Mom scrubbed a few more dishes and then turned to me.

"Randy," she said, "Could you get my phone out of my bedroom? I think it's on the table next to my bed."

"Sure, mom," I said.

I walked down the hallway to her room.

Inside her room, I saw that mom had done the laundry, and piles of clothes that had been folded but not yet put away sat on her bed. Near the night table where her phone lay, she had stacked her panties.

The stack of panties caught my attention and made me stop before I picked up the phone. I combed through the stack. They were all different types and colors. Some were black, some white, some red, some turquoise. She had boy shorts and thongs. Some were shiny, some plain, some lacy, some see-through. I saw a pair with an opening in the gusset -- it wouldn't cover her pussy at all. Wow, mom, I thought.

Two-thirds of the way down the stack I pulled out a pale blue thong. It was nothing more than thin satin blue strings joined to a tiny, filmy triangle in front. The film was very nearly see-through. Had I seen mom wearing it I would, no doubt, have seen the slit of her pussy plainly through the blue film. I ran the fabric between my thumb and finger.

My thumb was touching the part of the thong that had been pressed right up against mom's pussy, I thought. I was getting hard again.

I put the blue thong in my pocket, readjusted the stack of panties, grabbed mom's phone, and returned to the kitchen.

"Here's your phone, mom," I said, handing it to her.

She dried off her hands and took it.

"Thanks, Randy," she said.

She looked up at me, her face close to mine. Mom was tall, for a woman, but I was taller, and she was in bare feet, so she had to look up to me, and the sight of her eyes close and turned up toward mine stirred something in me. She put a hand up and tapped it on my chest, lightly and lovingly, and I think I puffed my chest out a little at her touch.

"I really appreciate you, Randy," she said. "It's nice to have a man around the house. In some ways you play the role better than your dad did."

I liked the way she said it. At the same time, a part of me reflected on how odd it was that she hadn't said anything about me seeing her naked the night before. Either she didn't care, I thought, or she was trying to hide or forget whatever she felt about it.

Being around mom was making me horny and antsy. But she was in her skinny jeans and seemed preoccupied with her chores. She wasn't going to show me anything, dressed like that, even though her figure looked fantastic.

The day was sunny and warm. I decided the best thing to do was to go for a run. I left mom in the kitchen and went to my room, where I dumped her thong in my drawer, next to the lotion bottle.

A few minutes later I was out the door, wearing my running shorts and sunglasses and a phone strapped to my arm, and no shirt, as before.

I ran six miles, throwing in a few hard quarter mile intervals. My brain was filled with images of mom nearly the whole time, and my body surged with lust and desire, and the urgent need to see more of her.

As I ran I tried thinking of ways to move mom's exposure to the next step. I could suggest taking more photos of her, but at some point, if I wanted to take photos of her bare breasts, or of her exposed pussy, I'd have to ask her to slide her bra off, or pull her panties down or to the side. And I just couldn't quite visualize myself doing that, or mom saying yes if I did. As far as figuring out how to expose mom further, I was stuck.

I finished my run, jogged slowly back to the house, and let myself in the front door.

"Mom! I'm back," I shouted when I got in the front door.

I heard no response. I wondered where mom was. I'd find out, in a minute, but first I needed something to drink, so I went to the kitchen and pulled out a cold Gatorade. Ice blue, or some similar totally artificial flavor. I walked to the living room, where a large window opened onto the back yard.

Then I saw mom. She lay on a lounge chair by the pool, reading a book. She wore the little red bikini I had given her the night before for her birthday.

Shwing. Instant hard-on. In the store, when I had bought the bikini, I'd run the material of it through my fingers. I'd picked it up by the incredibly skinny string ties on the side and lusted at the idea of mom's delicious body being covered by nothing more than the bikini's miniscule pieces of fabric. And here she was, lying in the sun before me, covered in nothing but those pieces of fabric that looked even smaller on her tall, slender, shapely frame than I'd imagined. My fantasy had come true.

I had to get a closer look.

I walked out back toward the pool. "Hey, mom," I said as casually as I could.

"Hi Randy!" mom replied cheerfully. Her eyes lay hidden by a pair of sunglasses but her white teeth showed in a wide-open smile. She lay with her back propped up at a 45-degree angle in the lounge chair, a book in one hand. She turned slightly to me as she said my

name and I was struck by the length and liveness of her body and her exposed supple skin. The thinness of her waist accentuated the hourglass shape of her figure. From my view point her body was covered by nothing more than three small triangles of red fabric -- two barely reining in her breasts, and the other one barely covering the intimate region between her legs.

I drew closer to her and pulled up another lounge chair and sat on it with my legs off the side toward her.

"Looks like you had a good run," she said, and she put her finger against my abs again. I liked the way she did it, and I liked that she seemed to like doing it. My chest was bare and I wondered what she was seeing when she looked at me behind the cover of her sunglasses. I was trying to read mom's mood through her body language. Whatever she felt, she showed no trace of embarrassment or nervousness from what had happened the night before. She put her hands back and crossed over each other above her head, against the chair. She bent her leg up, the one farther from me. The pose exhibited the sculpted grace of her thighs and the prominence of her calf muscle. I noticed she was wearing open-toed wedge sandals and that she'd painted her toenails vermillion to match her suit. It was a nice, sexy touch. I also noticed the way the little triangle of bikini fabric between her legs seems to disappear in a point where her legs met. I knew it wasn't a thong, but there wasn't a lot of material at its thinnest point between her legs, and from this angle it almost looked like it vanished altogether.

"I can't believe this weather," she said. "It's almost October, and it's hot. The sun feels great."

I was glad she liked it. I hoped she was in no hurry to get out of the sun. I had nothing urgent to do, and as far as I was concerned I could enjoy spending all day watching my mom sun herself in the tiny red bikini.

"Speaking of sun," she said, "I want to get some sun on the other side but I need some lotion on my back first. Can you help me?" She gestured to a bottle of SPF 30 sun screen on a little table next to her. Mom was fortunate that she could tan without too much effort; she used sun screen to avoid overdoing it.

"Sure mom," I said. "No problem." No problem -- that was an understatement. At that moment, almost nothing could have given me more joy than to fill my hands with lotion and run them over mom's lissome body.

Mom handed me the lotion bottle while I scooted my chair as close to hers as I could. I squirted a big dab of greasy lotion in my palm, rubbed both hands together, and leaned over mom to get to work. The lusty, tropical scent of coconut wafted through the air from my hands. By this time she'd turned over, and her back was exposed to me.

Before I started I had to catch my breath, because I saw the cut of the bikini bottom on mom for the first time. The bottom was, more or

less, a Brazilian cut -- it wasn't a thong, but it exposed a lot more cheek on each side than a normal bikini bottom. On either side the bikini was held in place by spaghetti-thin strings that mom had neatly bow-tied. One little, easy pull, I thought, and the whole thing would come sliding off.

But I didn't pull it. Instead I applied my hands to mom's shoulders and began spreading the lotion around. I dug my fingers in a little, too, to massage her back as I went along. I rubbed it in, in wide, deliberate circles with my hands, starting at the back of her shoulders and moving down.

I squirted a little more of it directly onto the middle of mom's back, and her body recoiled just slightly at the plop of it against her skin. My hands, now seemingly guided by a force I had no say over, pushed the lotion out toward her sides. For the first time, I noticed how much side-boob the little bikini top revealed. It revealed a lot, even though the front of her boob was mashed into the lounge. How far should I go, I wondered? My hands wanted to find out. Both of them simultaneously swept down mom's sides, and my fingers briefly passed over the exposed sides of her breasts. For the first time ever, I actually had put my hands on mom's boobs.

She didn't flinch. That was good, I thought.

I didn't stop. I massaged the lotion into her lower back, and my fingers "innocently" traced the upper edge of her bikini bottom, which lay enticingly low on her hips, the skinny strings just over her hip bones. Two fingers passed just barely under the edge of the bikini

bottom. The pressure of them pushed the bottom down just a little. It might have been so little that mom might not have noticed; but I noticed, because for a second I saw the top of her butt crack as my fingers swept from one side of her back to the other.

Mom wasn't saying anything and seemed relaxed, so I figured I'd keep going. My mouth watered at the prospect of running my hands along the exposed portion of mom's butt checks -- in the tiny bikini, a lot was exposed, and her flanks looked incredibly inviting. The skin was soft, but the shape was firm, with no trace of sag. Mom's butt, plainly, benefited greatly from all her exercise. My hands burned with the desire to feel it.

I was just about to squirt some lotion on my hands again to get working on her butt when a voice called out from beyond the gate on the side of the house.

"Randy," the voice called. "Are you there?"

Mom looked up at me. "Are you expecting someone?" she asked.

"No," I said. "But that sounds like Tucker. I'll see what he wants."

I walked to the gate to let him in, cursing him under my breath the whole way for his rotten timing. My hands had been seconds away from rubbing the cheeks of mom's firm, perky butt.

I opened the gate, and Tucker stood in front of me with a huge grin on his face. He held a DVD in a plain jewel case in front of him and started talking loudly and excitedly before I could get a word in.

"Randy, my man. Looks like you've been running," he said, pointing to my shirtless chest. "You are a video god." He pointed at the DVD. "This was awesome. The one with the redhead who goes down on the janitor in the classroom --"

I waved my finger over my face in a desperate gesture to shut him up and jerked my head back several times toward the yard to indicate we weren't alone. I had burned several porn videos on the DVD and given them to Tucker a couple of weeks earlier. Now he was returning it. I didn't think mom needed to hear his blow by blow review of the videos. Tucker got the hint and shut up.

"Mom's here," I whispered to him.

Tucker started looking over my shoulder.

"Oh," he said shifting gears. "Why didn't you say so. Can I, uh, say hello?"

"Sure," I said, and I ushered him through the gate, but as soon as I'd done so I wondered if I'd made a mistake.

Of all my friends, Tucker was the one who'd always taken the greatest joy in ogling my mom. When I was younger, I couldn't stand it. It wasn't something I'd had to deal with since my own feelings about mom had changed. I was still wrestling with how I felt about mom, and exactly what I wanted to do about those feelings, and Tucker's presence could only interfere with whatever plans I had with mom. Already, he had interfered with my hands' date with mom's hot, perky behind.

But, I'd invited him back, and I couldn't very well uninvite my best friend now. Tucker followed me along the path to the pool. I saw mom ahead, and I turned around so I could catch Tucker's expression when he saw her as well.

Tucker had stopped moving. His feet were rooted fast to the concrete path. His mouth was open. Tucker had seen my mom before in skimpy gym outfits, and even in a bikini or two. But he'd never seen her in a bikini like this one.

I wasn't sure his heart could handle it. That's only a slight exaggeration. Tucker had a steadfast aversion to exercise, and he wasn't in the best shape. He carried about 20 to 30 unneeded pounds around his middle. It took him a few seconds to regain his composure, and he followed me to the patio by the pool. Mom saw us and looked up at his in her dark sunglasses, which she took off as we approached.

"Well hi, Tucker," she said.

"Hi, Mrs. Crowley," said Tucker, his voice bursting with nervous eagerness.

"I'm going by my maiden name now, Tucker. It's Lund. But you know, you're an adult now, so you can call me 'Inga' if you like."

"Oh, I didn't know that. Sorry. Ms. Lund. Inga. Hmmm. I'm not sure about the first name thing, yet. I'll stick with 'Ms. Lund' if that's O.K. That's Norwegian, right?"

"Yah, it shore is," she said with a caricature of an accent, and flashed him a big smile. She took her glasses off and I guessed her green eyes distracted him for a second or two from staring at her exposed body. But probably not for longer than that. I knew the effect that seeing my mom dressed -- or, undressed, really -- like this was having on him. In the past, it would have bothered me. But not now. I was spending all my time thinking about how hot my mom was, and I now it turned me on to imagine Tucker thinking about her that way, too.

I didn't have to imagine it. His tongue practically was hanging out of his mouth.

Tucker was a nerd. He was a couple inches shorter than I was. He was physically lazy, and already had the beginning of a pot belly, and he had curly hair and wore thick dark glasses. But he talked a mile a minute, and had a kind of nerd charm that sometimes worked

with the ladies. Last May he had sweet-talked his way into Kendra Kowalski's skirt, and he had been bragging about it to us all summer.

But now, in front of my mom, he was tongue-tied.

"What brings you here, Tucker?" she asked him sweetly.

"Oh, just dropping this off," he said, and he held the DVD up in front of him. "Randy let me borrow some . . . uh . . . class notes he saved to this . . . uh . . . DVD."

"I didn't know you were taking any classes together," she said, in a way that suggested she might be skeptical of Tucker's description of the DVD's contents.

"I was . . . auditing a class he's taking," Tucker replied. "To see if I wanted to take it."

"Well, it's nice to see you working together," she said. She shifted her legs in the recliner as she said it. She crossed her far, bent leg over the near one, and as she lay talking to us she moved the shoe on the foot of her far leg slowly up and down the calf of the other leg, as though to scratch an itch. Then she put the leg back on the other side, unbending and stretching out the leg nearer us and bending and raising her knee on the other leg still higher. The effect was to reveal more of the incredibly small red triangle of the bikini bottom to us.

"Are you going to stick around for a swim, Tucker?" she asked.

I didn't know what had gotten into my mom. I could swear she was showing off for him. Discreetly, not lasciviously, but it sure looked like she was showing off. She had to know the effect her movements were having on the way her body was exposed to us. I had never see her do anything like that before. Poor Tucker. He didn't say anything.

"No, Tucker has to leave," I said. "He's got some stuff to do, and he didn't bring a suit."

Tucker glared at me. I knew he was thinking I could have volunteered one of my suits. But I had other plans for the day, and he wasn't part of the plans. I wanted mom in her skimpy bikini for myself.

"It's been nice to see you, Tucker. Come by again soon," mom said.

"I will, thanks," he managed to say after getting his voice back. "See you later Mrs. C --- I mean, Ms. Lund."

Tucker and I walked into the house through the back door. I offered him a cold drink from the fridge.

"Randy," Tucker said. "I don't need a cold drink. I need a cold shower."

Instead of walking to the front door, he walked over to the big window in the living room that faced the back yard. He stared back at my mom, now lying back on the lounge chair with her sunglasses on, sideways to us.

"Your mom's Norwegian," he said. "That figures."

"Why is that?" I asked him.

"Norwegians are hot. Like, what's Norway offer? Fjords, and snow, and hot babes. I've said it before, Randy, but you have the hottest mom on the planet. I mean, holy shit. 'Inga.' She should be captain of the Norwegian MILF bikini team."

In the past, his words would have bothered me. They didn't now, but I wasn't going to let him know that. I acted like I was upset.

"Come on, Tucker, that's my mom."

"I know, man, but you're a guy, too, and she's a beautiful woman. Look at those abs, I could bounce quarters all day off those abs. And her toes. The nail polish matches the red suit. I could suck on those toes all day like popsicles."

"Tucker!" I said, acting like I was getting mad.

"Sorry, sorry," he said. "I know you've always been a little touchy about that. But you are a lucky guy."

He kept staring at her through the window.

"So, Randy, do you ever think about it?"

"Uh, think about what?"

"You know," he said, working up a sly smile. "You're single. Your mom's single. Divorced. Lonely. You're both adults. Ever think about you and your mom ---"

"Tucker, stop. No, I do not think about her that way."

"O.K., O.K., no need to get mad," he said. "It's just . . . I can't imagine what it would be like every day to wake up to a mom who looks like a super model. A super fitness model. Those abs. Shit. And look at the muscle tone on those legs."

"Tucker --"

He stopped for a minute but didn't stop staring.

"I think it's time to move on, bud," I said.

He was squinting his eyes and pursing his lips like his mind was furiously working up a scheme of some kind.

"Does your mom like younger guys? I mean, if you're not going to make a play, maybe I could give her a call and --"

"Tucker, no," I said firmly with fake impatience. I was enjoying watching the effect my mom had on Tucker, but I was determined not to show it. "My mom is totally out your league, buddy."

"That is for sure," he said with a resigned sigh and turned to the front door. "O.K., I'm out of here. Thanks for the videos." He glanced back at mom through the window. "And the social visit."

I closed the door on Tucker and walked back to the living room, the large picture window framing the backyard with mom in the little red bikini in the center of the picture. My first thought was to go back to the poolside and resume spreading sun screen on mom's body. But mom already was turned over and reading a book again.

I got a different idea. There was something sort of thrilling about watching mom through the window without her knowing I was

watching her. Thrilling in a different way from watching her while standing right in front of her. Lying on the lounge chair, mom and her body were fully on display for me, standing where I was. I focused on the window glass. It looked like it had been cleaned recently. It was clear, without smudges. Mom was engrossed in her book and had no idea I was looking at her.

I ran to my room. I grabbed my DSLR camera. I also grabbed a zoom lens that I'd bought at a bargain price from Best Deal as a return item by a disgruntled customer. I swapped the zoom lens for the regular lens, and I walked briskly back to the living room. I wanted to use the camera to zoom in on mom's body, without her seeing me, and I wanted to take photos of her in her bikini without her knowing it. I don't know why. I just wanted to do it.

But when I got back to the living room, mom no longer was lying on the lounge chair. She wasn't in the pool, either, or anywhere in the pool area, that I could see. Where was she?

Then I saw her figure walk from behind a bush, behind and to the left of the pool area. Mom was walking across the lawn. And she had gloves and garden shears in her hand!

It was odd. Mom liked gardening, and I'd seen her out in the garden in skimpy shorts and top, but I'd never seen her gardening in a bikini. Yet, there she was: walking around the yard almost naked looking for bushes to trim.

I had to get photos of her. I raised my camera, but before I could get the camera ready mom disappeared from view. She walked off to the left, to a part of the back yard that wasn't visible from the living room window because it was obscured by a clump of bushes.

Well, darn it, I thought. I wanted to take photos of mom gardening in her bikini, but she wasn't visible from where I stood.

I knew, however, that there was one place in the house from which I would be able to see that part of the yard, and see mom: her bedroom. I ran from the living room to her bedroom with my camera in hand.

On one wall of mom's bedroom a window opened onto a part of the backyard I could not see from the living room. When I got to mom's room I slowed quickly and sidled up slowly to the edge of the window. I wanted to see mom, but I didn't want her to see me.

I saw her. Ah, did I see her. She was turned away from me, on all fours, at the edge of the lawn, using the shears to clip dead flowers from a late-blooming bush.

She probably crouched about 50 feet away from me in a direct line. I put my camera to my eye and focused the zoom lens, zooming in slowly and carefully on mom's firm, sculpted, and bikini-clad butt. From this angle, mom's butt rose high in the air, and the tiny red bikini stretched thinly and tightly against her round, gym-sculpted behind.

I pushed the button to take several photos, zooming the lens in as much on mom's butt as I could while maintaining good exposure and focus.

Mom stood up from that position. She dumped the dead flower heads into a little pile in one place in the garden bed. I wondered what she would do next in the garden. My camera was ready to capture her, magnificent in the red and tiny bikini.

She didn't do anything at first. Instead, she looked around the yard. I saw her looking toward the backyard fence at various places. She wasn't looking at plants. I wondered what she was doing. It looked like she was trying to figure out if anyone could see her.

Then I saw her set the shears and the gloves on the garden bed just off the edge of the grass. And then she stood straight up and put her hands behind her back. Her hands worked at the red tie of her bikini top.

Mom removed her bikini top and pulled it off her and over her head. Then she dropped it to the garden bed next to the shears and the gloves, which she put back on.

Mom was going to do her gardening in the back yard, topless.

I watched through the window, fascinated, my camera down at my side. I was so struck by what mom was doing that at first I couldn't even think about taking photos of her. With her pert, firm breasts unfettered, the tiny red bottom was the only thing covering her body, and it barely covered her. Mom turned away from me, showing off her thick blonde hair spilling down her bare back, and the firm, mostly uncovered butt cheeks. I remembered my camera, finally. I pulled it up to my eye, zoomed in on mom's body with the adjustable lens, and started snapping photos.

She turned halfway toward me again, and now I saw her nearly nude body in profile. Mom's boobs weren't huge, but they looked bigger than they were jutting out from her slender frame. They showed little sag, and through the zoom lens I easily saw the erect, pink thimbles of her nipples standing out straight and saucy.

I don't know why mom had decided to trim the bushes topless, but it was one of the most exciting things I'd ever seen. And the excitement was heightened by the utter nonchalance mom seemed to show being almost naked in the back yard shearing leaves off bushes. She went about her business like it was a perfectly normal thing to do.

She bent over to cut off some greenery closer to the ground, and I watched mesmerized through the lens as the firm mounds of her boobs hung down from her body. Gravity pulled them down. I imagined myself sitting on the garden bed, underneath her, my mouth open and waiting to accept her hanging tits with my lips and tongue.

Then she squatted to cut some dead flowers off the bottom of a bush. She squatted low, with her butt almost on her feet, and her knees spread wide open. I zoomed in still more to get a closeup of the red bikini bottom stretched tightly over the flesh between her legs. I snapped several more photos of her.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I held on to the camera with one hand, but with the other I pushed my shorts down until my cock sprang loose. I seized it and started stroking. My mind was in an erotic frenzy over my mom, whose every action seemed to be driving me crazy with voyeuristic lust. I looked down at my cock and felt how hard it was, squeezed between my fingers. Already, precum was flowing from the tip, and the extra lubrication made me harder still.

I must have gotten distracted by what I was doing for a couple of minutes, because when I looked back out the window mom wasn't there. Where had she gone? I wondered.

I heard the back door open and bang shut, suddenly. Then, I heard mom's wedge sandals on the floor. I could tell she was coming this way.

Shit, I thought. I looked around frantically. In less than 20 seconds mom would be coming through the bedroom door, and she'd see me standing next to her bedroom window with my erect dick in one hand and my camera with zoom lens in the other. Even a dummy

would know exactly what I had been doing, and mom was no dummy. There was no exit from the bedroom other than the bedroom door, and I didn't want mom to see me running out of her room with the camera.

I looked to the bathroom. I could try to hide in there, but mom probably would go in there to shower or take a leak, and if she did she would see me, and I didn't know how I'd explain that.

I turned every which way. I heard her footsteps. I had no time left to decide what to do.

I saw the bed. It was my only option. I ducked down and pushed myself under it. In the cramped space, I turned around and pulled myself back from the edge of the bed just as I saw mom's bare legs and sandal-clad feet enter her room.

The bed was king-sized, a holdover from the marriage, so it offered plenty of room to hide. A thick cotton skirt hung down over the bottom mattress, to within a few inches above the floor. If I was very quiet and kept my face and limbs away from the edge, there was an excellent chance that mom wouldn't see me. If she went into the bathroom, I might be able to make a quick escape without her ever knowing I had been in her room.

From my view point under the bed, I couldn't see any of mom above her calves. She kicked off her sandals. Then she walked to the

bathroom. I was hopeful she would go in and take a shower and give me a chance to get away.

But she didn't go in the bathroom. She opened the bathroom door and pulled it back. The inside of the door was covered by a full-length mirror, and mom pulled the door back far enough that I could see the reflection of her legs and feet in it.

She just stood there. I couldn't tell what she was doing with her upper body, so I moved my face a little closer to the edge of the bed. Her upper thighs and the bikini bottom came into view. Mom stood with her butt toward me and her legs apart, and I had a great view of the red fabric narrowing as it descended over her butt cheeks and gathered in a thin strip in the delicious gap between her thighs. Before I could take stock of what I was seeing I saw the bikini top drop to the floor. Then I saw a hand reach down to her hip bone and draw quickly on the string tied there. The knot untied at once with a fast pull, and then the bikini bottom dropped to the floor at her feet next to the top.

Mom stood naked in front of the mirror. Her position and the angle of the mirror gave me two views at once of her pussy. I could just make out the shadowy slit between her legs from behind and underneath, and I could see the front of her pussy reflected in the mirror as well, with a trim patch of blondish hair lying right over it.

It was like a fantasy, seeing my mom like that. I felt a little guilty spying on her from under the bed, but my guilt was overwhelmed by the joy and arousal of seeing her exposed, nude body. Then the

fantasy became even better, because the hand at mom's side moved to her front, and she toyed with her pussy with two fingers. At first, she held the fingers together and rubbed them over the nub of her clit, but then she moved them down into the flesh of her lips. I had to adjust myself slightly, as quietly as I could, because my cock was uncomfortably hard between my body and the bedroom floor.

Then mom moved away from the mirror, and I saw her bare legs walking around the side of the bed. I heard a drawer to her nightstand being opened, and I felt the mattress shake, like she was moving the bed covers around. Mom's legs walked back to the mirror. I saw a pillow drop to the floor. And then, wonder of wonders, I saw mom sit down on the floor, facing the mirror, her back to the pillow. And she spread her legs. I kept far enough under the bed that I couldn't see her face, but I saw her holding a slender pink rod in one hand, with a bulb at one end. It was a vibrator. I heard it begin buzzing when she turned it on.

Mom was going to masturbate in front of the mirror, and I was going to watch.

It was a tricky angle, because her back was to me, but I could see her pussy reflected in the mirror through her bent, open legs. It was the best view of it I'd had yet. Mom kept a patch of hair over her clit, but the lips of the pussy themselves had been shaved, so nothing was obscured. The outer lips, bare and gently mounded, framed her slit. She held the vibrator above her pussy, and I saw her push it down slowly on and past the clit until it dipped into the tender flesh

beneath. Then the pink bulb dipped further, fully inside her, and her lips closed over it.

She held it like that for a full minute, and I heard the buzz grow louder when she must have adjusted a setting on the vibrator. Mom started rocking the head of the vibrator in and out of her, and I saw the thin lips of her pussy rise and fall like waves over the pink bulbous head.

I was excited and aroused beyond belief, but I couldn't do anything about it. My crotch was pressed against the floor, leaving me no room to stroke myself. And even if I had had room, I could not have started masturbating without risk of exposing myself to mom. I couldn't do that, no matter how great my need.

I could hear mom panting over the steady buzz of the vibrator, and her spread legs occasionally twitched or jerked this way or that. She arched her back against the pillow, and she put a hand, the one without the vibrator in it, in back of her on the floor to hold her up.

Slowly, and as quietly as I could, I pulled my camera in front of my face, and I focused the lens on mom. I was so close to her, and the zoom lens so powerful, that the view through the lens was blurry at first, but I adjusted the lens until the view was clear. Once I did that, I could see mom's pussy in the most amazing, intimate detail -- the thin, inner lips stretched over the vibrator head, the film of moisture that framed her opening, and even a little milky fluid gathering at the lower edge of her pussy and beginning to flow down the skin between her lean legs.

Then mom lowered her arched back and set her shoulders against the pillow. She raised her feet, which had been set on the ground with her toes pointed. She put her legs in the air, still holding them spread open as before.

By lying back and holding her legs in the air, mom exposed more of the area between her legs, until the puckered star of her anus came into my view. The hand that had supported her when she was sitting up and leaning back went to her butt cheek, and in the mirror I saw fingers pressing forward from the side of her ass toward her asshole. She snaked a single finger toward its destination until the tip rested right on the hole and began tracing tiny circles around it.

Then the finger pushed forward further, sliding beyond the tight rim of the hole and into her. Her finger was buried in her ass to the first knuckle. I saw her push still more. Her finger had disappeared into her asshole up to the second knuckle. I saw it twitching, and I knew mom was moving her finger around inside her ass.

Mom now was going hard at both her holes, one with a finger and one with the slender vibrator. And I was there, miraculously, to see her doing it. I had to take a photo. I had to. It would be risky, because taking it would make a small noise, but I thought there was a better than even chance that the sound would be masked by the vibrator's steady, loud buzz and mom's heavy breathing.

I held the camera in place and focused. It was hard to maintain focus because of the dim indoor light and because of the constant jerking of mom's body under the assault of her finger and the vibrator. But I was determined. I would take one shot -- no more. I couldn't risk making more noise than that.

Mom's breathing sped up and her legs spasmed and jerked in the air. I knew she would come soon, and I had to take the photo before she came and turned the vibrator off. It was getting harder to get a shot because of the constant, jerky movement of her legs. But then she pulled the vibrator up and out of her pussy, and the lips gave way and the maw of her sex remained open as the tip of the vibrator lay against her nubby, exposed clit. She splayed her legs even farther. Everything came into view. I chanced it, and I took the photo.

The camera made a quiet but noticeable -- to me -- click, which I hoped was muffled by the bed skirt and the noises mom was making. She showed no sign of hearing it; her body kept jerking and tensing as the moment of orgasm obviously approached.

And then the orgasm came. Mom's thin frame arched over the bedroom carpet and her legs straightened and her whole body shook. She let out a long, thin, high-pitched gasp. Her finger remained in her ass but she obviously struggled to keep the vibrator on her wildly bucking body.

I could see her body swept by the orgasm as she brought her feet down on the ground. Visible tremors swept across her body like waves. Like ripples on a pond, they flowed back and forth through

her damp, nude body until they receded and her body grew still. Her high-pitched panting became slower and quieter.

She quieted down, and I didn't dare move. Because mom lay back on the floor, her head was visible, and if she had turned her head and looked my way she might have seen me under the bed. Fortunately, she didn't.

After what seemed like ages, but probably only was a few minutes, mom sat up. She sat for another minute with her legs open in front of the mirror. I couldn't see her face or upper body, but I had the impression she was appraising her spent and orgasm-wracked body. I looked through the zoom lens; the entire area between her legs was shiny with moisture.

Finally, mom grabbed the bikini pieces and stood up. Her legs looked unsteady, and she staggered, slightly, to the bathroom.

I heard water in the sink, and then I heard the shower turned on.

This was my time to get away.

I crawled from under the bed on the side opposite the bathroom door. I peeked around the edge of the bed. I couldn't see all the way into the bathroom from where I was, but it looked like it was clear. I darted from my spot next to the bed to the door, and as quietly as I

could I turned the knob, opened the door enough to let me through, and closed it behind me.

I let out a quiet sigh. I'd made it.

I ran back to my room, stealthily at first, and then with abandon as my need for relief took over. I shut the door behind me and pushed my shorts down and off in a rapid sweep of my hand.

I needed relief more desperately than I ever had before, but I needed something else, first.

I hooked my camera up to my computer with a USB cord. A pushed a few buttons with frantic fingers. The files from camera downloaded quickly, but it didn't feel quick; it felt agonizingly slow. Finally, it was done and I scrolled through the photos until I found the last one. I had to see how it had turned out before I let myself release.

I saw it. It had turned out.

In my photo of her, mom lay on the floor with outstretched legs, a finger from one hand buried in her anus and the pink bulb of the vibrator pressed to clit, her delicate lips peeled back underneath, exposing her damp and pink flesh.

It wasn't the clearest photo I'd ever taken, but it was clear enough, and the resolution was remarkable given the circumstances, my shaking hands, and the awkward vantage point.

More to the point, it was the hottest photo I'd ever taken or seen in my life. My cock pointed, steel-hard, toward the image, and I no more than touched the tip of my cock head with two fingers before my restraint gave way and I erupted, spurt after spurt, uncontrollably, and, once again, all over the place. I pushed my cock down and most of my cum landed on the carpet, but some of it landed on my desk top and a few dozen drops of translucent milky fluid stuck to the lower edge of my computer monitor. The sheer quantity of it rivaled the gusher I'd had the first time I jerked off to the site of mom's lovely pussy, days earlier.

I lay back in back in my desk chair, panting and naked below the waist.

My god, my god, my god.

I looked at the cum all over the place. I'd left myself with quite a mess to clean up.

But it was worth it.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 04

After watching my mom masturbate from under her bed, a switch flipped inside me.

Before that day, I had wanted to see mom naked. But actually seeing her naked like that changed everything. What I felt now wasn't just a sneaky desire; it was a consuming passion. I could hardly look at mom without getting aroused. I spent hours and days tip-toeing around mom and retreating behind walls and counters so she wouldn't see the embarrassing tent that constantly filled my shorts.

I craved the next opportunity to see mom naked, or in her bikini, or in anything skimpy. But for several days, the opportunity didn't come. Either I was too busy, or mom was too busy, but for whatever reason, nothing happened. I had to satisfy myself with late-night stroke sessions to photos of mom on my computer.

At times during those few days, mom seemed preoccupied, even a little distant. I caught her looking at me a few times, like she wanted to say something to me, but when our eyes met she looked away and didn't say anything.

One night, she went on a date with a man she met through a web site. They met for drinks at a bar. Mom told me later that the guy was arrogant and pushy, and she left him after a quick drink with a lame excuse. So much for her first post-divorce date.

I felt bad for her that the date hadn't gone well, but I felt glad, too. I admit I felt a little jealous about mom dating. I liked having mom to myself.

One morning a few days later, I emerged from my bedroom, still waking up and in my usual morning attire of shorts and a t shirt, and I saw mom making coffee in the kitchen. She was wearing the short, white, cotton robe again. Her legs and feet were bare, as before. This time her hair was dry and combed. The sight of the bare skin of her legs and chest under the robe once again put my body in a state of high alert.

"Hello, Randy." She looked up at me and smiled. It was a half-smile, not her usual big smile. She poured herself a cup of coffee and handed me a glass already full of orange juice.

"Follow me," she said. "I think we should chat."

We walked to the sofa in the living room, which had become our place to have serious conversations. I sat down on one end of the sofa, and mom sat at the other. This time she sat with her legs folded under her, as demurely as she could in the short robe. With one hand, she gathered the edges of the robe together under her neck.

She seemed to take a moment to collect herself, and took a sip of her coffee, and then she looked at me.

"Randy, there have been some things going on lately that we should talk about. Things between us."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I think you know what I mean." She paused. "I know you've been watching me."

I didn't know what she knew and I didn't know what to say. I didn't want to play dumb and sound dishonest, but I didn't want to reveal everything I'd seen, either.

"Mom . . . what do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"Randy," she said. "I know you were under my bed the other day. Watching me."

Holy shit, I thought. I felt like sinking into a deep hole.

"How did you . . . when did you . . ." I tried to get the words out but was having trouble.

She interrupted me.

"You left the lens cap to your camera in my room," she said. "I figured you were taking pictures of me in the back yard from the bedroom. So, when you weren't around I checked your computer. You were careless. I just turned the monitor on and entered the password. You haven't changed it since you were a kid. You left the folder with the photos of me open on the computer. I saw the photo you took under the bed. I saw the other photos, too."

My jaw dropped. She continued.

"I'm sorry I invaded your privacy that way, but I was pretty sure you were spying on me and I wanted to know what you were doing. I also saw traces of . . . well . . . traces of you, dried on your desk, that you hadn't cleaned up completely. I figured out what you were doing."

I felt like I was a foot high, and shrinking fast. I wanted to sink into the ground, to disappear.

"Mom," I said. "The photos -- you saw ALL the photos I took?"

"I saw all of them," she said.

I let that sink in. If mom had seen all the photos, she knew everything.

"Mom, I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I got excited and I got carried away. When I took that photo of you on the sofa, I didn't even know what was in it. And then I saw it on my computer when I got back to my room, and I got carried away, and I couldn't help myself. And since then, it's been I'm sorry, I'm really sorry."

"I know, Randy," she said. "You don't need to say it. I'm not angry with you."

That took me by surprise.

"You're not?" I asked her. I was relieved but also amazed.

"No. I'm not mad."

She seemed to be steeling herself to say something difficult.

"I think we should be honest with each other. I'm going to be honest with you. This is hard for me to say. But you are an adult, and I think I need to talk to you about this."

She cleared her throat.

"That night you took photos of me on the sofa, after we'd gone running together, I could tell you were looking at me in a different way, like you were sneaking peeks at me," she said. "I noticed you

checking me out after our run together, when I was stretching, and then later in the kitchen. I'd never seen you do that before. And, I have to admit -- it's embarrassing to me to admit this -- I enjoyed it. It made me feel a way I haven't felt in a long time. You know the divorce was hard on me. I've felt old, and less attractive since then.

"You're my son, but you're also a handsome young man. And the way you looked at me -- it made me feel good. I wanted it to continue. So, I put on those little shorts. And I left my panties off. I didn't plan to show off . . . you know . . . down there. But I didn't try to prevent you from seeing it, either. I think a part of me knew it was a risk. When we were sitting on the sofa, I knew you were checking out my legs. I enjoyed that feeling.

"And then on my birthday, you were so sweet. You got me roses. You got me the skimpy running outfit and the bikini. I felt funny about posing in those tiny shorts and the bra top in front of you, but it felt so good at the same time. And you kept taking photos of me and telling me how good I looked.

"And later that night, I knew you were outside my door. I was using my vibrator. I was thinking about the way you were looking at me while I was using it. I heard you outside, and I guessed you were jerking off. It made me come right away. Later on, I went into the bathroom. I saw your, well, your semen, on the bathroom counter. You hadn't cleaned it all it up."

"I'm sorry, mom," I said. "I feel really bad about this --"

"No," she said. "Don't feel bad. This isn't just you. Since that birthday night I've been teasing you. I wore the red bikini and wanted you to see me in it. I put my panties out on the bed, and I thought you might take a pair. And I was right. You did."

Mom's words came pouring out, like a confession. There was guilt in her voice, but not just guilt. There was a tone of relief, and of release.

"The other day, when I wore the bikini by the pool," she said, "I thought you might be spying on me from the house when you didn't come back after Tucker left. I took my top off -- I didn't plan that. It was a crazy, spur-of-the moment thing. And then I came in the house and I thought I might catch you, but I didn't. I didn't know you were in the room until after I saw the lens cap and checked your computer later."

She looked at me, calmly, a little nervously, but without reproach or guilt.

"I was surprised at the photos you had taken. I didn't realize it had gone that far. I didn't know how to talk to you about it. I don't blame you; to some degree I've been leading you on, so I'm to blame as well. I thought we should be honest about it. That's why I wanted this talk."

I was letting it all sink in. I was surprised mom told me she had known what I'd done, but I was even more surprised about what she'd done and felt.

"So you enjoyed it?" I asked her.

"What do you mean?" she replied.

"You knew I was looking at you," I said. "You knew I masturbated outside your door while you were using a vibrator. And it turned you on. And it made you want to show off more for me. And you did."

"I don't know about that, Randy, I --"

"Wait, mom," I interrupted. "You said we should be honest. Well, I'll be honest. I did look at you. I ogled you. I enjoyed it. I think I'm kind of a voyeur. And you just happen to be the most gorgeous mom I've ever seen. And in recent days, I've seen you . . . naked. Completely exposed. And it excited the hell out of me."

"It still does," I added.

"But you liked it too, you showing off for me. You even liked showing off for Tucker in that red bikini; I could tell."

"Mom, I think you are an exhibitionist," I said. "Or you've got a streak of it in you."

As I said it, I couldn't help but notice the glimpses of mom's thighs and her cleavage peeking out from under the little robe as she squirmed on the sofa.

"I think that's right," she said. "I admit that. I have an exhibitionist streak. It was a thrill to me to be watched, and I gave in to that thrill with you, and I'm sorry for that."

"Mom," I said. "You don't have to apologize. Don't say you're sorry. I didn't know everything you just told me. I didn't know you were aware I -- that I beat off to you. I'm glad you've told me. I feel bad about sneaking around spying on you. But mom, I loved it. I loved looking at you. If you think about it -- you being an exhibitionist and me a voyeur. We're a good match." I said it with a sheepish grin.

"I don't know about that," she said. "That's not a normal part of a mother-son relationship."

"I don't know if it's normal or not," I said, "but I don't think it's bad. I don't think we've done anything wrong."

Mom rolled her eyes.

"Mom," I said. "Let you ask you: how long have you known this about yourself? How long have you been an exhibitionist?"

She paused.

"I guess I've always liked being looked at," she said. "I was in the drama club when I was in school, and I liked being on stage. I was a cheerleader, and I liked wearing the short skirts and knowing people were looking at me. In college I went streaking once, and my best friend and I went to a nude beach a few times."

"Dad must have known about it," I said. "Did he? What did he think about it?"

"That's kind of personal, Randy," she said.

"Mom, I watched you masturbate. I saw you with your legs open. That's as personal as it gets. I saw your cunt. You and I are way beyond personal."

She winced when I said the word "cunt" but I had a point to make and I kept pressing it.

"You took your top off in the back yard and wanted me to see you. You wanted me to see your boobs. I did, and I loved it. And you loved it too. You said be honest, so let's be honest. Tell me about you

and dad. Did he like it? What did he think about this part of you. Did he like to show you off?"

Mom obviously had to think about her answer before she replied.

"It didn't happen right away in our marriage," she said, reluctantly at first. "We got married young, and you were born not long after we got married. For a long time we were focused on you and your dad was working hard. I stayed home with you for a most of my twenties. But then at some point when you were a little older and didn't need watching over so much, your dad got this thing about wanting to expose me. I'm sorry, this is funny to talk about. It feels awkward."

"Mom, it's not awkward for me," I said. "Tell me. Go on."

"We did little things at first, like having me go out wearing a skirt and no panties. One in a while he would ask me to flash someone in a restaurant."

"And you did?" I urged.

"I did," she said.

"And you liked it?"

"I did like it. I liked showing off my body, and it turned me on that it turned him on. He kept buying me bikinis, and it seemed like they kept getting smaller and smaller. And then he wanted me to go topless on the beach. So we went to beaches that weren't topless beaches, but where we thought we could get away with it. And I took my top off. It really turned him on, and it turned me on."

"You liked your bare tits being on display, in public, where everyone could see them?"

"Those weren't the words I was going to use, but, yes, I liked it. And I liked that he liked it. Until a certain point. And then he didn't like it, and it stopped."

"What happened?" I asked.

She took a loud sip from her coffee.

"This is embarrassing to tell you about," she said. "I don't know if I should."

"Come on, mom. Don't stop now. I want to know. Tell me."

"We went to a beach one day. Probably about six years ago. It wasn't a nude beach, but there was an area, set off by some rocks, where it was kind of understood that you could be nude and no one would

bother you. So we went there, and Dan had us sit right on the edge of the so-called nude area and the non-nude area. He put the blanket down right at the distance from the water where the maximum number of people walking along the beach would be close to us. And then he had me get naked. He kept his suit on. Your dad liked that idea -- of him being clothed and me naked. "

"What happened then?" I asked.

"He told me to spread my legs open. Wide open, so anyone walking by would see me, and see my . . . between my legs."

"You mean your pussy," I said. "Say it, mom. Say 'pussy.'"

"My pussy," she said. "He wanted people to see my pussy. He looked at me and said 'Inga, I want you to spread your legs and show your pussy. I want people to see your wet pussy.' He didn't say it in a dirty way. He said it like you'd say 'Pass the chips.'"

"And you liked it," I said. "You liked showing your pussy."

"I loved it. I loved having my pussy on display like that. It turned me on so much. But it wouldn't have been the same if I'd just been sitting there alone. What I loved was that he was telling me to show off, and I was showing off for him. It sounds funny to say it, but I remember thinking how much I loved him in that moment."

"So, what happened?" I asked.

"I lay back on that blanket, with the sun shining down on my naked body. He put sun screen on my body, really slowly, lathering it on. And I remember him holding my leg to the side as he put it on me, so my pussy would remain exposed. People walking by could see me naked and on display, and my husband was making it easier for them by holding my legs open. And we acted very nonchalant, like it was no big deal, even though it was a really big deal for me. And I kept my legs open. I have no idea how many people passed by us. Maybe a hundred. Maybe more. Every single one of them saw my pussy. Some of them tried to hide the fact that they looked at it. Some of them looked away quickly. Some of them didn't -- a few even stared or did double takes. But everyone looked.

"And then I got the idea to take it a little further. I was having so much fun showing off for your dad. So I looked at him to make sure he saw what I was doing, and then I reached down between my legs, and I spread it open."

"You spread what open?" I asked her. "Say it. Tell me everything. Say the words."

"I spread my pussy open," she said. "I took my fingers and I pushed the lips back, as far as they could go. When I took my fingers away, the lips still were peeled back. All the way, and they stayed that way."

She stopped.

"I can't believe I'm telling you this, Randy," she said. "You must think your mom is perverted."

"No, mom, I don't," I said. "I don't at all. I'm glad you're telling me this. Please keep going."

She nodded slowly and continued.

"After I . . . spread myself open like that, when people walked by, then didn't just see my pussy. They saw me wide open. Inside. When no one was walking by, I even pulled out a little hand mirror from my bag, and I held it down between my legs so I could see exactly what I was showing off. My pussy was so wide open you could see deep inside it. It was like a pink, wet tunnel. I'm not sure but I think there was even some moisture dripping out of it, just a little. It made me think all these thoughts. Lewd thoughts. I thought, that's where my husband fucks me. That's where his cock goes. And he's put me on a show here so everyone can see where his cock goes when he fucks me."

"And you liked that," I said.

"I loved it," she said. She looked far away when she said it, like she wasn't next to me, but on the beach again. "I loved that feeling. It was one of the most arousing feelings I ever had. And it was . . . I don't

know exactly how to say it . . . it was so satisfying. Even though it was wrong, I guess, it felt so right sitting like that, next to Dan."

"How did dad like it?" I asked.

Mom didn't answer right away.

"That's the funny thing, the sad thing," she said. "He didn't. He didn't like it. I crossed a line. I don't mean just the amount of exposure. He didn't like that I took control, that it was my decision to open myself up further. I don't think he realized until that minute that it wasn't all about him, that this was something I really, deeply enjoyed, that I craved it. I think it scared him. I think when he realized that my exhibitionism was more than just my doing what he wanted it was scary to him, and it was no longer sexy.

"He got quiet after he saw me do that. And we left the beach not much later. In the car I knew something was wrong, and I tried to talk about it, but he didn't want to.

"We never did anything like that again. That was the end of him showing me off. And we never talked about it. And that's when our marriage took a turn. It was never the same after that. I felt like he looked at me in a different way."

After she finished we sat quietly on the sofa for a few minutes. She sipped her coffee and I finished my orange juice.

"Other than wearing short skirts or sometimes wearing bikinis," mom said, "I never did anything exhibitionist after that. Until the last few days, that is." She grinned uneasily.

"And how do you feel about that?" I asked. "What you've done the last few days?"

"Guilty," she said. "But I enjoyed it, too. I have to admit that. How do you feel about it? How do you feel about what I've said?"

"I feel great," I said. "And hearing you talk about the past makes me feel better about it. This is who you are. It's who we are. You like being looked at, and you like being looked at by me. It turns you on. And I like looking at you, and watching you show off. It turns me on.

"Mom, we've both masturbated over your showing your body to me. I can't turn that clock back. I can't stop being turned on by you. And I think if you're honest you'll admit you can't stop being turned on by it, either. The only way I could stop would be to move out, so I wouldn't be around you. And I don't want to do that. I don't think you want that, either."

She didn't say anything.

"Mom, I want to hear you say it," I said. "Admit you want to show off. Admit you were excited knowing I liked looking at you."

"I admit I like showing off," she said. "Yes, it was flattering and exciting to know you were looking at me. But that doesn't make it right. We have to set some limits, Randy. There have to be some boundaries. I'm your mother. You're my son."

"I accept that," I said. "I agree. I want boundaries, too."

"Well, I'm glad. So we agree we need to limit what we do, right?" she asked me.

"Of course, we should have limits. We should have boundaries," I said. "But mom, we don't need to limit everything."

"What do you mean?" she asked, suspicion and skepticism in her voice.

"You've admitted to me that you like showing off. You're an exhibitionist. I like watching you. I'm a voyeur, I guess you'd call it. Let's face it, you've shown your entire body to me -- everything -- and I loved it. I loved seeing it more than anything I've ever seen. And you liked it too. You want us to be honest with each other -- well, let's be honest. You enjoyed me looking at you. It turned you on. It still turns you on."

She didn't say anything. She didn't dispute what I said. She obviously was wrestling with what to say to me in reply. I pressed on before she could say anything.

"Mom," I said, "You've wanted to show yourself off ever since that time at the beach, when dad reacted badly. Well, I'm not like dad. I want you to show yourself off. I want you to feel free to do that. With me. In front of me. If you think about it, I'm the perfect person to do it in front of. I'll always love you and support you. I'll never hurt you or reject. And we can set appropriate boundaries."

Mom looked intently at me, her face tense and questioning.

"How do you suggest we do that, Randy?" she asked.

"I have an idea," I said. "We can talk about limits, right here, right now. We can make an agreement about what we will and won't do. We'll both agree to respect the boundaries we set. But first, there's something you need to do."

"What's that?" she asked softly.

It was all clear to me now, in a flash. I knew what I wanted to do; I knew what I wanted her to do. And I thought it would work for both of us. But I had to ask this one thing of her. I knew it was risky, but I had to ask her.

"Mom, take your robe off."

"What?" she said.

"Take your robe off," I said. "Right now. Sit in front of me without your robe."

"How is that setting boundaries?" she asked.

"Take your robe off and I'll show you," I said.

I could tell from the changing expression on her face -- the twists of the mouth and the eyebrows -- that she was wrestling inside with my suggestion.

But she didn't wrestle long. Keeping her eyes on mine, mom reached down and undid the sash around her waist. Then she pulled the robe back and off her shoulders. She lifted her butt to pull the robe off her legs.

Mom wore French-cut white lace panties, and nothing more. Her full, beautiful breasts were bare. She sat no more than three feet from me. Her legs lay under her, with her butt on her feet, and she held her hands down at her side, fingertips on the sofa. She was magnificent. Her breasts were full and ripe, and a little paler where the bikini top had hidden them from the sun. The panties were no

more than about an inch wide on the side, and they sat high on her hip but dipped low in the middle, exposing the upper part of her pubic bone. I thought I saw a few stray blond hairs peeking out the top. Mom sat in that position, not saying anything, demure and quiet, staring at me.

"Mom, you are so beautiful," I said.

"Thank you," she said, in not much more than a whisper.

"Come here," I beckoned to her with my hand. "Sit on my lap."

"Randy --"

"Just do it, mom," I said. "I'll explain, but I want you to sit on my lap while I do."

She delayed for a moment, but she came to me. She got off her heels and scooted across the sofa, into my lap. Her legs lay out in front of her. Her hands lay, one over the other, in her lap. She looked down, and I thought I saw her lip quiver.

I put my arms around her, one around her shoulder, and one lightly on her waist -- nothing sexual.

"Mom, look at me," I said. She did. We looked into each other's eyes.

"I love you, I love you so much."

"I love you too, Randy."

"I know," I said. "And this is part of our love. I like to see you like this. I want to continue to see you like this, and I want you to continue showing yourself to me. I think we would both like that."

"We need to set some boundaries, so we will. Here's my idea: look, but don't touch. You're going to keep getting naked. You're going to show yourself off to me, and I'm going to watch you. And I'm going to keep masturbating to you. And you're going to masturbate when you do it, too. We can't pretend that's not going to happen, so we should be honest. Maybe we can even do it in front of each other. I'd like that. We'll see."

"But we won't fuck. I won't fuck you, mom. And to preserve our boundaries, to keep that from happening, I won't touch you down there. I won't touch your pussy."

"Or . . ." she started to say.

"Or your asshole. I will leave your asshole alone. And I won't touch your tits. And you won't touch my cock."

"I think it's a little late for that, already, tiger," she said, "if you know what I mean." She looked down toward my lap.

My cock was rock hard and straining up against the cloth of my shorts, and I know she felt it pushing against her. In fact, the head of my cock was pushing somewhere between her legs, probably very close to her pussy, shrouded only by a thin layer of white lace.

"That's different," I said. "My clothes are between us. That's why I kept my shorts on now. Nothing can happen when we're like this. But when I'm naked, you won't touch my cock.

"So how does that sound to you?" I asked.

"It sounds weird, Randy," she said. "I don't know about this. I'm not sure if we should."

"Mom, listen to yourself. Should. The word 'should' has nothing to do with this. Don't think in terms of 'should.' Look at you. You're on my lap, practically naked, and my arms are around you. We both want this. We're not doing anything wrong, and deep inside you, you know this isn't wrong and nothing harmful is going to happen because of it. So, how about it? How about working with those boundaries?"

Her head bobbed around. She was struggling with the idea. But she spoke at last.

"O.K.," she said at last. "We can give it a try. But we have to be strict about the limits or it can't work."

Her arms were up, around my shoulders. Her fingernails scraped lovingly against the nape of my neck. The feeling of it was magical.

I smiled at my beautiful, naked mother. And then I kissed her. A quick, gentle peck on the nose.

"I agree, mom," I said.

I pulled back and we both looked at each other lovingly, and then I moved closer again and I gave her another kiss, a soft little kiss, to the side of her mouth. Then with my hand I gently turned her face up so I could plant a row of soft kisses on her chin, and then down her neck. I heard mom purr. Then with my hand I turned her face back to mine, and we looked into each other's eyes, and then I kissed her on the lips.

I kissed her softly at first, and she returned the kiss. I pressed harder, and she did too.

Soon we were kissing each other, deeply and passionately. I pushed my tongue past her lips into her mouth, and it sought her tongue. Our tongues danced together as our open mouths pressed against each other. In that moment, I wanted all of her, I wanted nothing to

be held back. I was delirious with desire. I never had kissed such a beautiful woman.

You know that magical moment when you kiss a girl for the first time, a girl you've wanted and pined after? That magical moment where all those new sensations envelope you at once -- the taste of her mouth, the scent of her neck, the feel of her waist and breasts under your eager hands?

This moment was like that, only ten times better. Mom was not only in my arms, but nearly naked. She wasn't a girl, she was my mom. My hands were pressed against the bare, luminous skin of her waist. Her full breasts were inches from me, her tits nearly pressed against my shirt. I reached a hand out and ran it through her thick blond hair.

We kissed, on and on. I was careful with my hands. I held her tightly against me, and I moved my hands against her back and shoulders in broad circles, but I kept them away from her breasts and from between her legs.

I gestured toward her leg.

"Come here, mom," I said. "Swing this leg around to the other side of me. I want you to face me."

Mom complied. She straddled me. Her legs parted. I saw the thin strip of lace between her legs, and the bare skin on either side of the strip. It would have taken no effort to slip a finger under that lace strip, and to run it up and down the delicate lips of her pussy. She was excited, I could tell, and I don't think she would have stopped me if I'd tried. But I didn't. We had just set some boundaries, and I needed to show mom that I could stick to them.

But within those boundaries, there was a lot we could do.

I continued kissing her, deeply and ardently. She kissed me back just as vigorously, and I heard a small moan well up from her chest.

I decided to push things -- just a little. I pushed my lap up against her, just a bit. My erection pressed directly against the lace-covered mound between her legs. I pressed it like that several times, just barely, enough that she would feel it, but not so hard that she would worry I would lose control.

And then I felt her push back. My cock was a thick rod, pointed straight up under the shorts and ending just an inch from the waist band. Mom began pushing her mound against it, the lace-covered panties dragging several inches along my length. She pulled her panty-clad pussy mound back, and then she pushed it against me again.

The pushing became a steady, rhythmic rocking, her lace-layered pussy against my shorts-covered cock.

I slid a hand down to her bottom, uncovered by the lace thong back. My other hand held her firmly on the side. I shifted position, and I began pressing against her, pushing her down and back against the sofa. Soon I was on top of her.

Her legs lifted and squeezed my waist, and I felt her feet cross and lock behind me. We kept rocking our hips against each other.

My lips pressed against hers. Neither of us wanted to come up for air. Our mouths remained against one another, tightly and urgently, as our tongues danced and explored one another. I felt her grind her hips against me gently. Whatever boundaries we had set, we were pushing against them.

My hand remained on her ass, and I squeezed it, gently at first and then with greater strength. My fingertips reached forward until they were only inches from the cleft between her cheeks. With just a little forward movement I could have run my finger up and down the crack, pushing under her thong, or probed her asshole, or pushed it between the folds of her pussy. I wanted to. But we had agreed on setting some boundaries, and, as difficult as it was to hold back, I did.

We kissed and writhed and grabbed each other like that for a long time -- I don't know how long.

The entire time we writhed and clutched each other on the sofa, mom's legs were spread and her lace-covered pussy was pressed

firmly against my hard cock, nothing more than a millimeter or so of fabric separating my cock and her pussy. She was moving back and forth and rocking her hips against me the whole time. But -- and I know this is hard to believe -- I wasn't thinking about that. Instead, I was thinking about mom's lips and mouth, and how much I craved them, and the feeling of my mouth and lips on hers. I couldn't get enough of kissing mom. The tip of her tongue entered my mouth, and my tongue pushed back.

But if my mind was focused on kissing my mom, my body was responding to the grinding motion of her covered pussy on my cock. Our steady dry-humping was bringing me near climax. My breathing grew more ragged and urgent and I moaned "mom, mom" between our kisses.

I picked up the pace of the grinding on mom's mound. I didn't care that my efforts would fill my shorts with sticky cum. The faster pace seemed to accelerate mom's arousal as well; soon the pace of her breathing and her higher-pitched moans matched mine.

"Randy, Randy," she called softly.

Then I felt the release coming, and I pushed my hips and cock forward against her in big, urgent sweeps to bring my need for release to fruition. Then I felt it: thick spurt after thick spurt of sticky wetness inside my shorts. My body shook and I nearly pulled away from mom, but she held my butt with her hand and said "Don't stop, I'm almost there!" A few seconds after I was done I felt mom's back arch, and she shuddered with relief and joy as well.

After we finished my body collapsed against and on top of her. I held the side of my face against hers and my lean, firm chest mashed down against her full, ripe breasts.

We lay like that for minutes -- I don't know how many. Five, ten, I don't know. A surge of pleasure swept my body and I almost dozed. But not quite. I remained alert and awake despite the thick feeling of spent pleasure that coursed through my body.

I pulled away from mom and stood up and over her, looking down on her. She lay back on the sofa with arms thrown back and hands above her head. Her hair framed her face in a wild blond mane. Her full breasts lolled over her thin and lightly muscled chest and shoulders. Her lips were parted and her eyes stared widely at me.

Standing up reminded me of the flood of wetness under my shorts. I unbuttoned and unzipped them. Then I let them drop to the ground and stepped out of them. I pulled my shirt off. I stood completely naked in front of mom. My cock no longer was at full length, but I was glad to see it still was longer and thicker than normal, and as soon as it popped out of my shorts mom's eyes were glued to it.

I bent over and retrieved the shorts, and I used them to wipe up the remaining cum on my cock. I tossed the shorts back on the floor.

I stood over my mom again, and my cock hung about two feet from her face. She was sitting up on the sofa now, and her face was level with it. She looked at it and then looked up at me.

I didn't know what had come over me. I had always had the gift of gab, and for a while I had known what to say to girls. But being with mom like this gave me a confidence I'd never felt before. I stood completely naked over her with my cock swinging no more than two feet from her lips, and I felt no shame or guilt or nervousness. Something about it felt right. It was like all the pieces were falling into place, and I felt confident about what to do and what to say.

But I could tell mom wasn't quite there. I'd unlocked her desire to show herself off, and I'd gotten her to admit her desire to me. We had both come together. But I could tell she was nervous and uncertain about what we were doing, even though her body was loving it.

I knew, for a certainty, that I wanted to keep pushing things with mom. I thought she'd be receptive if I handled it the right way. I just had to keep things at the right pace, and at the right rhythm.

"Do you like what you see?" I asked her.

She grinned slightly and cocked her head back and forth, appraising my cock from two sides. Then she looked back at me.

"Impressive," she said.

"How does it compare with dad's?" I asked.

"You are very pushy with the questions, naughty boy," she said. "That was one area with your dad where I had no complaints. But you might be a little bit bigger."

She laughed. "Don't get a big head about it."

I grinned.

"That's not what's going to get big, mom. It's my cock that's going to get big when you keep taking your clothes off like this in front of me."

"You sound confident I'm going to keep doing this," she said.

"I am confident, mom," I said. "You're going to get naked for me, a lot. You're going to show off for me and you're going to spread your legs. You're going to let me take photos of you. We're going to keep kissing like we just did. I'm going to come with you again, too."

I squatted down in front of her as I said it, until my face was a little below hers, and with my hands I gently pushed her knees farther apart. I kept pushing them until they were as far as back as they would go against the edge of the sofa.

The strip of lace between her legs was perhaps no more than an inch and a half wide, enough to cover the most intimate details of her sex but not enough fully to hide her outer labia, which mounded sweetly on either side. An obvious damp spot blotted the center of the white lacy strip.

I touched my finger to it. I started at the bottom and moved it up slowly until I felt the fabric give way just a little, where my finger found the spot just over the entrance to her pussy, the source of all the wetness. Although the pressure of my finger was light, it was enough to create a dimple in her thong. My finger pressed inward and entered the shallow dimple, and the white lace closed around my finger. In a way, I was finger-fucking my mom, now, I thought.

"Randy," she said, "I don't think we should do that."

But she pushed forward, against my finger, slightly but noticeably, as she spoke.

"I'm not breaking any boundaries, mom," I said. "And I'm not going to. We agreed to them and I'm going to stick by them."

I looked in mom's eyes with arched eyebrows.

"What about you, mom?" I asked. "Are you going to stick with our boundaries?"

She had started to rock herself more noticeably against my finger as I spoke, and she was staring down at what she was doing, but my question seemed to snap her attention away from the needs of her body. She pulled back an inch, parting her lace-covered pussy from my finger, and she looked up at me.

"Of course," she said. "Randy, we absolutely have to stick with these boundaries."

"I'm glad we agree on that, mom," I said.

"Just a sec," I added.

I stood up and walked over to a counter where I had left my phone.

"What are you doing?" mom asked.

She hadn't moved; she remained on the edge of the sofa with her legs splayed wide on either side and her hands supporting her on the sofa on either side of her.

"I'm going to take some pictures of you, mom," I said. "I've already taken photos of you naked but I want to record this moment between us, where you're showing yourself to me deliberately for the first time."

I loved the combination of nerves and desire I saw in her face, the internal battle she was going through between yes and no. So far, the yes side was winning, and I wanted to press my advantage and keep it that way.

"Point your toes," I said.

She put her hands on her knees and propped her feet up on her toes, keeping her legs wide. She threw her shoulders back and her pushed her ripe breasts toward me. I took two photos like that.

"O.K., mom," I continued. "I want you to turn around and put your hands on the top of the sofa. I'm going to take a photo of that sweet ass of yours."

She turned around, and her ass was even sweeter than I thought it would be. Mom's whole body was lean and well-defined from years of steady exercise, but her butt still was rounded and feminine -- more than I might have expected. The lace thong completely disappeared in the crack between her legs underneath and then reemerged to join in an inch-wide strip with the horizontal strip across her waist.

"Spread your legs apart more, mom," I said. I knew I was going to be telling her to do that a lot, and I knew she was going to do it a lot and like it.

I moved around from side to side and took a few photos of her in that position.

"Turn around and sit back on the sofa again," I said.

She did so.

I set my phone on the floor and approached her again.

I put my hands on her knees, and I brought them together. Then I pushed my hands up her thighs, my fingers savoring the touch of her skin underneath. My fingers stopped at the white thong, and I hooked them under the edge of the light fabric.

"What are you doing?" she asked, a trace of nervousness in her voice.

"These panties are wet," I said. "Too wet for you to wear. I'm going to take them off for you. Now lift up." I said it firmly but politely.

She hesitated, but then she complied. She lifted her hips, just slightly. I seized the opportunity and gripped the lace garment and pulled it down. She brought her legs together to help me and I pulled the thong all the way off and dropped it on top of my shorts.

Now, for the first time, mom sat completely and knowingly naked in front of me. She didn't try to hide anything.

"I want you to scoot out all the way to the edge of the sofa," I said, "And then spread your legs wide again."

Mom took a deep breath. I could see the uncertainty in her face, but I could tell she was going to do it. She did.

I pulled my phone out and held it up to take a picture. I focused on her pussy, first. It was beautiful. A triangular patch of trimmed blond fur lay over her clit, the pink button of which peeked timidly from under the fold of her hood. The inner lips of mom's pussy were unusually thin and delicate, like flower petals. They parted just slightly, revealing an uneven, barely open, damp, dark slit, and they dangled a little, too, between her legs.

Her hands were on her knees again and the muscles of her lean legs stood out when she raised her feet on her toes. Her breasts jutted forward and her nipples stood out with the color of strawberries against her mildly tanned skin.

I took several pictures of her like that.

I was squatting as I took the photos, and even while I focused and snapped them I was aware of my cock hanging down between my legs. I saw mom's eyes stray to it from time to time.

I stood up when I was done. I had another idea for a photo.

"Mom, wait here and don't move," I said. "I'll be right back."

I ran to my room, grabbed what I needed, and ran back to mom, my cock flopping against my thigh along the way.

I reentered the living room, mom still in the same place on the sofa. I had my DSLR camera, a tripod, and a remote control in my hand. I set it up quickly about ten feet away from the sofa in front of mom.

"Randy," she said, "What are you doing?"

"I want to get a photo of both of us, mom," I said. "I want to save this moment."

After setting it up, I walked to the sofa and scooted behind mom. My cock contacted her butt and started to grow hard again, but I had to ignore it for now. I put my hands on mom's waist and lifted and positioned her on my lap.

"Randy ---" mom said. I could tell she was concerned about the proximity of my hardening cock to her uncovered pussy.

"Don't worry, mom," I said quickly. "It's just picture time."

I held out the remote in my hand.

"Here," I said. "I'll direct, but you take the pictures."

I directed us, first, to sit with her on my lap and both of us sitting and smiling at the camera together. With my hands free, I could put them on mom's body. I put one on her hip and the other on her abdomen, just under her breast.

She snapped the photo. We took more. It made it more erotic for me knowing that mom was exposing herself and taking the photos. Every time she clicked the remote she affirmed her desire to show herself to me.

With my arm around her waist I pulled her against me, until my back was against the back of the sofa. With my other hand, I pushed her legs apart until her knees were bent and up and her legs spread as wide as they could go. I wanted her to know that she was fully revealed to my camera when she clicked the remote. She clicked it several times. We took several photos like that, a few with us smiling at the camera and a few with her head turned toward mine as we kissed deeply in front of the camera.

Finally, we were done. I took the remote from her hand and set it to the side on the sofa. I kissed her softly a few times, on and around her mouth.

My cock by now was hard and at full length. Her position on my lap left her pussy gaping open and just an inch or two away from my protuberant shaft. Mom and I were at a precipice. It would be easy to jump and fall from it. I wanted to take her with every fiber of my being. But I wasn't going to. Not today, anyway.

I had made an agreement with her. We'd set boundaries. I wasn't sure how long those boundaries were going to last, or if I wanted them to last. But I knew I had to stick to them for now if I didn't want to screw everything up.

Mom said nothing. She remained in my lap, her eyes on my face, her open pussy perched vulnerably over my hard cock.

With supreme effort, I gently lifted mom up and moved under and away from her on the sofa.

She opened her lips as though she was about to say something, but she didn't.

I put a few fingers on her face next to her lips.

"It's O.K., mom," I said. "Everything is fine."

I stood up, then I turned around, and I scooped up mom in my arms. I hefted her up to the level of my chest and her arms encircled my neck. Mom's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"You're lighter than I expected," I said.

I carried mom to her bedroom. I walked slowly and steadily to show her that it wasn't difficult to carry her. I lay her gently on her bed, and she fell back against it. Her arms were at her side and her body lay still and glowing in the morning light coming through the window. She waited to see what I was going to do.

I smiled at her and said, "It's time to get dressed." And I walked away.

It took more will power to do that than I knew I had. But I knew, to a certainty, that I had to do it.

I wanted my mom. I didn't just want to see her, or to take photos of her. I desired her, craved her, needed her. But I had to handle this right, or I would lose her.

I walked naked back to the living room. I retrieved my shorts and shirt, and mom's thong as well. I gathered my camera equipment, and I went to my bedroom and closed the door.

Mom and I had started something. But we had put boundaries on it. I had agreed not to cross certain lines with her. Standing in my room, naked, I resolved that I would not break my promise to her, no matter how hard it would be.

But boundaries could be changed. By time, persuasion, and agreement, they could be changed. I had a feeling -- no, I knew -- that in time the boundaries that mom and I had set with each other would change.

I wanted my hot mom, fully and completely. And I was determined to have her.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 05

I was sprawled across the sofa in the living room in the early afternoon, playing a game app I'd downloaded on my phone, when my mom entered the room. She wore the running outfit I'd bought for her for her birthday a few days earlier: tiny bun-hugging shorts and a clingy bra top.

She looked like a goddess. I put my phone down.

"Randy," she said. "Let's go for a run."

It was the first time I had seen her in the outfit since she had modeled it on her birthday. Somehow, it looked even skimpier in daylight than it had in the evening on her birthday. The bra and shorts covered little, and mom's body was all exposed lean legs, torso, and shoulders. The shorts were tiny and utterly form-fitting. They sat low on her waist and stopped just below the bottom of her butt cheeks, so they showed a lot of skin on her torso and her legs. The bra top clung to her upper body with an air of desperation, the skimpy fabric seemingly not quite up to the task of corralling her ample breasts.

I was surprised to see her in it. Nothing had happened between mom and me for several days after I had dry-humped her on the sofa in her lacy white panties. I sensed mom was uncertain, maybe a little embarrassed, about what had happened between us. Both of us had been very busy, and we'd had no chance to talk about what had happened. Mom didn't seem to want to bring it up. After a few days, I'd started to wonder if it ever would happen again.

But suddenly, here she was: my incredibly hot mom, posing in front of me in a running outfit that concealed little more than a bikini would.

I wasn't going to say no to a running invitation with my mom wearing that outfit.

"Sure, mom," I said. "Think you can keep up with me?" I said it with a smart-ass grin.

"Probably not," she said. "But I'm not worried about it. If you run ahead of me you won't be able to see what you bought me for my birthday."

When she said it she had her hands on her waist and she shook her hips back and forth saucily three times.

"I can't argue with that," I said, laughing, as I rose from the sofa. "I'll be just a sec."

In a few minutes, I was back from my bedroom, having stripped off my clothes and put on my own running out: black shorts and a solid blue shirt, and running socks and shoes. I had my phone strapped to my arm as well, as I always did.

When I returned mom was stretching in the entry way with her hands against the wall, her ass thrust away from the wall and pointed directly toward me.

I had to rein in my reaction if I wanted to get her outside running in the outfit, but it wasn't easy to mask my reaction to it. My own running shorts had an inner lining, but that was it, so if I got excited looking at mom on our run I'd have no way to hide it. I felt my cock twitch as I feasted on the sight of my mom.

Down boy, I thought. "Let's go," I said out loud.

As we shut the front door behind us and got started I thought about what had been going on between us the past few days. Mom and I had started to settle into an odd rhythm. After something crazy and sexual happened, nothing would happen for a while -- a day, a couple of days. I think mom needed time to digest what we'd done together, and to come to terms with it.

As for me, I'd already come to terms with it. I wanted to see mom naked again, and I wanted to do more than that. But mom obviously was not ready for that; after I had dry-humped her and then stripped her naked, she had needed a few days to think about what had happened and to grow comfortable that I wasn't immediately going to push past the boundaries we had set.

Mom wanted to show off in front of me, even to come in front of me. But she wasn't ready to fuck me. Not yet.

Mom looked a little nervous leaving the front yard in her tiny running outfit. She had never gone running in an outfit so skimpy, and I could tell she felt uncertain about what she was doing.

"How do you feel?" I asked her, with a cheerful tone, trying to be supportive.

"A little funny, in this outfit," she said. "It's a nice day, though."

It was. Summer was over but it remained unseasonably warm, and with the sun beating down on us in a cloudless sky I knew mom wouldn't get cold despite the brevity of her running attire.

We barely left our front yard behind when we saw our elderly next-door-neighbor, Mr. Daniels. I think he was about 80. He and his wife had lived in the neighborhood for decades. They had conservative habits, and I wondered what my mom looked like to him. I was glad his wife wasn't in the front yard; I was sure she would cluck disapprovingly at what mom was wearing.

But Mr. Daniels, who was wearing a floppy hat and trimming a bush with a pair of hand shears, didn't react noticeably, other than to incline his head up a little as we passed and to stop his trimming, just for a second or two.

I could tell mom saw him.

"I think he's checking you out, mom," I said.

I'm not sure why I said it. I had conflicting feelings about what was going on. Mom had revealed herself as an exhibitionist to me. I enjoyed that side of her, and I felt a desire to tease it out of her further, to get her to show herself off. But I felt a little jealous, too. I

wanted her to show off, but I felt a little funny about it at the same time.

"I know he's checking me out, Randy," mom said, as she jogged. "I'm a girl. Girls know when guys are checking them out."

We jogged slowly down the street to get warmed up. It was hot outside and I began sweating right away. I almost regretted putting a shirt on, but I'd chosen to take one because I wanted to be more dressed than mom. And I was. Mom was showing a lot more skin than I was. She looked fantastic.

We reached the end of the street, where the neighborhood ended and the hills started. I led us to a trail that led up and away from the neighborhood, in a different direction from the one mom and I had taken on our first run together. I let mom go ahead so I could watch her running from behind. I think she knew what I was doing.

We didn't talk a lot on the run up the hill. We concentrated on running, and I concentrated on the sight of mom's butt in the tight shorts. The hill wasn't steep, but even so we were both sweating. I liked seeing mom's exposed body covered in a layer of sweat. Only a few trees dotted the hillside around us, so we were exposed to the sun. Her body shone in the mid-day glare.

We topped the hill and then jogged down to a low area that flattened and opened up and was covered with more trees. Then I led mom on a side trail.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"A pretty area I know," I said.

We rounded a bend, and a small lake opened up before us. It wasn't large, probably covering no more than a few acres, but it was pretty, with an irregular shore line surrounded by trees, and a small rocky island in the middle of it that blocked the view to the other side. The lake and its surroundings were maintained as a nature preserve.

I led mom on a small rocky path around the lake to the far shore. The tree cover lay denser on this side of the lake. I decided to stop here. I pulled a bottle of water I'd strapped to my side and handed it to mom, and after she took it I unstrapped the phone from my arm. I wanted to get some photos of mom. I also wanted to get a sense of how comfortable she was posing for me again.

Mom rolled her eyes when I asked her if I could take some photos, but she complied. I took a couple of her sitting on a rock under a tree with the lake in the background. Then I wanted to take something a little sexier.

"Mom, put your hands back on the rock and push your chest out, and put one leg up on the rock and the other on the ground," I instructed her. In this position her breasts would strain against the fabric of the bra, and the black fabric of the shorts would be stretched tightly and visibly between her legs as well. I got the sense mom was just a little

turned on, because I could see her nipples against the fabric and just a hint of a camel toe in the shorts.

"How do you feel, mom?" I asked.

"About what?" she asked me back.

"About what's happened," I said. "Between us."

"Oh, Randy," she said. "I don't know. Confused. I appreciate that you held back the last few days. I needed to know we could hold to the limits we set the other day."

"I'm glad, mom," I said. "I had the feeling you enjoyed what we did within the limits we set. Did you?"

I wanted to get mom to say it.

"I feel embarrassed to say it," she said. "But I did. I did. It had been so long since I'd been with a man. What we did together -- it felt so good. I couldn't believe it. But I felt weird about it, too, you know?"

"I know, it's a little weird to me, too. But mom, I loved what we did. And I think we showed ourselves we can do that and still set whatever limits we want. I don't want you to be uncomfortable. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. OK?"

"Thanks for that," she said, smiling shyly at me. "One other thing, Randy -- you can't tell anybody about this. Nobody would understand. I could lose my job. So please keep this to yourself. Not even your friends can know. Especially Tucker. He couldn't keep it secret, and if the word got out -- I don't even want to think about it."

"Mom, don't worry," I said. "I haven't told anybody, and I'm not going to. Especially Tucker. You don't have anything to worry about. This is just between us."

"I have to confess, you're very comforting, Randy," she said. "You make it very easy to open up to you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, mom. I want it to be easy and comfortable."

I got an idea.

"Mom, would you like to open up right now?"

She looked at me quizzically.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean," I said and gestured toward her, "Open up to me. Take your clothes off in front of me. It's a beautiful day. It's fall. We won't have many more days like this before winter comes. Get naked and open up for me."

"Randy!" she said. "You're getting carried away. We're in public. It's daytime."

"You've gotten naked in public before in the day time, mom," I said. "You told me all about it. And you liked it, too. You said so."

"That was a different situation. We were on a beach, a long way from here. We're only a couple of miles from our neighborhood. People we know could come by. It's too risky."

"Actually mom," I said, "I've jogged by here a lot, and I rarely see anyone. Especially on this side of the lake. The trail on this side isn't very good for running. Besides, that island in the middle blocks the view from the main trail, and this cove provides some shelter."

"Come on," I urged. "Just for a few minutes. Take everything off and sit back on that rock naked. I want to see you, mom."

Mom didn't move, but I could tell she was thinking about it. The conflict was plain in her face. It was a lovely setting, and the warm air and trees and small lake in the background offered an inviting

spot to get naked. Mom looked this way and that, around her and across the lake, and I knew she was interested.

"There's nobody here, mom," I said. "If I see somebody they'll be on the other side of the lake and you can get your outfit back on before they get close and see you."

I grinned.

"I'll tell you what. I'll stay clothed. That way you know nothing's going to get out of hand. Only you will be naked."

I had a feeling mom would like that idea, and she did. She rolled her eyes and sighed and started unlacing her shoes.

"OK," she said. "Here goes."

She tossed off her shoes and then without ceremony peeled and stripped the bra over her head and offer her body. Mom sat topless in front of me in front of the lake. Her nipples were hard and erect.

Then she lifted her hips and pulled her shorts off and down her legs. They tumbled to the ground and mom was naked. She sat demurely on the rock, with her legs together and her hands on her knees.

I asked her to smile and took a few photos with my phone.

"Mom, you are beautiful," I said. "Now open some more."

Mom hesitated, but then, sure enough, she parted her legs for me. She splayed her knees out to either side and steadied herself on the rock on the balls of her feet.

"Like this?" she said. She held her gaze steadily on mine.

I stood closer to her so my phone camera would capture the detail of her pussy. It was the first time I'd seen her pussy exposed outdoors. It looked better than ever -- soft, thin, pink petals framing and shrouding a pussy from which I could make out hints of wetness gleaming inside.

"Just like that," I said as I took photos of her.

What I liked most was how comfortable and confident mom suddenly seemed like that. Once she had made the decision to open up for me, she was in her element.

Without any bidding from me, mom put her hands under thighs, lightly took each lip between her fingers, and opened herself up. She had fully opened her pussy to me.

"Just like on the beach," I said. "It feels good, doesn't it?"

"It does," she said.

I took another photo, and then I was done with photos. I put the phone down and approached my mom. I walked directly between her spread legs, and I put a hand on each thigh, and I reached down and kissed mom on the lips. She kissed me back.

"I like it when you're naked, mom," I said. "I think you like it too."

"You figured out my secret," she said and smiled when I pulled back from kissing her.

"Let's go for a swim," I said.

Mom looked around us.

"Here?" she asked. "Randy, this is in public. I'm not going swimming, naked."

"Why not?" I asked. "You're already naked. And it's a warm day and we're both already sweaty. Come on. It will feel good."

"I've gone swimming here before," I added. "Naked."

"You have?" she asked, eyes widening. "I thought you were a voyeur, not an exhibitionist."

"A guy can be both," I said and grinned.

She looked out over the lake and down at the cool water. The air was still and the water looked calm and inviting. Tall trees overhung this part of the lake and the water lay quiet and unrippled in dappled sunlight and shade.

I could tell mom was thinking about it. I could see the conflict playing out in her face. Mom had unveiled her exhibitionism and kinkiness to me, and there was no taking it back. She couldn't put the genie back in the bottle. I knew that she wanted to keep showing herself, too. But she wasn't comfortable about it -- either about showing off in a public setting like this, or about showing off in front of her 19-year-old, horny son.

"Come on," I urged.

I looked around the lake. I didn't see or hear any sign of anyone. This part of the shore was obscured by rocks and trees and was hidden from sight of the main trail on the opposite shore by the small rocky island in the middle. There was always some risk of exposure getting naked in public in the middle of the day, but I figured the odds were high that if we were careful no one would see us.

I unlaced my shoes, and then quickly pulled off my socks, my shirt, and my shorts. I stood naked in front of my mom, about ten feet away. My cock hung in front of her, and I caught her looking at it as she sat by the water.

"Come on, mom," I said again.

She looked all around while I looked at her.

"I don't know," she said, but I could tell she wanted to do it.

"We'll ditch our clothes and go for a quick swim and come back," I said. "Come on."

The exhibitionist in her won out. She stood up and waded into the water in front of me. Her bare ass was perfect.

I grabbed our clothes and set them behind a bush, so if someone did come along they wouldn't see the clothes we'd left behind. Then I turned back to the lake and waded into the cool water ahead of mom.

"Let's swim to the island," I said, gesturing ahead of us.

I dove in at last and began breast-stroking toward the rocky island. I looked back and saw mom not far behind, trying to keep her head above the water and her hair dry. I wanted to keep my head above

water so I could see if anyone was coming. But, so far, I didn't see anyone.

It didn't take long for us to get to the island. It was small, but covered thickly by trees and bushes. I pulled myself out of the water and turned back, partly to help mom up but mostly to watch her emerge from the lake nude and dripping wet. She rose from the water more beautiful than Venus. Sunlight reflected off the water dripping off her breasts and torso and legs. Her nipples looked dark and rock hard from the cool water. I took her hand.

I had skinny-dipped and swum to the island once before, and I knew there was a rise in the middle of the island from which one could see all around the lake while still well shrouded by tall grass and willowy bushes. I led mom on a faint dirt path. Although I had never seen anyone on the island, the existence of the path made it clear we weren't the first ones to have been here.

We probably were the first naked mother and son, however, I thought.

Mom looked nervous. Her head darted back and forth, looking for people. Fortunately, no one else was at the lake.

We reached the small rise. There was a small clear space on the ground amid the thick greenery. I crouched down and bade mom to do the same. From where we knelt, we could see the entire shore of the lake, but we were sufficiently shrouded by the trees and tall grass

that someone walking on the shore could not see us without a lot of effort.

I turned to my mom, naked in the light shade. She held her shoulders back and her arms at her side and her breasts stood straight out from her chest, firm and with water still dripping off. I couldn't believe how large and erect her nipples were. She held them no more than a foot from my eyes. She caught me staring at them, and instead of covering them mom swayed her chest back and forth, causing her breasts to sway and rock up and down slightly.

"Mom, you look magnificent," I said.

"You think so?" she said, with a trace of coquettishness.

"Yeah, I do," I said. "Gosh, you are beautiful."

I put a hand on her waist, just under one of her breasts. I wanted it to be close, but not on her breast, so I could let her know I still was mindful of the agreement we'd made that I wouldn't touch her directly there.

"Lie back, mom," I said, pushing gently on her side.

Mom lay back, at my request. I could tell she enjoyed complying with my request.

When she lay down she put her hands behind her head and thrust her chest out at me, and she bent one leg. My naked mom lay on the ground, exposing herself to me again.

I kept a hand lightly on her belly. It perched there, respectful of the agreement we had made about what I could and could not touch, but it was poised to break that agreement at any second. We both knew it, and I could tell mom was as nervous and excited with the knowledge of it as I was.

I was still mesmerized at the sight of her full breasts as she lay back on the ground, with the grass and bushes all around us. The air was warm and the stillness was broken at times by intermittent bird calls or the buzz of insects. But nothing could take my attention away from mom's breasts.

"You have the most beautiful breasts, mom," I said.

"You don't think they're old or droopy?" she said, playfully. "They're all natural, you know."

"No, they're perfect," I said.

"Thanks!" she said.

My hand moved up from her belly to her chest, just under one of them. I wanted to feel them so badly; I ached for it. But I'd agreed not to touch them and I would abide by my agreement, no matter how hard it was to do so.

But mom had another idea.

"You can touch them if you want to," she said, very softly.

I didn't delay. I scooted up along her body and moved both my hands up her torso until each one cupped one of my mom's ample and beautiful breasts. I squeezed them gently. I had felt breasts before, but with my mom it was like I was feeling breasts for the first time in my life. I kneaded them gently, pushing them lightly this way and that. Mom cooed with pleasure.

Then I decided to get a bit bolder. I straddled her torso so I could get close to both boobs more easily. My cock was growing harder with the excitement and the tip of it lay against mom's skin. Mom sat up on her elbows and she stared at my hardening cock with a look of interest while I squeezed her boobs.

I took each one of her hard nipples between a thumb and forefinger and rubbed it. I'd never encountered nipples so deliciously hard and long. I gave them a quick, hard pinch, and mom let out a little squeal of surprise. She put a hand to her mouth and looked all around to see if there was anyone there. There wasn't.

She put her hand out, on my chest. At first I thought she meant to push me away, but she didn't. Her hand traced circles on my bare chest, tenderly.

Mom had said I could touch her boobs, and she hadn't put any limit on what I could touch her with, so I decided to go a step further. I bent over and put my mouth right over one of her long, hard nipples, and I sucked on it. Mom let out another moan of pleasure. I knew she liked it, because instead of pushing me away she put her hand against the back of my head and pressed me against her.

My cock was rock hard now and it stabbed into her upper torso as I sucked on her.

I opened my mouth and took as much of her tit into it as I could, and then I pulled back a little so I could tease it and play with it with my tongue. My mouth was hungry for the taste of her, and my tongue pushed her tit back and forth and swirled around it rapaciously.

When I was done with one I went to work on the other. I felt the grip of mom's hand tighten in my hair.

Then I moved by mouth back and off her. I scooted my body forward a little, so the tip of my hardening cock lay in the gully between her magnificent breasts. I took a breast in each hand again and pressed them together, enveloping my shaft between her mounds.

"Randy --" she gasped, but she did nothing to stop or hinder me. Instead, she lay back all the way on the ground, making it easier for me to hold my cock between her boobs while mashing them together.

I started rocking back and forth, until I could see my cock moving, disappearing between mom's mashed-together breasts and reappearing in the cleavage above them with every stroke. I picked up my pace and got into a good rhythm.

I was fucking my mom's tits.

"How do you like it?" I asked her.

She didn't say anything but let out a deep, long moan that told me all I needed to know. Her hands were on my hips, drawing me to her rather than pushing me away.

I started pinching her nipples while I grabbed her tits roughly together and against my cock. Then mom took a hand off my hip and moved it behind me, out of my sight. Although I couldn't see what she was doing, I could tell from the expression on her face that she was caressing herself between her legs while I tit-fucked her.

I sped up the pace of my cock moving against her body. The traces of water still on our bodies gave us enough lubrication. I knew I wasn't going to last long.

Mom came before me. I didn't think I'd ever seen a woman come so fast. No more than a minute after she'd reached her hand between her legs I felt her body jerk under me, and she threw her head back and let loose with a torrent of high-pitched squeals that she tried to stifle with a hand over her mouth.

My god, I thought, mom just came while I fucked her tits on an island in public. It was harder to keep her breasts together when her body was bucking from the orgasm, but I didn't let go. I kept pushing my cock furiously against her chest and between her breasts, which, pressed tightly together, formed a perfect, snug channel for me to fuck.

The sight and sound of mom orgasming under me was too much for me, and I couldn't hold back any longer. My cock pulsed a few times and then let loose with a thick, warm stream of cum jetting out against her bare chest. I pulled it back so I could watch myself spray on her tits. Some of it hit her chin, and I saw my cum pool in the dimple of her neck, too.

Mom lay back on the ground, looking at me with her chest still heaving, a few more tremors wracking her body.

"You said I could touch them," I said and smiled at my pretty naked mom, her chest now covered in my cum.

"I did, and you certainly did," she said.

"We stayed within our boundaries," I said. "We just adjusted them a little."

I reached down with my hand and spread some of the cum around on her chest. I scooped some of it up with a forefinger, and then I pressed the finger against her lips. Mom didn't protest. She took the tip of my finger between her lips and sucked my cum off my finger with a low slurp.

Just then, a dog barked.

I got off mom quickly but quietly and mom sat up in a squatting position. Both of us looked around us to see where the bark came from.

We saw it, through the trees. It was trotting along the shore, nose to the ground, on the path mom and I had taken to go around the lake. The dog's owner followed a hundred feet behind. I knew him. It was a neighbor -- Mr. Seeley. I didn't know him well, but what I knew I didn't like. He'd been grumpy and disagreeable every time I'd met him. He was the sort of neighbor that always complained about what everyone else in the neighborhood was doing. He was middle-aged, but acted older.

He was exactly the sort of person we wouldn't want to catch us nude together outdoors.

Fortunately, the dog and owner both appeared to be distracted by other things. Obviously, they hadn't seen us yet. But if they kept going the dog might find our clothes near the shore, and if Mr. Seeley found them he would quickly intuit where we were.

Mom moved up and behind the trunk of a small tree to take better cover. She sat on her knees and leaned over with a hand on the tree to lower her profile and steady herself. I knelt directly behind mom and put an arm around her waist to steady myself. Both of us stared at the dog and the owner, slowly moving along the shore.

"Randy, did you hide the clothes?" mom asked in a whisper, worried.

"I put them behind a bush, but they're not hidden, exactly, and if the dog smells them he's going to find them."

"Ugh," mom said. "I don't need Stuart Seeley to find me like this. This is not good."

Mr. Seeley looked up and toward the island. He looked right in our direction. We crouched as low as we could, hoping he couldn't see us under the shade and cover of the trees. He didn't seem to, because he looked away again.

He called out to his dog, who turned around and slowed but didn't stop walking toward the cove where we'd left our clothes. The dog was no more than fifty feet away now. Mom and I held our breath.

When mom crouched down to hide from Mr. Seeley's gaze, she had pushed her butt out, right against my cock, which still was sticky and dripping with cum from my orgasm. I wasn't fully erect, but I wasn't wholly flaccid, either, and the pressure of mom's smooth behind sent a tickle into my shaft. I was crouched right behind and over mom, and my cock, half-dangling and half-erect, slipped into the cleft between her butt cheeks. The head of my cock settled against the warmth of mom's pussy. I didn't push forward, but I didn't pull away, either. Even with my attention focused on Mr. Seeley's progress along the lake shore I couldn't help but focus as well on the contact between my cock and mom's pussy.

Mom didn't move; she kept her gaze forward, on our neighbor. Either she didn't notice my cock against her, or she did a great job pretending she didn't notice it. I adjusted position, as though to steady myself behind her, but the real purpose, and the effect, was to make my cock head drag against the lower reaches of her wet pussy.

Mr. Seeley clapped his hands and called to his dog again, louder this time.

Finally, no more than twenty feet away from our clothes, the dog turned around and walked back to Mr. Seeley. He put a leash on the dog and they turned around and walked back to the main trail.

Mom and I both let out a big, but quiet, sigh of relief.

I pulled back from her. Both of us continued crouching and hiding behind the trees until we saw Seely and his dog leave the lake.

"That was close," I said.

"Too close," mom replied. "I almost shit my pants." She grinned and looked down. "I mean, I would have if I'd been wearing pants."

"I'm glad you're not," I said

"I'll bet. My lusty son. Lusting after his old mom."

"You're not old, mom," I said. "You're hot. The hottest woman I've ever seen."

"I don't believe that," she said. "But thank you for the compliment. It's flattering that you think of me that way. But it seems wrong, too. I like the attention, and it felt really good --doing what we did a minute ago. But I can't help but think this is too crazy and too risky."

"I think it's worth the risk, mom," I said. "I'm sitting here looking at my hot, naked mom with my cum on her tits."

Mom looked down at the whitish glaze on her chest.

"My goodness, Randy," she said. "You did my chest like a fire hose."

She traced a finger from one breast to another, scooping up a thick daub of the cum as the finger dragged over her skin. Without hesitating or looking at me she brought her finger to her mouth and sucked it clean. When she was done, she looked up at me. I think she blushed.

"I think we better get back," she said.

We left the security of the grass and trees and walked cautiously toward the water, looking around us to see if anyone could see us from the lake shore. We didn't see anyone.

We entered the water again and swam briskly to the shore, aware that the longer we took the greater a chance there was that someone might come along and see us. I swam more slowly than I could, behind mom. I watched her emerge from the lake water, again like a goddess, magnificent and dripping wet in tree-filtered sunlight.

She stood naked on the shore waiting for me. I knew where I'd left our clothes, and she didn't.

I scrambled out of the water onto the rocks and ran to the bushes to retrieve our gear. Like a good son I took mom's bra and shorts to her before I put my own shorts on, but when I got to her I didn't hand them to her, although she waited with outstretched hands.

"Let me put them on you," I said. I smirked, I have to admit.

"Randy --" mom said, her skepticism obvious.

"Allow me," I said as I held the tiny shorts at her feet. "Step into them."

Mom relented. She picked a foot up and set it down in one hole of the tiny shorts, then she put the other one in the other hole. It was my turn to pull the fabric up her legs. I did, but it was tight. I wondered for a second how anyone could wear such tiny shorts. It was slow-going, tugging them up her calves and thighs, especially because the shorts fabric caught on the wetness of her body.

As I pulled the shorts up toward her hips I realized mom's bare pussy was just inches from my face. Blond fur lay over it and thin lips dangled between the inviting gap between her thighs. I wanted to reach forward and take those thin lips in my mouth, but instead I kept pulling the shorts up until they covered her.

I handed mom's bra to her and put on my own shorts and shirt. Soon we were dressed again.

We followed the rocky lake shore path back to the main trail, and we ran back home. Neither of us said much along the way.

The lake water had refreshed and cooled us, but the afternoon air still was hot, and by the time we returned home both of our bodies were covered in a fine lather of sweat. As we ran I continued to linger behind mom so I could watch her lithe figure gleam in the afternoon sun. The combination of sun and sweat accentuated every curve and line of her body. I was mesmerized, watching her body move in front of mine. I felt a noticeable rise under my thin shorts.

Damn, hard again, I thought.

Inside the house the air was cool, and I noticed with lusty satisfaction as mom's nipples popped up jauntily under the thin bra fabric.

Mom turned toward me. Obviously, she wanted to say something, but she couldn't quite find the words to say it. I could tell she had enjoyed what had happened between us at the lake, but she couldn't quite admit it to herself or to me.

"That was a good, ahh, run," she said at last. "Um. I need to take a shower now."

She turned and I watched my sexy mom's round, perky butt grow smaller as she walked away from me toward her room.

But I wasn't ready for things to end. And I thought maybe mom wasn't either. I followed her to her room.

She got to her room and she started to pull off her bra top when she became aware of my presence and turned around toward me.

"Randy," she said. "What are you doing in my room?"

"I want to be with you more, mom," I said. I knew what I had in mind but I paused before I said it.

"Let's shower together," I said.

That caught mom short. Her mouth opened and formed an incredulous "O." Then it snapped shut as though she'd made a decision, but it wavered again.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Randy," in a voice that evinced no confidence whatsoever.

"Mom, why not?" I asked. "I fucked your tits an hour ago. And you know something? You liked it. I liked it, and you liked it. Let's not be silly about this. We can still honor whatever boundaries we've set. But I want to see your hot, naked body in the shower. Let's do it."

I saw mom's body almost shiver in response to the words "hot" and "naked." I knew she liked the idea, but her conscience wrestled with her desire.

"Come on, mom," I said. "Let's go shower."

I walked to her and took her hand. I led her to the bathroom. She didn't resist.

The shower stood behind glass, and its surface lay covered in small earth-tone tiles. I reached in and turned it on and adjusted the knob so the water would be pleasantly hot. Soon steam from the spray of hot water began to fill the room. The shower was big enough for two, and I was eager to have mom's naked body next to mine with the water coming down on us.

I turned my attention to mom's clothes, which she had not removed yet. First I helped her pull off the bra, and I watched her full breasts spring and bounce after I had freed them. Mom stood passively as I tossed the bra to the bathroom floor and began tugging off the shorts I'd spent so much effort to put on her little more than an hour earlier. It took less time to shuck them off than it had taken to tug them on next to the lake shore.

In a few seconds my mom stood naked in front of me, in the bathroom now filling with steam from the hot shower spray. I'd seen mom fully naked several times now, but each time it seemed more miraculous than the last. In the steam-filled room her body, though lean and muscular, seemed soft and dewy and vulnerable to me. I was still clothed, and I took her in my arms and hugged her. Then I

pulled away and pulled off my shorts and shirt. Mom and I walked naked into the shower.

I let mom stand under the shower head first, so I could watch the stream of water pour over and down her body. Her blond hair matted against her head. Streams of water coursed along her figure, down her face and shoulders and in constantly changing rivulets over her full breasts and torso. I looked down and watched the water pour down between her legs and then fall in a steady cascade from the dangling lips of her pussy.

Mom's eyes were closed and her hands were on her head to ensure that her hair was fully drenched.

I picked a bar of soap off the built-in bench. It had been worn down from prior use to a slender oval. I pressed it to one of her breasts, and then to the other. I pushed the edge of the bar against each of her nipples, which stood hard and impossibly long out from her body. The soap bar bent her nipple back against her breast, and when I withdrew it I watched the nipple spring back into position. Then I worked up a good lather between my palms, and I spread it in tight circles over mom's pretty tits.

While I tended to mom's breasts with the soap, she reached her hand behind my head and pulled it down to her and kissed me hard and deeply. Her tongue entered my mouth. She pressed her body against mine, and I felt the head of my cock, now fully erect, poke into her belly, uncertain whether it would slide up her torso or down toward the cleft between her legs. It slid up, along her slippery and soapy

skin, and I felt the head rest against her belly button while my ball sack lay right over her clit.

Knowing my cock wouldn't be able to slide into her cunt in this position seemed to embolden mom, because she pushed the mound between her legs against me while she kept kissing me. Her body writhed against me as my hands slid down and held her at the waist. She was as hot and eager for me as any girl I'd ever been with. I cupped her ass with my hand and pressed her against me more tightly and pushed her tongue back with mine. Our tongues clashed and I had to push mine harder against hers to force hers back and thrust mine into her mouth. The soap bar dropped to the floor but its lather remained between us, lubricating our skin and enabling mom to move her slick body with ease against my cock. My fingers spread out and grabbed mom's ass cheek hard, and I knew their tips were just inches from her asshole.

I spun mom around, and I picked up the soap again. I held her back against me, with my cock now pressed against her back, and grabbed and kneaded and lathered her tits with the soap all at the same time, kissing the back of her neck while I did so. I bit down on her skin at the base of her neck, hard enough to leave a mark but not hard enough to hurt her. She tried to pull away at first, but when I held on she stopped resisting and submitted as I marked her.

While I grabbed her breast with one hand, the other one, holding the soap bar, slid down her belly toward her pussy. I stopped it right at the edge of the light, trimmed fur on her mound, and I ran my fingers through, touching my mom's pubic hair for the first time.

Then mom turned around and took the soap from me and began lathering my body. She pushed her soapy tits against my chest and moved them against me in a circular motion.

For the next few minutes mom and I lathered each other with soap like that, using our soapy bodies to wash each other.

I couldn't get enough of having my hands all over mom's body, but when she was done rinsing off she pushed me lightly back on the chest with her hand. Then she reached down and plucked a small, pink, plastic razor off the bench. She held it up in front of my face and smiled. She placed the ball of her foot on the bench, and she started skimming the razor up her shin, past her knee, and up her thigh.

Mom was shaving her legs in front of me. They didn't feel like they needed shaving to me, but I thought perhaps she wanted to put on a show for me. It was quite a show. With her leg bent up and spread out to give her the best access to her leg, her pussy was easy to see. Her delicate inner lips opened just a little and dangled, and water from the shower streamed down her body and poured down from each one. Mom looked up at me as she pulled the razor slowly along the skin of her legs, and I could tell she knew exactly where my eyes were. I could tell, too, that she was holding herself in a position that gave me the best possible view.

She took her time shaving, first one leg and then the other, and I took my time ogling everything about her -- the pretty pussy, the lean, muscled legs, the full natural breasts, the wet blond hair matted against her head and neck. All the while the hot water cascaded over her body.

After a couple of minutes of shaving both legs she put both feet back on the floor and stood up straight.

"There, I'm done," she said. "I hope you liked the show!"

"I loved it, mom," I said. "But you're not done."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

I grabbed her ass with both hands and pulled her to me and kissed her again.

"Shave your pussy, mom," I said. "Shave your pussy for me and let me watch you."

"You want me to have a completely bare pussy?" she asked in a small voice.

"Yeah, mom, I do. I love seeing your pussy and I want to see it as clearly as possible. Shave off all your hair down there. I want to enjoy the sight of your bare cunt. Shave it now, in front of me."

Mom hesitated for just a few seconds, and then she squatted and sat down on the floor of the shower. She scooted backward against the wall of the shower, and put her knees up and spread them out. She reached over to the bench and grabbed the bar of soap and worked up a thick lather into the thin layer of fur.

She looked up at me.

"You better sit down too if you want to get the best view."

I sat down. Mom put on a show. She started the razor from the top edge of her hair and stroked down. With the fingers of her other hand she reached down and pulled one of her pussy lips to the side. Doing so didn't help her shaving; it was for my benefit, so I could see inside her pussy as she shaved. The pink skin inside her glistened and sparkled under the spray of water and the light from the shower ceiling.

Mom stopped and held up her razor.

"Here," she said. "Why don't you do it. But remember our rules. You can't touch me there with your hands."

It was getting harder to figure out what the rules and boundaries were, exactly, but if they allowed me to shave my mom's pussy I wasn't going to complain. I slid my butt over next to mom and took the razor from her hand. She lay back and pushed her pussy closer to me to make it easier for me to shave. Now it was just inches away.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked, still surprised she would let me do this.

"Yes," she said. "Just be careful. Remember to stroke down, with the grain of the hair," she said.

I shaved my mom's pussy hair. I started with short, tentative strokes. I didn't want to slip and hurt her. Mom lay as still as she could, but she was breathing heavily and couldn't entirely stop the rise and fall of her body with her breaths. My heart was beating fast inside my chest. I tried to hold the razor as steadily as I could.

I watched with fascination as the thin patch of hair was stripped away, stroke by stroke.

Soon it was all gone. Mom's cunt lay gloriously bare in front of me, inches away. Her delicate, irregular petals were peeled back enough to give me a view of everything. Her clit peeked out from light folds of skin. The pale flesh inside her was almost the color of salmon, and I thought how much I wanted to taste it. Further inside, the depths of her pussy faded to darkness. Streams of water from the shower coursed through it as I stared.

My cock is going to be in there soon, I thought. It wasn't going to be today -- I could tell that for all our intimacy together mom wasn't ready for that. But it was going to happen. I'm going to fuck that cunt soon, mom, I thought.

"You're not quite done," she said. She surprised me again.

"I'm not?"

"There's a little stubble on the sides," she said. "I need you to shave that off too."

Mom took hold of one of her lips and pulled it out and over her opening, stretching the skin of her outer labia so I could see it better. Sure enough, light blond stubble dotted the otherwise smooth skin to the side of her pussy.

I shaved very carefully, and very slowly, not just to avoid hurting mom but to savor the close-up view. My mouth literally watered at the sight. I gently scraped the stubble off one side. Then mom let go and pulled on the other lip and did the same on the other side. We finished and when she let go the stretched lips flapped open and revealed more than before.

But not for long. Mom got up on her knees and turned around.

"There's one more thing," she said. "It's hard for me to see what's back there, so I need your help there too."

Mom hunched over on all fours with her legs held wide and her butt turned up to my face. She wanted me to shave between her butt cheeks and around her asshole. I shook my head. This was better than any porn movie. It was too good to be true.

It was a funny thing to think, but I thought her asshole looked kind of cute. The skin around it was a little darker than the skin around it, and it was slightly crinkly. Her sphincter held it clamped shut.

With one hand, I pulled on a butt check to spread her more, and I held my face as close to her as I could so I could see any stray hairs. I kept my fingers and hands away from her private parts while I pulled the razor gently over the skin between her cheeks. I saw a few stray short hairs come away. Soon I was done.

"Done, I think," I announced.

Mom looked back at me while still holding her spread ass in front of my face.

"Thanks, sweetie," she said.

Then she spun around. She sat on her butt with her legs up, and she inspected my handiwork.

"Nice job, Randy," she said. "Is that your first time shaving a pussy?"

"It sure is," I said. "I'm experiencing a lot of firsts, lately."

"Me, too," mom said.

She lay back on her elbows and bit her lip. A sly look gleamed in her eyes. I liked the way her full breasts stood out against her chest when she lay back that way, with her nipples firm and poky under the torrent of water.

Mom picked a foot up off the floor and snaked it toward me until her toes poked my inner thigh. She dragged her toes upward along my thigh until they rested against my belly. Her foot pushed higher until it pressed squarely against my chest.

"Sit back against the wall," mom said.

I scooted back until my back was against the shower wall, and mom moved forward toward me. I didn't know what mom had in mind, but I was fired up with desire and I wasn't going to argue with her.

My back hit the wall, and I stopped. My legs were open and my cock pointed hard and eager toward the shower ceiling, stimulated by the sight of my spread-open mom scooting toward me along the shower floor.

Mom picked her other foot off the floor. Then she brought both feet together, on my cock.

I was startled, and I'm sure my surprise showed in my face. Mom looked at me.

"We set boundaries," she said. "But we didn't say anything about feet."

"No, we didn't," I said.

Mom's feet now worked together to clamp my cock in their grip. She embraced my shaft with the balls of her feet, and I felt it stiffen and lengthen under the pressure. Then she pulled a foot away and set it on the bar of soap lying on the shower floor, and she rubbed it back and forth until I saw it pick up a film of soapy lather. She brought the foot back to my cock and resumed squeezing me between her feet, which were now more lubricated.

It felt amazing. I'd never had a foot job. I'd never thought about having a foot job. But now my mom was giving me one, under the constant hot spray of the shower, and it was pure heaven.

Whatever restraint mom's face had shown before seemed gone now, because her jaw hung down and her thick lips framed a big lusty O and her eyes were wide and see-sawing between the cock between her feet and my own disbelieving eyes. Mom sat close enough to me that she had to keep her knees wide to bring her feet together at my erect member, so the whole time she stroked me her pussy was visible. I could have sworn her clit had pushed back the cover of the hood over it and was more erect than before.

Up and down, up and down mom's pretty feet worked my cock in their grip, giving my cock head a little extra squeeze every time she got to the tip. I was amazed at her skill. Her feet never slipped off. Where she learned her skills, I had no idea, but I was in the hands -- nope, the feet -- of an expert.

I moaned, and mom grinned at my obvious pleasure.

She nodded her chin to the shower shelf next to me.

"Randy," she said. "Grab that lotion bottle."

A bottle of some sort of bath lotion perched on the shelf next to me. I grabbed.

"Drip it onto your cock," she said.

I could see why she suggested it. Although my cock was just outside the main stream of water pouring from the showerhead, the spray was enough to have rinsed the soap off, and mom wanted to keep it lubricated. I held the bottle over my cock and mom's feet and watched the lotion dribble over them. It had an instant effect, dramatically increasing the lubrication and allowing mom to grab and stroke me harder and faster.

Mom expertly moved my feet back and forth and around different parts of her feet, rolling my shaft around and across her instep, then back to the balls of her feet. She ministered to my cock with her sexy, painted toes. All the while she kept up the pace and the pressure.

"Do you like that, baby," she said, her voice deep with desire.

"I love it, mom," I said. "I'm fucking your feet, mom."

"I like the feel of you fucking my feet, Randy. I like the feel of your big cock between my feet."

Up and down. Up and down. Her feet never lost their grip. My cock never lost the constant feeling of pressure and stroking.

"You like it, too, don't you, mom," I said. "You like having your legs open and foot-stroking your son's hard tool, don't you?"

Her mouth opened more and her chest pushed forward at my words. Mom liked being talked to that way.

"Yeah, Randy. I like my son's big hard cock between my feet."

My cock twitched under the pressure. I knew it wasn't going to take long. I couldn't believe it. My mom was going to bring me to orgasm with her feet. It was going to be a first for me.

"I fucked your tits and your feet in the same day, mom," I said to her. "I fucked you a lot today. You like that, don't you, mom," I urged. "You like your son fucking different parts of your body."

She threw her head back. I dribbled more lotion over my cock and her feet where they came together, and, if anything, she picked up the speed and pressure. Mom's expert ministrations to my foot felt better than most pussy fuckings I'd had.

"I love it," she said. "I love my strong, handsome son fucking my tits and my feet."

She moaned as she pumped her feet up and down my shaft.

I felt myself welling up under the constant, heavy stroking of her feet. My cock surged.

"Oh mom," I moaned.

"Randy," mom moaned back.

The last thing I noticed before I came was the blur of her red toenails on either side of my swelling shaft.

Mom looked back at me. She knew what was about to happen, and just before I came her feet pulled on my cock to angle it toward her.

A heavy geyser of cum erupted from my cock, up and into the spray of the shower water. The downward flow broke the thick cum stream into white drops that splattered all over mom's body before it washed them off her. I saw cum that hit her belly button swept into rivulets of water that coursed down her abdomen and into the open, pink cleft between her legs.

My cum was in mom's pussy, I thought. Holy shit.

Before all of it could wash off mom scraped some of the mess off her body with her hand and brought it to her mouth and sucked it off. I sat and watched her, awe-struck.

She pumped me with her feet until she was sure there was nothing left to pump out. Then she took her feet away and placed them far

apart on either side of her. She sat completely open and exposed to me as the water washed my cum off her body.

Mom grinned at me.

"That was a good shower. I think we've used enough water for now."

I nodded at her. I couldn't think of anything to say. My body was in a state of pure, unadulterated post-orgasm bliss.

Mom stood up, turned around under the water to finish rinsing herself off, and then turned the shower handle until the water stopped flowing.

She looked down at me. I looked up at her lean body, wet and gleaming and beautiful. Her pink, erect nipples stood out and the petals of her vulva opened to me.

I stood up and put my arms around mom.

"My god, mom," I said. "That was amazing."

"Yes, it was," she said.

We stood like that in the shower for a long time.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 06

My mom always had a talent for looking elegant without trying too hard.

She looked elegant now, sitting to the right of me at a small, round, wrought-iron table under the shade of an elm tree on the patio of a restaurant in the city. Mom wore a sleeveless white top and a cornflower blue pleated skirt that stopped a few inches above her knee. Her legs were bare and tanned, and she wore blue pumps that matched her skirt.

I was dressed more formally than usual, in khaki pants and a pale blue, open-collared shirt with the sleeves rolled up. I also wore well-shined black loafers that had spent the entire summer in the closet. I had some plans for the day, and to pull them off I wanted to look older than I was.

Mom and I were having lunch together and enjoying the unseasonable warmth of a mid-fall afternoon.

When we sat down at the table, I was struck by the incongruity of mom's appearance and the memory of what had happened between us a few days earlier. I looked at the elegant woman in the white top and blue skirt in front of me, and for a moment I doubted whether my memory of our time in the shower together was even real. For the first half hour of our lunch, our conversation never touched on

the crazy things that we had done together in the past few weeks. Mom asked me about school, and about my classes, and she told me an anecdote about an employee at the company she worked for that had been complaining about a boss with wandering hands. But she made no mention of the things we had done together, things I couldn't stop thinking about.

Mom got a phone call, and she said it was someone from work and that she had to take it. While she took the call, I looked out at the partly shaded patio around me and thought about the previous week.

Only five days earlier mom and I had lain on the shower floor while she had given me a foot job. Of course, it was impossible to get the images of that moment out of my head, and the next day I'd felt like a ravenous beast, wanting more of her. But it didn't happen. Our busy schedules got in the way, and during the brief times we were together over the next few days I had the impression from mom that she needed a break from the craziness. It was the same pattern as before. So, I laid off her for a while, or tried to. My cock got a workout from my hand several times a day, to ease my agitation. And I kept thinking about the next step to take. Because, whatever mom's hesitation was, I knew I wanted to take another step, and that I was going to. But what to do?

I didn't just want to fuck my mom. I mean, I did want to fuck her, very, very badly, but I wanted something else, and I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I wanted to push her. She had shown me something in her, and I wanted to tease it out, encourage it, bring it

to full flower. I started to form a plan. It seemed crazy, and I knew mom would resist it. But I thought I could overcome her resistance, or, maybe more accurately, that I could say and do the right things to make her overcome her own resistance. I thought about it a lot, and I finally figured out a plan for the next step.

And that's what brought me to lunch with my mom on a sunny, pleasant fall day on the patio of a trendy restaurant.

Mom's call ended and she put her phone away. Before either of us could say anything, the waiter arrived. He brought mom a green salad with vinaigrette and me a seasonal squash soup with a dribble of crème fraiche over the surface. The waiter left, and we sampled our first courses for a couple of minutes in silence.

It was a surprise when, unprompted, mom asked me a question with no trace of a connection to anything we had talked about to that point during our lunch.

"Randy, do you think I'm a slut?"

The question popped out of mom's mouth with no warning. Mom had just finished a bite of her salad. My mouth was full of squash soup, which I had to work hard to stop from spitting up. I swallowed it, with some effort, and I looked up at my mom. She looked at me intently, with eyes wide and searching and her lips pressed tightly against each other.

"Mom, why would you ask that?" I asked.

Mom took a moment to marshal her thoughts before answering me.

"It's just -- everything we've done together recently. Randy, you've seen me in a way that sons don't usually see their mothers. We've done things together that mothers and sons don't usually do. I worry about what you think. What you think of me."

I was surprised. She hadn't said anything like this in the days after our last encounter in the shower.

"Mom, no," I said. "I don't think of you that way and I would never call you that. I think you're a very, very sexual woman. And you're hot. There's no doubt about that. But I wouldn't call you . . . that word."

Mom looked at me across the table, steadily, with a hint of a frown.

"You don't look satisfied," I said.

"Well," she said. "I appreciate what you just said. I just keep thinking about what we did in the shower the other day." She leaned over the table. "I made you come, Randy, with my feet! I just keep thinking how slutty I must have looked to you. What a slut I must seem like to you now."

"Mom," I said, "you sound like you're trying to convince me that you are a slut. Like you want me to think you're a slut. Is that what you want?"

That stopped her for a few seconds.

"No, that's . . . that's not it, I just want" She couldn't finish her thought.

"Mom," I interrupted her. "You're a sexual person. I've learned a lot about you recently. And I love it. I wouldn't change anything about it. I love you exactly the way you are."

"You do?" mom asked me, her eyes searching mine.

"I do, mom," I said. I leaned over the table to talk to her more quietly. "And you can't really call yourself a slut if you're not fucking a lot of guys, and I don't think you've fucked anybody in over a year. We've done stuff together. But we haven't fucked. Yet."

I let the word "yet" linger at the table, and mom stayed silent. I leaned a little closer.

"But mom," I continued. "If you want me to think of you as a slut, if you want me to call you a slut, if that turns you on -- I will. Do you want your son to call you a slut? Is that what you want?"

I was speaking quietly but insistently. No one could hear me but mom, but I could tell she was hanging on every word. I could see the conflict and the desire in her face. But she didn't say anything.

"I'll tell you what, mom," I said. "It's been a few days since you've done anything slutty, so how about if I have you do something slutty and we'll see how we both feel about."

"You mean today?" she asked.

"I mean right now," I replied. I sat back in my chair and grinned at her.

"In this restaurant? Here?" she asked. "What do you want me to do?"

"Mom, "I said, putting on a lascivious grin for her, "Take off your panties. Pull them down your legs to your feet, and then kick them to me and I'll take them."

"We're in public, Randy," she said.

"I know, mom," I said. "But you told me before, when you were with dad, you spread your legs on the beach in front of over a hundred people who walked by. That was in public."

Mom had no reply to that. She looked at me. Then she looked over my shoulder, and then to either side of her. I could tell she was thinking about it. She wanted to see if anyone might be looking.

I saw the struggle in her face, but her desire won out. Mom exhaled a short, sharp breath of air, and then she put both of her hands under the table on either side of her dress. I saw what she was doing, just a little, through the lattice of the wrought-iron tabletop. I saw mom lift off the seat of her chair, her hands working at the panties under the dress fabric. Then I saw one hand reach quickly up under the dress. Just moments later I saw it: a pair of tiny blue panties, emerging from below the hem of mom's elegant dress and stretched between her knees. Mom wriggled her knees and legs, and the panties dropped down her shins to her feet. She covered them hastily as well as she could with her shoes, and then she looked up, obviously to see if anyone had noticed her. I didn't follow her gaze. I just looked at the fringes of the blue panties peeking out from under mom's shoes under the table.

Mom's eyes darted around the table in front of her until she looked down at her lap. She wriggled her torso until the napkin on her lap fell off, and then mom took advantage of the ruse to scoop up both napkin and panties off the ground. She covered the tiny panties easily in her fist and stuffed them into her small purse.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" I asked.

"It wasn't easy!" she said with a grin. "I hope you are satisfied."

"I'm satisfied with that," I said. "But that's not enough. I've got a lot more in mind than that."

I paused and let that sit with her. Mom looked at me with an expression of curiosity and puzzlement, with a hint of fear. She did not know what I had in mind, but she knew I had something in mind. And I did.

"Mom, do you remember our conversation?" I asked. "The one the other day where you told me about being on the beach with dad? How you were naked, and you showed off?"

I kept my voice down, but at the last sentence mom looked up and around her, with a nervous manner, obviously wondering if anyone could hear what I was saying. But no one could. I was speaking loud enough for her to hear me, but not loudly enough for anyone else to hear me.

I leaned forward.

"Do you remember that conversation?"

"Of course, I do," she said. "I can't forget that conversation, or what happened after it."

"Good," I said. "You told me something about yourself. That you like to show off. But you also told me dad didn't like it, and after that day you didn't do it any more when you were married." I paused again.

"O.K. You're right," she said. "I remember that. What about it?"

"After the things we've done together, mom," I said, "I can tell it's something you still want to do, but you weren't able to do it married to dad, and you haven't been able to do it until now."

She kept staring back at me, trying to maintain an impassive expression.

"Where are we going with this, Randy?" she asked me.

"Here's where we're going, mom," I said. "How about if I give you the chance to do what you wanted to do with dad?"

"What do you mean?" Mom looked nervous. She fidgeted in her chair across the table from me.

"I mean, mom, with me you can do what you wanted to do with dad," I said. "You can show off. I'll help you do that."

Mom didn't reply immediately, but she arched her brows, and the corners of her mouth twisted in a wry expression.

"How do you plan to do that?" she asked.

"Well, first, by getting you to take your panties off in a restaurant," I said, and I gave her a big smart-ass grin. "Which you've done already.

"And next, spreading your legs enough so I can take a photo with my camera."

"Randy, there are people all around us. If you do that they're going to see it." She furrowed her brow, and I thought it looked cute. She looked uncertain, but not shocked. We had done so much already that the shock threshold had moved a lot.

"OK, then," I said. "You take the photo with your phone, and text it to me."

She opened her mouth slowly as though she was forming the words to refuse, and I interrupted her.

"You can do it quickly, mom. I'll keep an eye out. No one's going to see you.

"And if they do," I continued and paused, "Then they see you. That's not so bad. No one here knows you."

Mom didn't look convinced. She stared hard at me and then turned her head in every direction to see if anyone might be looking at her. I looked too, and I didn't see anyone staring at us at that moment. Mom held up her phone. I knew she was thinking about it. But she wasn't convinced. She was in her public mode, dressed elegantly (even if she was without her underwear), and to do what I was asking her to do she would have to break out of her comfortable role.

But break it she did. Slowly, uncertainly, with lines of worry stitched across her face -- but she did it. Her gaze darted quickly back and forth, her head jerking this way and that like a bird's, so she could confirm that no one was looking at her. Then she whipped the phone under the table. I saw her legs part through the gaps in the iron table top. Her left hand pulled the skirt up a few inches, and her right dipped between her knees with her thumb on the camera button. She held the phone in place there, and then quickly brought it up to her face.

I held my phone up to my face, eagerly awaiting mom's text. I was aware of mom's thumb moving across her phone screen, but I couldn't look at it. My eyes were fixed on my own phone, waiting for the text to appear.

After what seemed like ages, the familiar ping sounded. A text. I clicked on the icon and opened it. The image on my phone screen was darker than I wished it was, the result of mom not having used a flash when she took the photo. It wasn't perfectly clear. But it was unmistakably a photograph of my hot mom's pussy under her blue skirt. I felt my cock stiffening as I looked at it.

"Satisfied?" mom asked me.

"Oh yeah," I said. "More than satisfied. You texted me a photo of your pussy, Mom. You have a very pretty pussy."

"I'll bet you tell that to all the girls," she said.

"Just the ones with pretty pussies," I said. "Yours is the prettiest I've seen."

"Not too loud, Randy," she said. "We're in public."

I used my fingers to zoom in more closely on the image of mom's vulva in the photo. The resolution was better than I would have expected. The soft skin, the delicate petal-like lips, even the hint of dew inside the depths between them -- all were on display in the photo.

"Did I take a good photo?" mom asked.

"It's great," I said.

I looked down through the lattice work of the table top and could see a lot of mom's legs exposed under the short skirt. Suddenly, though, her thighs snapped shut. I looked up from her legs to her face. Mom was looking at me, and she looked nervous and embarrassed.

"Are you suddenly getting shy?" I asked.

"I think somebody was looking up my skirt and saw me," she said.

"Isn't that what you want?" I asked.

"Randy," mom replied. "We're in public."

"You keep saying that, like it's bad," I said. "You've shown off a lot more in public before. "Why be shy now?"

"That was at the beach," she said. "And it was a long time ago."

"So, who is it? What does he look like?" I asked. I didn't turn around because I didn't want him to see me, whoever it was.

"I don't want to look back at him," mom said. "He'll notice."

I looked up and around us. Some sunlight was coming through the tree cover. Despite the shade of the trees overhead it still was bright. I had an idea.

"Pull your sunglasses out of your purse," I said to mom. "Put them on, and then describe him to me. He won't be able to see if you are looking at him with sunglasses on."

Mom paused before responding. But after a few moments she reached into her purse and drew out a pair of stylish sunglasses. She put them on.

"O.K., mom," I said, "Is he still looking at you?"

She didn't answer right away, but after what seemed like a minute of looking up, down, and sideways uncomfortably, she replied at last.

"He just glanced this way," she said. "There's someone else at his table. Looks like a girlfriend or a wife, maybe."

"So, he wants to look at you," I replied, "But he doesn't want to be so obvious that he gets caught. Is that it?"

"I guess so. It looks that way," she said. "He just looked this way again. Briefly. Yeah, he doesn't want to get caught. He's trying to look this way but he looks nervous doing it."

I thought about what I was doing. I was trying to orchestrate my mother's exposure to other people on a restaurant patio. What kind of son was I? What kind of son would do that? Shouldn't I do everything I could to shield mom's exposure of the intimate treasure under her skirt from others in public?

I knew my answer. My answer was "no." It turned me on to think about how hot my mom was. Mom had revealed herself to me; she'd revealed not just her body, but her desires and her fantasies. They were part of her hotness. I wanted to bring them out. I wanted to be the man that my father wasn't: the man that encouraged my hot mom to be hot and sexy in the way that, deep down, she wanted to be.

"Spread your legs, mom," I told her, in as firm and as authoritative a voice I could muster as a 19-year-old son.

Mom looked at me, briefly, with her mouth forming a big "O" and her eyes wide and quizzical and uncertain. I looked through the semi-open table top to see what her legs were doing, and they stayed pressed together at first. But not for long. I saw the bare knees, lying several inches beyond the hem of the blue skirt, part -- a little at first, but then more. As mom parted her pretty, bare knees, the skirt pulled back, exposing more of her firm thighs. Soon her legs were spread wide, just as I'd asked. A lot of each supple leg was visible beyond the edge of the short skirt now stretched taut. From my point of view,

I couldn't see what was between mom's legs. But I could tell that someone sitting in front of her could. I wanted to look back, behind me, to see if mom's voyeur was looking at her now. But I resisted the desire.

"Is he looking?" I asked her.

Mom feigned looking at me, but I knew she was looking through her sunglasses beyond me to see if the man was looking at her.

"He is," she said. "He's glanced at me a few times."

"Can he see your pussy? Let me know if he can see your pussy," I said.

"Randy," mom said, "This is really embarrassing. I think I should cover up."

"You can't really cover up in that skirt in this position, though, mom," I said, "Can you?"

"No, I can't," she said.

"Then, hold that position," I said.

I looked through the table top, and I saw that mom held the position. She kept her legs spread wide and the skirt rode far up her thighs. Her head was inclined toward me, but I could tell that behind the dark lenses of her glasses she was looking at the man at the other table who was looking at her. She didn't move.

I gave her a moment to hold that position before speaking to her again.

"Is he looking at you?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "He's been sneaking glances at me. He's trying to be subtle because he's talking to the woman at his table at the same time. I can tell he doesn't want to make her suspicious."

"How do you feel about that, mom?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" she responded.

"I mean, how do you feel about a man with a date looking at you, without underwear?" I asked. "He can tell you aren't wearing panties, right?"

She didn't answer right away, but she did answer.

"He did a double-take," she said. "Yeah, he can tell. I think he saw everything."

Mom's face was turned toward me and she held her head still as she spoke. Obviously, she was trying to hold on to whatever pretense she could that she didn't know what she was doing or that she wasn't aware that the man at the other table could see her most intimate anatomy between her spread legs. But a glance through the table top confirmed that she hadn't moved her legs, and that despite whatever pretense she was trying to maintain she kept showing herself to this man, and that she knew exactly what she was doing.

I wondered for a second what I was doing. Why did I want my mom to do this? My thoughts were complicated. I wanted to see my mom's pussy. I wanted to touch and lick and play with it. I wanted to fuck her; I knew that. But I wanted something more, too: I wanted to play with her, to tease out of her something that she'd partly revealed to me but that she'd kept hidden for a long time, something buried deep that nevertheless was a big and important part of her. I wanted it to come out. I wanted to be the one to make it come out. And I wanted to be the one to witness it coming out. I wasn't sure what was going to happen when it did. But I wanted to be there, I wanted to see it, and I wanted to be part of it.

The process was underway. My sweet, elegant mom was sitting at a restaurant with her legs apart and without panties, and a man sitting thirty feet away was staring at her vagina and mom was enjoying it and I was enjoying it, too.

This isn't a normal mom-son relationship, I thought. But it was too late to bring back normal. We had nowhere to go but forward. I wanted to see where that was.

"Mom," I said.

She didn't respond at first but after a beat or two the word seemed to break her from her reverie.

"What?" she said, shaking her head.

"I think it's time to leave," I said. "It's time for our next afternoon appointment."

I saw mom's brow furrow between the dark lenses of her sunglasses.

"Appointment?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"You'll see," I said with as little inflection as I could. "Let's go."

I left cash on the table next to the check the waitress had left several minutes earlier, and we got up. Mom closed her legs slowly, I saw, and stood up. We walked to the car, parked along the street nearby. I held the door of the car open for her as she got in. Her blue skirt rode up her thighs as she set her bottom on the passenger side seat, and for the briefest instant I glimpsed the sweet slit of her pussy

between her bare legs. My gaze shifted to her face. She was looking at me. We both knew what I'd seen, and what she'd shown me.

Mom was ready for the next step, I thought.

I walked around to the driver's side, got in the car, and pulled away from the curb. I knew where we were going, but mom didn't. I hadn't told her. I wanted it to be a surprise. I wasn't sure, entirely, if she'd go along, but I thought she would, and I wanted to find out.

We drove along the city streets, away from the restaurant and the areas I thought mom probably knew best. As I drove the car I hit a few buttons to cue up a song list I'd prepared on my phone and that played over the car's speakers via Bluetooth. The song that played over the speakers was Danzig's "Devil's Plaything." It was an oldie, a lot older than I was, and I wasn't sure if mom would know it or not.

To my surprise, she did. Her face lit up after a few notes of the song.

"That's kind of old school for you, isn't it, Randy?" she asked. "That song's before your time."

"Yeah, I guess," I said. "I like oldies. Especially the hard rock ones."

"I wouldn't have guessed you even knew anything about Danzig," she said. "My best girlfriend and I saw them in concert in high school."

"Really?" I asked. "I wouldn't have thought you were the kind of girl to like them." I was surprised, actually.

"There's a lot about me you don't know," she said, with a smirk.

"I'm sure that's true, mom," I said. "I've learned a lot about you in the last few weeks. Stuff I never would have imagined. I want to know more."

She didn't say anything to that right away. I couldn't read her expression. Her eyes were shining and her lips were turned up in a slight smile.

"It's probably best if a son doesn't know everything about his mother," she said. Then she turned away from me.

"I don't know about that," I said. "I like what I've gotten to know so far." I glanced away from the road to my pretty mother. She sat straight in her seat and her legs were pressed together tightly, but her skirt rode high and exposed a lot of her supple, tanned thighs. I loved what I saw, but I wanted to see more.

"Hey mom," I said.

She turned back to me.

"What?" she said.

"Put your feet up on the car seat," I said.

"What?" she said again.

"You're still not wearing any panties," I said. "But I can't see it. I want you to show me. Put your feet up on the seat and pull up your skirt and turn this way a little and push your knees apart. I want to see your pussy."

I liked hearing the words coming out of my mouth. I sounded firm and confident, like I knew what I wanted and like I expected her to give it to me. But I liked the look on her face even more. The muscles of her face twitched. Her eyes widened and her eyebrows arched. Her lips opened as though in surprise and then closed quickly. I saw a battle of conflicting emotions in her expression at me: surprise, resistance, maybe anger, but, at last, without doubt, interest, and, maybe, surrender.

"We're in public, Randy," she said.

"That didn't stop you at the restaurant," I replied quickly. "It didn't stop you at the beach. Come on, mom. Spread your legs. Because I want to see you. Because you want to do it."

I held my gaze on hers, trying not to flinch.

She held her gaze on me, as well, and at first, she didn't move. But then she did: slowly and tentatively, at first, but then quickly. She brought her heels up until they rested on her car seat. Then with her right hand she pulled the blue skirt up her thighs, inch by inch, all the way. She shifted her body to me. And, finally, slowly, dramatically, she spread her knees apart. When she had spread them as far as she could, she was exposed to me, fully, lewdly. The sweet slit of her pussy was on display, framed by delicate lips. I thought they looked puffier than I'd seen them before, and I wondered if it was the result of her being aroused. But I couldn't be sure. I was driving and could spend only so much time looking at my mother's bare, exposed vulva.

"Good girl," I said. "I like it when you do that. I think you like it almost as much as I do."

"You do, do you?" she said. "You think you know what I like?"

"Well," I said, "You're sitting in the car with your legs spread as far apart as they can go and showing your pussy to your son, so my guess is you like it."

She didn't have anything to say to that, but she didn't move her legs, either, so I felt I had my answer. I had to struggle to keep my eyes on the road. I managed to, but not without frequent glances to my right at the sweet, pink opening between my mom's lean, firm legs.

I drove for a while in silence, and after a while mom spoke.

"Where are we going, Randy?" she asked.

"You'll see soon," I said. "We're taking another step."

"That's sounds . . . ominous," she said. "What do you mean, 'another step?' You didn't tell me anything about this when we went to lunch."

"No, I didn't," I said. "But I did ask you if you had the afternoon free, and you said 'yes.' It's only the middle of the afternoon. I'm taking you some place because I want to have fun with you. I think you'll like it. But I'm not going to tell you until we get there."

I looked sideways at mom and her eyebrows were knitted tightly. She was concerned. I thought about saying more to reassure her, but I didn't. Part of me enjoyed seeing her boundaries pushed and the worry that resulted.

I wanted to push those boundaries. I took my right hand off the wheel and set it high on mom's left thigh, probably no more than six

inches from the ruddy, inviting slit between her legs. I squeezed her thigh. I felt her shiver, and I felt the muscle of her thigh twitch and contract, but she didn't move her legs. They remained open. I looked at where it lay on her leg and then I looked up at her face. She was looking at me, already, an expression of wonder and curiosity on her face.

I didn't say anything, but I move my hand an inch or two up her firm thigh toward the place between her legs, and I squeezed again.

She didn't move her legs, but after a few moments she spoke.

"Randy, that's far enough," she said.

"What's far enough, mom?" I asked.

"Your hand," she said. "Your hand is very close to my . . . you know. I think it should stop there."

"Why, mom?" I asked. "Why not let me touch you there? Let me put my finger inside you. I'll rub your clit. I can tell you're excited. You're aroused. I'll make you come as I drive."

I snuck glances away from the road to mom's face as I drove and as I talked, and I could see the impact of my words on her. She flinched, slightly, at the word "clit." I knew she wanted my hand to move up

her thigh until it was between her legs. I knew she wanted my fingers pressing into the folds of her sex. But there was reluctance, too. I could see that. I tried to figure out why.

"I want to set a boundary there, Randy," she said. "I think we should stop before that happens."

"But why, mom?" I asked. I squeezed the interior of her thigh with my fingers, inches from her pussy. Her legs opened just a bit wider when I did. I glanced down and to the side and I could see everything. The thin lips were pulled back, just a bit, exposing the wet, pink flesh inside her pussy. It would take no more than a fraction of a second for me to plunge a finger inside her. I wanted to do it, so badly I could hardly stand it. But I didn't. I wouldn't do it until I knew mom wanted it. She wasn't ready. She didn't look at me. She looked ahead, at the road, maybe, or perhaps at nothing. When she spoke again her voice quavered but I could tell she was trying to muster an air of resolve.

"Because I want to," she said. "I want to stop there. I don't want you to touch me there. That's going too far. It's off limits."

My hand, still tantalizingly close to her pussy, squeezed her thigh again, hard, but it didn't stray any closer to its prize.

"O.K., Mom," I said. "I'll respect your boundaries. I won't touch you there, with my hands, or with . . . anything else." I grinned with the last phrase. "But I want something from you, in return. I want you to



do what I ask. I won't ask you to do anything that crosses that boundary. But other than that, I'd like you to play along. O.K.?"

"What do you have in mind?" she asked me.

"You'll see, soon," I said. "We're almost there. I have some plans for you. I'd like you to go along. I promise I'll respect the boundaries you've set but I want you to go along with what I've got planned."

Mom's eyes were wide, and I saw the combination of uncertainty and excitement in them.

"Where are we going, Randy?" she asked. "What do you want me to do?"

"You'll see, very soon, mom," I said. I looked at the road ahead. We were in a part of the city a long way from home and from mom's workplace. I didn't want mom to be recognized when she did what I was going to ask her to do.

After driving for a while through unfamiliar streets we finally reached our destination. I pulled the car off the street into a parking lot in front of a low store front. A sign over the windows read "Secret Treasures."

"Randy, what is this place?" mom asked.

"This is our destination," I said. "I want to get some things for you. And for me." I smiled at her.

It was an adult entertainment store: a place to buy adult movies, clothing, and toys. I'd been there once before, to buy something for a girlfriend, and more recently I'd scoped out its website to see if it had what I wanted to get for mom. It did.

"Randy, what are we doing here? What are you up to?" mom asked me.

"I have some shopping to do," I said. "And I need you to help me with it."

I walked around the car to the passenger door and opened it for my mom. She started to swing her legs together out of the car when I held up my hand.

"Wait, mom," I said.

"What now, Randy?" she asked. Mom looked at me sideways, obviously curious and skeptical about what my plan was.

"Put your feet up on the seat," I said. "Then spread your knees apart, and pull your skirt back. I want to take a photo of you like that."

I was getting bolder with mom, and I wanted to keep pushing my luck. I didn't just want to fuck my mom -- although, I really did want to fuck her; I wanted to play with her, too. She kept revealing things about herself to me: not just her body, but her desires and fantasies. I wanted to keep teasing them out of her, guiding her, encouraging her to indulge them. That was why I'd brought her to the store, and it was why I wanted her to spread her legs wide while sitting in the car seat with the door open. I wanted her to get more comfortable exposing her pussy to me, even in a public place. I would need her to get more comfortable quickly for her to follow through with what I had in mind in a few minutes.

She didn't respond to my directions right away. She looked around. There was no one walking nearby that could see what she was doing. There were cars going back and forth on the street, though, and a driver in the right place at the right time who happened to look her way might see something. But it would be a fleeting glance. I looked at mom's face and guessed that she was making the same calculations about her getting caught that I was.

Slowly, she put her heels upon the car seat. She spread her knees wide. With her left hand she pulled the hem of the blue skirt back. She still wasn't wearing any panties, so her bare pussy came into view. It was utterly delectable, and, if my eyes did not deceive me, it was just little bit damp, too.

"That's great, mom," I said. "Just hold that position. Pull the skirt back just a little more. That's great. Hold still!"

I held up my phone. I didn't hurry. I was enjoying the thrill of having my mom expose herself in public, and I wanted to prolong the thrill for her as well. She looked nervous. But she did what I asked. Her hand pulled the skirt back another inch. I took the shot. Then I knelt until I was nearly at her level, and I held the phone closer to the gap between her legs. I wanted a close-up shot. I knew it would make her more nervous, too. I still didn't see any people nearby in the parking lot, but a lot of cars were going by, and if someone saw me it wouldn't be that hard for them to guess what I was doing.

"Randy!" mom said, excited. "Let's hurry up."

I could tell she was nervous, but she didn't move her legs. She still did what I had asked.

"Just a sec!" I said. "I want to get this right. There we go."

I held the phone very close, and mom's pretty pussy nearly filled the screen now. No question about it, a film of moisture coated her thin lips, which were peeled back just enough to reveal a hint of pink dampness inside. I took the photo.

"OK, mom," I said. "Thanks for being a good sport. It's time to go shopping."

Mom pressed her legs back together and pulled the skirt down and exited the car. I closed the door behind her while she stood by.

She's waiting for my next instructions, I thought. I liked how this was going.

"What kind of shopping are we doing today, son?" mom asked. Her smile twisted into a slight smirk, but her eyes shone with fear and excitement. Mom obviously was conflicted about what we were doing. But she wasn't stopping me.

"We are going to buy some things for you," I said. "And you are going to try some things on. I'll tell you as we shop. We're going to do some play-acting, 'cause I think it'll be better if people don't know we're mother and son. We don't look much alike, so I think we can pull it off. We're going to pretend you are a would-be model and I'm a photographer, and we're buying some things for a photoshoot. I'll call you 'Mona.' It sounds enough like 'mom' that if I start to slip when I talk to you I probably can recover and no one will be any wiser."

Mom's jaw was dropping as I spoke.

"Are you serious?" she said. "You're going to tell people that you're taking photos of me with sex toys?"

"Well," I said, "I don't know about 'people.' I probably will ask for help from the clerk. I don't know if anyone else will know. But if they ask, that's what I'm going to tell them."

She looked nervous, so I tried to reassure her.

"Mom, or Mona," I said. "Don't worry. We are on the other side of town from home, or from your work. I've been here before and scoped out the store. There aren't likely to be a lot of people in the store, and no one here is going to know you. They'll just know you as a hot MILF model named Mona. This is sex toy shop. People are used to kink. And they value their customers' desire to be discreet. Follow my lead, and everything will be fine."

"Besides, mom," I pressed on. "I know that there's part of you that wants this. You want to keep doing what we've been doing. We're going to. And I'm going to throw in some new things to the mix. Just follow my lead. I've got this all planned out. I'm not going to say it's going to be easy for you, 'cause it probably won't. But that's why you're going to enjoy it."

"Come on," I gestured to her. "Follow me."

I started walking to the door, and after a moment's hesitation mom followed me. So far, so good.

I pulled the door open and stepped back to let my mom enter first. I stepped in after her, and I scanned the scene in front of me.

I had been in the store once before, but I looked around to refamiliarize myself with the layout and see how many people were in the shop. It would be an exaggeration to say that the store was classy, but, for a sex toy and porn shop, it was appealing and not too cheesy. The owner obviously had spent enough money on it to make it look nice. The front of the store was a large room filled with racks and sexy clothes on display. Fetishy posters and shelves full of merchandise lined the walls. Against one wall was a large collection of sexy costumes, lingerie, and fetish wear. In the back were openings to two different rooms. Over each room was a neon sign, one of which said, "Movies & Books" and the other of which said, "Toys."

I saw four people in the store. Behind the service counter sat a woman with short, dark hair, tattoos and a nose ring, clothed in tight black and gray clothes that gave off an edgy vibe, probably 30ish. A couple, both blond and maybe a few years older than I was, were checking out something at a display stand in the middle of the room. A lone man, maybe near 40, was scanning the lingerie section.

Enough people to make this fun, but not so many to scare mom off, I thought. It was perfect.

I wanted the clothes section, first.

"Mona," I called to mom, who was staring around her with her mouth partly open, obviously trying to take it all in. She didn't respond to her fake name at first but swiveled toward me when she realized I was talking to her. I saw the clerk behind the counter look up from a book and glance at us.

"Ever been to a place like this?" I asked mom in a whisper.

"Once, a long time ago," she said in an even softer whisper. "I bought a vibrator there. It was in another city, when I was on a vacation, with your dad. The store was a lot smaller than this, though."

"This should be large enough for our purposes," I said.

"I'm dying to find out what those are," she said.

"You will," I replied. "Very soon."

We walked to one end of the store until I found what I was looking for: shelves full of fetish and cosplay outfits. Mom looked at a black bustier and crotchless panty outfit hanging from a rack next to her.

"You'd look good in that . . . Mona," I said. "But I have something else in mind."

I scooped up two articles of clothing from an adjacent shelf and handed them to her.

"Try these on," I said. Mom looked at me with an expression of disbelief.

"This is a school girl costume," she said.

Indeed, it was. Well, actually, it was a stripper's version of a school girl outfit. The skirt was microscopically short, in a Kelly green, black, and white tartan pattern, and it fastened on the side with Velcro patches that made it adjustable. The "top" was a thin white shirt with a big scoop at the neck and cropped so high that it ended just under the breasts. The short sleeves were trimmed in a pattern that matched the skirt. I liked the green because I thought it would match mom's eyes.

"There's a dressing room over there," I said, gesturing with my chin to a spot against the wall behind her.

"You want me to try this on here? In the store?" she asked me in a furious whisper. "I can't do that! This skirt is tiny!" she said as she held it up for inspection. "It won't cover me. And I'm not wearing underwear!"

"Yes, you can try it on here," I said calmly and firmly. "No one here knows you, and they're not going to know you. Not only are they not

going stop you, they're going to encourage you. You'll look fantastic in this. And you'll get to show off with no cost and no downside. You can do it . . . Mona. Let's do it."

"Did you hear me?" she said. "I'm not wearing underwear, Randy."

"Then you'll just have to wear the skirt carefully," I said. "Or not. There won't be any consequences. Let's go. Come on."

My insistence seemed to pay off, because mom followed me toward the dressing booth. No one was in it. It wasn't much to look at: two painted fiberboard panels standing out from the wall and held up by flimsy metal posts. An equally flimsy curtain, now drawn back, hung down and ended about a foot or more from the floor. Inside the enclosure sat a small stool. A long, skinny mirror lay pegged to the back wall, and to the right of it at eye level two hooks stood out to hold clothes on hangers.

"Go ahead," I said, sweeping my arm toward the open booth. "I'll wait here."

Mom fixed me with a hard stare, but it softened, and she said what I had hoped she'd say.

"O.K."

She went in and drew the curtain. Or, she tried to. It seemed to catch on something at the top, and when she finally managed to uncatch it and pull it across it didn't quite draw the whole way. A slight gap showed. It wasn't much, but I could see through it well enough to catch her eye. She was looking at me.

"Go ahead . . . Mona," I said. "I'll stand right here and block anyone else from looking.

"You're going to watch me undress?" she asked.

"Would you prefer it if the guy in the lingerie section peeked through and watched you?" I asked.

"No," said mom, "but you could turn around."

"I could," I said, "but I can't think of any good reason to do that. We're past that point, aren't we?"

She couldn't really argue with that, although I could tell she wanted to. Her eyes were wide and shining and she looked flushed, and I could tell she was excited. But part of her wanted to resist, too.

But she didn't want to resist too much. She began unbuttoning the blouse.

I didn't want to look like too much of a perv, even in a sex toy shop, so I stepped back from the booth a foot and pretended I was looking at my phone. But I wasn't, really. I was watching my mom, quickly unbuttoning and removing her blouse, exposing the smooth firm skin of her shoulders and tummy. Then she unzipped the skirt from the back and stepped out of it. I looked down at the slit of her vulva coming into view and felt the familiar stiffening inside my pants. She set the blouse and skirt on the stool and reached to take the school girl top, but she stopped when I insistently whispered, "Not yet."

She looked at me, and I stared at her bra and nodded. She unhooked it from the front and set it on the seat. My mom stood naked in front of me. I couldn't see all of her through the gap in the curtain, but I could see enough that my cock grew harder.

I stepped to the side, pretending again to look at my phone as I swung around, but in reality, checking out whether anyone was looking our way. The couple appeared to be busy on the other side of the room, but the 40ish guy in the lingerie section nearby seemed to be sneaking glances toward us. I swung around and noticed the curtain moving. Mom obviously had noticed I'd stepped to the side and was trying to pull the curtain completely shut, but it wasn't cooperating, and all the movement caused the gap to widen. I discreetly looked around again and caught the guy nearby looking away. No doubt about it, he was trying to get a peek of something.

I approached the booth again and opened the curtain a little.

"How's it going?" I asked with a cheeky smile.

Mom had pulled the top over her head and was fastening the skirt on the side.

"Just give me a moment," she said, and I thought heard her voice break.

I waited.

After another minute -- it seemed like it was taking a long time -- I heard a soft "psssst" come from inside the booth. I approached it again and pulled the curtain back enough to poke my face through.

"Yes?" I said.

Mom had finished putting the outfit on; perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that the outfit was as on as it ever would be. The top ended immediately beneath her breasts, and It obviously was sized small, because mom's breasts, which were shapely and ample but not huge, filled and stretched its thin white fabric. The top wasn't quite see-through, but the material was thin and cheap, and it put the contour of her nipples (which looked erect, to my hopeful eye) plainly on display.

The skirt was perhaps even more deliciously skimpy. It was ridiculously short. I wasn't sure how short, in inches, but it was much shorter than any miniskirt I'd seen anyone I knew wear in public,

and I'd seen girls I knew wear some very short skirts. Mom had pulled the waistband as low as she could to maximize coverage below, and the result was that it hung just below her hip bone. An incredible expanse of thin, supple waist was on display. Despite having been pulled down as far as it plausibly could go, the bottom of the skirt still ended very high on her thighs, and I could tell it extended no more than a couple of inches below the bottom of her pussy. Mom's thin but sculpted legs were fully exposed, as was the yummy gap between them peeking out from the under the skirt.

My mouth watered, and I wanted to drool. But I had an act to put on so I held back and gulped instead.

"Go ahead and turn around," I said.

I'm not sure if mom was more relaxed, but she seemed like she was more cooperative than before. She turned around, slowly, and showed me her back side. The skirt covered even less in back. If she bent over even slightly the cheeks of her perky ass would start revealing themselves.

I had no idea if mom had ever worn anything like this in her life. Probably not, I thought, if her reaction was any guide.

I pulled the curtain back all the way and stepped back. Mom's mouth opened and eyes widened; she obviously hadn't expected me to expose her to the store like that.

Oh, mom, I thought. If you only knew. We're just getting started.

I looked in the mirror on the wall behind her and saw the reflection of the lingerie shopper looking our way, and I think his eyes were even wider than mom's.

"Randy, what are you doing?" mom asked me.

"I need to see you in the light," I said, winging it. "You know, so I know how it's going to look for the camera in the shoot."

"Do you need any help?" said a female voice behind me.

It was the clerk. She'd emerged from behind the front counter, and now she was standing next to me with her emo aura and nose ring, eyes darting back and forth between me and mom.

"Well, maybe you can," I said, and I stepped to the side a foot to let her see mom better. Mom still stood inside the booth and didn't move.

"She's trying on an outfit, and we're trying to make sure it fits right," I said. I tried to sound serious, and professional. I had to bring my sales skills to the task to pull this off.

"Is this for a Halloween party?" the clerk asked, with a tone that suggested that if it was, she wanted to know where the party was.

"No, no," I replied. "It's for a photoshoot."

I leaned closer to her.

"I'm starting a website, and Mona is my first model."

The clerk's eyes went wide, and she said "Oh!"

I glanced at mom, and her eyes went wide too. But she didn't say anything. She was holding very still, and I guessed it was because she knew that it wouldn't take much movement to expose herself under the tiny skirt.

I reached out my hand to the clerk.

"I'm Randy, by the way," I said. She shook my hand.

"I'm Tracy," she said.

"So, what do you think?" I asked Tracy.

"If you're going for a sexy look, it's really sexy," she said. "She's tall, which makes the skirt look shorter. It's not going to cover much. But I guess that's the idea?" She turned from mom to me with a smile.

"That is the idea. We're going to start with the outfit, in a variety of poses, and then she'll take it off."

"Well, that sounds hot," Tracy said. "The school girl outfit looks great on her. But you need a few things to finish it. I can find them for you."

"That would be great!" I said.

"OK, wait here," she said.

I turned back to mom. She was standing in the same place, but her expression had changed. Where, before, she'd looked nervous, she looked less so now. She had a slight smirk on her face and I sensed her confidence was growing. She stepped away from the booth and toward me and leaned close.

"This is what you want?" she asked. "You want to show me off in this store?"

"I do, mom," I said. "Nothing bad will happen. No one you or I know will find out anything. The clerk seems cool."

"O.K.," she said. "I'm game. But I hope you're prepared. Once you let the genie out of the bottle you might not be able to put her back. Just so you know. And one other thing -- I want to keep to our boundaries. You know what they are."

"I know," I said. "I will." Mom's response threw me. I wasn't so sure who was in control any more.

Tracy returned, carrying a few items.

"I've got some things to complete the look," she said. "First, I've got some hair ties that match the skirt, so you can have pigtails on either side. Then I've got some thigh high white stockings. And then, to complete the look I've got some shoes. You look like a size seven, am I right?"

"You are," said mom.

"All right!" said Tracy. "Let's try these on. Let's step over here -- there's a chair next to the shoes."

We followed Tracy to the chair. Mom sat down, holding her legs together as she did so. Still, the skirt rose up, until it was obvious that her most intimate parts were just barely covered under the skirt as she sat. Tracy walked around behind mom and began bunching her hair to put the ties on. The ties sported a green tartan pattern just like the tiny skirt. Tracy put them on perfectly.

"Wow," said Tracy. "That's a great look on you. Very saucy. Now, before I put the stockings on, you have to agree to buy them. We don't let customers put them on before buying them."

"That's fine," I said. "I can hand you the cash now if you want."

"Not necessary," Tracy said. "As long as you agree to buy them."

Tracy walked around to mom's front and knelt in front of her. She looked up at mom's face. I saw eagerness in her eyes and moisture on her lips.

"Do you want me to help you get those on?" she said.

My mom looked down at Tracy's face and held her gaze. "Sure," she said slowly.

Mom stretched her legs out toward Tracy, who ripped the plastic wrapping off the stockings -- very quickly, I thought. She pulled one of them out and set the other to the side.

I looked around the room. The lingerie guy stood closer than before, and he was positioned perfectly to look past Tracy's side and up mom's short skirt. He was fiddling with something flimsy on a floor

rack, trying hard not to like he was ogling my mom. But I could tell he was. This was going to get interesting.

"Lift your leg," Tracy said to mom.

Mom lifted her right leg off the floor and pointed her toe toward Tracy. Her legs parted when she did so -- not a lot, but it wouldn't take a lot to reveal everything. I saw muscles contracting in mom's smooth calf when she lifted it off the floor. Tracy took the stocking and placed it at mom's toes, and then she began drawing it up mom's foot, and her ankle, and her calf, with what seemed like undue deliberation. Her face was very attentive, and she seemed excited.

And then Tracy paused and let out an almost imperceptible gasp of air. I could see why, at once. She wasn't looking at the stocking, or at mom's leg. She was looking past it, to the uncovered spot between mom's legs. Mom had parted her legs to let Tracy pull the stocking on, and now Tracy could see that mom wore no panties. She could see her pussy. Mom looked steadily at Tracy's face, without so much as changing her expression. Tracy raised her eyes from under mom's skirt to mom's eyes, and then she looked up at me. I wanted to laugh, but I kept an even expression and cocked my chin a half inch forward to indicate she should keep going.

She did, pushing the stocking up past mom's knee, and, I thought, pushing against mom's knee with enough pressure to part her legs more. Mom didn't resist. She just sat there, looking crazy sexy in the skimpy outfit and her pigtails, legs drawing apart and skirt riding up now almost as far as it could go.

I looked around and the lingerie guy was closer still, and he was openly staring at mom with his mouth open. He didn't even see me looking at him.

"There, that one's done," Tracy said. You can put that leg down and I'll put the stocking on the other one."

Mom set her foot down, but she didn't move her leg back to its previous position against the other one. She kept it just to the side, enough to afford Tracy -- and me, now -- a view of what lay under the skirt. The lower part of mom's pussy winked into my view. What little I could see looked full and lippy.

Tracy started moving the next stocking up.

"That's going to be some photoshoot," she said.

"I'm looking forward to it," Mom said with a smile.

When Tracy was done, after pulling the filmy white stocking up mom's leg even more slowly than she did the last one, she said "Time for the shoes. I think you'll like them."

The shoes were a stripper's fantasy version of schoolgirl shoes: shiny black patent leather (fake, I was sure), rounded, platform heel in the

front, and a ridiculously long skinny heel in the back. Tracy took each of mom's feet in her hands in turn and almost seemed to caress them as she buckled each foot into a shoe.

The clerk obviously was turned on by my hot mom. She wasn't the only one. Lingerie guy couldn't take his eyes off her, and neither could I. My cock was hard and pressing uncomfortably against the front of my pants.

"We're done!" Tracy exclaimed. "Let's go look in the mirror."

As Tracy stood up mom looked at me and winked. She smiled and I could tell she was fully immersed in the game. I wasn't quite sure who was writing the rules, anymore, but I knew what I wanted to do with her next.

Mom followed Tracy to a full-length mirror against the wall. The brief skirt flapped behind her, and with each flap I caught a glimpse of her butt.

I held my phone up to take some photos. Mom saw me through the mirror on the wall, and she pushed her butt out in my direction. The skirt rode up and more of her cheeks came into view. I snapped away while the discomfort in my pants grew.

"The outfit looks great on her, don't you think?" Tracy asked me.

"I do," I said. "It's going to look just right for the shoot we're going to do. But we need some more things. We need some toys."

I let that statement drop on mom and on the clerk.

"Do you think you can help us with that?" I asked Tracy.

"Uh, sure," she said, stammering over the words. "Let's go to the toy room."

Tracy led the way to the toy room, and mom and I followed right behind.

The toy room was much smaller than the main room of the store. It was rectangular and narrow and its walls were packed almost to the ceiling with shelves, featuring sex toys of every imaginable type.

Tracy, and then mom, entered the room and then paused, and they turned back toward me. They didn't know what I had in mind. But I had an idea. I scanned the shelves along the walls, stuffed full of colorfully packaged sex toys of every kind. Brightly printed signs showed the way they were organized into sections: "BDSM", "Dildos", "Vibrators", "Anal Pleasure", and others.

I walked toward the vibrator section. I looked over my shoulder and mom raised her eyebrow at me. I addressed Tracy.

"Tracy," I said, "Could you give me a hand? I'm looking for something and I could use some advice."

"What do you need?" she asked.

"A part of Mona's shoot will include a scene with a vibrator," I said, "And I'm trying to figure out what the right one is."

I could tell Tracy was imagining the shoot. She looked distracted and her eyes looked unfocused.

"So," I continued, "I want to get something that's reliable, and will make her come. And something that looks good. Any ideas?"

I looked past Tracy, and mom was giving me a look. I think she was mildly shocked at what I was saying to the store clerk, but there was a twinkle in her eye and her mouth turned up in a smile on one side, and I sensed she was game for the challenge. I was determined to find out.

Tracy appeared to refocus on the task at hand. She reached toward a box on the shelf and pulled it off. She held it in front of me. Beneath the see-through plastic front cover lay the biggest vibrator I'd ever seen. It had two prongs, and buttons for multiple settings, I guessed. It was an impressive monster of a sex toy, but it wasn't what I was looking for.

"I think I want something a little slimmer," I said. "I don't want the sex toy to be so big it obscures Mona. Do you have something that's smaller with more elegant lines but still effective?"

Tracy seemed to think a moment; then, she went back to the shelf, put the box back, and pulled another box down.

I heard a noise behind me. I turned and saw the lingerie guy wander into the toy room, tentatively. He looked quickly away from us and toward the shelves, but I had no doubt he wanted to see whatever mom happened to do. I gave him a friendly smile to let him know it was O.K. to watch the fun.

I turned back to Tracy and saw the package she held front of me. It contained a long, slender, pink vibrator. Its profile was simple and skinny; its surface was unadorned. Two-thirds of the way up its length, it bent at an angle, and it bulged at its tip.

"This one is powerful, and it has a variety of settings, but it's not bulky," said Tracy. "It might be what you are looking for."

"It looks just right to me," I said. "We'll have to give it a try to make sure. Is that O.K.?"

"You mean here?" Tracy said. Her eyes bugged wide. "Uh . . . I can't let you use it without buying it."

I fished my wallet out of my back pocket.

"No problem," I said. "I'll buy it. I've got cash the money to cover it. But I'd like to try it out on my model before I leave. Can I do that?"

Her eyes grew even wider than before, and her mouth dropped open.

"Well" The clerk stammered, struggling to get the words out. "We're not supposed to do that. The owner tells us we're not supposed to let stuff like that go on."

"Oh, I understand," I said, trying to put on my most persuasive voice. "It's a classy operation. You don't want to get in trouble. But it does seem kind of quiet today, and we can just try it here in this back room. It won't bother anybody. And I thought you could help me with the toy while I took some photos." I held up my phone.

Tracy's eyes, uncertain and fearful, lit up when she heard that. She looked over at mom, running her eyes down mom's body until they stopped at the hem of the tiny skirt where it lay over her immaculate, lean thighs. I saw the tip of her tongue run along her lips. Mom stayed quiet, looking at me the whole time. I couldn't read her expression, but she hadn't said no or run out of the store, so I decided to press on.

"Here's the cash," I said, holding up the money. "I'll buy it regardless. OK?"

Tracy hesitated, but she nodded her head slightly. "OK, I guess. But let's make it quick. I should get back to the front counter."

"We'll do that," I said with a grin as I tore into the package containing the vibrator. In a few seconds I had it out of the package. "I think we're going to need a battery," I said.

"I'll grab it," Tracy said, scurrying out of the room.

It was just mom and me, plus the lingerie guy at the other end of the small room pretending he was looking at something on the shelf when we all knew he was trying to listen in and hoping to see something.

Mom drew close to me and talked softly so he couldn't hear.

"So, Mr. photographer," she said, "is this what you want? Are you sure?"

"I am . . . Mona. We have to try out the goods before our . . . shoot."

"Well you're going to get a good show, Randy. I hope you can handle it."

Tracy returned with two batteries in hand. She plopped them into the vibrator handle and then looked up at me.

"Now what?" she asked.

"Now we start," I said. "Mona, you get on the floor, on your hands and knees."

"The floor?" mom asked.

"It looks clean," I said. "It's clean, isn't it?"

"We clean it every day," Tracy said, ready and eager to get started.

"it's clean," I said to mom. "Let's do it."

"Well, here goes," mom said.

Mom turned away from Tracy and me, slowly, and then she crouched down. She put her hands on the floor in front of her, and got on all fours. As her body moved forward, away from us, the skirt rode up her butt, exposing more skin. Mom was fully into the game, and she wasn't waiting for me to give orders. She pressed her chest toward the floor and aimed her ass toward the ceiling, and she

moved her knees, now resting on the floor, farther apart. Now everything was completely exposed: her pussy, lips parted and glistening, and her sweet, puckered asshole. Her ass swayed from side to side, almost imperceptibly. In the pose she'd taken, mom looked feline and feral.

I heard a not-quite-stifled gasp behind me and turned and saw the lingerie shopper draw closer. I gestured with a turn of my head to indicate it was fine for him to look.

"OK, Tracy," I said. "You do the test with the vibrator and I'll take some photos with my phone to see how it looks."

Tracy needed no more prompting. She flipped the switch on and the vibrator emitted a low buzz. She moved the tip of the vibrator forward and touched it to the bare skin to the side of mom's clit. Mom flinched, but then moved her ass back in place. She was ready for it, I could tell. The slender vibrator contacted the skin between mom's legs once again.

Tracy moved the tip of the vibrator away from mom's pussy and out toward the right cheek of her butt. She barely pressed it against mom's skin as she traced wide circles over one ass cheek and then the other. Mom's reaction, at first, was to flinch, but that changed, and soon I could see her butt rock with the vibrator as it moved one way and then another. After another minute, Tracy, who seemed to know what she was doing, moved the vibrator back to mom's clit. She held it against it lightly at first, and then with more pressure. The

pink nub of flesh shook at the touch of the vibrator, and mom's whole body shuddered and she let out a moan.

No longer content to watch the vibrator tip doing its work against mom's pert clit, Tracy pushed it down and in. It slipped past mom's lips and into her depths without any obvious resistance. Mom let out a gasp and her body jerked forward involuntarily. I thought I saw wetness between her legs that I hadn't seen there even two minutes ago.

Suddenly, I heard a voice at the door of the room.

"Holy shit!" a male voice exclaimed. It was the male half of the couple from the front of the store. He stood just inside the entry to the room and his jaw had dropped open. His girlfriend stood next to him and her mouth was agog as well.

"Come on in," I said. "We're testing this vibrator. If it works out I'm going to use it in a photoshoot with Mona here in the next week."

They stepped into the room and circled behind mom. Now, a small crowd of five people stared down at mom's naked ass with a slender pink vibrator tickling the side of her clitoris. I decided to give everyone a better view and I flipped the skirt back so the bottom hem now was on her back. Mom was even more exposed, and she responded by spreading her knees on the floor farther apart and pointing her ass even more in line with the ceiling. Mom let out another low moan as Tracy guided the tip of the vibrator into the

furrow between her lips. Tracy pressed it up and down against mom and then used the pressure to push back mom's lips until they were spread back and opened like the pink wings of a delicate butterfly. I looked up at the faces around me. Everyone was transfixed by the site of my mom on the floor -- Tracy, most of all, I think. Her attention never wavered from mom's open pussy.

Mom shifted her weight onto one hand, and with the other she reached between her legs. Thin, elegant fingers peeled back the lips of her pussy farther, giving all of us an even better view.

"Can I take a photo?" said the single man, who took his phone out of his pocket.

Mom spoke up between moans and short breaths: "No photos! Just the photographer."

I looked at the man, who looked disappointed.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "You can take a photo of her ass from this angle, but no photos of her face. Mona doesn't want to show her face in any photos until the photoshoot we're going to do. Can you agree to that?"

"Sure," the guy said. He scooted in closer, until he was just two feet from where the vibrator was dancing and gliding over and into mom's wet pussy. He pulled his phone out and held it close to mom's

ass and snapped several photos. Then he pulled the phone back and looked at it, evidently scanning the photos he had just taken. "Awesome," he said quietly.

Meanwhile, the vibrator was having its effect on mom. Her whole body was undulating to the rhythm of the slender wand, which Tracy was mashing and sliding on and into mom's increasingly wet pussy. I barely could recognize her. She didn't look like my mom anymore. Dressed only in the school girl outfit, and moving the way she did, she looked like a stripper on a stage, performing for the crowd. And she was performing well.

Tracy spoke up.

"Mona, flip over, on your back," she said.

Mom didn't respond at first, just kept rocking and swaying her ass and her body in sinuous motions, but then, slowly, she rotated her whole body around. She put her butt on the ground to the side, and shifted her weight onto it. Then she straightened and lifted her left leg off the ground and held it out straight to the side, and then held it aloft, pointed at the ceiling. Finally, she rotated onto her back, and she brought her knees up to her chest and held both of her feet in the air. She used one hand to pull the skirt up more so her audience could see everything. Her eyes were shining and her mouth was open.

My god, I thought, she loves this. I couldn't believe I was looking at my mom displaying herself the way she was. Only an hour earlier we had been having lunch at an upscale restaurant, and now my mom was on her back on the floor of a porn shop, legs high in the air and showing off her naked body to a crowd like a stripper. I felt a twinge of something -- guilt, uneasiness, something -- about my role in getting mom to this point. I wasn't too worried about the people around her. They seemed harmless, and they didn't know her, and so far, no one had tried to take a photo of her face that could be used to compromise her. But still, she was in as revealing and vulnerable a position as she could be. Anything could happen. I felt responsible for her. But, I had to admit, I was enjoying it too. I loved what she was doing as much as she did.

Tracy pressed the vibrator forward again, and now she begun fucking mom with it. She pressed a switch, and the buzz grew louder with the higher setting. Tracy pulled it out of mom and pushed it right over mom's clit, and mom squealed. Mom's pussy responded as well. It was wide open for everyone to see, pink and peeled back and slick with her juices. I could see it was getting visibly wetter. Mom's body bucked against the touch of the vibrator; the vibration level obviously was near the maximum of what mom could stand. Tracy then began moving the vibrator in circles around mom's clit. She moved in even closer. She was enjoying it as much as mom and I were, and she was focused utterly on her task.

Mom's body suddenly shuddered. She threw her head back and let out a squeal that was almost a scream. Then it happened. Her legs splayed apart even more than before, and her ass lifted off the floor, and then from the depths of her pussy a geyser erupted. Wetness

pulsed from her pink and spread-open flesh. It spurted forward and fanned out into a thick spray of clear liquid. It hit Tracy's surprised face in short, sharp bursts.

My God, I thought. Mom squirted, and she squirted on the store clerk. Tracy's face was splattered with mom's wetness, and it dripped off her chin onto her shirt. Her mouth hung open in plain astonishment.

Mom looked up at Tracy in equal astonishment from between her spread, bare legs. Her face betrayed shock and distress.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't know that was coming. I had no idea I was going to do that."

"No," Tracy replied, her chest heaving. "Don't apologize. That was awesome. I've never seen anything like that. I need to get a towel, though. I'll be right back."

Tracy clicked the vibrator off and handed it to me. She stood up, drenched and dripping, and hustled out of the room.

Mom still lay on her back, with her knees still far apart and shaking from her orgasm, and her audience standing mesmerized in a half circle in front of her. I was kneeling near her, with the now-quiet vibrator in one hand and my phone in the other. But I was too distracted to take any photos. The lingerie guy stood with his eyes

zeroed in on mom's gaping pussy. He didn't say anything. The young couple were staring at mom, too. The girl nudged her boyfriend and pointed to the vibrator in my hand.

"I want one of those," she said.

Mom seemed to be waiting for a cue from me, so I stood up and offered her my hand. It was time to end the show. Or, at least, to move on to another scene. Mom took my hand and stood up slowly. Her legs wobbled. She drew her face close to mine.

"I can't believe that just happened," she said.

"I can't either," I said. "Look out. It's wet down there," I said, pointing to the floor that was slick with the results of mom's orgasm. I took her elbow and escorted her a few feet to the side so she wouldn't slip.

Tracy came back with a big wad of paper towels. She was toweling off her face as she entered the room. Then she dropped to her knees and began soaking up the mess on the floor.

"Time to move on," I said softly to mom. "Why don't you get your clothes in the changing room. I'm going to pay for the stuff I'm buying."

"Good idea," she said. "I think it's time to get out of this outfit."

"No, don't change," I said. "I want you to stay in that outfit when we leave."

"Randy . . ." mom said.

"Just do as a I say . . . Mona."

She looked skeptically at me but didn't argue. Then she walked out of the room. Everybody in the room stared at her butt in the tiny skirt swishing behind her as she exited. I roused myself and walked quickly to the shelves in the room to take some things I wanted to buy -- things I thought I would use later. I worked quickly, gathering them under my arm and then walking to the clerk's counter at the front of the store. Mom was gathering her things in the dressing room. Tracy rang up the items I bought, and I handed her the cash to pay for them. A few wet spots remained on her shirt. She bagged the items.

"Thanks for your help," I said.

"Thank you," she said. "Come back any time."

I turned from the counter and mom was there, still in her school girl outfit and with her other clothes in her arm.

"Let's go," I said.

I walked to the front door and mom followed me, but when we got there she hesitated.

"Randy, I can't go out in public like this," she said.

"Yes, you can," I said. "It's not far to the car."

After hesitating, mom walked out the door in the skimpy school girl outfit. I followed her. She walked quickly toward the car. I had a remote-control key, but I didn't open the car doors right away. I wanted to see my sexy, pretty mom exposed in the tiny school girl outfit in the parking lot. When she reached the passenger side of the car she pulled at the door handle, but it didn't give. She looked up at me.

"Randy," she said, "Open the door."

I didn't do so until I reached the passenger side door behind her, so I could open it for her. As I did so, I heard the loud, prolonged honk of a car horn and the scream of a male voice coming from a car hurrying past. Mom obviously was getting some attention from the traffic nearby. I decided it was time to get her out of there.

I held the car door open. Mom got in. The skirt was so short that she couldn't help exposing everything as she got in, and I enjoyed the view.

A minute later I was driving down the street away from the store and toward our home.

"Mom," I said, "Put your feet up on the seat and spread your legs open. Hold that position until we get home."

She looked at me in response but didn't say anything. Then she did as I asked, and her legs were splayed open. It was hard to concentrate on driving with mom's pussy on display. I drove carefully along the streets, on the way back to our home.

"How did you like our visit to the store?" I asked her. She didn't answer right away.

"I'm not sure what to say," she said. "I've never done anything like that. I can't believe I did that. I can't believe I did that in front of my son."

"But you didn't answer my question," I said. "My question is, did you LIKE it? I don't care whether you can't believe it. I want to know if you enjoyed it."

"Randy, I showed my you-know-what to five people on the floor of a porn shop. One of those people was my son. I came. I squirted. I'm still trying to get used to the fact that it actually happened." She looked ahead, out the windshield. "But yes. I enjoyed it. It turned me on."

"Are you still turned on, mom?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I am."

"Good," I said. "Then I want you to stay that way. Stroke your pussy. Rub your clit. But don't come. I don't want you to come until we get home."

Mom shifted in her seat, giving me a better view of her pussy. Then she put a hand between her legs and touched herself. The tips of her fingers stayed on and near her clit, as we drove through the city on our way home. She put her head back against the seat. She moaned and she sighed. But she didn't come. She kept herself under control, aroused but just shy of reaching orgasm. It was satisfying to know that mom was doing what I asked her to do.

After half an hour of driving, I turned onto our street. Mom never changed her position, or stopped what she was doing. She kept her pussy exposed in the tiny skirt as I drove through our neighborhood. I imagined what our neighbors would think if they knew what mom was doing and how exposed she was.

It would depend on which neighbor it was, I thought. If it was Mr. Daniels, our old neighbor next door, I was sure he'd beat his old cock until he came while thinking about my mom. But if it was wife . . . she'd be scandalized, and she wouldn't stop talking about it until every other neighbor knew what she knew.

At last, we reached our house, and I pulled into the driveway. I parked in front of the garage.

"Randy," mom said, "Can you park in the garage? I can't let our neighbors see me like this."

"Then you're going to have to move fast, mom," I said. "I'm parking here. You're going to have to get out of the car in that outfit and walk to the door."

"Randy!" she shouted at me. "They might see me! It's one thing if it's strangers who don't know me. It's another if it's people who know me. I can't do that."

"It's a risk you're going to have to take, mom," I said. "Look around. There's nobody on the street. If you get out quickly, probably no one will see you. But you have to take the chance. You know it turns you on, mom. I know you. You like the idea of people seeing you like this. They probably won't. But there's that risk."

I opened my car door and stepped out.

"I'm going to go to the front door and open it. Follow me. Move quickly if you don't want anyone to see you."

Before she could say anything, I shut the car door and I walked to the house. I opened the door. I saw mom in the passenger seat of the car in the driveway, not moving. I gestured toward the door. Finally, mom opened her car door. She got out and skittered in quick, short steps to the door. I guessed she thought that with short steps she'd be less likely to expose herself in the short skirt. It was the first time I'd seen her in full sunlight in the school girl outfit. The sun exposed the thinness of the white fabric of the top. Her nipples were on view. Her legs were impossibly long and lean under the narrow swath of her tartan skirt. She must have been nervous about the possibility of a neighbor seeing her, but I looked both ways down the street and didn't see anyone. I opened the front door for her and she hurried inside. I closed the door behind us. I was alone with my hot, scantily-clad mom for the first time that day.

"You were awesome, mom," I said.

"Thanks, Randy," she said. "I guess. I can't believe that just happened. I can't believe what you asked me to do at that store."

"Yeah, it was weird," I said. "But you did it. You were incredible."

"Well, thanks again," she said. "So, what now?" Mom stood there, inside the front door, in the entry way. Her tits showed through the

thin fabric of her white top and the tiny skirt covered her pussy by no more than half an inch.

"I'm glad you asked, mom," I said. "I've got something for you. I picked it up at the store while you were getting your clothes. Wait here." I held up my hand and spoke to her in the bossiest tone I could manage without making her laugh.

Mom waited, looking at me. I ran with the store bag to the kitchen and pulled out a clear, plastic-wrapped package. Inside was a dildo, flesh-colored, eight inches long, with a suction cup on the bottom. I tore the wrapping away from it. I turned on the faucet and ran it under warm water, making sure to wet the bottom. I ran back to the entryway, where mom waited for me in the same position.

"You won't let me fuck you mom," I said, "So I want you to fuck something else." I held the dildo in front of her face, and the tip wiggled back and forth. I knelt and slapped the suction bottom down hard on the floor with a loud smack.

"Fuck that, mom," I said. "Fuck it right now. Fuck it for me, in front of me."

Mom didn't do anything right away. She looked, wide-eyed, at the big dildo fastened to the floor in front of her. Then she looked up at me. Her eyes searched mine. Her eyes betrayed so many feelings: desire, uncertainty, fear. Raw, animal need. I nodded to her, and looked down at the dildo in front of her. I held my phone up to let

her know I was going to photograph whatever she did. I saw her uncertainty melt and give way to something else. Her jaw clenched, and her eyes focused on mine. I saw her hands go to her skirt, to the side of her hip. She opened it and the Velcro made a ripping sound as the sides of the skirt parted. It fell past her hips and down her legs to the floor, and suddenly mom was nude below her waist. Her pussy was on display to me again. Then she stepped forward, directly over the dildo. She looked down at it again. She squatted over it, down, down, all the way until the tip of the erect rubber dildo was no more than an inch from the opening between her legs. She perched right over it and spread her legs back, wider, wider, all the way until they were as far back as they would go. She pushed her pelvis forward, until the tip of the dildo contacted her clit. She rocked up and down, and back and forth, the dildo never losing touch with the raw, pink folds of skin between her legs.

Mom still wore the ridiculously high heels she'd put on at the store, and I marveled at her ability to balance on them while squatting over the dildo. She put her hands in the air. She moved up and down, her clit moving over and against the dildo. I saw it move in and out of my view. Then she reached down and grabbed hold of it, and she pressed it against the folds of her sex. Her pussy was wet; I could see that from the entry way light reflecting off it. She was lubricating the dildo with the wetness from her pussy.

I scarcely noticed as my hand went to my cock and squeezed it. I began stroking myself through my pants. The sight of my mom had made me instantly hard, and my cock pushed uncomfortably against the cloth of my pants, straining to escape.

The head of the big dildo pushed against the lips of mom's pussy, spreading them back as she rocked up and down. She paused on each upstroke of her body, and when she moved down the dildo would slide up and almost inside her. Each time she moved down the head of the dildo pushed a little more deeply inside her, until I thought for certain it would push, finally, inside her. But each time it just missed. I was mesmerized. I saw the head of it getting slicker and slicker with her wetness. Without slowing her rocking against the dildo, she pulled the tiny top up and over her boobs and her shoulders with a dramatic sweep of her arms. She tossed the little, bunched-up piece of white fabric to the side. Now mom was fully naked, save for her schoolgirl stripper heels, thigh high white stockings, and twin green tartan hair ties. She brought her hands up to her breasts, cupping them and pinching her nipples as she held her gaze on me.

She kept rocking that way for another minute while the tent in my pants grew bigger. God, I couldn't stand it.

"Take it out," she said in a husky voice.

That sounded like good advice to me, so I pulled the zipper down and whipped my hard cock out. I stepped closer to her. I stroked myself as she undulated against the fake cock on the floor. I wanted to see it inside her, stretching her. I couldn't stand the wait. Apparently, mom couldn't stand it either, because she reached down and held it and in one swift descent impaled her body on the pale rubber shaft. She moved up and down on it several times, each time getting lower on the downstroke. Since she was perched on her shoes

she couldn't quite take her body all the way down, but she took at least five inches of it in her. Now she was bouncing up and down on it, faster and faster. She began squealing faintly each time it pushed into her.

She shifted her position. Without lifting off the cock entirely, she brought her knees to the floor. She raised her lithe body off the dildo, until only the uppermost tip of it was still inside her. Fluid was running down it, and the entire area between mom's legs was slick with her juice. Then with a quick downward thrust mom took the whole thing inside her. Her pussy pushed against its thick base and I could see a dangling, wet lip touch the floor. Mom moaned and threw her head back. She put her hands on the floor behind her and leaned her body back, back until I thought she couldn't bend her torso any further. Her blond pigtails bounced in the air with every stroke. She was completely immersed in the pleasure the big cock was giving her.

She's going to come again, I thought. And I was right. I saw her body writhe up and down and around in an accelerating loop of raw, animal joy. As she pressed her body down on the big dildo, filling herself, she shuddered violently and spurts of fluid sprayed from her and onto the ground. But mom didn't stop. She kept going. She looked at me and with a finger gestured to me to come closer to her. I didn't need any persuading, so I did.

When I came close, mom reached out and grabbed my cock in her hands for the first time. She used both her hands fully to grip and envelope the length of my cock. All the while she kept rocking up

and down and back and forth on the floor dildo, despite her just having come. I was amazed at her stamina. She pulled a hand away from my cock, opened her mouth, and spit hard into her hand. Then she grabbed me again, and, her hand lubricated, she began stroking me faster and harder.

I moaned with pleasure. I had never felt anything so magical in my life. As mom stroked me, my cock was no more than a few inches from her face. Her eyes darted back and forth between the head of my shaft and my face. She looked at me with an expression of sheer lust, her eyes wide and her mouth opened even wider. Her tongue hung out, slightly, and for a moment I thought she might touch it to my cock. But she didn't put her tongue any closer to me.

She did, however, hold her face just inches away, and the tip of my cock was pointed directly at her open mouth. The thought of spurting my cum into my mom's open mouth drove me wild. I thrust forward with my hips, pulled back, and thrust forward again. Over and over.

Amid heavy breathing mom started to talk to me. "That's right, baby," she said. "Give mommy your cock. Come for mommy. Splash my face with it."

Mom's talk drove me wilder still, and I felt my cock growing even harder as I arched my back and closed my eyes. When I opened them a little later I saw mom, her naked body framed in light streaming through windows over the doorway. She looked like an angel; a slutty, lusty angel, sure, but an angel, still. Her body twisted on top

of the thick floor dildo as she grabbed and stroked me, harder and harder. My hot mom was a vision of pure sexual energy.

I couldn't hold back. I knew it. It was coming. My cock stiffened and my body shook. From deep inside me I felt the welling of the need for release and satisfaction. Something inside me contracted, shaking me all over, and the gusher of cum blew. I looked down in time to catch the first thick ropes of cum spurting from my cock. Mom obviously knew it was coming because she gripped my cock firmly and pointed it at her face. My cum splashed over her skin, and she twirled my erupting cock around so the cum would coat as much of her face as possible. I couldn't stop. Cum spurted from me, and mom pulled me and pointed me at her, and my cum spurted again. I moaned; I couldn't help it. I had no control over what was coming out of my cock or my mouth.

"Onh, onh, onh," I said. "Mom."

I closed my eyes briefly again as the reservoir of cum inside me emptied onto mom's pretty face. Before the last spurts left me, I opened my eyes to see what my cum had done to her.

My mom's beautiful face was frosted in a thick, creamy layer of my cum. It lay over her forehead, her cheeks, her chin. It dribbled off her nose. Irregular patches of it were caught in the blond strands of her hair. A gloopy blob of it perched on her upper lip, and with a quick flick of her tongue mom lapped it up and it was gone.

My legs were shaking. I saw mom looking at my body as it shook, and then I saw her body shudder again, as well. I looked toward the floor in time to see more fluid flowing from her cunt, over the latex cock and on to the floor. She let out a high-pitched gasp. I knew she had come yet again.

Neither one of us said anything for a minute as our shaking and shuddering subsided. Mom stopped rocking over the dildo and she stopped stroking my cock. But she didn't let go of it. She looked at the head, inches away from her cum-splattered face. Then her eyes shifted and she looked up, toward me. She didn't say anything right away, but her mouth opened and I could tell she was trying to muster the ability to say something as soon as her body would let her.

"So, Randy," Mom said to me finally, haltingly, as my cum dribbled down and off her face, "Do I look slutty to you, now?"

I reached out two fingers to her cheek, scooped up a big dollop of my cum, and then put my fingers to her lips. She sucked the jism off my fingers with a quick, noisy slurp, never taking her green eyes off mine.

"You sure do, mom," I said. "And I wouldn't have you any other way."

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 07

Sweat poured down my back as I hacked away at the backyard bushes with long-handled clippers. It was mid-fall, and not yet noon, but it was unseasonably warm. I was shirtless, and the late-morning sun warmed my sweat-covered skin.

In a few hours, several friends of mine would be coming over to watch a pro football game with me. But, now, I was in the back yard, and I had gardening chores to do. Mom wanted me to trim the hedges. So, I stood hunched over overgrown shrubs, trimming away all the excess and unruly branches.

I clipped away at the bushes for twenty minutes, working up a fine sweat all over my body. I wanted to finish the gardening chores as quickly as I could, so I could go inside, get showered, and get ready to watch the game with my buddies.

My phone was velcroed to my bicep, and it was streaming some 90s-era grunge rock that I listened to through wireless earbuds. Music always made gardening chores, which I did not love, go faster.

I was so intent on my work and music that at first, I didn't notice the shadow of someone behind me. But, eventually I did, and I turned around to see my mom standing behind me.

I looked down rather than up. Mom wore very short, tan, denim shorts. On top, she wore a tight, white t-shirt, old and ratty, with a

few visible holes and tears, shrunken enough that it left a strip of her firm tummy uncovered. It was obvious that she wore no bra. Mom was looking awfully hot for a casual, mid-Sunday morning around the house.

She surveyed the many piles of leaf clippings from my work.

"Good job, Randy!" she said. "I appreciate you doing all this work. The yard needed it and I didn't want to have to hire a gardener to do it."

"No problem, mom," I said. The mid-morning sun lit mom's blond hair from the side, enveloping her in an angelic glow. It contrasted with the saucy, sassy, and much less angelic expression in her eyes and face. She was looking intently at me and I wondered what she was thinking.

"So, what are you listening to?" mom asked.

"It's Pearl Jam," I said. "Alive."

Mom threw her head back and laughed, loudly. I couldn't figure out what was funny.

"What's funny about that?" I asked.

"Nothing," she said, although she said it like she didn't mean it. Her laughter subsided, finally. When she got control of herself and stopped looking at me, she looked at me and her eyes twinkled with the light of the morning.

"You have a birthday coming up soon," she said. "Do you know what you want?"

I gave mom a wicked grin and swept my eyes up and down her body.

"I'm looking at it," I said.

"Down, boy," she said, putting her fingers on my bare chest. "Be good."

"I'd prefer not to be," I said. "I think you'd like it better naughty, too."

On an impulse, I put my free hand, the one without the clippers, up to her face, and I pulled her face gently and slowly to mine. She didn't resist. Our lips touched, and I kissed her lightly, my lips just barely touching hers.

I felt mom's lips push against mine and open slightly, so I pushed harder against her. My other hand dropped the clippers and went to the small of mom's back. Now I opened my mouth, and hers opened

with mine. My tongue took its chance to press forward and into her, mashing and twirling against her tongue.

Now we were making out, my naked chest pressed against her thin t-shirt covered boobs, and our mouths writhing against each other. Her tongue pushed back, seeking an entry into my mouth. Mine relented and let hers in. My hands now were against the back of her neck and cupped over her ass. We stood like that in the backyard in the morning sun, kissing furiously, heedless of anyone that might happen to see us through or over the wood plank fence that surrounded the yard.

"Mmmm, mom," I growled at her.

"Unnnnh, Randy," she purred back.

We twisted and pushed against each other like that, on the edge of the lawn, for several minutes. The only sound we made was our mouths sighing and smacking each other. I squeezed her ass with my hand, then I moved it to the crack between her cheeks. I wasn't supposed to touch her between her legs, or so she'd told me, but it wasn't clear that the rule applied if a layer of thin cotton separated my hand and her intimate parts. I decided to press the point. My hand pressed further down and between her cheek, and I pressed my middle finger down hard between her crack. It dug in. To my surprise, mom's ass pushed back against my hand.

Okay, I thought. Mom has no problem with this. I decided to test her responsiveness from a different angle. My hand slipped around her, to her belly, and then it slipped down her front to the space between her legs. I cupped her mound through the shorts and pressed my fingers against her.

Now mom pressed forward, against my hand again. She didn't have any problem with this either, I thought. I was surprised, and I wasn't about to waste this opportunity.

I extended my middle finger and poked at the place where, under her shorts, I thought her pussy lay. I pressed hard, and the pants gave way and I felt the finger, through her shorts fabric, pushing and spreading her apart. I kept kissing her to distract her, but I could tell she wasn't distracted. Her body fully responded to my touch and pushed back against mine.

I curved my middle finger and flicked it harder and faster between mom's legs. I wanted to see if I could make mom come. She didn't pull away, but after half a minute of my attention she put a hand down and grabbed my hand, and she moved it up half an inch.

"There," she said. "That's the spot." Then she kept moving, pressing the shorts-covered mound between her legs against my finger as it pushed and stroked against her. I kept pressing my finger against her until she moaned softly.

"Mom," I whispered to her, "How about if I take your shorts off and rub you through your panties. I'll make you come."

Mom's mouth curled into a funny smile.

"That might work," she said, "If I were wearing panties. But I'm not. If I took my shorts off you'd have your hand right on my pussy, and I'm not going to let you do that."

"Why not, mom?" I asked. "Why not let me? I want to finger you. I want to fuck you. Let me fuck you, right now, in our back yard. It will feel so good. You know I'm going to fuck you, mom. You know it's going to happen. Let's do it now."

For a moment I thought I might be persuading her, because she kept pressing the mound between her legs against my finger, which I pushed against her, trying to get her off through the cloth of the shorts. But then she pulled away and looked me in the eye.

"Randy," she said. "We set some boundaries. You know that. And as much fun as this is, I want to keep those boundaries and I want you to respect them. OK?"

"But why, mom?" I asked. "Look what we're doing here. Think about what we've been doing. I know you like it as much as I do. It would feel so good. I respect your boundaries, but they seem artificial." I

was trying hard to put on my best salesman voice. I wanted to sell this badly.

"It doesn't seem artificial to me," she said. "I've done a lot with you, and you're right, I've enjoyed it. You've brought something out of me that was buried deep and I've enjoyed it. But doing that is a whole different step. And that's not something I'm ready to do. So, for now, you're just going to have to respect that."

Mom's voice sounded firm, and I could tell it was no use arguing. But I couldn't help but notice that she'd said she "wasn't ready" to take that step, and that I would have to respect that "for now." Mom's words gave me hope. My time would come. I was going to fuck her, I knew it. We were getting closer, but it wasn't going to be right now, or right here.

Mom's eyes widened and flashed at me.

"We can't do 'that,'" she said. "But there's no reason we can't have a little fun while you finish your chores."

A wicked grin spread over her face, and she stepped back. Then she pulled up her white t-shirt, all the way up to her neck, exposing her breasts. They looked even more perfect than I had remembered them. Her nipples glowed like hard, pink pebbles in the morning light.

"Oh, mom," I moaned. "You're so beautiful."

"Thank you, son," she said, pulling the shirt back down. She turned quickly, and she stuck her ass out in my direction and swayed and strutted in bare feet toward the side of the yard, where I had laid a hose under some bushes whose leaves were turning brown.

Mom reached the hose, and bent over to it with her legs straight. The muscles in her long legs were stretched tight and lean. As she grabbed the hose she looked back at me. I glanced at her eyes but turned my gaze quickly to her ass. The tiny, tight shorts were riding up, exposing a strip of the smooth skin of her ass cheeks.

Then mom turned around, put her thumb on the end of the hose, and sprayed herself with water. She let out a little, high-pitched "Onnnh" when the cold water hit her, but the coldness didn't stop her. She doused her chest with it, and then set the hose back next to the bushes.

She crouched down on the lawn with the fence and greenery behind her, her knees on the grass, facing me. She put her hands on her knees, threw back her shoulders, and pushed her chest forward, giving me one of the most arousing shows I'd ever seen.

Mom's soaked and threadbare white t-shirt perfectly sculpted her breasts now: full, ripe, and round. The shirt was almost clear now, and the dark pink of her erect nipples stood out. I stood in the middle

of the lawn, watching her from fifteen feet away, my feet rooted to the ground. I was paralyzed with arousal.

Mom swayed her shoulders back and forth. Once again, I was hit with an overwhelming sensation of disbelief. Despite all we'd done together so far, it still was almost impossible to believe: this was my mom! Writhing in front of me, lewdly but proudly showing off her 41-year old tits to me, her son.

And she didn't stop there. Her fingers hooked under the bottom edge of her tattered and now soaked shirt and pulled it up. The expanse of mom's thin and lightly muscled abdomen came into view, but still she didn't stop. She swept the wet shirt up and over her shoulders and head and tossed it to side. Now she sat, like a hungry animal, topless.

She put a hand up under each tit and pushed it up. She licked each nipple. Most of me was brain-dead at this point, utterly captivated by what my mom was doing and nearly incapable of any kind of rational thought. But a little part of me, somewhere inside, was thinking, where did my mom learn to act like a stripper? She and dad must have done a lot more at some time in their marriage than she had told me about. Wherever she had received her education, she'd earned her degree, and here I was, her horny and grateful son, receiving the benefits of my mom's advanced knowledge of how to be completely fucking hot.

I put a hand down between my legs and felt the growing bulge and discomfort of my cock being trapped in the tight jeans. I was about

to pull the zipper down when I stopped, because mom was doing something new. She sat back and quickly pulled the zipper of her own shorts down. The shorts were wet now, and not as easy to pull off, I could tell. But she pulled them off quickly anyway, her butt bouncing off the grass to ease the way and her legs in the air. In a flash they were off and lying on top of the wet t shirt on the lawn. And mom had been telling the truth: she wasn't wearing any panties. She was naked.

She put her feet back on the plush carpet of grass, and then she spread her legs wide. One hand steadied her behind her, and the other went between her legs. With two fingers she splayed open the lips of her pussy.

I think my jaw must have dropped and my eyes bugged out without my realizing it, because mom looked at me and laughed. Then the smile faded, and a lusty look took over her face.

She silently mouthed some words, exaggerating the movement of her mouth so I could tell what she was saying:

"Is this what you want?"

I nodded.

A sheen of water from the spray of the hose lay over mom's nude body, and it reflected the morning light, enveloping mom in an angelic glow that contrasted with her lewd pose.

My hand went to my zipper. I needed relief. I would jerk myself off to the sight of my hot, naked, stripper mom. Maybe she would let me come in her face, or her blond hair. I wanted to see that.

Before I started, though, I heard a loud male voice.

"Hey Randy," the voice called. "Doing some yard work?"

It was our neighbor, Mr. Daniels, the male half of the elderly couple next door. My mouth dropped open in shock as I saw his face appearing a few feet back of the fence directly behind mom. He was climbing a ladder, slowly, and I could see he had some clippers in his hands that, apparently, he was going to use to lop off some unruly branches from a small tree next to the ladder. I had been so busy watching my mom I hadn't even noticed the ladder being set in place, or heard Mr. Daniels's movements. I could tell that he hadn't seen mom yet, but that he would if he kept climbing the ladder.

Mom's face showed even more shock and surprise than mine, I'm sure, and she looked all around her, wondering what to do and where to go. If she ran away from the fence, Daniels would see her. She couldn't let that happen. She snatched up her shorts and shirt and did the only thing she could, crawling backward toward the fence and taking a place right next to it between two bushes. She

pushed her back against the fence and brought her legs up toward her chest to minimize the chance that Mr. Daniels would see her.

Mr. Daniels climbed as high as he was going to on the ladder. He was high enough that he would have seen mom if she hadn't moved, but the fence blocked his view of her where she was crouching. He didn't start clipping right away; instead, he craned his head, looking around our backyard. Obviously, he was looking for mom. I'd caught him ogling mom many times. He was an old hypocrite, because he and his wife Erma were constantly gossiping about and disapproving of the moral habits of their neighbors. Mrs. Daniels was worse than Mr. Daniels. She was a hawk-faced woman whose expression took on a predatory scowl whenever she saw children near her lawn or people dressed in a way that she didn't approve of. I had no doubt that Mr. Daniels lived in fear that Mrs. Daniels would catch him ogling my mom one day. Woe to him if she did.

"Your mom around, Randy?" he asked. I was right; he was hoping to catch a glimpse of my mom.

I looked at my mom under the fence directly opposite under him, her head was directly under his, not more than 12 feet away from where he stood on the ladder. She put a finger to her lips. Her back was pressed as far back against fence as she could go, and her other arm curled around her shins to keep them close to the fence and out of Mr. Daniels's view.

"Nope, she's not around," I said, looking back at my elderly neighbor. "I'm sure she's not far away, though."

"Well, tell her I say 'hi', he said in a croaking voice. "Your mom sure is a nice lady. Lots of class. Why, even Erma says she has a lot of class, and she doesn't say that about a lot of people."

I saw mom put a hand to her mouth to stifle a laugh. I could almost swear that even from this distance I could see her eyes twinkle, and they looked up to the sky directly over her. Then she took her hand away from her legs, and she parted them, slowly, quietly, keeping them near the fence to avoid detection. Soon they were peeled all the way back, and once again mom's pussy was on display for me. Mr. Daniels had no idea that mom was so lewdly displaying herself directly underneath where he stood on the latter.

"Thanks for saying that, Mr. Daniels," I replied. "I think my mom is a classy lady, too. She's always telling me the importance of following the rules. And of being modest."

Mom gave me a wry look, as her hand went down between her legs and started rubbing there. I saw her folds pushed back and forth, up and down. She closed her eyes, obviously savoring the feeling.

I hoped Mr. Daniels would go away, but he was cutting branches very slowly, and he seemed to be in no hurry.

"It's a rare thing these days, people having class," he said. He lopped off a couple of branches and waited, then looked over the fence again, this time seeming to scan the house.

"Is your mom going to join you in the garden this morning?" he asked, hope in his voice.

"No," I said. "She's very busy doing something more important right now."

The conversation and the nearness of Mr. Daniels seemed to turn mom on, because her hand moved faster and faster, until it was a blur between her legs. I saw her legs jerk two or three times involuntarily, and her mouth opened.

Then she let out a little gasp. Not a big one, but loud enough that I could hear it, and I was sure Mr. Daniels must have heard something too, despite being somewhat hard of hearing. I saw his brow furrow.

"Did you hear something?" he asked. Mom's hand was clamped over her mouth.

"No, I didn't hear anything," I said. Mom took her hand away and mouthed the word "shit."

"Hmmm," he said. He began to lean forward, away from the ladder, his head craning to see over the fence.

"Ron!" came a woman's voice from behind Mr. Daniels. It was his wife. Thank goodness. "Are you done with that tree yet? I need you." Her voice screeched, and Mr. Daniels looked downcast and resigned.

"Yes, I am," he called back in his croaky voice. "Coming." He turned back to me.

"Well, gotta go," he said. "See you later Randy. And tell your mother I said 'hi.'"

"I'll do that right away, Mr. Daniels," I said. He descended the ladder and his head dropped out of view, below the level of the fence. I gave mom the thumbs up signal.

Mom scooped up her top and her shorts, and she ran fast in a crouch from the fence toward the house. I chased after her. She looked back, as did I, and there was no sign of Mr. Daniels anymore. Mom opened the back door and ran into the house, and I followed right after her.

Inside the house, the door shut and Mr. Daniels's eager and prying eyes no longer a worry, mom stopped. She still was naked. Her shorts and shirt were soaked, and she showed no inclination to put them back on. Drops of water fell off her clothes and her body onto the wood floor -- plop, plop.

"Randy," mom said, "Can you get me a towel? My feet are dirty and wet, and I don't want to track up the house."

"Sure, mom," I said. I fetched a towel from the laundry room nearby and returned. It was a small towel -- big enough to clean off her feet but not big enough to cover her. I admit I wanted to keep seeing mom naked.

I knelt and gestured to her feet and mom lifted them. I wiped off each one in turn, massaging and wiping each one carefully and lovingly. But I took time to look up, too, to the slit between her legs, and to her eyes, alternately watching my work with the towel and searching my own eyes. Desire surged inside me at my mom's naked beauty and vulnerability.

"That was close," I said to her. "I think Mr. Daniels would have had a heart attack if he'd seen you."

"Thank goodness he didn't," mom said. "The last thing I'd need would be that old lech seeing me like that. The whole neighborhood would know."

I was done with mom's feet, so I put the towel down and stood up. Mom and I faced each other, me clothed and her nude.

"You liked that, though, didn't you, mom?" I asked her.

Mom smirked. She knew what I was asking her. She took a while to respond.

"Yeah, Randy," she said. "I liked it. You know your old mom well enough at this point that I can say that. I liked it. But we have to be careful. I can't let a guy like Daniels see me like that. I can't let the neighborhood know about that, and they will If I let old Ron Daniels see me."

"I know, mom," I said. My eyes ran up and down her nude, succulent body. "We have to be careful. But we can still have some fun. You know, I've got three friends coming over for the football game soon."

"Randy," mom said. "I am not going to get naked for your friends. If Tucker saw me that way everyone in the neighborhood would know before sunset. I can't allow that. I have a job and a reputation to keep."

"Mom, I know that," I said. "You're right about Tucker. You have to watch yourself around him. He's my best friend but he's not very discreet. He can't keep a secret at all. But that doesn't mean we can't have some fun today. We can. And I think you'll like it."

"What do you have in mind?" she asked. Her eyebrows arched high.

"I want you to put on a little show, mom," I said. "Within limits. Not so Tucker will go flapping his lips to everybody. You won't scandalize the neighbors. But I want to push you, mom. I know you like showing off and I want you to do that, this afternoon."

"Randy," mom said, "What in the world do you have in mind?"

I fished a crumpled piece of paper out of my pocket. I held it out to her, and after a moment or two of looking at it, she took it.

"What's this?" she asked.

"I wrote down what I want you to wear today, when my friends are over, during the football game."

Mom took the piece of paper and un-crumpled it. She looked at it and her mouth twisted. Then she looked up from the paper and back at me.

"What kind of son are you?" she asked.

"I'm the kind of son a mom like you wants to have," I said, my mouth turned up in a knowing smile. "Go ahead. Get showered and wear what I've written down. We'll have fun, but we won't cross any boundaries you don't want to cross."

At that, my naked mom took the slip of paper, clasped it in her hand, pivoted, and walked away from me toward her bedroom.

The day had gotten off to an interesting start, but I was certain it was going to get a lot more interesting.

Two hours later, the doorbell rang, and I let my friends, Alex, Mason, and Tucker, in the house. The game was about to start, so they quickly staked out their places on the chairs and sofa in the living room in front of the large screen television. I knew a thing or two about their appetites, so the coffee table in front of them was covered in bowls of chips and dip. I heard Tucker start boasting about the success of his fantasy team as I went to the kitchen to get some drinks. That started a loud but friendly argument over whose fantasy quarterback sucked the most.

The kitchen was divided from the living room by a floor to ceiling wall with a large space cut out to allow one to pass food and drinks across a counter from the kitchen to the living room. Three barstools perched at the edge. As you looked toward the kitchen from the living room you could see part of the kitchen behind the cut out in the wall, and to the right was the open dining room. The television was perched on the wall opposite the kitchen, so we could watch TV while making lunch in the kitchen. On the left side, the kitchen opened into the hallway toward the bedrooms, and on the right, it opened to the dining room.

It was a spacious kitchen. My parents had updated it before the divorce. In the middle of it stood an island counter, waist-high, on which I'd placed the bread, sandwich meat, and condiments mom and I were going to use to make sandwiches during the game. I

hadn't seen mom for about an hour, but I expected her to appear any moment to help me.

I opened the refrigerator and started pulling some drinks out.

"Hey Randy," Mason called. I looked up and he was turned around in the sofa, looking at me. "Where's your mom?"

My friends never changed. They always wanted to see my hot mom. But I had changed. In the past, it would have embarrassed me. But not now. This time, I was fully aware of how hot my mom was, and I wanted them to see her in all her hotness. Well, maybe not all of her hotness. But some of it.

"She's around," I said. "She's going to help me with lunch, so she should be out soon."

"Excellent," he said, turning back to the game. The game started, and the visiting team kicked off.

Just then I heard the clack of heels on the floor. I looked up and mom stood in the doorway between the kitchen and hallway. Her hands rested on either side of the door frame.

She looked stunning. The first thing I noticed was the blue denim miniskirt. I hadn't seen her wear it in a long time, and it was even

shorter than I had remembered it. It hit high on her thigh, and its brevity accentuated the length and exquisite tone of mom's legs, which seemed to go on forever until they ended at 4-inch strappy white and cork wedge heels. On top she wore a tight-fitting white tank top with a built-in shelf bra (I knew, because I'd checked it out earlier when preparing my list of what I wanted mom to wear). The bra provided enough support to keep mom from flopping around, but it was thin enough that I could see the faint outline of her nipples.

Mom had spent some time with her hair and face as well. Her hair lay in thick blond waves around her lovely face. She wore more makeup than normal for a Sunday afternoon, but not too much; it added a hint of extra glamour to her fresh-scrubbed, sporty beauty. She looked exactly as I'd wanted her to: adorable, and sexy, but not trashy. She could tease without being too obvious about it. That's what I wanted.

I pointed to the bottom of her skirt and mouthed the words, "Let me see."

She knew what I wanted. First, she looked to the side to see if anyone could see her. It was an unnecessary glance because my friends couldn't see mom from where they sat in the living room. She reached down slowly pulled the bottom hem of her skirt. I nodded to indicate she should keep pulling. She did, until the tiny, filmy, powder blue thong panties were fully exposed. They weren't fully see-through, but they were see-through enough that I could just make out mom's delicious slit through the fabric. Anyone with a

good view up mom's skirt would see more than just panties, but not so much more that it would be obvious she wanted them to see it.

I nodded, and she pulled the skirt down. The look was perfect. We were ready to go.

I pointed to the drinks I'd put on a tray on the island.

"Mom," I asked, "Can you take these out to the living room?"

"Sure, Randy," she said with a knowing smirk. She picked up the tray and walked out the other end of the kitchen, through the dining room and into the living room, announcing her presence to my friends with the sound of her heels and a bouncy and flirty voice.

"Hi, boys!" she said. "Want some refreshments?"

All three of their heads swiveled around, the game instantly forgotten. From the kitchen cutout I could see their faces, and I could see mom from behind. Mom obviously made an impression, because none of them said anything for a few seconds, and Tucker's and Mason's mouths opened. Flies could have flown in and they wouldn't have noticed.

"Sure, Ms. Lund," Tucker said, at last, with a slight stammer. "Thanks a lot!"

"Now, Tucker," she said, "You know you can call me Inga. You're all adults now."

"O.K., uh, Inga," Tucker said, his eyes still wide and obviously sweeping over her body. Mom walked around the sofa to the coffee table, giving my friends an impressive view of her legs moving under the tiny skirt. She knelt with her knees bent and together to set the tray on the table, but it was impossible to prevent the skirt from riding up her thighs as she did so, and I could tell from the way my friends craned their heads around that they were trying to get as good a view as they could. Mom acted oblivious to their attention, but I knew that she knew exactly what they were doing.

I felt a twinge of guilt. I'd orchestrated putting my hot mom on display for my three horny, best friends. I thought about what I was doing. I shouldn't have done that, should I? But I had done it, and mom had gone along. I'd set things in motion, but it was mom's show now. She wouldn't have worn the miniskirt and tank top if she hadn't wanted to put on the show. It was too late for me to worry about the ethics of what I'd done. I just needed to sit back and enjoy the show. The twinge of guilt passed.

Mom moved the drinks from the tray to the table. My friends' focus on her hadn't waivered. Each of them ogled her in a different way. Mason, who was always eager to please, sat closest to her, and he was bent over, helping her unload the drinks, but I could tell he was trying to look up her skirt as she was crouched. Alex, the coolest of the three, sat farthest away, and he feigned watching the game while

looking at mom out of his side vision. Tucker, never concerned about looking or acting appropriately, just sat slack-jawed and stared at her boobs.

After taking longer than necessary to set the drinks on the table, mom stood up as primly as she could in the little skirt, turned on her heels, and came back to the kitchen. From the kitchen I noticed their eyes tracking her round, skirt-covered butt.

Mom smirked at me as she rounded the corner from the dining room into the kitchen.

"Did you like that?" she asked me, quietly.

"Not as much as you did," I think.

"You're bad," she said, and she lightly cuffed my chest with her hand.

I took a break from the kitchen to watch the game in the living room for a while. Mom stayed in the kitchen, working on some sort of savory little turnovers she was going to serve as an appetizer before lunch. The game was close, but my mind was on mom and what she was going to do next.

She appeared again early in the second quarter. She carried a small tray with the turnovers and napkins. Alex, Mason, and Tucker heard

her heels against the floor, and their heads swiveled in unison to watch her approach. As she entered the living room, a napkin fluttered off the tray, to the floor. Without hesitating, and with startling grace for someone perched on four-inch heels, mom crouched down to the floor, balanced the tray on one hand, and scooped up the napkin with the other.

She didn't hold the position long, but she held it long enough, and with her knees held far enough apart, that all of us got a good look at the power blue panties under her skirt. I hoped to catch a glimpse of her sex under the blue fabric, and I did, just barely. I wondered if my friends had. I turned from my mom to look at them, and I guessed that they had, from the looks of astonishment on their faces.

Mom stood up, set the turnovers on the table, and walked back to the kitchen. I could have sworn her ass swished as she did. My hot mom, I thought. Wow.

Since it was getting close to half time, I decided to get up and get to work on making lunch.

I walked into the kitchen to see my mom standing next to the island over a head of lettuce, looking lean and luscious. Our eyes met, and I could tell she was thinking the same thing I was: what next? Where would we go with this craziness? I didn't want to go too far, and she didn't either. I didn't want to do something that might get her in trouble with her job or with her friends or reputation, which was, as far as I knew, spotless. But I wanted to push her. I wanted, somehow

and someway without pushing too far, to explore the limits of my mom's desire to show off her hotness.

I walked up to her and put my hand on her ass and squeezed it through the denim skirt. Both of us stood on the opposite side of the island from where my friends sat. They were looking away, toward the football game on the television, but if they'd turned around they would have seen us only from the waist up, with the rest of us hidden behind the counter cutout and the island. I could squeeze my mom's ass as much as I liked, and my friends wouldn't see it.

I felt resistance against my hand; mom was pushing her ass back against my fingers. I looked at her face and her eyes were closed.

I pulled her skirt up, over and above her butt. Her cheeks were bare and exposed to me and I ran my hand across her bare skin. The thong back of her panties covered almost nothing. What purpose do they serve? I wondered. On an impulse I hooked my fingers around them and pulled down. Mom didn't resist. She stood there with her eyes closed and let me draw her thong down her legs until it was bunched at her ankles on the floor. She opened them to look at the lacy garment at her feet. She kicked it to the side.

"You're being naughty," she whispered, so my friends couldn't hear.

"And you didn't stop me," I said right back. I squeezed the bare cheek of her ass again. I felt the pressure of her ass pushing back against my hand. No, she wasn't going to stop me.

"I suppose you're not going to let me put the panties back on?" Mom asked me.

"Nope," I said, reaching down, scooping them up, and stuffing them in my pocket. "It's commando for you."

"That's not going to be easy in this skirt," she said.

"Easy wouldn't be any fun," I replied. "You'll have to do your best. It looks like the guys need some more chips." I poured a bagful into a big orange bowl and pushed it across the island counter toward mom.

"Why don't you take this out there to them," I said. "Be careful!" I said, and I smirked at her.

Mom took the bowl from my hands, pivoted on her wedge heels, and walked out of the kitchen. Her ass swayed as she went. I looked through the wall cutout to watch her deliver the chips. The game was on and the sound on the TV was turned up high, so my friends didn't notice her at first, but all three of them noticed her as she got near them. She bent over at the waist to set the chips on the table, keeping her legs straight. The skirt rode up and up, and I wondered for a second if she'd expose herself to my friends, but the hem of the skirt stopped rising no more than half an inch before it exposed her lack of panties. Even so, I could tell my friends were held rapt by the sight of her. Tucker, especially, looked at mom with his mouth wide. Mom

pretended not to notice. She unbent herself, stood up, pivoted again, and walked back slowly to the kitchen. My friends looked after her for a few seconds and then turned back to the game.

Mom didn't come back to the kitchen right away. She stopped next to the dining room table, in a spot where she knew I could see her from the kitchen and my friends could have seen her from the living room, if their attention hadn't been focused on the game. Mom gave me a quick, wicked smile. I couldn't believe what she did next.

A set of extra napkins lay on edge of the table, and mom swept her hand over them and pushed them off. They spilled on the floor. Mom put her finger to her mouth and looked at me with feigned innocence. Then she crouched down to pick up the napkins. She squatted, right over her heels, with her knees wider than necessary. The skirt rode up -- all the way up. I could see everything, clearly. And my friends in the living room could have, as well, if they hadn't been looking the other way. Tucker, I knew, would have given his left nut to see what mom was showing: her bare pussy, under the little denim skirt.

Mom took her time gathering the napkins on the floor. She held the squat with her legs open the whole time. I admired her balance and leg muscles. I also admired the sweetness of her sex exposed to my eye, between her legs, thin lips dangling barely but noticeably at the junction of her thighs.

Finally, the napkins collected in her hand, mom stood up, her gaze on me as she did so. She set the napkins back on the table and then

walked toward me in the kitchen. For about thirty seconds, mom had held herself in a position that completely exposed herself to my friends. But they didn't know what they'd missed. Their attention remained on the game.

Mom approached me in the kitchen and arched her eyebrows, with a twisted smile lighting up her face. I didn't know what to say.

"I guess we better make lunch," she said.

I nodded, having nothing better to say just then. Distracted and horny, I pulled some greens and other vegetables out of the refrigerator to make a salad.

Even without turning around to look at mom, I felt her presence near me. I heard cabinet doors open and I knew mom was pulling out plates on which to put the salad. From head to toe my body felt the heat radiating from mom's body near mine.

I set the vegetables for the salad on the island at the same time mom set the plates on it. I turned and looked at her, up and down. The skirt was short, and her legs looked supple and enticing under it. On an impulse, I put my hands on her waist, and I picked her up.

I had never picked up mom before like that. Maybe I was stronger than I had expected, or maybe mom was lighter than I had guessed, but she was easy to lift, and I set her on the counter to the side of the

opening in the wall to the living room. Where she sat, mom was just out of sight of my friends in the living room focused on and yelling about the football game.

She didn't say anything. Her legs, lean and exposed in the little denim skirt, dangled from the counter. I put a hand on each warm, firm thigh. Mom gazed steadily at me as my hands moved up the dry but silky skin of her legs. As my hands moved up they pushed against the hem of the denim skirt. Soon the skirt was pushed back far enough to reveal mom's bare pussy.

A cheer came from the living room. My friends had called out in unison, presumably because our team had scored. I heard the voices of announcers coming from the television, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. I couldn't pay attention to them. I could pay attention only to my mom on the counter, the little skirt bunched up around her hips and her sex on display. And her eyes. They kept staring at me. I tried reading them. I wanted to know what she was thinking. Was she nervous? Was she horny? Was she doing this to please me, or to please herself? I didn't know.

What I knew was what I could see, and I could see the emerald pools of mom's wide-open eyes staring at me, barely blinking, while her splayed legs showed off her most intimate body parts under the pushed-up skirt. Her knees went up, giving me an even better view.

My friends had no idea what was going on. They sat not more than 20 feet away, yelling at the TV screen and the game, but if they'd

known what my mom was doing it was would have driven them crazy. Especially Tucker. But he had no idea.

I put my hands between mom's legs, fingers under her thighs, and I pressed up. She lifted her legs without resistance, until her knees were up high and her heels were on the edge of the counter. Then I pushed her legs farther apart. I had to be careful, because if I pushed her right knee too far to the side it might become visible to my friends, were they to turn their attention away from the TV and toward the kitchen.

Mom passively took the direction of my hands and let me spread her wide. She smiled at me.

"You like what you see?" she asked in a whisper so as not to be heard over the din of the football game.

I squeezed mom's thighs gently and savored the touch of her silky skin, and the view of her legs stretched taut to either side of her. Mom leaned back against the cupboard over the counter, and she scooted her butt forward a few inches. She wanted to show her pussy as much as I wanted to see it. And I could see it all; the delicate lips parted and revealed a glimpse of mom's delicious pink wetness. The cute star of her asshole was in view directly beneath it. We were both excited, and it was getting more difficult to focus on the fact that three of my friends sat nearby, waiting for lunch and oblivious to my hot mom's lewd display.

They would have to wait for a few more minutes. I had an idea. On the counter I had put vegetables to make a salad. A thick carrot, already washed and peeled, lay next to a head of green lettuce. I picked it up and held it in front of mom's face and smiled as lewdly as I could at her. Her eyes went wide, and her head inclined to the side as though she were about to shake her head. But I nodded at her, and it seemed to stop her. She waited for me.

Holding the carrot at the thick end, I touched its thin tip lightly against the fold of skin just over mom's clitoris. Mom's body jerked slightly at the touch, and the barest gasp of air escaped her mouth. I sensed her tension -- I could feel it, and it was exquisite. All my senses were on fire.

I used the tip of the carrot to push back the fold of her skin until the salmon nub of her clit was fully exposed. It was damp, and it glistened in the bright kitchen light. I moved the carrot in small circles around the perimeter of her clit. Mom gasped again, a little louder this time, and her breasts arched toward me.

The tip of the carrot moved down, between her lips, and I maneuvered it to push a lip to the side. I'd seen my mom's pussy a lot in the previous few weeks, but never so closely and in such good light. I tickled the inside edge of her labia with the carrot. I looked up at mom's face, and she was looking down, too, at her pussy, as it gave way to my inspection. I'd seen pussies before, and like a lot of guys I never got tired of seeing more. But I'd never been held in such rapt fascination with the loveliness of a woman's raw, exposed sex

as I was at that moment. It was beautiful. But I didn't want just to look at it.

I moved the carrot down and between her lips. Then I pushed it in, slowly and gently.

I wondered if I was breaking mom's rule about not touching her down there. Technically, I wasn't. The carrot was touching her, not me. I wondered if it would seem that way to mom. She didn't say anything. She kept her head down and watched as more of the thick orange carrot disappeared inside her. I took her silence to mean I wasn't breaking her rule.

The thick part of the carrot entered her, and I watched with fascination as its girth stretched her entrance further and as her pussy's wet, thin lips clutched the carrot's circumference. I gave the carrot a short, sharp push forward. Mom gasped again, and her eyes turned up to the ceiling. It was a good thing the TV volume was set so high, or my friends would have heard her.

My friends let out a cheer from the living room.

"Randy," Alex called. "You're missing a great game. You gotta get out here."

"Just a minute," I called. "We're getting the salad ready."

With that, I pulled the carrot out of mom, slowly. Its surfaced was slicked with the wet juices of her cunt, and her lips gripped it as though they didn't want to let it go.

A faint "plop" sounded when I pulled it out entirely, and mom's inner labia collapsed and folded together again. Mom's mouth was open. She was panting and looking at me with intense lust.

I wobbled the carrot in front of her face, and then I put the tip in my mouth. I sucked mom's wetness off the first two inches of it, and then I bit off the tip.

"What's up, mom?" I asked.

"Naughty boy," she whispered.

"I get it from my you," I replied.

Mom didn't have anything to say to that. I left her and walked to the cutting board. I picked up the big chopping knife and cut the rest of the carrot into thin slices. I scooped them up and put them in the salad bowl. I looked back at mom's face and she looked at me, incredulous.

"Are you serious?" she asked me.

"Yep," I said. I was. My friends had been lusting after my mom for years. They were going to get a taste of her in their salad, even if they wouldn't know it.

Mom put her legs down and hopped off the counter as I cut up the other vegetables and the lettuce and put them in the salad bowl. Mom whisked a quick salad dressing and poured it into the bowl.

"Why don't you take it to them while I make the sandwiches," I said.

I watched my mom through the space in the wall, bending and setting the salad bowl and little plates and knives on the table between my friends. They turned and stared at her, but their view wasn't as good as mine, because I could see the back of mom's lean legs under the skirt, riding up high on her thighs, as she bent over. And I knew that under that skirt she didn't wear any underwear. And, unlike my friends, I knew my mom had just been fucked by a carrot.

I wondered if she'd done anything like that before. My mom was full of surprises. I guessed she'd done a lot of things I didn't know about.

I made sandwiches in the kitchen for my friends. They probably wondered why I'd been in the kitchen so long, and I needed to do something to explain my absence from the living room. Mom came back to the kitchen and helped me finish the job.

"Hey Randy, great salad!" I heard Tucker call.

Before I could say anything, I heard Mason respond.

"Since when did you like salad, dude?" he asked. "I don't think I've ever seen you eat anything you couldn't get from a drive-through window at KFC or Taco Bell."

"Whatever," Tucker said. "But this is a good salad. It's got a good, uh, dressing."

"Thanks, Tucker," I called out from the kitchen. "Chef's secret recipe. I'm glad you like it."

If only he knew he was tasting my mom, the woman he'd lusted after for so many years.

I went back to work on the rest of lunch. When mom and I finished the sandwiches, I loaded them on a tray and took it out to the living room, where my friends were shouting about the game. The third quarter already was well underway, and the game was tied.

I wondered what mom was up to, and I wanted to get back to her, but my sense of duty to my friends made me sit and watch the game with them for a while. I ate half a sandwich. I joined them in cheering

every completed pass our team made and booing the referee's penalty calls in favor of the other team.

But while I watched the game and cheered with my friends, I kept thinking about my mom. She hadn't appeared in the living room since I'd left the kitchen.

After a while I decided to get up and return to the kitchen. I swept up the tray and empty plates. As I walked back to the kitchen I realized how hungry I was -- for mom. I wanted her. I craved the sight and touch of her.

When I got to the kitchen, she was there, her back turned to me, cleaning one of the kitchen counters with a sponge. She was bent over only a little, but it was enough to show off a lot of the back of her thighs. I felt the familiar pressure in my pants as my excitement grew.

I put the empty tray and plates on the kitchen island and kept walking toward mom. She didn't turn to me; she seemed intent on what she was doing. I was aware of my chest rising and falling with sharp, short breaths; my body shivered with an overwhelming sense of need and purpose. I'd forgotten everything else; only the sight of my mom in front of me mattered.

I came up behind her and put my hands on the part of the denim skirt over her hips. She twirled around in my hips at once, her hands

still down by her side. She looked at me with her mouth half open and her eyes fixed on mine. She didn't say anything.

Without even thinking about what I was doing I reached for the button at the front of her little skirt, and I unbuttoned it. With one hand I grabbed the zipper and pulled it down, and with the other hand I yanked at the skirt. It dropped below her hips before mom had a chance to respond. When she did she tried half-heartedly to stop me, putting her hands on mine, but not really trying to stop them from their task. I resisted her effort, and my hands kept pushing her skirt down.

In a few seconds her denim skirt was at her ankles, and mom stood in the kitchen naked at the waist.

I didn't stop there. As soon as the skirt hit the floor my hands went to the bottom of her camisole, and they pulled it up fast. Mom's hands didn't seem to know what to do. They didn't stop me. Instead, her arms and hands moved up to accommodate the sweep of the camisole over her shoulders and head. I pulled the little top up and off her. And then mom was completely naked.

She stood just a few feet out of view from my friends in the living room. They couldn't see her from where they watched the game, but if one of them had walked to the space in the kitchen wall they would have seen everything.

I threw the camisole to the floor and took mom in my arms. One hand went to her ass and the other went to the back of her neck. My mouth was on hers in an instant, my tongue pushing forward to meet hers. Our tongues wrestled with one another as I kneaded her firm, sweet ass with my hand.

And then I pulled back. As much as I wanted mom's body against mine, I wanted something else even more.

"Mom, get on the floor," I said, quietly enough that my friends in the living room wouldn't hear.

Mom's response skipped a beat, like she didn't quite know what I'd asked her to do, but then she responded, and complied. Her open, steady eyes on mine and her slight smile told me she knew what I wanted. We didn't have to say it to one another. She knew what I wanted, and she wanted it too.

Mom's knees bent, and her hands went forward, and then she was on the floor on all fours. She made eye contact with me and I looked back at her and gestured at her with my chin. Mom turned around, until her ass was turned toward me. She pressed her chest against the floor and pushed her ass up toward me.

Nothing in the universe could be more inviting than my mom's upturned ass and the sight of her beautiful pussy, lips parted slightly, on view to my hungry eyes. But there she was, mashing her

breasts against the wood strip floor, parting her legs and turning her back side to me so I could see everything.

My eyes scanned the kitchen island counter next to me. I saw what I needed and grabbed it. I spit on it, and then I bent down.

I pushed a thick, green cucumber into mom's exposed pussy. It was bulkier and thicker than the carrot I'd tried earlier, so it didn't go in as quickly or as easily. But go in it did. My spit helped, but the chief lubricant was from mom. She was sopping wet down there; I could feel it from the lack of resistance as I pushed the cucumber into her.

When it was about half-way in I stopped pushing. I wanted to look at what I'd done. The cucumber was thick -- much thicker than the carrot I'd put in her earlier. The rim of her pussy was stretched tight and thin around it. Mom's body moved up and down with her quick, excited breaths. She pressed her chest down low against the floor and held her ass high, in the air. The cucumber was lodged in tightly, and it wasn't going anywhere.

Mom raised her head off the floor, craned her neck, and looked back at me. I got down on the floor, on my hands and knees, and I scooted more closely to her. I bent my face down to hers and kissed her on the lips. Our tongues touched.

I pulled back to listen. The game was still going on and my friends were still hollering. I didn't want one of them to appear suddenly in

the kitchen, but there didn't seem to be any fear of that now. They were immersed in the game.

Mom sat up, partly. With one hand she grabbed the cucumber and held it inside her. She pressed her other hand against my chest, pressing me to step backward. Mom guided me back behind the kitchen island. She scooted forward, on her knees, as I stepped back, until both of us were fully behind the kitchen island opposite my friends in the living room. From their position, they could see the top half of me, but they couldn't see my mom at all. I wasn't sure what mom had in mind.

I figured it out quickly. Mom took her hands away from me and leaned back and put her hands slightly behind her. Then she pushed down until the tip of the cucumber touched the floor. She pushed down further, and more of it disappeared inside her. Mom's back arched and her breasts pushed forward, nipples hard and erect. Then she began rocking up and down on the cucumber. I was spellbound by the sight of the thick green fruit vanishing inside her, a little more with each downward thrust.

My cock, already half-erect, instantly grew to full length and stretched uncomfortably in my pants. I put my hand on my crotch to adjust it so it would be more comfortable. It wasn't enough. There just wasn't enough room inside my tight pants for my throbbing cock.

I needed release and relief, so I unzipped my pants and took it out. I looked out to the living room. My friends' attention still was on the

game, but even if they had looked my way they wouldn't have seen anything because it was below the level of the kitchen island counter. But they might have noticed my heavy breathing and semi-pained expression, and they might have wondered why I was standing sideways behind the kitchen island when I could have been in the living room watching the game. I had to be careful.

Mom, though, had other ideas. She reached out her hand and grabbed my cock, and her fingers curled around the thick shaft behind the purplish head. The feel of her fingers was pure heaven.

Oh my God, I thought, mom's going to give me a hand job in the kitchen, with my friends in the other room. It was so risky. But it was worth it. The thought of her jerking me to orgasm, and of coming in her face, right here, right now, was exciting beyond words and worth any risk.

But mom wasn't content to give me a hand job. That became clear as she smiled and moved even closer to me, until her face was no more than two inches from my engorged cock head. I looked at it and saw a glistening drop of precum at the tip. Mom looked and saw it too. Then she looked deeply into my eyes and opened her mouth.

My God, was she going to . . .

She was. She did. Mom held her tongue out until it just barely touched the tip of my cock, and with just a flick of her tongue she lapped up the precum. The drop disappeared in her mouth. Mom

puckered her lips and kissed the hard, full bulb. Her lips opened, and she took it in. I watched, rapt, as the head slowly disappeared, and her mouth widened to accommodate it. Mom's eyes never left mine. In no time the head was gone, fully inside her mouth and against her swirling tongue, and her lips encompassed my thick shaft. I could see the outline of my cock head inside her mouth, against her cheek. Her right hand kneaded the base of my shaft, working in tandem with her mouth to maximize the sheer bliss I felt.

I knew, instantly, that it would take almost no time for me to blow my wad and come inside her mouth. I pushed my hips forward. I wanted it to happen.

But we were interrupted.

"Randy!" Tucker's voice ripped through my delicious reverie.

I clutched the side of the island counter to steady myself and looked up at the source of the voice. Tucker had stood up from the sofa and walked to the counter between the kitchen and living room. He held two empty beer bottles. Mom stopped bobbing on my cock and held still after lowering her body enough to ensure Tucker couldn't see her. Still, he probably wondered why I was standing at a semi-angle to the counter.

"What's up, Tucker?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steadier than my body, which felt like it was shaking with arousal and nervousness.

He raised the beer bottles.

"I'm out, bud," he said. "I need a refill. Want me to get it?"

"No!" I said, more excitedly than I should have. I couldn't exactly let Tucker come into the kitchen and see my naked mom on the kitchen floor with her mouth wrapped around my cock. Fortunately, I'd put more beers in a metal tub filled with ice on the island counter top. I fished a cold bottle out of the ice and without delaying tossed it to Tucker.

"Catch!" I said, without giving him much warning.

It was a dumb thing to do, because Tucker wasn't the most coordinated friend I had and easily could have dropped the bottle, maybe causing it to break or to spray out when he opened it. But he did catch it, just barely. He gave me a funny look.

"Everything all right?" he asked. "Don't you want to come and watch the game?"

"Sure," I said. "Just a minute."

I wanted to join my friends, but first I wanted to get the relief I needed by spraying my jism down mom's throat. I didn't dare look

down at mom while Tucker was looking at me and talking to me, but from my side vision I could see her still looking up at me, and I felt her lips still wrapped tightly around my shaft.

"Where's your mom?" Tucker asked, looking around. I looked around, too. Shit. Mom's skirt lay on the kitchen floor, and I couldn't tell whether Tucker, from his position, might be able to see it. But he didn't seem to. I would have seen his eyes widen if he had, and they didn't change.

"She had to take care of something," I said. "She should be done with it in just a minute, and then she'll be back."

"Okey dokey," Tucker said. "Come join us. It's a good game. The team's up by 3 and there are only 10 minutes left."

He turned away and joined Mason and Alex in front of the TV.

Finally, I looked back at mom and nodded to encourage her to keep going. My balls weren't blue, they were purple, and I needed relief more than I could ever remember having needed it.

But mom shook her head faintly. Her lips parted and moved off my cock, which still was rock hard.

"We'll do this later," she said. "Join your friends."

With that, mom rocked back on her back and heels, and she lifted her ass off the ground. She pulled the thick green cucumber out of herself, thin lips trailing along the fruit's circumference. As it popped out of her, a small, fine spray of clear fluid followed it and left a tiny puddle on the floor. The cucumber's absence left mom gaping wide and pink between her outstretched legs. Mom scooted backward in that position a few feet, turned around, gathered her skirt and top, and crawled on all fours out the kitchen doorway to the hallway and disappeared. I stared at the empty doorway, my feelings a mixture of frustration, arousal, and disbelief.

Not four seconds after mom disappeared I heard Alex's voice behind me.

"Hey, man," he said. "Have an extra beer for me?"

"Su . . . sure," I said, the words coming slowly. It was hard to concentrate. I pulled a beer out of the tub and gave it to him.

Alex looked down at the floor and gestured with the beer. He was looking at the remnants of mom's squirt on the shiny wood.

"Looks like you spilled something," Alex said. "Better get that up or you'll slip."

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah, I'll, uh, take care of that. I'll be right there."

Alex left me. I took a towel and soaked up mom's juices from the floor. Before tossing the towel to the counter I put it to my nose and inhaled. I didn't smell much -- a fresh scent with just a trace of mom's aroma.

With mom gone and my chores done I was ready, finally, to rejoin my friends in the living room. I walked in with a beer of my own and fell into a large chair.

I watched the rest of the game in the living room with my friends. A few minutes before the game ended my mom reappeared, fully dressed again, picking up empty beer bottles and pouring some more chips into the bowl on the coffee table.

As she started to walk back to the kitchen I almost rose to follow her. I was like a dog in heat at the sight of her, barely in control of what I was doing. But mom gave me a look and put her hand out, obviously signaling she wanted me to stay and watch the game with my friends. So, I resisted my urges and stayed with them.

It was a great game. The other team got the ball back with three minutes left and marched down the field, using all but one of their time outs. It didn't look good. But with two seconds left on the clock the kicker shanked a 30-yard field goal off the left upright. Time expired, and our team won. We all cheered.

I liked my friends, but I liked my mom's hot, naked body more, and I needed it very, very badly. So, with the game over I dropped what hints I could, some subtle and some not so subtle, to suggest it was time for them to go. My friends weren't always the most responsive group to hints, but they seemed to get the picture. They helped me take the empty beers and leftover chips to the kitchen, and then we all walked to the entry way.

"Thanks for the game party, Randy," Mason said. "Thanks to your mom, too. Where is she?"

He looked around, and Alex and Tucker did too. They looked chagrined at the prospect of leaving without seeing her one more time. But mom was nowhere to be seen.

"Not sure where she is," I said. "She probably has some things to do. But I'll tell her you said thanks and good bye."

They all looked around one more time, then said their farewells, and walked out the front door. I closed the door behind them. Football and my friends were behind me. Time with mom was ahead. I needed it like nothing I'd ever needed before.

Before I'd walked three feet from the door I heard the clacking of mom's wedge heels on the floor, and a second after that I saw her running around the corner from the hallway, toward me. She was naked again. She kept running, and when she got close she jumped

onto me. In an instant her legs were wrapped tightly around my hips and her hands were at the back of my neck.

She pressed her mouth against mine. I think I saw stars, or something that could only be described as stars, glowing and hot against a sky of desire and need. I put my hands under mom's ass to hold her up and steady her, and I grabbed it hard, pressing my fingers in and pulling her against me. I repositioned her slightly so the bare gap between her legs was pressed tightly against my pants-covered crotch. I stood like that for what seemed like minutes, mom in my arms, kissing me with crazy urgency. Her tongue was a ravenous animal against mine. I spread her ass cheeks wide with my hands, and in a mirror on the opposite entryway wall I could see her puckered, pretty anus peeking out from the cleft of her bottom.

I want to see it all, feel it all, and fuck it all, I thought. I intended to do that, right then and there.

Before I could do anything, though, the doorbell rang, and I think I jumped a foot off the ground, even with my mom in my arms. Mom jumped in my arms, too. We both looked at the door, and before we could react we heard the knob turning. Somebody was coming in! Mom jumped down from my arms. As the door began to open she moved to the side of it rather than backward, where she would have been seen, and as the door swung wide she hid behind it.

It was Tucker.

I immediately moved to the door to block him from coming in and to keep him from seeing my naked mom, who was shielded from his sight by only a slender panel of wood.

"Tucker, what's up?" I tried not to sound annoyed, but I was -- at his interrupting me and at his entering without permission.

"Hey, Randy, sorry, but I left my sunglasses here. They should be in the living room. I can get them."

He started to push past me, but I stopped him with a light hand on the chest.

"Don't bother," I said. "You stay right here. I'll get them."

I stared at him to confirm he would stay, and he seemed to accept my instruction. I backed away from the door, trying very hard not to glance at my naked mom right behind the door. I jogged to the living room, and, sure enough, Tucker's sunglasses were on the arm of the sofa on which he'd been sitting. I grabbed them and ran back to the front door.

Fortunately, Tucker hadn't moved, and he obviously hadn't seen or become aware of my mom, who stood bug-eyed and still behind the door and looked like she was holding her breath.

I handed the glasses to Tucker.

"Thanks, Randy. Sorry to barge in."

He looked around one more time.

"Sorry I couldn't say goodbye to your mom. Tell her thanks for the food."

"I will. See you, Tucker."

Tucker left, finally, and I closed the door behind him, again. I locked it this time. Then I looked at my mom. She exhaled loudly. We both laughed.

"I'm still shaking," mom said. "I've spent the whole day almost getting caught."

"You did. But mom, I think you kind of liked it."

"Yeah, I guess so." Mom's breathing calmed down and she looked intently at me. "You're getting to know me too well. A son shouldn't know some things about his mom."

"I want to get to know you a lot better, mom. A lot better."

Mom paused, and almost said something, but didn't. Instead she strode toward me and reached for my waist. I felt my shirt coming up and I raised my arms and mom swept it off me. Her eyes were wide and intent with hunger . . . for me. She put her hands up and I felt her fingernails dig into the muscles of my chest. She pressed them in and ran them down, over my nipples and onto my abdomen -- not hard enough to draw blood but hard enough to hurt. But I wasn't about to stop her.

Her hands drew together at the waistband of my pants and she unbuttoned and unzipped them and yanked them, together with the boxer briefs I was wearing underneath, down hard over my hips and thighs, until all my clothes were piled on the floor and I stood in the entryway as naked as my mom was. She pushed down on my shoulders and I followed the pressure until I knelt on the ground, knees against hard, cold tile. Mom pushed on my chest then, and I lay back until my body was stretched out on the floor. My cock stood straight up, fully erect, from my supine figure, and with no further delay mom took it and descended on it like an animal.

It went straight up and inside her descending mouth, all the way, until her lips ground against my pubic hair. I sat up on my elbows enough to see what mom was doing, and I loved the sight of it. Mom's face, hair all askew and flying in every direction, bobbed up and down over my hardness, her lips tight and wet against me.

I'd had blow jobs before, but never one this good. Mom didn't just want to please me, she wanted to please herself -- wanted to take and

devour her son's hard cock, the visible proof of his desire and lust for her. I couldn't tell exactly how mom was doing it -- with her tongue, with her cheeks, with whatever -- but she closed her mouth around the length of my cock so well that it felt as good as fucking any pussy I'd ever had. Up and down, on and on it went. Mom wouldn't stop.

I didn't want it to stop, either. She'd transported me to a place I'd never been, and I didn't want to leave. I couldn't wait to feel the discharge of my impending orgasm into her mouth and to know every drop of it was in mom's belly.

But I wanted something else, too, even more than a blow job, however it was. I wanted to feel myself inside my mom, between her legs, where I knew I was meant to be.

Between the steady up and down thrusts of mom's head and my irregular gasping it was hard to get the words out, but at least I managed.

"Mom, I love this. But I need you. I need to fuck you. Let's do it. Now. Mom, let me fuck you."

Mom heard me and looked up at me, her face framed by her disheveled hair. One hand kept stroking me.

"I know you want it, Randy. I want it to. I want you to fuck me. But not yet. Not just yet. Wait a little longer. I'll give you something else, though."

Mom's mouth plunged back on my cock, but the rest of her body rotated around my cock until she raised a leg and straddled me, her ass now over my face and her pussy, now gaping and visibly wet, directly over me. The pink open gash hovered over me for perhaps ten seconds, and then it came down. Mom pressed her eager pussy against my mouth.

Instinctively I put my tongue forward and it entered her, past her parted lips and into her depths. And then, wonder of wonders, I tasted the inside of my mom. I pushed my tongue in as far as it could go. I breathed deeply and savored her fresh womanly scent. My lips danced with hers -- sucking on them, spreading them. I took her flesh between my teeth and nibbled gently on it.

All the while mom devoured my cock in a steady but frenzied rhythm. I felt the familiar swell inside me, the wave of orgasm coming on. I tried to push back against it. I wasn't ready to come, but it was hard to suppress it. On each upstroke I felt my hips and my entire body lift with her. I was dimly aware of the discomfort of the cold floor underneath me. I knew a comfortable bed was nearby. But there was no way either one of us was going to move, not until we were done. My cock needed her mouth and her cunt needed mine.

Mom's cunt. I'd seen it for the first time, several weeks earlier, on the sofa. I'd seen it many times in the weeks since then. I'd fantasized

and dreamed about it, and I'd even sprayed my cum on the outside of it. I'd watched my juices dribble down in the shower between her lips. Now, at last, my mouth was on her, tickling her, tasting her, fucking her furiously with my tongue.

I wanted to make mom come. I pulled my tongue from her depths and went to work on her clit. I swirled, I tickled, I mashed. I flicked the tip of my tongue right over her exposed nub, gently at first but then faster, increasing the pressure by the minute. Mom showed her approval by pressing down on me. I heard a moan escape her mouth, still full of my cock.

The sensation of being blown by my mom was so exquisite that it would have been easy to focus only on that and to stop concentrating on my ministrations to her own sex. But I was determined to be a good son and a good lover and to make her come first.

I grabbed her ass cheeks hard as my tongue kept massaging her pert clit. I felt a shudder go through mom's body, and I shuddered and moaned in response. I could tell she was getting near. I kept up a fast but steady rhythm on her, never relenting and never pausing. I had no sense of time. It might have been five minutes since we had started. It might have been twenty. Mom and I were in a world of our own, a world forged by our mutual white-hot lust. Nothing else mattered in that world -- the passage of time, the coldness of the hard floor, the possibility of being caught. All that mattered to me was the taste and scent and feel of mom's wet cunt, and the consuming need to bring her off.

Her body shuddered again, and she let out another moan from her cock-filled mouth, this moan higher-pitched than the last. I felt her body losing control. Her mouth's grip on my cock loosened. Then mom started moaning more audibly, almost squealing: "Unh, unh, unh."

With no further warning, mom shrieked and her pussy spasmed away from my face. My tongue lost contact with her clit and I felt my chin and cheeks doused in warm wetness. I lapped up what I could with my tongue. Mom's body shook and shuddered over me, displaying the wet, pink gash of her sex to my still hungry eyes.

Mom gave her orgasm almost no time to subside before she went back to work on my cock. I felt strong, thin fingers clasp my balls, gently kneading them. The other hand pulsed against the base of my shaft. The rest of my cock was enveloped by mom's mouth.

I could concentrate fully on my mom's cock-sucking, now. She was good -- very good. The best I'd had. Her hands and mouth worked in tandem with expert skill. I briefly wondered how many cocks mom had sucked in her life. Had mom been a slut before she met dad? Had she fucked and sucked a lot of guys? It was curious, in a vague, far-off kind of way. I knew I'd find out more about my mom's past later. But it didn't matter whether she'd had a slutty past. All that mattered now was that she was my slut.

The swell returned, rising inside me and cresting on its way to my cock. Mom's mouth and hands sucked and milked me in a frenzy, drawing the wave out of me. My hips bucked uncontrollably, but the

bucking didn't stop mom from her cock sucking. Her mouth and my sex were joined, and the sensation was the sweetest and purest I'd ever felt.

I came then, suddenly. I could have sworn I felt my cock bulge like a firehose as the cum passed through it. I felt the hot jet from my cock head. Mom felt it too, I could tell, because her lips clamped tightly on my shaft just behind the bulb while her hands kept milking me. There was a lot of cum. Mom half gagged as she gulped it down, but she didn't stop. She kept going, and I kept spewing cum into her mouth. I lost count of how many times she had to swallow to take it down. But at last, my cock stopped pulsing and mom stopped swallowing.

Mom finally pulled her mouth off my cock and gasped for air. I could see at once that despite her efforts she hadn't swallowed everything. Some cum still lay visibly pooled in her mouth and rivulets of it leaked out either side of her lips onto her chin. After she caught her breath she smiled at me, open-mouthed and spent, and I smiled back.

We sat like that for another minute or two, breathing heavily and staring at each other. She didn't take her hand off my cock the whole time.

Then, she did. Both of us fell back on our elbows, and then each of us half crawled, half slid across the entry floor, away from each other until each of us turned and lay our backs against the entry walls, opposite each other. We sat and looked at each other, gasping for breath and with limbs sweaty and askew. Neither of us said anything

right away. We were like two prize fighters that had just battled each other to a draw, and neither of us could find the words to describe the trial we'd just gone through. The triumph of release gave way to a warm blissful buzz in my belly.

"I loved that mom. I love you. But when? When?"

A sly smile curled on her face in small, fitful steps. Her gaze never left mine for an instant.

"Soon, Randy, soon."

Mom bit the tip of her pinky finger.

"You have a birthday coming up in a few days, Randy."

I'd completely forgotten. Mom was right.

My birthday. I wouldn't forget again.

Damn.

My Mom is a Hot Mom Ch. 08

In my dream, I stood in a field of spring-green grass.

I was naked. All around me, in a circle no closer to me than 30 feet or so, stood all the people I knew and ever had known -- my family, my friends, teachers, bosses, coworkers, everybody. They were looking at me, but I wasn't embarrassed.

I turned around, my eyes scanning the encircling crowd, until I saw her, on the inner edge of the circle, looking at me: my mom. She wore a pretty sun dress, yellow with bright red flowers. I walked to her.

"Randy, what are you doing?" she asked me. "Why are you naked?"

"Shhh, mom," I said, my finger to my lips. "It doesn't matter. Just come with me."

I took her hand and guided her back to the center of the circle. I smiled at her and she smiled back, with love and puzzlement in her face.

Then I reached forward, to the neck of her dress, and with no effort I pulled it off her body. Now mom, too, was naked. Motherhood and adulthood had left their marks on her body; even in a dream I could see she was twice my age. But she was youthful and fit and beautiful, too. She was more than just a mom to me; she was the hottest woman on earth. I wanted her as my lover, in every way.

She kept her hands at her sides. She didn't try to hide her nude body from anyone, but she asked, "Randy, what are you doing to me?"

"I'll show you, mom," I said. "I'll show you and everyone."

And with that I took her hand and I bent my knees and I pushed against the grass, and I lifted into the air, my mom lifting with me. We flew, toward the clouds, and all the people we knew craned their necks to look at us soaring into the sky above them, fading out of sight.

When we reached the first cloud, I lay back and I drew mom's body on and over mine. The time had come to fuck her, and I pushed her thighs apart with one hand while my cock pushed up to enter her. But I missed. And when I tried again I missed again. I kept trying, but I kept missing. And over the fury of my effort I heard mom's voice, low at first but gathering in volume.

"Wake up, Randy," her voice called.

But I didn't want to wake up. I wanted to fuck her. I kept trying, but every time I thrust forward my cock missed its target. I kept trying and I kept missing.

"Wake up, Randy," mom kept saying, her voice growing louder and clearer.

I thrust harder, determined, at last, that my cock would reach its goal. I gave one more mighty push, but my cock missed again, and it hit her hip and bent at an angle at which it wasn't meant to bend. Ouch.

And then I woke up.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was the white cottage cheese ceiling above me. The second thing I saw, after looking around, was an unruly mane of blond hair over my hips. It was mom. She held my cock in her hand and her tongue was out and its tip was no more than an inch from the engorged head. Mom looked at me, eyes sparkly with lust and mischief.

"Happy birthday, sleepy head," she said. And then her mouth opened wide and she took me in. No delay, no ceremony.

Heaven, indeed, was no dream; it was a place on earth, here in my bed, with my mom's wet and red lips wrapped tightly over the length of my tumescent cock. Today I was 20 years old, and in all my years I had never felt anything so good. It was the best birthday present I'd ever had.

Mom sucked me deeply, but not too quickly and with not too much pressure. The result was that she kept me in a high pitch of excitement and arousal, but without bringing me close to imminent release. I was glad of that, because I didn't want mom to stop; I wanted to delight in the feeling of mom's mouth on me as long as I

could. I closed my eyes and focused all my attention on the sound and sensation of mom's cock sucking. Her head bobbed up and down and her mouth sucked me in and let me out in slow, luxurious cycles for several minutes.

Suddenly, mom stopped. I opened my eyes and looked at her. Her mouth was perched over my cock head, but it was closed, and she was looking at me.

"This is just a breakfast appetizer," she said. "You're going to have to wait for the main meal at your birthday celebration this evening."

"Mom, you can't do that!" I cried. "I'm going to die of blue balls if I have to wait all day."

"You're not going to die, Randy. You might get a little, hmmm, needy. But you need to be good and wait. I have work and you have work and school. No taking care of business yourself while we're apart, either. I promise you the wait will be worth it." She gave me a naughty smile.

"Does that mean we're finally going to . . ."

She cut me off.

"No. I'm not going to tell you what your present is going to me. It's going to be a surprise. But you'll like it. Now take a shower and then we'll have breakfast. You have school soon and you need to get ready."

Mom was right. I'd slept in, and I had a class starting in less than an hour. Mom left the room and I walked to the bathroom, my cock still rock-hard and sticking out straight in front of me. Under the hot spray of the shower, I was tempted quickly to bring myself off, but I didn't, mindful of mom's words. I would have to put up with intense sexual frustration for the day. I hoped it would be ended when mom and I celebrated my birthday that evening.

15 minutes later I walked into the kitchen, dressed for work -- khakis and a company polo shirt -- but still in bare feet. Mom was just finishing pancakes and sausages, two of my favorite breakfast foods. Her back was to me and she wore the short white waffle-pattern robe she'd worn before. It hit very high on her thigh, exposing the delicious back of her long and lightly muscled legs.

Mom was playing music from her phone, which lay off to the side. It was Warrant's "Cherry Pie," an oldie from the 1980s. A hair band, I recalled mom telling me once. I remembered seeing the video on YouTube. It had a hot blonde writhing around the studio in skimpy outfits and red lipstick. I thought it was funny that my mom and I both shared a taste for ancient, loud rock music. Well, it was ancient to me. Maybe not as much to mom.

You can be my cherry pie, mom, I thought.

I walked up to mom and give her a kiss. She turned to me, and that's when I saw that her robe was untied. It opened for a moment, giving me a flash of a nipple and a brief glimpse of the little slit between her legs. She smiled, and we kissed quickly.

"Good morning and happy birthday, son," she said. "Breakfast will be right up."

I went to the kitchen table and mom followed a minute later carrying two plates and food. She sat down with her robe still untied and gaping open like it was no big deal. She crossed her legs, hiding what lay between them, but on top a breast lay fully exposed to my hungry eyes. It was hard to concentrate on breakfast.

"Mom," I said to her after taking a few large bites.

"Yes?" she replied.

"You're driving me crazy. I'm still hard from this morning and from watching you. You gotta help me out here."

"Randy," my mom said to me. "I know it's your birthday. But you're going to have to be patient a little longer. You'll get your present tonight. Trust me, it will be better if you wait. You don't have a lot longer."

I paused, and I looked her in the eye.

"Does this mean we're going to fuck, mom?" I asked her. I knew it was a weird thing to ask my mom. But I couldn't help it. I wanted her so badly that my need overrode all sense of propriety.

"Randy," mom said. "That's not appropriate. You shouldn't assume anything. You'll like your present. But I wouldn't be a good mom if I told you what it was going to be."

Just then, the doorbell rang.

I think we both jumped a little. I know mom did, because the little robe parted and showed even more than a moment earlier, even if just for a moment. Mom quickly gathered her robe together to be decent, and she got up and walked to the door. I stood up but waited in the kitchen, grabbing a greasy sausage out of the skillet and munching it while standing up next to the kitchen island.

From the kitchen I heard the door open and then I heard a male voice conversing with my mom. It was my dad. I couldn't tell what they were saying, but I could tell that it was a tense conversation from the tone of their voices. After a minute of it the voices quieted, and the sound of footsteps grew louder.

Dad entered the kitchen, holding a gift bag. My birthday present, I was sure. He approached me, gave me a hug, and put the bag on the kitchen island next to me. Mom followed him.

"Happy Birthday, Randy!" he said. "How're you doing?"

"Great, dad," I said.

Dad wasn't one to linger over sentimental moments. He pulled away and walked around the kitchen, looking around him. Mom stood quietly next to me, watching him.

"You've done some nice things with the place, Inga," he said. "I like it." After taking his visual tour dad stood on the other side of the island from mom and me.

"So, Randy, open your present," dad said.

I pulled the wrapping tissue out of the bag, reached in, and pulled out the gift. It was a zoom lens, once that would fit my camera and that was better than the one I had. It was a nice gift, I had to admit; dad remembered the type of camera I owned, and he knew what kind of lens would work with it.

"Wow, dad, this is great!" I said with genuine enthusiasm.

I'm really going to like taking naked photos of mom with the camera lens you got me, dad, I thought to myself, but of course I didn't say it.

I looked at mom, next to me, and she looked at me, and I could tell she knew exactly what I was thinking. She smiled.

Dad asked me how school and work were going. We had a pleasant conversation. I could not help but notice how closely mom stood next to me. As dad and I talked I felt her hand touch mine, behind the island, out of dad's view. Her hand pulled my hand toward her body, until my fingers were brushing against the hem of her robe. I knew what mom wanted. I had to move my hand and arm carefully to avoid tipping dad off about what I was doing, so I shifted my body while standing there to distract his attention. While I did so my hand parted the front of mom's robe and went between her legs, which mom had parted cooperatively. My fingers found her sex and one of them dove into her. Mom was wet. I knew she would be.

Dad and I kept talking, while mom stood close to me and my finger wiggled inside her pussy. It must have looked odd to dad to see mom, in a very short white robe, and, obviously, nothing else, standing so close to his son, but he didn't say anything about it. I noticed dad's eyes frequently straying to mom's chest, however, where the robe had parted sufficiently to show some enticing cleavage. Dad may have left mom for a younger woman, but I knew he knew she was beautiful, and her beauty still had a hold on him.

She's mine now, dad, I thought, as my finger enjoyed exploring mom's depths.

After we talked for a few minutes, dad said he had to go, and mom pulled away from me, my finger popping out of her quietly. Dad and I hugged and said goodbye. He and mom said goodbye as well, but with no hugging. He left.

"Were you arguing?" I said. "It sounded like you were arguing."

"Same old stuff," mom said. "He's never happy with the divorce settlement and wanted some more things back. I told him no. Nothing to worry about."

I paused, and said, "That was naughty, what we were doing back there. Right in front of dad."

"What dad doesn't know won't hurt him," mom said. "And it is your birthday."

With that comment, we went back to the kitchen and finished breakfast together. Mom kept her robe on, and nothing further happened between us, but the sash holding the robe together looked awfully loose, and the result was that her thighs and cleavage were giving me an enchanting show. I was hard throughout breakfast. I knew mom was teasing me.

"You have a long day, today, don't you, sweetie?" mom asked me.

"I do," I said, bummed. "School, then work. I'll get off at 6:30." I couldn't imagine how I was going to hold it together thinking about my mom and what might happen when we celebrated my birthday.

"Well, be home at 7 p.m. sharp," she said. "Can you do that?"

"I will be right on time, mom," I said. "Not one minute late."

"That's my boy," she said with a grin. Her hand went to the sash of her robe. She untied it, and it fell open and exposed her. I closed the distance between us and pulled the sides of her robe all the way back.

"Gosh, you're beautiful, mom," I said. It was true. Her nude body was a vision.

"I'm glad you like what you see," she said. "I like when you look at me."

"I want to look at you as much as possible," I said.

"Randy," mom said, uncertainty suddenly clouding her face, "Is this O.K.? What we're doing? I'm not going to mess you up with what we're doing, am I? I want this, but sometimes . . . I don't know. I feel

guilty. I'm your mom. Moms and sons aren't supposed to do this sort of thing."

I tore my eyes away from her hot body and tried to read the meaning in her eyes, which were searching mine.

"It's O.K., mom," I said. "You're not going to mess me up. I want this. I want you. When we were standing in the kitchen across from dad and I had my finger in you, I felt like you were mine. I love that feeling. I love you."

"I love you, too, Randy," she said. "And I like that feeling too -- that feeling of being yours. I want that too."

She put her hands on my shoulders and squeezed them. Then we kissed. I felt just a flash of mom's tongue, and then she pulled away.

"You need to get to school, and I have work to do. Time to get moving."

She closed her robe.

"Keep your cell phone close by," she said. "I may check in with you, from time to time."

"OK," I said, puzzled. Mom obviously had something in mind, and I wondered what it was.

I wanted to spend more time with her to figure it out, but I had a class to go to and I had to hurry.

20 minutes later I was sitting at a desk in the middle of a large, half-full classroom listening to a professor drone on. It was hard to focus. I felt a buzz. It was my phone; the ringer was off out of respect for the class. I held it in front of me below the edge of the desk, so the professor wouldn't see me looking at it. I swiped it and the texting icon showed that a message had come in. I remembered what mom said so I opened it.

I almost jumped in my seat. The photo showed mom from the back, just inside the front door of the house, which was wide open. Mom's hands were on the floor behind and to the side of her, and her legs were spread wide, and she was completely naked. She'd set the phone on a timer, and she had positioned herself where a neighbor in just the right spot would have seen her nude and splayed open. It was shockingly daring, and incredibly erotic.

It was hard for me to believe I really was seeing my mom doing this -- my mom, the respectable, well-liked neighbor and highly regarded human resources manager at a prominent company. I couldn't believe she'd take a risk like that for me.

I became aware suddenly that there were people all around me and that curious eyes might see something I didn't want them to see. I held the phone very close to my chest for one last look and then put the phone away.

The image on the phone was burned into my brain, however, making it even more difficult to follow what the professor said. My body twitched, and I tapped my hands and feet for the remainder of the class. Finally, the class ended, and I escaped.

I thought another text might follow that one quickly, but it didn't. I had to endure two more equally boring classes in a high fever of sexual agitation. At lunch I met with a few friends. Alex and Tucker were among them. We sat at a functional but unlovely concrete bench outside a cafeteria. Alex and I ate sandwiches while Tucker wolfed down slices of oily pizza.

"Hey, Randy," Alex asked, between bites, "How's your mom? Sure was nice of her to help at the football game the other day."

"Yeah," said Tucker, not bothering to swallow the chunks of pizza in his mouth first, "She puts on a great show. The best."

I glowered at Tucker.

"Damn, Tucker," Alex replied, "you are such an asshole! You shouldn't say that to Randy."

The implication was that it was fine for him to say things like that to Alex and Mason when I wasn't there.

"Come on," said Tucker. "We all know Randy's got the hottest mom in the universe. Randy has to know it. And his mom knows it, too. That skirt she wore --"

"Tucker!" I said. I couldn't be that mad at him after all my own impure thoughts about her, but I had to feign disapproval at least. And to tell the truth, I did disapprove somewhat. I felt a twinge of jealousy. My mom is mine, I thought. Stay the fuck away from her, Tucker, I thought.

"All right, all right," Tucker said, raising a pizza-filled hand in surrender. "We'll talk about Mason's mom instead. She's not hot at all. Will that make you guys feel better?"

"Let's leave the moms out of it," said Alex.

"Amen to that," I said.

The phone pinged. I'd turned the volume on again.

I pulled it out and turned the face of it so neither Tucker nor Alex could see it. I was quite sure I knew what was coming and there was no way I was going to share it with them.

I swiped the phone screen and opened the photo from the text message.

It was mom, again, from the waist up. She was dressed in a cream-colored blouse. She appeared to be in a conference room at work, sitting at but facing away from a large table. A good chunk of the table was visible behind her, as were six co-workers sitting around it. I was puzzled. She looked very pretty, of course, but there was nothing sexy about the picture.

Then another ping came. I pulled up the photo from the new email.

Holy shit, I thought.

This photo was taken at the same place, presumably a moment later, mom still turned away from the table. But this photo only showed mom from the waist down. Her knees, parted, were on the sides of the photo, and smack dab in the middle of the photo, framed by her thighs and strikingly short skirt, was her pussy, uncovered by panties. On the fringes of the photo I could make out the legs of other people sitting at the table around her.

I couldn't believe the risks mom was taking. I had no idea how she could pull it off. However she did it, it had its effect. I was amazed and aroused.

"New girlfriend sexting you?" Tucker asked.

I looked away from the phone to my friends, and I realized my mouth was hanging open.

"No, no," I stammered. "It's . . . it's nothing."

"Doesn't look like nothing," Tucker said. "But whatever. You don't have a new girlfriend, do you? You'd tell us, wouldn't you?"

"No, I don't," I said, "and yes, I would. No girlfriend."

I snuck another glance at the photo and put my phone away. It was going to get tricky to conceal my relationship with mom if she kept doing shit like this.

We finished lunch and got up to leave for our next classes. Alex and Tucker wished me happy birthday before we parted.

Mom didn't send any new photos while I sat through my last class of the day, horny and distracted. When class was over I got in my car and drove straight to work.

The store was full of eager customers, who kept me busy and focused away from thoughts of my hot, exhibitionist mom. I had to keep my phone in my pocket. It was a violation of company policy to spend personal time on your phone during work hours.

An hour into my shift, I was talking to a couple about television options when I felt the familiar buzz in my pocket. I wanted to pull the phone out and look at the message, but I had to tend to my customers first. Time dragged as they asked me question after question and vacillated about which TV to choose. Finally, they made their decision. They bought the TV and left. I'd made another customer happy.

I took a bathroom break, almost desperate to see the photo mom had sent me. I threaded my way through aisles of electronics to get to the other side of the store. Once I was in the bathroom I shut myself in a stall. I pulled out the phone and looked at the photo.

I thought by now I couldn't be surprised, but the new photo didn't just surprise me, it staggered me.

The photo showed mom in her private office on the fourth floor, on top of her desk. She was on her knees, with her fingertips pressed against the desk to the side of her, and her chest pushed out. She stared into the phone camera. She was completely naked. Even more amazing was the suction cup dildo fastened to the desk under her

and pushed two thirds of the way up inside her. Behind her I saw part of the door to her office. It was closed. Thank goodness for that.

I knew mom had some privacy in her office, but I didn't know if there was a lock on the door or how often people stopped by. For her to have taken off all her clothes, set up the phone camera, and posed for the photo, would have been time consuming and incredibly risky.

I had to respond to this one. I sent a text message back: :o

It was all I could think to write.

My head was swimming and my cock was harder than ever. It was nearly impossible to stop thinking about mom. But, unfortunately, I had to get back to work, for a while longer.

The hours crawled by, and I checked the time with increasing frequency and urgency. At last, my shift ended. I bolted out of the store, my feet unsteady and out of control in my need to get home.

The sun had set and the sky to the west was a mash of rose and purple. I jumped into my car and sped home. My hands gripped the steering wheel with manic intensity. I was going home, to my mom, to my birthday celebration, and to . . . something. I didn't know what, for sure. But mom had said I would like it.

Interminable minutes later I pulled my car into the driveway. I vaulted out of the car and over the walkway to the front door. The amber glow of the porchlight illuminated a note tacked to the door. The word "Randy" appeared on it in large flowing letters. I opened it and read the short message.

"Come inside, the door is open. Put all your things down in the entryway inside the door, walk to the living room, and sit down in the wooden chair. And wait."

I pulled the door open, my breath nearly choked off with anticipation.

Inside the house, the lights were off. But candles burned everywhere, illuminating the house with a low, flickering glow. Following mom's instructions, I put my backpack down, and I took my phone and wallet and keys and put them on top of the backpack. Mom was nowhere to be seen. The house was perfectly quiet. A big hand-painted paper sign said "Happy Birthday Randy" in neat letters against the entry way wall.

Not knowing where mom was or what else to do, I followed her instructions and walked into the living room. It also was lit up by candles everywhere, but beyond the reach of candlelight it was dark. Chairs and tables had been pushed to the side to clear a large space on the wood floor in the middle of the room. And at one side sat a heavy armless wooden chair, facing into the room.

This is strange, I thought. But I stuck to mom's script and I sat in the chair. I scanned the room and perked up my ears for any sign of mom. I heard nothing for a full minute.

The heavy strum of power chords from an electric guitar suddenly filled the room, and I jumped in the chair seat. The sound enveloped me. It came from several speakers that mom must have set around the room. I hadn't noticed them before in the gloom, but I noticed them now. I recognized the song, too: "Mother", by Danzig. I smiled to myself. Mom had a sense of humor.

And then I saw her. Gliding into the room seemingly out of nowhere, stepping from a dark room corner into the middle of the floor, in front of me. My jaw dropped open and my cock hardened.

You haven't lived until you've seen your mom not only dressed like a stripper but looking every bit the part.

Mom looked the part. Her feet were perched perilously high on clear, plastic platform stripper heels, spread on the floor shoulder-length apart. From the floor my eyes moved up the length of her endlessly long, supple legs to the place where her thighs disappeared under form-fitting, shiny baby-blue shorts, the side seam of which could not have been more than three inches. The front of the shorts veed down to a point that stopped no more than an inch above her sex, if that. Above and beyond the waistband of the tiny shorts mom's long, lightly muscled torso extended up to the bottom of a snug white crop top, which was emblazoned with the words "Hot" and "Mom" in black letters over each jutting breast. Mom had teased or permed her

hair somehow so that it had puffed and swelled into a thick, voluptuous, dirty blond mane. Her hair cascaded wildly over her bare shoulders. She looked like a hot babe from a 1980s music video. But hotter.

She didn't look like a housewife play-acting as a stripper. She looked like a real stripper.

And she moved like one.

After the slow-building introduction, the song burst into a faster rhythm, hard and furious and intense. Mom's body moved with it. Her hips rocked to the song's beat, and her hands moved to its words. Mom's body rocked and swayed in a feral fugue with the song's deep bass line.

For the first time, I realized my mom could really dance. It wasn't an easy song to dance to, either, but mom did it. She stood no more than ten feet from me, hips swaying, and arms raised over her head. At first, she danced facing me, breasts pushed out and hips pushed back. Her loose, blond hair sprayed in every direction as she moved. In a single beat she turned around, and her ass was almost in my face, rocking and twirling to the music.

Mom dropped to the ground, up on her fingertips and on the toes of her high heels. She started twerking at me, her ass pumping up and slashing one way and then another in sync with the music. It was all

I could do to make myself stay in the chair and not jump forward and grab her.

While still on the floor mom sat up, facing away from me, and quickly swept the crop top off her. She wore a tiny bra top underneath. She spun around so I could see it. The fabric was shiny and thin, and the hard points of mom's nipples showed under it. The bra was for show only; it provided no support, and as mom moved to the music her tits jiggled uncontrollably.

Mom's ass hit the floor and lifted off it, and in another quick sweep her little shorts came off, lifted up and along her legs and over the stripper heels until they flew away from her body in a steep arc. Now mom wore only a tiny G-string and bra.

As I watched her I marveled at her skill. She's done this before, I thought. I didn't know when or where, but I knew she'd done this before. There were things about my mom I didn't know, but she was giving me glimpses of her past. I wanted to know it all.

The song reached its fast furious crescendo, and its final chord barely finished before the next song started: another Danzig song -- "She Rides." The frenzy of the first song gave way to the slow, steady, seductive beat of the second.

Mom's body adjusted. It slowed and settled into a sexy and slinky rhythm. She stood and danced closer to me, keeping her eyes on mine. She drew near me. I could barely contain myself on the chair,

but I did. It was mom's show and I didn't want to interrupt it. Just before her knees touched mine she turned around, and she put her thong-clad bottom in my lap. Mom gave me a lap dance, the best imaginable. Her pert ass touched down right where my cock lay under my pants, and she twirled it lightly over me. I pushed up, so she could feel my hardness.

I had reached such a lofty peak of excitement that I knew I'd come in my pants if mom kept going, but she seemed to know that, and before I came her ass lifted off me. She rocked and swayed forward until she was a few feet away, and then she turned around.

Hands went to a clasp between her breasts, and a second later her bra snapped open and the cups sprang free and my beautiful mom's exquisitely beautiful breasts popped out free and boundless and unfettered, offering themselves unimpeded to my hungry eyes. Mom leaned forward, bringing her full, swinging breasts closer to me. I reached a hand out to grab one, but she pulled away. She wagged a finger at me as though to say, "Bad boy."

I stared at mom in a state of rapture and disbelief. By now, I'd seen every inch of my mom's naked, hot body. I'd poked it and probed it and pierced it with my eyes, my hands, my tongue. Her nude body had no more mysteries to offer me. But still it was miraculous, a thing of wonder and transcendent beauty, and I wanted her with every pore and cell of my body. My eyes feasted on her as she danced for me, a tiny thong the only thing holding her body back from full nudity.

She wanted to be nude for me. I could see it in her eyes and in the movement of her body. She swayed and rocked her body and squatted to the ground. Her butt swung down, to the floor, and her elbows braced her body on the ground and her knees came together, and I saw hands hook themselves around the tiny stringy sides of her G-string panties and pull up. The little panties rose off her ass and up her long legs and met the plastic stripper heels. A panty string snagged briefly against one of the heels before it sprang free, and then the G-string went flying through the air before it fell and lay in a small tangled heap on the floor.

Now mom was completely naked. And she wanted me to see her.

She held her legs together and then scissored them across each other before flinging them wide and straight, stripper heels pointing to the walls on either side of the room. Her hand went between her legs and she opened herself to me, lips pulled back and the pink depths of her pussy open and on view.

I couldn't help it. My hand grabbed my crotch. My cock was hard and straining against my pants.

Mom lifted her ass off the ground, legs still wide, pussy still open and exposed and wet. The damp and pink flesh inside mom's opened lips sparkled in the candlelight.

Mom twirled around and backed up her knees and plastic heels, so her ass was no more than a few feet from me. She held her legs and

hands wide on the floor. Her ass swung wild and exposed before my face. Her body traced sinuous curves to the music in that position for over a minute.

Mom stood up and turned around. She rocked and swayed and walked toward me. Her hand went down, pressing against my cock inside my pants. It was uncomfortably hard, and it bent to the side under my pants. Mom's hands went to work, busying themselves over my belt buckle and zipper. The belt buckle came loose and soon mom's hands were pulling my pants down. They slid over my thighs and knees and bunched around my ankles, along with my boxer briefs. I was naked at the waist and my cock stood straight up in a needy salute to my hot mom.

Slender fingers moved forward and took my cock, gripping it and massaging it. Mom masturbated me, but not too fast or too hard. She didn't want me to come yet. Her hips rose, and her legs spread, and she straddled me, and before I knew what was happening my cock, harder and straighter than it had ever been, lay pressed between the lips of mom's pussy.

My hard cock pointed up, its head against mom's clitoris. The thin petals of her pussy, spread to either side, framed my cock's girth, urgently welcoming it inside her. I wasn't inside her yet, but my shaft was pushed up against the wet and raw inside of her, slicked with her fluids, and I knew we were moments away.

Mom never stopped looking me in the eye. Her hand gripped me. It guided me. She rose, and her hand pointed me, and my cockhead

took her direction and in a moment it was poised at her entrance, eager and open and hungry for me.

Mom paused with her hand wrapped around my cock and I shivered with the anticipation of what was about to happen.

Mom and I pushed forward at the same time, and I entered her. It took no more than a second. Mom was in my lap and she pushed down, and I pushed up and I filled her, once and forever.

I fucked my mom. She sat on me and looked at me, with my cock deep inside her.

There is no way to capture in a word or phrase or sentence all that I felt at that moment. The head of my penis lay deep inside my mother, near her cervix. The woman who'd given birth to me now sat on my lap, joined to me cock to cunt. Whatever might happen in the future, this moment could never be undone. My mom was my lover, for good or ill, for now and for all time.

All I could think of was my need and desire for more of her cunt. I grabbed her hips and lifted her and then pulled her back down on me. Mom threw her head back and gasped, so I knew she wanted it too. I took control of the pace, lifting her and pulling her back to me fast and hard, trying each time to push myself deeper insider her.

Mom and I fucked each other. I pushed into her and she pushed down on me. We rocked and pushed and pulled against each other. I thrust deeply inside her, as deeply as I could. Mom's delicious body gave way to me, accepting each fast, needy thrust and welcoming more.

My eyes closed for a few moments to relish the sensation of our fucking, but they opened not long after to enjoy the sight of her. Mom's nude body, lit only by the uneven flicker of candle light, rose and fell before me, on my lap. Her full breasts shook, and her nipples stood out as hard, dark points in the low light. My cock filled her with singular purpose. I needed to release inside her. I needed mom to feel the splash of my cum.

It didn't take much longer. Mom was close, too -- I could tell. Her breathing grew faster and shallower and she whimpered with each of my hard, fast thrusts into her.

"Randy," mom purred, her hands on my neck and in my hair.

"Mom," I growled, my hands hard against her hips to hold her against me.

Mom and I fucked that way -- I don't know how long. Time meant nothing. It bided its time while mom and I moved furiously against each other.

And then, suddenly, I felt her entire body spasm. She cried out and shook. And I let go. All my longing and frustration and need gave way to a single moment of pure fulfilment. My cock emptied itself into my mom's pussy, spurt after spurt after spurt. My hands grabbed her hips hard to make sure she got everything I could give her. I let out a breath of relief and exaltation. At last, my cum was inside my mom, where I wanted it to be.

Mom shook and squealed while my cock emptied itself. We quaked together, and I grasped her body at her waist. Her fingers dug in to my shoulders, almost painfully.

Mom and I quivered and came down from our orgasms together, our arms clutching one another.

Minutes later -- I don't know how many -- I came down from the high of my orgasm and I became aware of the feel of my hands on my mom's body. My fingers splayed out against her bare hips. I squeezed my fingers against her skin.

"Fuck," I said. "I did it. I've got you. I seduced my mom."

Mom's eyes were glazed and unfocused from her fucking-induced stupor, but they refocused quickly at my remark and she stared at me, a playful, knowing smile on her face.

"You seduced me?" she asked. "Is that what you think? Randy, I think you need to know something."

She shifted on my lap, putting a hand to my face and caressing my cheek lightly with her fingers while her pussy remained firmly fixed to my cock.

"I've wanted you for a long time," mom said. "Six months, at least. I remember when it started. You came home after an afternoon run. You weren't wearing a shirt and you were hot and sweaty and for the first time I noticed the muscles in your chest. I was horny and frustrated after the divorce from your dad and I needed a man. Online dating didn't work so well. And then, suddenly, I noticed you. My son. You were more of a man to me than any other men I knew.

"But I felt guilty about it. I was your mom. It wasn't appropriate for me to have those . . . feelings about you. I tried to put them aside.

"But then you caught up to me that day when I was running. I saw the way you looked at me. You were turned on by looking at me. We stood on the hill together and the sun was going down and you looked at me with a look that . . . it melted me. I could see it in your eyes and in the way your body reacted. Am I right?"

"Yeah," I replied. "I'd never thought of you as hot before that. You were my mom. But since that day I haven't been able to think of anything other than how hot you are."

"I could see that," she said. "I saw the hunger in your eyes when you looked at me. And I loved it. I wanted more of it. I showed off to you that night on the sofa. Did you think that was an accident? It wasn't."

I was struck to the bone by what mom was telling me. Everything about the past few weeks between mom and me was different from what I'd thought.

"I wanted you," mom continued, "But I couldn't just come out and say it. So, I let you take charge. I felt bad as your mother wanting you, but I figured if you were the assertive one somehow it would be O.K. And you kept pushing, thank God. I saw the lust in your eyes. You wanted me, and I wanted to give myself to you. But I couldn't do it right away. I had to be sure it was right. It took me a while to figure out that it was. And here we are."

Mom stopped talking and pressed her lips against mine, and I kissed her back. She straddled my lap with my cock standing straight and deep inside her, even though I'd just come.

I thought maybe mom wanted to talk rather than fuck. I began to pull out of her, but mom grabbed my ass and stopped me from doing so. She pressed her head against mine and she spoke softly but urgently into my ear.

"Stay inside me," she said. So, even though we were both spent, we kept fucking.

"I think we crossed a boundary tonight," I said to her. Her hands still were on my ass, pressing me tightly against her, and she started rocking her hips gently against mine.

"I think we should try different boundaries," she said. "Or maybe no boundaries."

Somehow, my cock already was stiffening again, and I felt her wet cunt grip and squeeze my thickening shaft.

I stared into the bottomless depths of my mother's green eyes, shining with love and lust.

"Holy fuck, mom," I whispered. "You are so hot."

"A good mommy wants to look hot for her son," she said.

THE END.

Ogg Comes to the Hangout

This story is submitted as part of the "Pastiches of Oggbashan" Story Event. It is loosely inspired by, if not in any meaningful way related to the plot or characters of, Oggbashan's story "Whorehouse Chapel." It is meant as a tribute to Oggbashan, one of Literotica's most prolific

and versatile authors and one of its most thoughtful and civilized souls.

xxx

Ogg crested the hill and looked ahead. The trail forked at a signpost on the summit. To the right it meandered east along the ridge of the hill. Ogg didn't want that way. He looked left. There, the muddy trail he had followed for many miles wound its way downslope to his destination -- the Hangout.

"It's not much to look at, is it?"

The words came from Ogg's companion Pilo, a puffin, perched on Ogg's shoulder.

"No, it's not," said Ogg. "And I reckon we may find trouble there. But we must go, even so. Tamara is there. We can't leave her in that place."

Ogg squared his shoulders and set his jaw against the hot, steady wind that buffeted his face. It was late afternoon, and the scene below basked in an amber glow from sunlight slanting down from the west. The Hangout was a wild and unpredictable town, a rude and ramshackle jumble of houses, huts, and bars. It was known throughout the Land of Literotica as a place of short temper, unrestrained depravity, and around-the-clock drunkenness.

But, most of all, the Hangout was known for the gang that controlled it: The Authors. No one knew where they came from, or who they were, but they had descended on the Hangout and taken it over two decades earlier, giving names for themselves that everyone knew were not authentic but that no one dared question. They wrote stories -- degenerate stories -- and they ruled the Hangout without mercy or morals.

Satisfied with his reconnaissance, Ogg walked down the hill toward the dubious village. A raven circled and croaked overhead.

"Are you sure we need to do this?" asked Pilo, his feathers ruffled and his orange beak snapping.

"I'm sure," said Ogg. "Tamara is my muse. Or, I guess, she was my muse. Then she left. She left for a long time. But I had to find her. I still have to find her."

"How do you know she's here?" Pilo asked.

"A little bird told me."

"I think I'd know something about that." Pilo flapped his wings in disapproval.

"I don't tell you everything," Ogg replied. "Though, God help me, you're the nosiest bird I've ever known."

Pilo, offended, said nothing for a few minutes as Ogg plodded down the hill. The only sounds were the whoosh of the wind and the squelch of Ogg's boots in the trail, thick with mud from a recent thunderstorm. At last, Pilo broke the silence.

"I don't understand," he said. "Why is Tamara so important to you? Why do we have to risk everything to come to this cesspool?"

"I told you," Ogg said. "She was my muse. I met her several years ago. Before you and I met. She was a tavern wench, serving me flagons of ale at a slovenly beer house at the end of the street in a dirty, no-account town. I found out she was a whore, too. When she wasn't serving beer, she was serving tavern customers in a different way in a room upstairs. She confided to me. She wanted to get away. I paid for her time, but we didn't do any . . . you know. We talked all night. I had to pay extra. But it was worth it."

"Wait a minute," Pilo interjected. "Are you saying you paid for a whole night, and you didn't get any action?"

"Yes," said Ogg. "That's what I'm saying. Though, I must admit, I was tempted. She was beautiful. She had the most exquisite, shapely ass I've ever seen. She bent over when she was getting me a drink. I saw the way her skirt, brown and threadbare, molded her behind. I was smitten. I've never forgotten it."

"Hold on," said Pilo. "You say she had the most beautiful ass, but you didn't actually see it? It was covered. How could you know it was beautiful?"

"I could tell. I'm telling you, Pilo, the sight of it hit me like a hammer. I wanted her. Dear lord, I wanted her. But there was something else about her. I knew right away she was a muse for me. I felt stories surfacing just at the sight of her. So, I had to talk to her. I sat at my table drinking and thinking for hours until her shift was done. Then we went upstairs to her room, I paid for her time, and we talked. We talked for hours. She told me about her life. I was enchanted."

"And of course, that ass --" Pilo said.

"Yes, there was that. I had several opportunities during our time together to stare at her bottom. She caught me once or twice, and she smiled. Eventually, after hours of conversation, she fell asleep, her head against my chest. I slept too.

"When dawn came, I awoke, and I told her I had to leave. I said I'd like to see her again, but I had to leave town that day and didn't know when I could return. She drew close to me, and she kissed me, so softly her lips were like flower petals on mine.

"'I'll save myself for you, Ogg,' she said. I didn't know what she meant, because she was . . . well . . . a whore. I didn't get to ask her to explain, because there was a knock at the door. It was the bar

owner, letting me know my time was up. I left. Our night together was over."

"I hope you got a good story out of it," said Pilo.

"I did. I enjoyed it. 'Whorehouse Chapel.' It's hard to explain it, but one of the characters is a whore named Tamara. And there's a chapel that's haunted by the ghosts of sex-hungry nuns."

"You always did have a twisted imagination," said Pilo.

"You're right about that," said Ogg. "I went back to that town as soon as I could, but by the time I had she had gone. I vowed, then and there, that I would find her before I died, no matter what. It took me a long time to find out she'd come to the Hangout. I've never forgotten Tamara. She's haunted my mind the way those nuns haunted the chapel in my story. And I've heard she's in trouble -- held against her will in this place. I expect there may be danger."

The muddy trail flattened at the base of the hill. A sign greeted them: "The Hangout. Read the Rules. Watch Yourself." Pilo shuddered and shook his head.

"Great," Pilo said. "We're going to die in this town because you've got an ass fetish."

"I don't think we're going to die," said Ogg. "But if we do, it won't be because of that. It will be because we're trying to do something right. And as for that ass -- if you'd seen it, you'd agree with me that it's worth the risk. Are you with me?"

Pilo threw up his wings.

"What else am I going to do?" he said. "I'm a puffin in the middle of this godforsaken, land-locked waste. I'm not likely to last a day without your company. You're the only insurance I've got. Let's go. But please tell me why we are doing this."

"It's the civilized thing to do," Ogg said, without slowing.

"The civilized thing to do. To rescue a whore from a shithole like the Hangout." Pilo flapped his wings. "That's what you're telling me?"

"That's exactly what I'm telling you," Ogg said.

So, they went.

It didn't take them long to find the center of the village: a wide, dirty street lined on either side by unkempt and ugly buildings. The largest, looming before them, was a bar. Sounds of raucous revelry came from within. A disheveled man lay drunk and snoring at the

side of the entrance door. A prominent sign over the door proclaimed the bar's name: "The Red H."

"That doesn't look like a place worth entering," said Pilo.

"From what I hear, this is the place to be," said Ogg. "We're as likely to find out about Tamara's whereabouts here as anywhere else. Let's go."

Pilo rolled his eyes skyward.

"Don't listen to me. I'm just a puffin."

Ogg climbed the steps to the bar's entrance and opened the door. Inside, the light was dim, and it took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust so he could see clearly. Patrons of every size, shape, and color packed the barroom floor. Most of them had an unsavory air. The din was deafening. Two unshaven men arm-wrestled at a small table to the left, a crowd of spectators shouting encouragement and waving bills around them. To the right, a lissome redhead danced on top of a table and pulled her shirt down and off one shoulder, promising to show more to the beer-swilling, whistling mob below her. Everywhere Ogg looked, beer was being chugged and spilled. Anything could happen here, he thought.

He knew he'd come to the right place. Someone here would know where Tamara was. He was sure of it.

Ogg pushed his way through the inebriated horde to the bar counter. It wasn't easy. The crowd was dense and drunk and mostly unresponsive, although he received numerous glances from patrons looking unkindly at the stranger with a bird on his shoulder.

He made his way to the counter. After a few moments he caught the bartender's attention.

"What can I get you, mate?"

"I'll have a pint of the house ale," Ogg said, "and an answer to a question, if you don't mind."

The bartender filled a glass and pushed it across the counter to Ogg.

"What's your question?"

"I'm looking for a young woman," said Ogg. "Her name is Tamara."

The bartender didn't answer right away, giving Ogg a hard stare instead. Ogg noticed that some of the people near him stopped their conversations and looked at him in an equally hard way.

"What do you want with Tamara?" the bartender asked after a long pause.

"She's a good friend. I'm worried about her. I need to see her."

The bartender paused again, staring at Ogg for a long time. He grabbed the shoulder of an assistant carrying a towel and whispered something into his ear that Ogg couldn't hear. The assistant hurried off and disappeared.

Ogg noticed that more people were looking in his direction, and none of them were looking in a friendly way. The bartender turned away from Ogg and served pints to other customers.

"Excuse me," Ogg said, raising his voice. "Where is Tamara?"

The bartender said nothing and did not look at Ogg. To Ogg's right, though, there was a murmur in the crowd, and when Ogg looked that way he noticed the people parting and leaving open space on the floor before him.

A figure emerged from a dark recess in the bar. He was tall and thick all over: thick neck, thick arms, and thick waist. His face was wide and pasty and blank, unintelligent and menacing.

"What did you say?" the pale-faced, thick man asked.

"I said, where's Tamara?" Ogg asked.

"Who wants to know?" asked the large man.

"Well, I do," Ogg said. "My name is Ogg. Who are you?"

The big man paused, and he looked both ways around the bar, as though to size up the support he had in the event of a fight.

"I'm Momson," he said. "I'm the chief of the Authors. My stories are more popular than any of the others'."

Ogg saw a flurry of movement around the thick man's feet.

"Shit," said Pilo. "Penguins. I hate those fuckers."

Pilo was right. A waddle of penguins, too many to count, shuffled about the floor, surrounding Momson. Ogg knew Pilo's dislike of penguins ran deep. It had something to do with an unpleasant incident on the Galapagos Islands, long ago. Pilo never told Ogg the full story, but he told enough to evince his loathing of the uncouth, black- and white- feathered, flightless waterfowl. The penguins squawked and glared at the newcomers.

Ogg was undeterred by the presence of the penguins. He held his gaze on Momson.

"I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, sir," he said. "I'm looking for Tamara, a friend. I heard she was here. I'd like to see her. Is she here -- at this bar?"

Momson did not move, but his face twisted itself into a hostile mask.

"She's busy," he said. His dull eyes remained on Ogg's. He didn't move his feet but Ogg saw his body quiver like that of a snake about to strike. "She doesn't want to see you."

"Well, I'd like to ask her myself about that," said Ogg. "I think she'd like to see me."

Ogg and Momson stood their ground and stared at each other, neither moving. The penguins swirled around Momson's feet and squawked more loudly and menacingly at Ogg and Pilo.

"Ogg!" came a cry from an unseen part of the bar overhead. Ogg recognized the voice. It was Tamara.

"Tamara!" he yelled back.

His eyes searched the darkness for her. He didn't see her at first. But then he did, at the top of a staircase, pushing her way past people to the first floor. She paused when she reached the bottom and stared at Ogg across the room.

"Ogg, what are you doing here?"

"I've come to get you. To take you away."

Before Tamara could say anything, the bulk of Momson interceded between the two of them.

"She's not going anywhere," he said. His face was dangerous, and the penguins swirled in agitation around his feet. A few other men around Ogg drew closer. They weren't as big as Momson, but they looked almost as scary.

Ogg was armed, and capable with weapons, but he was outnumbered, not to mention surrounded. If a fight happened, the odds weren't good. But Ogg had other another plan. He reached swiftly under his coat. The sudden movement roused the alarm of those threatening him, and their hands went searching for their own weapons. Before anyone else could do more, however, Ogg withdrew his hand from his coat. The crowd stopped moving when it saw what his hand held.

It held a flute, of pure silver, gleaming in the dim barroom light. The flute twirled in Ogg's fingers.

Momson's face slackened with surprise. Nobody said anything for several seconds. The crowded bar grew quiet, its patrons waiting in silence to see what would happen. All eyes were on Momson, or on Ogg. Then Momson's eyes crinkled and his mouth screwed itself into a mean, stupid grin.

"Are you going to play for us? You're the entertainment, is that it?"

Ogg smiled back. "Something like that."

He brought one end of the flute to his mouth and puckered his lips. His eyes scanned the crowd and they twinkled. The crowd obviously didn't know what to make of this stranger with a bird on his shoulder and a flute in his hands.

Ogg played.

At first, the notes came soft and low, barely audible even in the quiet room. But after playing a short, slow introduction, Ogg moved into the main theme of his song, the sound of his flute soon filling the bar at a higher volume and faster tempo. Ogg's music had a baroque air, the notes flowing from his slender instrument with measured grace and mathematical precision. Ogg stood perfectly still, adding no flourishes or dramatic gestures to his performance.

Out of the corner of his eye Ogg saw Pilo looking around at the crowd, his beak open in wonder. Nobody moved. The crowd stood transfixed. Ogg noticed Momson's pale, heavy face wrinkled in annoyance.

"Wait, what are you --" Momson started to say, raising his hand. But he stopped, and his hand fell to his side. Momson stood stupidly, staring at Ogg, motionless, and he listened without resistance to Ogg's flute-playing.

Ogg played on, the notes from the flute bouncing sweetly around the barroom, the melody rising and falling like a caper across gentle hills. His playing had its effect. The barroom crowd stood all around him with glazed eyes and slack jaws. It was time. Ogg looked across the crowd, to Tamara. She, too, stood with glassy eyes, but Ogg caught her gaze and winked. She shook her head. For her alone, the spell was broken. Ogg nodded to her but kept playing. Tamara drew back into the crowd, out of sight, but a minute later she reappeared, a satchel in her hand. Tamara pushed through the still crowd until she stood next to Ogg.

Ogg turned around, to the door, and slowly walked toward it, gently shouldering bodies out of the way where necessary. Nobody hindered him. Tamara followed, her hand on his shoulder. Ogg kept playing until he reached the door. He turned back to the barroom mob and took the flute from his mouth.

"You won't need Tamara anymore," he said to the unresponsive throng. "Don't look for her."

He played again and finished his song with a flourish of clear, decisive notes. Then Ogg and Tamara walked out the door.

"What just happened?" Tamara asked.

"A trick I picked up a while ago," Ogg said. "I don't use it too often, but this seemed like the right time. Sometimes it's better to tame the beast than to slay it."

"Are they going to come after us?" she asked.

"No. I told them not to. They'll forget all about us. But I suggest we leave, even so. If we stay here, we may give them new ideas. There's no need for that."

Ogg led her back to the trail whence he and Pilo had come. The sun hung low in the sky, near the horizon. The shadows were long and dark. The hot wind had abated to a warm breeze.

They trudged back up the muddy trail until they reached the summit of the hill once more, marked by the signpost they'd seen before. They stopped to take in the view. Ogg looked at Tamara. She was as

beautiful and shapely as he remembered, and her eyes sparkled at him.

"I think we're safe here," Ogg said. He looked back, toward the Hangout. The squalid town faded in the deepening gloom that obscured the valley floor below. There was no sign of anyone on the trail coming after them.

Tamara hugged Ogg.

"Thank you, Ogg!" she cried. "I can't believe you came for me. That place was awful. Those Authors. You can't imagine the depraved things they --"

Ogg raised his hand to cut her off.

"You don't need to tell me, or to think about that now. You're free of them. I'll take you away. You can be my muse again."

"Your muse?" she said, eyebrows raised.

"It's a long story, but you inspired me, Tamara. I couldn't forget about you. I've thought about you, ever since. Every day. I --" He stopped and stared without speaking for a moment. "I think I love you, Tamara."

"Oh, Ogg," she said. She put her arms around him again and kissed him, and he kissed her back. The sun lay very close to the horizon now, but it still bathed them in warmth and a golden glow. Tamara's body felt good in Ogg's arms. At last, they broke their embrace and looked into each other's eyes.

"How can I repay you?" she asked.

"You don't have to. Getting you back is reward enough."

She said nothing for a moment, but her eyes gleamed and the corners of her lips turned up in a coy smile.

"That's sweet of you, but I have something in mind."

"What is it?" Ogg asked.

"I saved myself for you. Like I said I would."

"Whatever can you mean, my dear? I don't see how that's possible."

Her body against his, Tamara began turning around. She craned her neck to maintain her gaze into Ogg's eyes while she could until her body turned so far that she could crane her neck no more. Ogg felt her hip against him, rotating, until her pert, round backside was

pressed against his groin. She pushed back. Ogg felt something stir, and he groaned.

"Oh, Tamara."

"I saved myself for you, Ogg," she said again, this time in a breathy whisper. Ogg felt the warm breeze kiss his face, and somewhere an insect buzzed. The breeze embraced them both in a scent mixed of fresh grass and wildflowers.

Understanding dawned over Ogg.

"You mean --"

"Yes," she said. "I may be a whore, but I set my limits. Many men have had me. But they haven't had all of me." She ground her bottom against him again, and Ogg knew now that she could feel his hardness.

A voice squawked to Ogg's side.

"Don't mind me," said Pilo. He jumped off Ogg's shoulder, to the ground. "I'll give you two some time to get reacquainted. I'll go watch the sunset."

The grumpy puffin hopped away through the grass on the hilltop, until he was out of sight.

Tamara kept grinding her ass against Ogg's hardening cock. It moved in slow circles against him, until it stopped and began moving in the opposite direction. Ogg's hands gripped her hips, his thumbs pointing down and inward and pushing against the cheeks of her ass through her brown dress. The fabric of her dress was thin, and it was easy to feel her body under it. He began to knead her ass through the thin cotton with his thumbs. The feel of her flesh beneath the dress was pure bliss.

"That feels so good," she said.

"Feels good to me, too," said Ogg.

"Follow me," Tamara said.

"Where are we going?"

In reply, Tamara scooted forward a few feet, to the signpost. She put her hands on the top of the post, and she pushed her butt back toward Ogg, offering it to the further attention of his hands. Ogg didn't wait. He clasped a hand to each eager, waiting cheek.

The fingers of his hands spread wider, stretching over as much of her ass as they could. Ogg was mesmerized. So many years had gone by, and now, at last, Tamara's ass paraded before him, available for his eyes and his hands. He squeezed and massaged the soft cheeks. Tamara moaned.

As Ogg rubbed and caressed Tamara's ass, her dress rode up. Soon, with Ogg's fingers working vigorously, kneading and massaging her ass, the hem of her dress hung no more than an inch below her still-hidden sex. Ogg saw no trace of knickers under the dress. His curiosity got the best of him, and he kept pushing his hands forward and up, without stopping the steady rubbing of Tamara's cute butt. He wanted to see more.

Tamara performed a little twerk for Ogg then, wagging her ass up and down in a rapid rhythm. With every upstroke the back hem of her dress, already perilously high, flew up and exposed some of the bare flesh of her ass cheeks and the sweet vertical crack between them. Ogg was in heaven. He didn't think he'd ever seen anything so lovely, and he kept his hands off Tamara for a minute so he could watch the loveliness of her dance for him. His heart raced and his cock, fully hard, strained against the heavy cotton of his trousers.

Tamara stopped, and she stood up and turned around. Her hands reached down and in one grand sweep she lifted her brown dress up and over her head and tossed it to the side. She stood naked in front of Ogg, her body pale but lit like fire from the orange glow of the setting sun. A warm gust of air from the west caught her hair and lifted it to the side. Tamara posed before Ogg as a vision of sinuous,

feminine curves. Pink nipples lay bare to his eyes, as did the soft, light patch of down that did not quite conceal the cleft between her legs.

"Tamara --" Ogg started. But she stopped his words with a thin finger to his lips. She stepped closer to him, and he gathered her in his arms and kissed her.

They kissed softly at first, but then with increasing urgency and passion. Ogg's hands swept over Tamara's nude back and waist and Tamara's fingers curled into the hair at the nape of Ogg's neck. Their mouths pressed hard against each other and their tongues danced together. Ogg reached below and cupped Tamara's bare ass cheek in his hand. Their hearts beat faster and their breaths grew louder, until they were writhing against and clasping each other. Ogg couldn't believe what was happening. Tamara's nude body was a wonder in his arms.

Tamara pulled back from him.

"Take me," she said. "Take me, Ogg."

She turned and put a hand on the top of the signpost, but with the other hand she reached into her satchel on the ground. It came away with a thin tube. She turned her face back to Ogg with a naughty grin, holding the tube out to him.

"Lube," she said.

"Wow, you actually brought that with you?" Ogg asked, grabbing the tube.

"Be prepared," Tamara said. "Whore's motto."

She turned back, away from Ogg. She gripped the signpost tightly and turned her naked ass up toward Ogg's face.

Ogg gasped at the lovely sight: the bare, bubbly cheeks, the dangling lips of her cunt, the flower of her anus with all its untapped promise. Ogg opened his trousers, and his cock sprang free and bobbed, stiff and straight, in Tamara's direction. Ogg squeezed a thick, gloopy line of the lube over the length of his shaft, dousing the engorged, purple head with an extra dollop. Then he held the tube over Tamara's ass and squeezed it until a chunky stream of it plopped onto the top of her crack, where it trickled down, between her cheeks, toward her puckered hole.

"Oh!" Tamara cried. "It's colder than I thought. Tickles."

"I'll warm it up," said Ogg, from deep in his throat. His civilized veneer was cracking. He felt like a feral beast, growling and rutting and ready to take the virgin ass of the lovely, naked woman bent over in front of him.

Virgin ass. The idea thrilled him. She had been a whore for what -- years and years? -- and there was no telling how many men had lain with her. But she'd kept her ass pure and unfilled for him. His cock stood ready to fill it for the first time.

But the idea worried him as much as it thrilled him.

"Tamara," he said, voice faltering, "I'm not going to hurt you, am I?"

"No. You won't hurt me. I've played with myself there with . . . toys. It will be fine. But go slow, OK?"

Ogg was in no hurry. Despite the urgency of his need, he wanted to savor every moment of what was about to happen.

"I will," he said. "I promise."

With his hand gripping the shaft of his prick, Ogg pushed the head against the closed ring of Tamara's ass until it hit her center like a bullseye. He swept his cock up and down and around, directing the lube with the swollen head until as much of it as possible gathered and mounded around her back entrance.

Ogg reached his left hand around the side of Tamara and pulled her toward him. His right hand steadied his cock over the center of her ass. Ogg pushed forward.

The tip of his cock met her closed ass hole and stopped. The gate shut fast. He rotated his cock head in and around the sealed hole, dipping it in and pressing and then withdrawing it, then dipping it in again, trying each time to break down its resistance.

"Mmmmmm," said Tamara. "That feels good."

"I'm not even inside yet," Ogg said, his voice thick with lust but tinged with frustration, too.

"It feels good anyway, feeling you on me like that. It's going to feel even better in a minute when you're inside me."

Ogg wasn't sure he would get inside her, because so far, her ass had resisted him. He put the cock tip right at the hole again and pushed, this time a little harder. It gave. Not much, but it gave, enough to encourage him. He pulled his left hand from her waist and lay it against her ass cheek, pulling the cheek to the side to see if that would open her up more. It did, just a little, and his cock tip pushed into her just a tiny bit more. Ogg took a deep breath and reveled in the sight of her wide-spread ass, the rosy ring of skin around her back entrance stretched thin.

Rather than keep pushing, Ogg rotated the head again, trying to widen the entry hole and to prepare her depths for his next push. He pressed forward again. This time the tight ring of her ass loosened, just a smidgen, and his head slipped forward. Not all the way, but

enough to feel the delicious clasp of her ring against the bulk of his cock head. He pushed again, slowly but firmly, until the helmet of his prick disappeared entirely with a delicious plop into Tamara's snug hole.

Tamara gasped.

"Are you OK?" he asked. He loved how firmly her ass gripped his cockhead, but he didn't want to hurt her.

"Yes, yes," she said, her words punctuated by fast breaths.

He pushed again. The lube helped. Her ass was tight, but with so much lube slicking the way his cock moved steadily forward. He stopped and pulled back, and then pushed forward again. A third of his thick, engorged shaft was inside her now. A deep growl rose from inside Ogg's chest and he let it out in a bellow of lust and need.

He pushed again, forward, onward, this time not stopping, the lubricated cock drilling its way inside her, overcoming the resistance of her body.

"Wait!" Tamara cried.

"Are you hurt?" Ogg asked.

"No, it's good. It's great. It's just . . . I feel so full. Give it a second."

Ogg waited. His erection wasn't going anywhere. He stopped his forward movement and resumed the effort to rotate his cock inside her, widening her and preparing her for the next and final thrust.

He paused a little more, to give Tamara time to catch her breath. His cock was a beast, coiled to spring. He felt its thickness, gripped on all sides by Tamara's ass. When he thought she was ready, he let her have it.

Ogg pushed forward again, in a steady, determined movement. Tamara's ass submitted to him. The head penetrated her interior, all the way, and the lube-slicked shaft passed through the tight ring of her entrance until it disappeared completely.

He'd done it. He'd fucked her ass. His cock had vanished inside her. All he could see was the pink circle around her anus crowning the point where they were joined.

He paused then, for a moment, to enjoy the feeling of being fully and completely united with his long-lost muse. Every sense was alive in the moment: the grip of her body on him, the nature smells in the air, the balmy breeze like baby's breath on his skin, the ambient music of birds and insects. He couldn't remember ever having experienced a moment of such pure, ecstatic sensation.

He raised his face to heaven. The raven from earlier in the day circled over him, closer this time. He heard its call and he closed his eyes to salute it.

Then he opened his eyes and looked down again, to Tamara's ass, and the animal growl rose in him once more. It was time for some hard ass fucking.

He pulled back slowly, not entirely, maybe just half-way, and then stroked back into her. He heard a low moan come from her. Her body writhed, and his eyes delighted in tracing the curve of her back from top to bottom -- the light muscling of her shoulders, the exquisite thinning of her waist, the womanly flaring of her hips and ass.

He pulled out again, a little farther this time, until not much more than just the head remained inside her.

This time Tamara took the lead and pushed back against him. He pushed at the same time, all the way, until his pubic bone smacked against her ass. Her insides still gripped him with animal strength, and to Ogg the delicious resistance her ass offered was nothing like the more familiar smooth fucking of a woman's cunt. But by now Tamara's rear hole had been readied and loosened and lubricated just enough that he could start ass-fucking her in steady, deep strokes. The joinder of his cock with her ass was bliss. Ogg could tell from the way Tamara pushed slightly against him and turned her head back toward the sky and steadily moaned his name that she felt the same way.

The feeling of being fully inside her, where no man had been inside her before, was pure and perfect. He loved this woman, had loved her for years, had wanted her for years, and now he had her, in the best way possible, with the sun setting on them as he fucked her deep and hard in her tight behind.

He sped up. The lube was doing its job, enabling him to drill into and draw out of her over and over with a steady rhythm and quickening pace, filling her to her depths with every forward stroke. But Ogg wanted more. His hand gripped Tamara's thigh and he picked her right leg off the ground, splaying it to the side, Ogg hoping that by stretching her in this way he could plunge even more deeply inside her. He pushed hard and fast, and Tamara's squeal let him know he succeeded. He held her that way and stroked in and out of her with abandon.

"So good, Ogg," Tamara said over her grunting.

"Yes, my dear," said Ogg. "The best."

Tamara's body now bucked and twisted under the onslaught of Ogg's hard cock in her ass. Unsteady on only one foot, she would have collapsed had Ogg not kept such a tight grip on her waist and thigh. Ogg saw Tamara take one hand off the post and whip it back between her thighs. Looking down, past his pistoning cock shaft, he saw her dainty fingers flicking between her pussy lips and over the

pink button of her clit. The sight of the open slit of Tamara's pussy, together with his hard ass-fucking of her, aroused Ogg even more.

He felt the tell-tale tingle, coming from inside him.

"I'm going to come soon, Ogg," Tamara said. "I can't believe how good this feels."

"I will too, Tamara," Ogg said. "I'm going to come inside you. Inside your ass."

"Yes, I want that," she cried. "Fuck me and fill my ass with your cum."

Ogg groaned and kept up the pace. It was coming soon. He could feel it. His long-delayed need for her was nearly satiated at last, and finally, after a few more unbridled thrusts, he felt the triggering of his release, the climax of his lust and desire. A shudder shot through his body.

Tamara must have felt it and responded, because her body shook as well.

"I'm coming, Ogg!" she shouted, to nobody but Ogg and the setting sun.

Ogg thrust hard in response to her cry.

"Oh!" she shrieked. Her body spasmed against him.

Ogg felt the welling up inside him, and he shook when release came. He sped up his strokes to usher the release to its end. He felt his cock throb as his cum gushed forward, from deep inside him, coursing through his raging shaft, and finally spurting into Tamara's depths.

The release seemed endless, rollicking on and on, pushed ahead by Ogg's relentless hard thrusts into Tamara's ass. On and on he pushed, as he erupted inside her in rapid, riotous pulses. Each eruption was better than the last.

Finally, he could tell he was almost done, and he slowed the pace of his stroking. Tamara's body went limp under his hands, and her torso slumped while she kept herself upright only by gripping the signpost with white-knuckled fingers.

Ogg continued moving inside her, slowing, his urgent stroking giving way to gentle rocking.

Ogg looked all around, at the resplendence of the day nearing its end, the curtain of twilight drawing down for the night on his scene with Tamara, a scene abundant with lust, love, and life.

Had he ever lived a better moment than this one? Ogg didn't think so.

"My God, that felt fantastic," he heard Tamara say, still panting.

Ogg pulled back, and his cock left Tamara's anus with a faint "pop." Her ass, perfect and round, glowed in the final, fading rays of tangerine light from the setting sun. Ogg marveled at the sight of his cum flowing from her dark, open bud in lambent streams down her firm, muscled thighs.

"God in heaven!" he cried. "Thank you, my dear."

Tamara held her body still, but she turned her head around to look Ogg in the face and she smiled at him with love and lust and gratitude.

"Thank YOU, Ogg," she said. "Thank you for everything."

She wiggled her ass before him. The sun dropped below the horizon and dim light turned to purple shadow.

Ogg smiled to himself. His task was done.

You see, the civilized get their reward -- in the end.

One Night in Mordor

"T'was in the darkest depths of Mordor, I met a girl so fair."

Led Zeppelin

The following is an excerpt from the tale of the ending of the Third Age of Middle-earth, in the days just before the destruction of the Ring of Doom and the end of the Realm of Sauron. This tale was omitted from the commonly known story, but it is hereby added to bring the tale to completion, this chapter taken from a scroll written by the Elven scribe Alina, as told to her by her cousin Eladria, daughter of Eladar, chief huntsman of the Greenwood Elves during the reign of King Thranduil.

Eladria ran at a brisk, steady pace, nimble feet leaping over black and jagged rocks. The Halflings were ahead of her, close by -she was sure of it. She would do everything she could to catch up to them and help them fulfill their quest: casting the One Ring into the fires of the mountain in which it had been forged and destroying it forever. She had pledged herself to that goal months earlier, over the protests of everyone she knew, even her distant cousin, Lord Elrond.

The sulfurous stench of Mordor rose all around her. Its fumes were suffocating. The barren, lifeless plain of Gorgoroth spread out in every direction. Overhead, an oppressive darkness blocked out nearly all trace of the setting sun. Before her, rising from the gloom, loomed Eladria's destination - the dark, massive cone of Mount Doom, capped in fire and smoke.

Her mouth clenched as she ran toward her goal and recalled the events of the day she had made her decision, two months earlier. She had arrived at Rivendell too late, after the fellowship already had left, headed south on its quest to destroy the One Ring. Eladria rode into Rivendell, weary from many leagues of travel, bidding leave to speak with its master, Lord Elrond.

Elrond agreed to speak with her. It was early January when they met. The chill of winter pierced the air as they talked.

"Lord Elrond," she said. "I must join the fellowship. I can help them on their way to Mordor and Mount Doom."

Elrond looked long at her before responding.

"It is too late, Eladria," he said. "The company of the ring has gone south. We do not know where they are. We do not know what path they have taken. Were you to follow them, it would be unlikely you would find them. Your pursuit would be more likely to alert the enemy's spies than to help the fellowship."

Eladria shook her head.

"Lord Elrond, you know my father, Eladar. He is the greatest tracker and huntsman among all the Elves. He has taught me all that he knows. I know that I can help the fellowship in its quest. I know it."

"I am sorry, Eladria," Elrond said. "But it is too late. The fellowship has gone on its way. But we have need of you. The war ahead will come here, to Imladris, and we will need every stout wielder of a sword available to us to fight our foe when he comes. Stay here and join us."

Eladria nodded but said nothing. The next day, before dawn, against Elrond's wishes, she left Rivendell in pursuit of the fellowship of the ring. She ran, day after day, south from Rivendell, through the fields of Hollin, alongside the forbidding westward wall of the Misty Mountains, watching every sign of tracks of the company ahead of her. Surmising that they would have to cross the mountains, she climbed and surmounted the Redhorn gap. She scrambled down the eastern side of the mountains and soon reached the woods of Lorien. There she learned from her Elven kin that the fellowship had left the woods only days before her arrival. After receiving the Lady Galadriel's blessing, she pursued the company in a small boat down the Anduin River.

With skills that would have made her father proud, and with a bit of luck as well, Eladria tracked the Hobbits all the way to Minas Morgul, the fell gateway to Mordor on the western edge of the Mountains of Shadow. She followed in their footsteps up the steep rock-hewn stairs in the mountainside, but she was able to bypass the fortress of Cirith Ungol by taking a secret passage shown on a map her father had given her. After cresting the jagged spine of the mountains, she descended quickly to the plain of Gorgoroth. She had the good fortune to encounter few Orcs. She slew those she met with swift strokes from her sword.

Twilight turned to evening, and darkness enfolded her, but the dim glow of fire from Mount Doom, now in the near distance, lit her way. She knew the Hobbits were close. Every instinct told her they were.

She was grateful for the oncoming darkness, because the flat, featureless land around her afforded little opportunity to hide. Her gray Elven cloak provided some cover at a distance, but up close a female Elf with long blond hair and sky-colored eyes would stand out in Mordor whether cloaked or not. She hoped to avoid being seen by staying off the major roads and by finding the Hobbits before the next day dawned. She reckoned that if she found them, she could help them reach the slopes of Mount Doom before the end of the following day.

As night fell everything grew dark, except the glow coming from the distant eminence of Mount Doom. Eladria's keen Elven sight enabled her to see the way ahead despite the darkness, and she ran across the lifeless plain at a speed no man or Orc or hobbit could match.

Her head suddenly exploded with pain, and she fell to the side. She almost passed out. Something had hit her. She struggled to get to her feet, but not fast enough. Orcs, moving swiftly and working together, surrounded her, grabbed her, and secured her with thick, greasy ropes.

"Good shot with that rock, Iglitz!" said one.

"Gash!" said another. "What's this? An elf maiden in Mordor? That's a pretty picture! What will we do with this one, Grishnak?"

"Hold her tight, Uzgart," said another one. "She may be a female, but she carries a sword and I'll wager she can use it."

Eladria's vision clouded from the pain of the blow she suffered, but she could see there were four Orcs around her. They were large for Orcs, and their breath stank. They took her sword from her and lay it to the side. One bound her legs while two others held down her arms. The one called Grishnak, the largest and ugliest, loomed over her.

"A she-elf in Mordor," he said with a nasty grin. "Don't think as I've ever seen that. And a pretty one, don't you think, Uzgart?"

Grishnak stretched a knobbed hand forward and pawed at Eladria's tunic. She writhed to get away from it, but the Orcs' combined strength holding down her limbs was too great.

"What do you say we have a little fun with this, one, eh?" Grishnak said. "We've got a bit of time."

Uzgart shook his head.

"Orders are to move north, Grishnak," he said. "There's a big battle brewing, or so they say. The Nazgul will be watching. They won't take kindly if they find us straggling."

"Who's to say they'll find us?" asked Grishnak, as his hand closed over the fabric over Eladria's chest. "It won't take us long to have some fun with this one. I haven't had me an elf, and I think I want one."

With two rough hands Grishnak ripped open Eladria's tunic. The pale, round fullness of her Elven breasts lay bared to them. Eladria struggled in vain.

"Oooh, look at this!" Grishnak chortled. "She is a pretty one. Let's see more of her."

Eladria tried to free herself of the Orcs' grip, but there were too many of them. They were too strong. She looked around at their faces. Doubt at the wisdom of Grishnak's idea had given way to lust. It sickened her to think of what they wanted to do, but against four of them she could do nothing.

She heard a loud thud, and the head of the Orc holding her right arm suddenly fell to the side. Eladria didn't know what happened, but she didn't wait to find out. Her right arm, suddenly free, shot out and grabbed her sword. She swung it round in a low arc until it met Grishnak's heel. She felt the blade slice through muscle and hit bone. Grishnak let out a piercing shriek.

Something flew across her field of vision and struck the face of the other Orc - the one holding her left hand. Instinctively, he pulled a hand away from Eladria to his face. Eladria moved fast. She pulled her sword out of Grishnak and with lightning quickness swung it at the Orc on her left. Its point entered his breast, inches from his neck. Dark, Orcish blood spurted forth. Meanwhile, Eladria saw rocks flying through the air from an unknown source, one after another, striking her captors with remarkable accuracy. The rocks distracted the Orcs enough to give Eladria her chance. With a mighty stroke she smote another Orc, the one at her feet, with a blow to the head. He fell over with a low groan.

Her feet and hands now free, Eladria leapt to her feet. Before the Orcs could make any sense of what was happening, she swung her sword a few more times. The Orcs fell around her, dead before they could draw their own swords.

Quickly collecting her wits, Eladria looked all around her. No more Orcs stood nearby. But a small figure did, only a few paces away, in ragged, dirty clothes and bare, hairy feet. She saw defiance and wonderment in his face. Eladria knew at once she had found the Halflings she sought.

"You must be Samwise Gamgee," she said.

He looked back at her, nonplussed, and he didn't answer her right away.

"That I am, my lady," he said at last. "And you're . . . you're an Elf. But I haven't met you and I'm sorry, I don't know your name, and I can't imagine what you're doing in this place."

"I am Eladria, daughter of Eladar, chief huntsman of the Greenwood. I've come to help you and Frodo reach Mount Doom and fulfill your quest. Where is Frodo? Is he nearby?"

"He is, lady," said Sam, eyes darting around and evidently embarrassed in the company of a beautiful Elf woman. Eladria caught his eyes straying to her chest. She'd forgotten her tunic was torn open, exposing her pale, lithe, Elven body. She closed a hand around the front.

"You saved me, Master Samwise," she said. "You're skilled at throwing rocks. I thank you for that."

"Oh, don't thank me, lady. It wasn't nothing. I was nearby and I saw them attack you. I snuck up on 'em while they were distracted. Two blows and you were able to take care of the rest with your sword."

"It was a courageous deed, even so," she said. "But I fear we have no time for thanks. Where is Frodo?"

Sam looked Eladria in the face, a trace of the defiance remaining, mixed with fear and uncertainty. But Eladria saw it soften, and it was clear to her Sam knew she understood the purpose of her quest.

"Come with me, my lady," he said. "We have to be quick. Master Frodo isn't well."

Eladria followed Sam over a slight rise and down into a shallow depression in the rock, where the second Hobbit lay. Sam was right: Frodo didn't look well. He sprawled upon the ground, pale and shivering, dark rings around his eyes. He groaned faintly.

"Frodo," she said, "My name is Eladria. I've come to help you reach Mount Doom. We have no time to tarry. Can you walk?"

Frodo's eyes locked on Eladria's and flickered with understanding, but he said nothing. She turned to Sam.

"How long has he been like this?" she asked.

"Just today, my lady," said Sam.

"What has he eaten?"

"Just some lembas," said Sam. "That's all we have left."

Eladria stood up and scanned the horizon in every direction. Her torn tunic swept to the side as she turned this way and that, exposing a shapely, pale Elvish breast. When she looked back at Sam, he had turned away, and his face flushed. She looked down at her chest and saw a pale pink nipple exposed. Eladria felt no shame or modesty but realized that the Hobbit's sensibilities might be different from her own. She closed the remnant of the tunic over her chest as best she could.

"There are no Orcs nearby right now, but we have to assume more will come soon," she said. "We must get Frodo moving."

She shook her head.

"If only I had Athelas," she said. "That might revive him. But I have none with me. I have no medicines of any kind."

She stared at Frodo for a full minute, pondering what to do, and turned back to Sam. He gazed at Frodo, obviously worried, and obviously at a loss. The Hobbit looked stout and strong, but he would not be able to carry his companion all the way to Mount Doom. Eladria thought she might be able to do it, but they would all move faster if Frodo could move on his own. Sam turned his eyes from Frodo to Eladria, and she noticed his gaze flickering toward the bare skin of her exposed torso and chest. The red blush on his cheeks showed through despite the tan that lay over his skin from weeks of travel under the sun.

Eladria, at last, realized there was only one thing to do.

It was a ritual known to all Elves, but not shared by them with any other race - Lathlanias, the sharing of the life force. Through this ritual, in an extreme situation where an Elf's life was on the brink, an Elf might be revived through the sharing of life force with another Elf.

Eladria had never heard of the ritual being exchanged between an Elf and a Hobbit. She didn't know if it would work. But there was nothing else to do. Frodo had to be revived, or the quest would fail.

Her arms pulled the tunic back from her chest, and then down from her arms and off her. She stood bare-chested before the Hobbits now, her breasts full and firm and round.

Just as quickly, she peeled the breeches down her legs, until they pooled at her ankles and she stepped out of them. Elves wear no underwear, so now Eladria's nude body, in all its Elvish magnificence, lay exposed to Sam's eyes.

Sam opened and closed his mouth like a fish thrown out of the water, gasping for breath.

"My lady," he cried, "What are you doing?"

"I have no choice, Master Samwise," she said. "I have to revive Frodo, and this is the only way I know how."

The naked Elf crouched near Frodo, and her nimble hands went to his breeches. She yanked them down. Frodo's Hobbit-cock lay before her. It was limp, but larger than she would have guessed. Eladria's eyebrows arched with surprise. Though he might be half a man in height, he wasn't half a man in cock size.

This might be pleasurable, Eladria thought.

She took his member into her hand. She bent down. She took him into her mouth. Her full, Elvish lips closed over Frodo's cock head. Frodo moaned. She looked up and saw Samwise staring at her, eyes round like saucers and mouth agape.

She swirled her tongue over Frodo's Hobbit cock, and she felt it stir. A good sign. The life force was still in him. She grew more confident that her ministration of the Lathlanias ritual would revive the Halfling.

She removed the cock from her mouth and then tended to it by licking it in slow strokes from base to shaft. When her tongue reached the tip, she swirled it around the pee hole and then started at the base again, repeating the movement again and again.

Frodo's cock hardened, rising and growing, pushing forward, until it reached full length.

Eladria let out a thin Elvish whimper of delight. She hadn't expected Frodo to be so big. She hadn't expected the sucking of his cock to be so pleasurable. But it was. It was.

Frodo stirred and his eyes opened. Eladria saw that he was slow to realize what was happening, but eventually he grew conscious enough to understand that a naked Elf woman was sucking his hard cock.

"What -" he started to say.

Eladria pulled her mouth off Frodo's cock but kept stroking it vigorously with her hand. Up and down. Up and down.

"Lie back, Frodo Baggins," she said. "I'm here to help you. This will revive you and help you fulfill your quest."

And with that, she attacked his cock with her mouth with renewed vigor. Her mouth engulfed his shaft and descended on it, all the way, to the base, until she felt his Hobbit cock tip hit the back of her throat. She gagged for a second, but she didn't stop. Her mouth rose and fell on the Hobbit.

Frodo lay back and moaned. Eladria moaned, too.

She drooled over his now rock-hard shaft.

I wish I'd known how enjoyable Hobbit cocks are, she thought. I would have tried them earlier.

She looked up and saw Sam watching them, transfixed. His right hand was between his legs, pressing against a noticeable bulge under his breeches.

Eladria pulled her mouth off Frodo's hard cock, and it left her lips with a noticeable, wet "pop."

"You need some Lathlanias, too, Master Samwise," she said.

Her mouth descended on Frodo's cock again, sucking him hard, and she swiveled her body around the supine Hobbit until her ass was turned up in Sam's direction.

"Take me, Sam," she directed.

Frodo continued moaning with lust, Eladria was happy to observe. For her own part, she was astonished at the pleasure she felt with the thick, hard Hobbit cock in her mouth. A bit of Hobbit precum squirted out of the throbbing tip into her mouth, and the taste was

heavenly. What Elf could have guessed it would be so enjoyable to suck a Halving?

In the back of her mind Eladria told herself she would have to tell her Elf friends about the sexual prowess of Hobbits.

Her mouth lifted up and down over the thick Hobbit shaft joyously and furiously.

Then she felt hands on her ass. Sam's hands.

The hands were small, but strong. The fingers dug into the skin of her ass.

Another moan escaped Eladria's mouth as it slurped noisily over Frodo's cock.

Then she felt something else, besides Sam's hands: the tip of another Hobbit cock, this one touching the crack between her Elvish butt cheeks. Sam's cock head touched her gently and tentatively. It tapped against her asshole. Then it contacted the folds of her Elvish cunt. But Eladria could tell the Hobbit was uncertain, maybe intimidated, by the prospect of fucking an Elf.

Eladria spread her legs wider to make it easier for him, and she pushed her ass back against him.

"Take me now, Sam," she said, firmly. "Fuck my Elf pussy. I know you want it. Take it."

And he did. Sam needed no more coaxing. Eladria felt the bulb of Sam's cock head hit the bullseye of her Elf cunt. She felt her lips pushed back and the delicious penetration of the Hobbit cock into her depths. She pushed back more, to signal to Sam that his cock was welcome inside her. Sam acknowledged her gesture by pushing forward, until his shaft was in her, all the way.

Eladria squealed with delight. She wondered if all Hobbits had such wonderfully thick cocks.

She pulled her mouth off Frodo's cock for a moment.

"Fuck me, Sam. Fuck me hard."

She resumed sucking Frodo's cock while Sam began slamming into her. He was an amateur at fucking; Eladria could tell. His strokes into her were rough and awkwardly timed. She guessed he was inexperienced, and probably shy with Hobbit females. But Eladria didn't care. For the first time in her life she had two Hobbit cocks fucking and filling her holes, and she reveled in the sensation.

Her lean figure writhed under the attention of both Hobbits. Her ass twerked up and down at the cock assault from Sam, while her mouth rose and fell on Frodo's tumescent shaft.

What had been intended as an errand of mercy became, for Eladria, a riot of sexual pleasure. Her body bucked like a wild animal against the Hobbits. She abandoned herself to the raw satisfaction of the moment and squealed and cried with lust, heedless of any that might hear her in this awful, barren place.

The Hobbits called out too. Frodo moaned constantly, and Sam continually said "Yes, my lady" as his Hobbit cock pistoned in and out of her.

Amid the hard, fast, furious fucking and sucking, all three - Elf and Hobbits - were able to forget the misery of their surroundings. All they knew was the sublime sensation of their intercourse.

Eladria came first. It had been so long since she had experienced sexual consummation, and her needs had been put on hold so long it had been almost unbearable. But now the two hard Hobbit cocks set her off. Her pussy exploded in rapture and her body throbbed and rocked. She wanted to cry out, but she couldn't take her mouth off Frodo's cock, so all she said was a deep, throaty "Mmmph!" as her mouth kept moving over his shaft.

Despite the uncontrollable spasms that rocked her body, she kept sucking Frodo until she felt his hot cum spurting into her mouth. She

gulped it down greedily. Once again, she was amazed at the Hobbit's fecundity - spurt after spurt filled her mouth. She tried to drink it all, but it was too much, and cum dribbled out of and sprayed beyond her lips as she kept sucking him. Frodo cried out in joy, into the black Mordor sky.

Sam, meanwhile, thrust faster and harder against Eladria, until he, too, came. She felt it: the lusty young Hobbit's semen pouring into her and filling her.

All three of them groaned and cried with delight.

For a few minutes more their bodies moved as one, fast at first, but eventually slowing down.

At last, they parted. Eladria's mouth lifted off Frodo's spent cock, and Sam's cock left Eladria's Elf cunt. All three sprawled over the rocks, insensible for a few minutes.

Eladria roused herself first. She stood up, over Frodo. The Hobbit lay on the ground, his cock shrinking. But there was color in his face now and his eyes, fixed on hers, looked alert.

She held out a hand To Frodo. He took it, and she pulled him up. Conscious of his exposure, Frodo blushed and put his cock away, beneath his breeches. Eladria saw Sam, too, look sheepish and dress himself.

Eladria stood naked before the Hobbits, unashamed.

"How do you feel, Frodo?" she asked.

"Better," he said. "What was that?"

"An ancient Elvish ritual," Eladria said. "You are probably the first two Hobbits to experience it."

Now that the sex was over, Eladria noticed the discomfort of the Hobbits about her nudity. So, she dressed herself. After cinching the belt around her waist, she addressed Frodo and Sam.

"I must leave you to fulfill the quest on your own. If I accompany you, I will draw attention to you. I'll try to draw attention away from you, instead. Do you think you can reach Mount Doom on your own?"

"I think so," Frodo said. Eladria observed with satisfaction how much stronger he looked. She glanced at Sam, and he looked stronger, too. Lathlanias worked with Hobbits as well as Elves, she was happy to see.

"Farewell, Frodo Baggins and Samwise Gamgee," she said. "I suggest you move quickly."

"We will," said Frodo, and he and Sam turned, and walked briskly in the direction of Mount Doom.

Eladria ran in the opposite direction.

After a minute of running, Eladria turned around, one last time, and saw the Hobbits, moving swiftly over the black land toward their destination - Mount Doom. Frodo was revived. Maybe it would be enough. She had done what she could do.

To the north, she saw a troop of Orcs, not far away, roving the land for stragglers. She could not let them find Frodo and Sam, so she called out, as loud as she could, and held up her sword in defiance of the fire and smoke and stench and evil all around.

She caught the Orcs' attention. They stopped, and they turned to pursue her.

Eladria ran, to the mountains in the west. The Orcs followed her, and Eladria knew her part of the task was complete. The Hobbit cum spilled out of her and trickled down her firm Elven thighs as she ran. Hope rose in her breast as she sprinted toward freedom in the land of doom.

Penis Fish

No one had ever seen anything quite like it before.

One day, after a big storm, beaches up and down the coast of Northern California lay covered in countless numbers of wriggling, pink tubes -- Innkeeper worms, also called "Penis Fish" because of their resemblance to the human male sexual organ. The worms typically lived under the sand, out of sight to people except on rare occasions. But, once in a while, storms would wash away the sand layer, disturbing the worms' burrows and exposing them in great numbers.

Still, never had so many of them been exposed at once, in so many different locations.

Professor Elizabeth Goodsen, a marine biologist working for the University of California, walked along a beach north of Santa Cruz, marveling at the sight. For as far as the eye could see, the sand was blanketed by the pink tubes of the worms, some still, some squirming. Swarming over them were crowds of people. Some of them picked up the strange creatures and played with them. Others gathered them to take them home. Still others just stared at the extraordinary phenomenon and took pictures with their smart phones.

Goodsen had come to collect a few specimens for testing and observation. A well-known specialist in marine annelids, she was familiar with this species of worm, but she had never seen them before in such numbers.

She stood over a clump of the worms, wriggling slowly on the sand. The nickname, "Penis Fish," fit. They were pink, thick, mostly five- to eight-inches long, with a distinct bulb at one end.

She picked one up. It was still living. She was surprised at its weight. The worm pulsed in a strange way beneath the grip of her fingers. She put it and a few others in collection bags. She also selected a few that appeared to be dead. They would be dissected at the lab, which was not more than 15 minutes away.

Elizabeth sneezed, loudly. She had been fighting a cold for several days. Her nose ran and her throat hurt.

Later in the morning, back at the lab, Elizabeth separated the living Penis Fish from the dead ones. She emptied the bag of dead ones into a stainless steel bowl. She dropped the living ones into a sturdy, glass-sided tank that had been prepared for them, with sand at the bottom and a pool of water at one end where the sand had been partly scooped out. It was a big tank, eight feet long. She dropped all the living Penis Fish into that tank, except one. She wanted to look at it more closely before she put it into the tank with the rest.

This worm was bigger than the others, maybe eight inches long, and thick enough that it was difficult to get a good grip around its girth. It wriggled and pulsed in her hand. Its ends flopped wildly to either side.

It looked strange to her. She'd seen Innkeeper worms before, but this one looked different. Elizabeth was puzzled. It was difficult to tell which end was the front and which was the back. Previous specimens she had encountered presented no such difficulty. Typically, the mouth was easy to identify by the proboscis that issued from it. But she saw no proboscis on the worm she held. One end of the worm ended in a small hole, which she assumed was the anus. While she held the wriggling worm, trying to keep it from slipping out of her grasp, a dollop of white cream emerged from the hole. It spilled onto the palm of her hand. The cream was warm. Her hand tingled pleasantly where the cream touched it.

She placed the worm in the tank. Instead of burrowing into the sand, it wriggled to the side of the tank and banged one of its ends against the glass. Elizabeth held her hand closer to her face. The cream from the worm slowly disappeared. Either it was evaporating into the air, or it was soaking into the pores of her skin. She couldn't tell which. But she noted the continuing feeling of pleasant warmth of the cream on her hand as it faded away.

Her curiosity piqued, Elizabeth turned to the steel bowl with the dead worm specimens. She picked up one of them and took it to an examination table. A high-powered microscope stood on the table. She gathered various knives and scalpels to dissect the specimen.

She inserted a scalpel at one end of the worm and sliced it down its length. She peeled back the two halves. What she saw unnerved her so much it made her gasp.

A worm's anatomy typically is simple. It takes in nutrients from one end -- the mouth -- and emits waste from the other end -- the anus. In between lie the organs of digestive tract, stretching from one end to the other, as well as a very rudimentary circulatory system and nervous system.

But this creature's interior was far more complex.

At one end, she saw no mouth. But she saw numerous small openings and tubes that coalesced in an interior pouch that she took to be a kind of stomach. In the middle of the worm's interior was a long, tubular sack full of the white fluid she had seen on her hand. A lengthy channel connected this sack to the opposite end of the worm, where it emitted the white fluid.

The strangest thing, though, was the prominent, spongy organ at the opposite end of the worm, near the many openings. It was dense, and its surface bore innumerable tiny bulges and ripples. It looked familiar. The tissue looked like that of a . . . brain.

A brain. It looked like a complex brain, like that of a mammal. But that was impossible. No worm she'd ever observed had anything that resembled a complex brain. But this one did.

Using a scalpel, Elizabeth cut a thin slice from the "brain." She placed it on a sliver of glass. She looked at the specimen under the microscope.

The microscope was powerful enough to observe the specimen at the cellular level. She adjusted the magnification. What she saw made no sense to her.

She saw what she understood to be cells, with membranes. But she saw no nuclei, or other familiar structures. The "cells" seemed to be filled with organelles of a kind she'd never seen before, moving in a fast, fluid motion inside each of the "cells."

Slowly, gradually, reluctantly, Elizabeth realized what she was looking at: a completely different organism. It wasn't an Innkeeper worm, or any kind of worm she'd ever seen. This was something utterly different.

A soft thud interrupted her thoughts. She looked to its source. It was the worm that she had held in her hand before, now inside the glass tank. It was at the edge, banging one of its ends against the glass.

Elizabeth stared at it, transfixed. It seemed to be trying to get her attention.

"This is impossible," she said out loud.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket. She thought she should call Mark, another marine biologist, and the chief of the lab. He should know about this, she thought. She held her thumb over the face of the phone for a full minute, but she didn't call.

I'll tell him when he's in the lab tomorrow, she thought to herself.

The clock said "5:00." It was time to leave the lab. Elizabeth checked the tank before she left. She covered the steel bowl containing the dead worms and placed it in a storage refrigerator. She looked back at the tank. The Penis Fish -- it wasn't a worm, so she didn't know what else to call it -- sat on the sand, not moving, but pulsing, with one end pressed against the glass. It was the end with the hole, and she saw a white drop emerge from it. The pulse moved through the Penis Fish's body, like a wave.

She felt uneasy, but she didn't know why. She would dissect and observe more of the worms the next day, and if the findings were consistent with what she'd found so far, she would call Mark and others.

This is something completely new, she thought. Where did it come from?

Elizabeth thought about the storm that had hit the California coast the day before. The clouds had been so dense that the sky had gone almost black, even in the middle of the day. A frightening bout of

lightning accompanied the storm, a rarity for the California coast. The wind had howled, in gusts exceeding 60 miles per hour. And then the storm disappeared, as fast as it had begun.

She turned away from the tank, but she felt a strong sense of reluctance. She felt the presence of the Penis Fish in the tank behind her.

Finally, she left the lab and drove home.

Later, in the bungalow-style house she had owned the last two years, she prepared a salad for dinner. She watched a movie on the television, but she could not enjoy it. She kept thinking about the Penis Fish. She could not get it out of her mind.

She looked at her hand, where its cream had splashed her. Her skin felt warm and pleasant, still, where it had touched her. And her skin shone there, too. It looked less worn and more youthful than the skin that had gone untouched.

Elizabeth felt something else, as well. Her cold was gone. Her nose had dried up and her throat was no longer sore.

In bed, hours later, Elizabeth tossed and turned. It took a long time to fall asleep. When she did, she dreamed that she was walking on the beach again, as she had early that day. It wasn't like a dream at all. She was conscious that she was in a dream, but she felt fully

awake. The scene around her was saturated in sharp colors and smells.

There was only one Penis Fish on the beach -- her Penis Fish. It wriggled on the sand ten feet away, gesturing to her.

And she was naked. She wore nothing at all.

When she woke up, she could remember no more of the dream. She threw the covers back. Usually, it took Elizabeth a while to rouse herself from bed. But not this time. She bounded from her bed. She felt healthy and strong. She was eager to get to work.

When she arrived at the lab, Mark already was there. Mark was five years older than she was. He was handsome in a pleasant, nondescript way, with darkish blond hair. In addition to working together as colleagues in the lab, they had been seeing each other romantically the last seven months. Mark was an attentive lover and a kind boyfriend. They had discussed moving in together, but Elizabeth wasn't sure it was a good idea. She liked Mark -- liked him a lot -- but she wasn't sure she loved him.

"Hey, Beth," he said, greeting her.

"Good morning, Mark."

"Did you get the worm samples from the beach yesterday?"

"I did," she said.

"I'd like to see them."

"Sure," she said. But a voice inside her said "No!" She shook her head. She didn't know why she would think that.

When they reached the tank, the worms were not in sight. They must have buried themselves in the sand.

"Looks like they're shy. I assume you made some observations. See anything interesting?"

"Nothing I haven't seen before." She lied.

Why did I do that? she asked herself.

"Beth?"

She shook her head.

"What?"

"Are you OK? You look like you're somewhere else."

I am somewhere else, she thought. But I don't know where.

"I'm fine. Still waking up, I guess."

"You were never much of an early riser," he said, smiling. "I'll look at the worms in a minute. Jose wanted me to check out some of the new starfish he acquired, so I'll do that first."

His phone rang. He talked for a few minutes, the tone of his voice suggesting exasperation.

"That was the Dean," he said, putting his phone down. "He wants to see me. Faculty shit. Listen, I may not get back to the lab before I must leave this afternoon for the conference in Portland. You'll be in charge of the lab for a few days while I'm gone. You OK with that? Should be pretty quiet. Most of the students are studying for exams. Jose is in LA."

"It won't be any problem," she said. She felt a sudden sense of relief knowing she would be alone in the lab.

Alone with the Penis Fish. Her Penis Fish.

After Mark left, Elizabeth performed the daily inspection, checking the various specimens in the lab and entering notes. She checked her emails inbox and exchanged texts and several emails with some of the graduate students who were working with her.

Then she returned to the glass tank. The Penis Fish was visible again, lying on top of the sand, its tip knocking lightly against the glass wall.

She picked it up, out of the tank, and she was struck immediately by its warmth. She felt the pleasant pulsing along its length under her fingers. For a moment, she felt light-headed, so she sat down in a chair. She stared at the strange thing in her hand.

The tip with the hole stood straight up, away from the grip of her fingers. A tiny white bead of fluid lay over the hole.

Then the Penis Fish bent toward her. More of the white fluid bubbled out of the tip. It collected in a drop that grew. Without thinking about what she was doing, Elizabeth scooped up the drop with two fingers so it wouldn't fall to the floor. She brought her fingers to her mouth.

The taste was a mild mixture of tart and sweet, like the taste of crème fraîche.

The hole at the Penis Fish tip opened and more fluid came out. This time she brought the thing to her mouth. She stuck out her tongue

and ran in along the underside of the Penis Fish tip and over the hole. Fluid squirted from the hole into her mouth.

It was delicious, and she wanted more. She inserted the entire tip of the Penis Fish into her mouth and closed her lips over it. She felt the warmth and tasted the delicious tart sweetness of more fluid flowing into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around it and sucked on the tip.

Mmmmm, she thought. It was so good.

Elizabeth began moving the Penis Fish in a rhythm back and forth, in and out of her mouth.

I'm fucking my mouth with it, she thought. My Penis Fish is fucking my mouth.

She felt the odd but pleasant pulsing of the thing in her mouth, vibrating against her swirling tongue. For a few seconds she let herself get lost in the sensation. Everything around her faded. All she could think about was the pulsing Penis Fish in her eager mouth.

Then her senses came to her. She pulled the Penis Fish out of her mouth and held it, staring at it, a foot from her face.

It wiggled violently and unexpectedly, and her hand let go of it. It fell.

"No!" she cried, fearful it would be hurt. But it fell into her lap, on her bare legs, just past the end of the hem of her blue skirt.

Her legs parted at the strange touch of the Penis Fish against her bare skin, and the Penis Fish dropped down, between her legs, on the chair. It wasted no time, wriggling under her skirt.

Elizabeth, fascinated, pulled her skirt up to see what it was doing. It wriggled forward, toward the junction of her legs, until its tip contacted the thin white cotton gusset of her panties. It pressed forward. Elizabeth let out a sharp breath of air. The Penis Fish seemed to know what it was doing. It pressed down directly over her clitoris, and the tip rotated directly over it.

"Ohhh," she said.

This was crazy, she thought. She had to stop this. She grabbed the Penis Fish from between her thighs and held it as tightly as she could. It wriggled violently. She stood up, but before she could put it back in the tank it slipped out of her hand again and fell to the surface of a sturdy metal table.

Her pussy still tingled. The feel of the Penis Fish against her sex had been amazing. Bizarre, dirty, profane, yes -- but amazing.

What was happening to her? She wondered.

She approached the table to grab the Penis Fish again, but she stopped. Something was happening to it. The tip pointed up, to the ceiling, white fluid trickling from its hole. But it was the other end that drew her interest. Tendrils emerged from all around its circumference. She could not tell where they came from. The end of each tendril flared out, like a small, webby hand. The little hands slapped against the metal table, fastening the Penis Fish to its surface. With one end bound firmly to the table, the Penis Fish righted itself, until the end with the hole stood up and straight out from the table.

Elizabeth, fascinated, drew closer. The Penis fish pulsed again, the waves of the pulse starting at its base, against the table surface, and continuing through its length to the tip. The Penis Fish grew, away from the table, until it stood hard and straight and pointed at the ceiling. A frosty white film coated the tip, which bulged and formed itself into a familiar shape. More than ever before, the thing looked very nearly like a large, erect male penis, standing up straight from the table.

She felt the tingle between her legs again. Her hand went down, touching and even rubbing herself. A powerful need emanated from her clit, spreading over her whole body. She felt a keen need for relief, but she didn't know what to do.

She was mesmerized by the Penis Fish pulsing and moving in front of her on the table.

She looked up at the clock on the wall. It said 12:00 p.m. She knew from checking the daily calendar that no one else was at the lab and that no one was likely to come until 4 pm., when Gretchen, a grad student, was due to come in and take some notes on the crab tank for a report that was due in a week. Until then, Elizabeth would have the lab to herself.

She barely knew what she was doing. The need in her was so strong. It blocked out everything else.

She pulled her skirt up and pulled her white panties down, over her thighs, down her calves, until they pooled at her feet. She stepped out of them. Then she unzipped her skirt at the back and took it off as well. She was naked from the waist down now, her well-trimmed pussy facing the thick pulsing Penis Fish.

Elizabeth jumped up on the table. It was cool to the touch. Cool and hard. Her eyes focused only on the Penis Fish, standing straight up from the table but inclined at its head slightly in her direction. It remained inclined toward her as she maneuvered around it. At last she sat with her bare knees against the table to either side of it. She scooted forward. When her body was close the Penis Fish moved suddenly and its tip hit the pink pebble of her exposed clit.

"Ohhh," she said.

It wasn't enough. She needed to bare herself completely to the Penis Fish. She pulled her shirt over her head and unsnapped her bra and tossed it to the floor. Now she sat completely naked on the table with the Penis Fish caressing her clitoris and vulva with its bulbous pink head.

She lifted off the table a few inches and grabbed the Penis Fish along its length. She pulled the tip toward her, until it touched the slit of her vulva. She pushed forward and watched as it parted her labia, which partly engulfed it. Then she moved up and down, until the thick pink strange tube tip ran up and down her excited pussy. She saw the Penis Fish tip glisten with moisture from inside her.

Soon that wasn't enough, so she aimed the Penis Fish tip at her pussy and lowered herself onto it. It was not easy. The Penis Fish was thicker and longer than any male cock that had been inside her. Mark's penis, for instance, was a fraction over five inches, and skinny like a little breakfast sausage.

The Penis Fish was much bigger. Its girth, rather than its length, presented the first problem. The thick head passed beyond her labia easily enough, but it met resistance when it sought to go further inside her. Elizabeth breathed heavily. It was difficult to relax with her body stretched nude on a metal table over the thing, but she paused and tried. She lowered herself onto it, slowly, rising and falling over the pink shaft and lowering herself just a bit more on every third fall.

Gradually, her body gave way to and embraced the width of the alien thing. It stretched her and filled her, past the point she thought possible, yet she kept pushing down. She pushed and pushed, down and down, until the tips of her labia touched the cold surface of the metal table and the Penis Fish disappeared completely inside her.

She couldn't see it, but she sure felt it. It felt enormous, and it was warm, and it pulsed steadily while it was in her.

Soon Elizabeth rose and fell in long, steady strokes over the Penis Fish. She felt it twist and bulge and pulse inside her. She felt it tap against the mass of her G-spot within her depths. She splayed her hands out, fingers on the tabletop, to steady herself, so there was no chance of letting the Penis Fish slip out of her in the frenzy of their movement together.

Her orgasm came with little warning. The Penis Fish did something inside her, something that felt warm and delicious and tingly, and the feeling spread and took hold of her. She lost all control. Her body shook and she cried out, and the feeling where the Penis Fish touched her inside was almost unbearable but still wonderful.

She felt the Penis Fish, inside her as she continued to plunge down on it, throb and pulse, and she knew it too was reaching orgasm. She felt a splash inside her, something she'd never felt before.

Elizabeth and the Penis Fish slowed their rocking against each other, and in another minute, she lifted off of it.

She scooted back a foot from the Penis Fish on the table. She saw it detach itself from the table and flop over. Elizabeth stared at the place between her legs, pulling her lips open with her fingers. White fluid spilled out of her. She was startled at the quantity of it.

"What did it do to me?" she asked herself aloud in the quiet lab.

x x x x

Elizabeth spent the next day, Wednesday, at the lab again. She passed nearly an hour fucking her Penis Fish, this time while sitting naked in a chair with her legs in the air and the base of the Penis Fish in her hand. Later, after the fucking was done, she called two of her graduate students, both women, Ruth and Pilar, and asked them to come to the lab right away. She introduced them to two other Penis Fish in the tank. She encouraged them to hold the Penis Fish, and she looked with satisfaction when the skin of each of the women came into contact with the sweet-tart cream from their respective Penis Fish.

Elizabeth knew then that Pilar and Ruth would return to the lab the next day, Thursday, and they did. It was a joyous day in the lab, with each of them laughing and joking and sharing the communal experience of being fucked by each of their Penis Fish in front of each other. At the end of the day Elizabeth encouraged them to make discreet calls to other women they knew who might want to know

about the Penis Fish. In the afternoon, she drove north and collected more Penis Fish that had washed up on the beach.

The next day, Friday, Elizabeth entered the lab in the morning, and she was surprised to see Mark.

"Mark, what are you doing back?" she asked. "I thought you'd be at the conference all week."

Mark looked sternly and strangely at her.

"I expected to," he said. "But I came back early. The subject of these worms came up. The Innkeeper worms. A friend of mine, whose opinion I respect, told me I needed to look at them. Right away. I thought about our specimens here in the lab and I came back early."

"Elizabeth, I found your notes. You didn't tell me what you found. Why not? I had to see for myself, so I pulled one of the worms out of the tank to dissect it. I had a devil of a time killing it. I had to hold it down."

Elizabeth looked over Mark's shoulder, to the examination table. A Penis Fish lay there, split open down its length.

She shrieked and ran to the table. The Penis Fish was dead. Mark had killed it. It wasn't HER Penis Fish, but, still, it had been alive, and Mark had killed it. Tears came to her eyes.

"Elizabeth, what is going on?" Mark asked, his voice loud with alarm.

Elizabeth said nothing for a moment, her back to Mark and her face to the dead worm, torn open. Obviously, Mark now knew the truth about the Penis Fish.

She picked up the scalpel Mark had been using to dissect it, spun around, and plunged the scalpel into his neck. The blade pierced his skin behind the carotid artery, so she pulled the blade forward, toward her, until she hit the artery and sliced through it. A gout of blood leapt away from his neck, spurting into the air and splattering her face and clothes. She didn't care about that. She watched Mark carefully, to make sure the stab had been enough. It was. His eyes widened and his body went into shock immediately. His face registered pain and puzzlement, and then it clouded over as he sank to the floor. She stood over him, watching him bleed out. For a minute or so his arms and legs flailed, and she was relieved when he finally stopped moving and died.

The body and blood on the floor were a problem. She called Ruth and Pilar and asked them to come to the lab to help her. They arrived within 20 minutes.

x x x x

Four weeks later, Elizabeth watched the news on television. Her Penis Fish lay in a small tank next to her, lying quietly on moist sand. The all-female news cast was reporting on the latest developments. Already, the male population in the world had been reduced to about 5% of its level before the arrival of the Penis Fish. Pockets of resistance remained, here and there, mostly in the interior and mountainous areas, far from the oceans. But appropriate measures, including selective nuclear strikes, made quick work of the resistance. It was only a matter of time before it would be ended. Most of the men that still lived had been rounded up and put in camps for processing.

Not all men would be killed. Some, selected for their combination of fertility and docility, or because of unique skills, would be kept alive, to breed with the women. Some of the women would be killed, too, though not as many. There was no need for a human population as large as what existed before. It had been decided that a total worldwide human population of about one billion, mostly women, was sufficient for the needs of the Penis Fish. The population would be culled until it reached that point -- the men through mass extermination and most of the women through aging and attrition.

Elizabeth turned off the television, left her house, and drove to the beach. There, she took off her dress and walked naked across the sand to the water. She placed a hand on her bulging belly.

She sat down, on the sand, at the water line. She opened her legs. She didn't mind the cold water that splashed over her nude body.

Soon enough, it happened. She felt the movement inside her body. Her vagina opened, and hundreds of Penis Fish smelt spilled in a great torrent from her body, into the salty surf. She felt a vague sense of maternal love for her alien children, although she would never see them again. They would take to the sea, where they would grow, until they became large enough to return to the beach one day and capture the attention of fortunate human women.

Fortunate like Elizabeth.

Some women had chosen to continue to mate with men. Elizabeth was glad that such women existed, for without them, and without the human offspring they bore, Penis Fish could not continue to exist on Earth. And continuing the existence of Penis Fish was what mattered, now. They were newcomers to Earth, but they liked it here, and they planned to stay.

Unlike those women who had chosen to mate with men, Elizabeth had chosen a different path -- to mate only with Penis Fish.

As far as Elizabeth was personally concerned, men were dispensable. She was glad that from this point forward she would be fucked only by her Penis Fish, and not by any man.

A penis, she had decided, was a much better thing without a man attached to it.

Photoshoot for Bobby's Fiancée

Cassy always loved the way her fiancé, Bobby, looked at her – like he could never get enough. Cassy knew she was pretty – she was a part-time model – but Bobby's intense, adoring gaze always made her feel smoking hot.

She knew Bobby liked having a model as a girlfriend. He liked reading the admiring comments about her looks on her online modeling profile page. He encouraged her to dress in a sexy way. He enjoyed catching other men staring at his hot girlfriend. Cassy liked that, too. She liked being sexy and she liked getting attention from other men. It made her happy that her boyfriend and fiancé wasn't jealous, and that he enjoyed the attention she got.

So far, though, Cassy had only gone so far in putting herself on display. She had never posed nude as a model. Plenty of other men had admired her, even ogled her, but for as long as Cassy and Bobby had been going out together, no other man, other than her doctor, had touched her in an intimate place, or seen her naked.

That's why Cassy was surprised at the direction the conversation turned as she and Bobby were having drinks one evening at a favorite restaurant. They sat in a small booth against the wall, across from the restaurant bar. The bar area was noisy and brightly colored, with mirrors covering the walls here and there to make the room look bigger. Two empty plates and two half empty beer glasses perched atop the table in front of them.

Bobby stared intently at one of the mirrors, and a smirk broke over his face.

"Cassy, guess what?" he asked her.

"I give up," she said. "What?"

"There's a guy checking you out. Two tables away. I think he's trying to look up your skirt."

They sat side by side with their backs against the wall, so it wasn't difficult for Cassy to crane her neck to look in the same mirror Bobby did. It took her no time to see her admirer's reflection. He looked like he was in his early-20s, and he was seated at a table with three other guys who looked the same age. They were talking, but he wasn't participating much in the conversation, distracted as he was by the sight of Cassy's legs. She was wearing a miniskirt, and it revealed a lot of thigh when she sat down. Cassy guessed he wanted to see more than just her thighs and was hoping to get a peek up her skirt, to her panties.

"How do you feel about your fiancée being checked out?" Cassy asked.

"You know I like it. I think it's hot. You're hot, and I like that other guys think so too."

"I think he wants to see my panties."

"Which ones are you wearing?"

"Pale blue thong, lacy, kind of see through."

"Mmmmm. I like those. How about if you give him a peek?"

Cassy was surprised. Lately, she and Bobby had talked about showing her off more, but they hadn't followed through with it.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Keep looking at me, like you're deep in conversation, so he doesn't know you're aware of him. Then slowly let your legs drift apart so he can see up your skirt."

"You really want me to do that?"

"I really do."

"If you say so."

Bobby was in a frisky mood, and Cassy liked it. She wasn't sure how to do it so it wouldn't be obvious. She kept up a steady conversation with Bobby, her torso twisted slightly toward him, but she barely knew what words were coming out of her mouth. She concentrated instead on her legs, which she started swaying back and forth together, slowly letting them begin to drift apart.

"O.K., I'm starting to spread my legs."

"Good. Keep doing that and keep talking, and keep looking at me, and I'll check out his reaction in the mirror. I'll let you know if he reacts."

Cassy let one of her legs swing wide as she talked to Bobby, and she brought it back to the other one slowly.

"You must have done something. He sat up and his eyes are wider. And he is not talking to his friends at all now."

A tingle ran through Cassy's whole body. She shivered with excitement. She swung a leg wide again. It was very difficult to avoid looking at the man she knew was staring up her skirt, but she didn't want him to know she knew, so she kept starting at Bobby's face. Her legs were spread apart enough, and her skirt was short enough, that she had no doubt the guy could see all the way up to her filmy blue panties. She liked showing off, and she knew Bobby liked it too.

"He is definitely into your panties," Bobby said. "He's stalking you with his eyes."

"Good thing you're not the jealous type," she said.

"It's a great thing," he said, with his widest grin.

"How about if we show him a little more?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't stop looking at me. Keep talking. React like I've just proposed something outrageous. Which I am. And then, slowly, take your panties off. Pull them down your legs, pick them off the floor, and give them to me. Then we'll show him your pussy."

It wasn't hard for Cassy to act surprised. She was surprised. She put a hand to her mouth.

"Bobby! I can't do that. We're in a public place. I might get arrested."

Bobby looked up from the booth and scanned the area with his eyes, taking care not to look directly at Cassie's voyeur.

"No, you won't. That's the only table with a good view under our table. Nobody else can see up your skirt. The bartender's too far away, and he's standing up, so he can't see under the table anyway. Go ahead. Take them off."

She and Bobby had never gone that far. But he was having so much fun with it, and he sounded so insistent. She felt the rush not just of exposing herself but of submitting to Bobby's instructions.

She hitched her skirt up her thighs a bit more. She knew that would put on quite a show for her admirer. Looking up from the table to make sure no waitress was coming, she reached under her skirt, hooked her thumbs on the string sides of the thong, and pulled down her thighs and calves. She stepped out of the thong.

"Oh, you have his attention now. His mouth is open."

"This is so embarrassing," Cassy said. It was embarrassing, but it was thrilling, too.

"Now," Bobby said, "Go ahead and pick them off the floor and hand them to me. Don't rush it. Hand them over with your palm open and the thong sitting on top of it."

Bobby's requests were getting closer to the edges of Cassy's comfort zone, but she didn't want to say no. She reached under the table, picked up the thong, and held it out to Bobby in her hand. She looked

up again to see if any waitresses were coming. There was one, a few booths away, taking an order, and it looked like she'd be headed Cassy's way soon.

Bobby didn't take the panties from her right away. The delay made Cassy nervous. She didn't want the waitress, or anyone else, to see her holding the panties as brazenly in her hand as she did. But Bobby was in no hurry.

He poked at the panties with his index finger, moving them around until he seemed to find what he was looking for.

"Wet," he said, tapping a spot on the gusset where the fabric was darker. "I knew you'd be turned on."

"Bobby, there's a waitress coming."

Bobby enclosed the blue thong in his hand and put it under the table.

"You two want any dessert?" the waitress asked.

Bobby skimmed the menu.

"Yeah. We'll split a piece of pie. Cherry pie."

He grinned at his fiancée.

"You're bad," she said.

"You're the one who just took her panties off in a restaurant."

"Only because my horny, perverted boyfriend told me to."

"You didn't resist. You like it, don't you?"

Cassy paused.

"Yeah, I do. I like it. I can't see him, but I can feel his eyes on me."

Cassy felt Bobby's hand on her thigh, firmly squeezing it. It moved up, to the edge of her skirt, and it began pushing her skirt back.

"Open your legs," Bobby said. "Wide."

Cassy did as he told her. She parted her legs. She kept looking at Bobby. She knew that her admirer must be looking at her, and it was hard not to look back at him.

"I'm going to finger you," Bobby said. His hand moved up her thigh, toward the junction between her legs.

"You can't do that here!" Cassy said.

"Watch me," he said. Cassy felt the hand simultaneously pulling her left leg wide and moving in, between her thighs. Bobby wasted no time. When his hand reached his destination, he extended his index finger and touched the hood of her shaved pussy.

Cassy let out a little gasp.

"Bobby!"

"I can see his face in the mirror, Cassy," Bobby said. "The guy looks like he died and went to heaven. He's looking at your pussy now. You're showing off your pussy to a stranger in the bar. I'm going to show him some more."

Cassy felt Bobby's fingers trail down from her clit over the nub of her clit and then down into the folds of her pussy. Nobody besides Bobby had seen her pussy in a long time. But someone she didn't even know stared at it now, and Cassy felt Bobby's fingers hook onto and then pull back her lips. Bobby was opening her pussy up to the strange man at the table. Bobby leaned toward her ear as he did so.

"I can feel your wetness," he said. "You like this."

Cassy wasn't sure if she should like it, but she did. She made no effort to resist Bobby's hand or to close her legs. Instead, she pushed her right leg back even farther. She was as exposed to the strange man as she possibly could be.

Cassy couldn't help it. She looked away from Bobby, toward the strange young man staring at her. His gaze caught hers, and in an instant, he looked away. Cassy kept staring at his face. It was a nondescript face, a 20-something man with short dark hair. Cassy kept looking at him. Eventually, he looked back, too. Cassy maintained her stare, until her point was made. She wanted him to know she wanted him to look.

Cassy knew he understood when he stopped staring at her face, and focused his gaze below the table, to Cassy's pussy. Her legs were spread wide, and her skirt was pulled back, so everything was on display. She felt Bobby's finger gently massaging her clit from above, leaving the pussy below exposed. With her right hand she reached down and pulled her right lip back to open herself to the stranger. She felt the wetness in her.

Cassy saw her admirer nudge the guy next to him at the table, and a moment later all four of the guys at the table looked her way. She saw the mouths of two of them drop open in astonishment. Now four men, not one, starred at her bare pussy under the table.

One of them picked a cell phone off the table top. Another fished a phone out of a pocket. They held them up. They were going to take pictures of her.

Cassy snapped her legs shut. It was one thing to show off, but it was another thing to offer free pictures, which could end up anywhere. She wanted to exhibit herself, but she wasn't ready for her exposed pussy to show up on the Internet.

"They're trying to take pictures of me," she said to Bobby. "I don't want to let that happen."

The four guys sitting at the table, staring at her, looked disappointed.

"It's O.K.," Bobby said. "Let's finish our dessert and talk about this later."

The cherry pie arrived a few minutes later, and Bobby and Cassy took their time eating it off the plate they shared. As they ate, Cassy snuck occasional glances at the four men at the table. They snuck glances back at her from time to time, and Cassy got the feeling they hoped she'd resume her show for them. But she didn't. A few minutes later, they finished the pie. Bobby paid the bill and he and Cassy left the restaurant.

An hour later, Cassy lay naked on her bed, on her back, with her legs high in the air. Bobby, also naked, lay on top of her, fucking her with quick, hard strokes.

"So, did you like showing off like that in the bar?" Bobby asked her, the words coming out choppy while he fucked her.

"I did," she said.

"Tell me about it."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want to hear you talk about how you felt when you showed off."

"It turns you on?" she asked, squealing in response to a hard thrust.

"You want me to tell you how I felt when I showed off my pussy?"

"Oh yes."

"I liked it when I spread my legs and he looked at me. I knew he could see everything. He got a great view because I was completely shaved. He saw my lips, my little button."

"Oh, Cassy."

"But I wanted him to see more. You couldn't see me do it because it was under the table, but I reached down and pulled my lips apart, so he could see inside me. I wanted him to see deep inside me where you put your cock when you fuck me. It felt so good to do that. I was so turned in."

"Cassy, you're driving me crazy." Bobby sped up. He put his mouth over her tit and sucked on it as he fucked her.

"Oh, baby, I love that. It feels so good. It was even better when all the guy's friends saw me too. All of them were staring at my open pussy. I touched myself with my finger and could tell I was wet. I spread my legs even wider and pulled my cunt open even farther so all of them could get a good view. Oh, Bobby, it felt so good knowing they could all see my pussy. I love showing off my pussy. Do you like that, baby? Knowing you're going to marry a girl who likes showing her pussy off to strange men?"

"Oh, god, Cassy, I can't hold back any more."

With one more furious push Bobby let go and splashed the inside of her pussy with his cum. He held his cock in her, to the hilt, as his cock pumped and spasmed.

A few minutes later they lay side by side thinking about what Cassy had done. Cassy reached a finger lazily into her pussy and pulled it out and put it in her mouth, absent-mindedly tasting and swallowing Bobby's cum.

"So, you really liked that?" Bobby asked. "You weren't just doing that for me?"

"Yeah, I did like it," she said. "It was exciting. A huge rush. How do you feel about that? Are you OK with it?"

"I'm better than O.K. I love it. It's such a turn on to think about you doing that."

"You don't think it's too –." She paused.

"What?"

"I don't know. Slutty, I guess. It doesn't bother you? You don't think I'm slutty?"

Cassy saw Bobby pause before answering.

"Well, I guess, yeah, I think maybe you are a little bit slutty. It's kind of a slutty thing to do. But I like it. I like you being a little slutty."

"Really?"

"Yeah, really." He grinned. "As long as you're my slut."

"Oh, baby, I'll be your slut. Anytime."

They kissed, and she caressed his cock, which was soft but responded to her touch.

I'll bet he'll be ready again soon, she thought.

"So, do you want to do it again?" Bobby asked her.

"What, show off at the restaurant again?"

"No, not that. Show off, yes. But not there. Like something else, where you go a little further."

Cassy's eyes widened.

"What do you have in mind?" she asked. Bobby looked deep in concentration and she wondered what was going on in his brain.

"I've got an idea. Let me think about it. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"Now I'm curious what plan you've got cooking for me. You can't tell me?"

"Not right now. I have to think about it. Tomorrow. Definitely."

"O.K."

Bobby and Cassy cuddled in the bed, lightly kissing each other. They turned the lights out and at last they went to sleep.

The next day was Saturday, and Bobby had errands to run. After breakfast, he left in the car and Cassy didn't see him for several hours. When he came home, he kissed Cassy briefly, but he left for another room to make phone calls. Cassy left to visit a friend, and she and Bobby didn't see each other again until dinner.

At the dinner table, they dug into their meals – spaghetti with a light buttery dressing and a mix of spices. It smelled heavenly. They ate it with white wine and hot bread slices. They ate quietly, until Bobby broke the silence.

"Cassy, I was thinking about yesterday. What we did and what we talked about."

"You mean about me showing off?"

"Yeah. I've got an idea, and I talked to a friend of mine about it. You want to hear it?"

Cassy felt goosebumps on her arms. She did want to hear about it, but she was nervous about Bobby having talked to a friend about it.

"Who's the friend?" she asked.

"You haven't met him. I've known him a little while, casually. He's a photographer. His name's Richard. He does a lot of different types of photographs – weddings, portraits, sporting events, some fashion, and ads for local magazines. He's a pro, very reliable. He also does glamour photography. Nude photography. I talked to him about an idea I had for a shoot with you, and he was interested."

"Bobby, you know I haven't done any nude modeling. I've done lingerie and glamour, but nothing nude. I don't think I'm ready to have nude photos of me circulating in public."

"I know that, and that's not what I've got planned. This is what I talked to him about. Like I said, he's a professional, and he teaches photography classes. He does private workshops at his studio where newbie photographers pay him to learn how to photograph models. He's always looking for models to help out. So, I talked to him about you, and he had an idea. He could schedule a private modeling

session for you, with him teaching a class to some new photographers. They would take pictures of you –in the nude. But he'd have everybody sign contracts ahead of time, so the photos would be private, and couldn't be put online or in public. That way you would get to expose yourself, but in a private setting. You could have fun getting naked, but there'd be no risk."

Cassy was unsure.

"How would you know? How could he control what they do?"

"Richard knows what he's doing. He draws up tight contracts. They'd face some serious lawsuits if they broke the contracts. And he tells me he's careful about who he picks, too. With you as a model, he'll only work with photographers who he's taught in previous classes. No first-timers."

Cassy had thought about nude modeling for years. She'd posed many times in skimpy, sexy outfits, and she'd wondered what it would be like to peel the clothing off and let the camera linger over her nude body. It made her almost flush to think about it. But she'd never taken that step. She worried too much about family, friends, and co-workers seeing her, and what they would think of her if they saw nude photos of her.

A few days earlier, she might have said "no" to the idea right away. But the exposure at the restaurant left her feeling excited and wanting more. She imagined herself standing, nude, in a photo

studio, with men surrounding her and taking photos of her. The idea excited her. It aroused her. Without thinking she touched a finger to her nipple, and it was hardening.

Bobby smiled.

"You like the idea, huh?"

"Oh, Bobby, I don't know. Yes, part of me gets excited thinking about posing nude. But it's a big step. It's risky."

"It's no riskier than what you did yesterday, Cassy. It's less. If someone else had seen you yesterday, you could have been asked to leave. Or arrested for indecent exposure. There's no chance of that with Richard. You'll be in a controlled environment. Richard will be in control. I trust him, and you can too. How about it?"

"Well, I guess. I can give it a try and see how it goes and if I don't like it I can stop."

"That sounds great! I'll call Richard later today."

They finished dinner without talking about it further. After dinner they cleaned up the dishes. When they were done Bobby disappeared into another room. Cassy assumed he was on the phone with his friend, Richard. Half an hour later, Bobby returned.

"I talked to Richard. It's all arranged. Next Saturday." He smiled kindly and lovingly at his fiancée.

Cassy gulped. "What do I have to do?"

"Very simple. You show up at his studio. Follow his instructions. Trust him. I've talked it through with him. He'll take good care of you. Just let him call the shots. Can you do that?"

"I guess so," she said. Cassy wasn't sure. She had never done anything like this, and she didn't know Richard at all.

"You guess?"

Cassy took a deep breath.

"O.K. Yes. I'll do it. You're sure you trust him? Richard?"

"I do. Like I said, he's a professional. You'll be in good hands. I'll call him and let him know you're going to do it."

Bobby called Richard and the appointment for Cassy's photoshoot was set for the following Saturday at 11 a.m., at Richard's studio. The week went by quickly, and as each day counted off on the calendar

Cassy grew more excited but more nervous as well. Richard sent instructions to Bobby, which Bobby relayed to Cassy.

Finally, the morning of the big day arrived. Bobby and Cassy sat at the breakfast table having breakfast. Cassy sat in a short bathrobe and nothing more.

"This is it, Cassy," Bobby said. "You're going to pose nude for the first time. How do you feel?"

"I'm excited. But a little nervous."

"That's understandable. But remember what I said. Richard knows what he's doing. He gave me some instructions for you. Where something loose, so the clothing doesn't leave any marks on your body. A loose dress would be good. You don't need underwear or a bra, because you'll be taking them off and at the beginning you'll be wearing some things Richard will give you. Of course, since it's a nude shoot you won't wear them for long. You don't need to worry about makeup, because he's got a makeup artist there."

Cassy thought Richard was more excited than she was. It was amusing to see how eager he was to have her pose nude in front of strange men, but obviously, he was.

Bobby closed his hands around Cassy's.

"Baby, listen to me. I know you haven't done anything like this. We haven't done anything like this. Take this piece of advice. Just do what Richard tells you to do, or what he recommends. Take your cue from him. He and I have talked. Whatever he asks you to do is fine with me. I mean it."

"Whatever?" she asked. "That covers a lot of ground."

"Whatever. Enjoy the posing. If it makes you feel naughty, enjoy it."

"I feel naughty already. I'm about to leave the house for some place I've never been to take my clothes off in front of men I've never met. And let them all take photos of me. You're sure that's O.K."?

"Better than O.K. I want you to. But tell you what. Anytime you feel uncomfortable, or uncertain, just give me a call. I'll have my cell phone."

After breakfast, Cassy slipped off her robe and pulled a light sun dress over her body. She wore no bra or panties underneath. Her breasts were pert and not large, so they didn't sway much, but her nipples were hard and pointy, and she felt their tips rubbing against the thin dress fabric.

She was aroused, and she hadn't even left the house. The night before, she had wanted Bobby to make love to her, but he had refused. He had tickled her clit for a while, but he had stopped before

she came. As she got ready to drive to the studio a glow of sexual frustration suffused her body.

"Time to go, Cassy. I'll wait here."

"You sure you don't want to come?"

"No. Richard told me he prefers not to have significant others present during photo shoots, because they always affect how the model performs. I'll see the photos afterward. And I'm just a phone call away. Remember, this is your show. Have fun. Listen to Richard. Do what he says to do. You have my permission to do whatever that is, and whatever you want to do."

Whatever you want to do. Those words lit up in bright letters in Cassy's mind. Bobby was leaving no doubt he was giving her permission to do this. She shuddered with excitement.

Then she left the house, got in her car, and started driving to the studio. The directions saved on her cell phone told her the way to go.

When the voice on her cell phone told her she'd reached her destination, she thought at first there must have been a mistake. Most of the buildings around her looked like warehouses, or hastily thrown-up offices, and the neighborhood had an unsavory feel to it. It didn't look like the place for a glamour photographer's studio. But

sure enough, the building directly in front of her bore Richard's studio sign over its nondescript door. Cassy left her car and went in.

If the exterior was unnerving, the interior was reassuring. It was brightly lit and professionally furnished and decorated. Inside the front door was a spacious foyer with a large desk next to an open door. Framed photographs – samples of Richard's work, she guessed, covered the walls. No one was in sight.

"Hello?" Cassy called.

Ten seconds later a cheerful 40ish man entered from the door. A younger Asian woman in a tank top followed him.

"Cassy?" the man asked.

"Yes," Cassy said, her voice surprising her with its thinness and nervousness.

"I'm Richard," he said. "This is Tran. She's going to be your makeup artist."

Cassy shook hands with both of them.

"I think Bobby told you something about what's up for today, but not all, am I right?" he asked.

"Yeah, I think that's right," she said.

"OK, I'll tell you what today is about. Have a seat." Richard gestured to a chair by the desk. She sat, and he sat behind the desk. Tran stood off to the side, looking at her cell phone.

"I've got six guys coming in soon," Richard said. "They're all aspiring photographers. I've worked with all of them before in other workshops, but not for nude photography. This will be a first for them. And if I recall right Bobby said it will be a first for you, too. Am I right?"

"Yes," she said. "I've done lots of modeling, but not nude modeling."

"OK. The purpose of this shoot is to walk the photographers through a series of glamour and erotic poses and how to shoot them. I'll be guiding and instructing you through the poses and they'll be taking the photos. The photos won't be for public distribution, so you don't need to worry about that. They've all signed agreements, and these are guys I trust. Now, I need to have you sign an agreement as well."

He pushed a contract of a few pages across the desk toward her.

"Take your time to read it."

Cassy had signed model releases before, but this one was longer than others she'd seen. She thought about Bobby's reassurance to her about Richard and scanned the documents quickly before signing her name at the bottom of the last page. Richard tucked it away in a drawer in the desk.

"Let me show you around," he said.

Cassy followed Richard through the door. It opened to a vast studio space, in what looked like a refurbished warehouse. The ceilings were at least 15 feet high, and the room had a polished concrete floor and large windows, now screened by thick blinds, set in the wall at the far end. Against a wall nearer to her a section of the floor had been covered in wood strips, and over them was a massive, plush sofa, surrounded by strobe lights and umbrellas on tall stands. It was obvious this was where the shoot would take place.

Cassy was reassured by the professional appearance of the studio.

"This is where we'll be doing the shoot. We're going to start with you in a bra and panty set, and then we'll have you take it off and go through a series of poses. I know it's your first time, but you'll get used to it right away. Tran can show you to the dressing room, show you the panty set, and help you with makeup. The photographers should be arriving soon."

Tran escorted Cassy through another door at the back wall of the studio, to a comfortable dressing room with a little bathroom to the side.

"This is your first time working with Richard?" Tran asked.

"Yes. My fiancé knows him and set this up."

"Richard knows what he's doing. You're in good hands. Just follow his instructions and everything will be fine. Now, I need to ask you to take off your dress and slip on this robe while I do your makeup."

Cassy paused, thinking Tran would leave the room while she changed, but Tran didn't move and looked at Cassy without expression.

I guess she's not leaving, Cassy thought. Everyone else is going to see me naked. I guess she should be the first one. Cassy pulled the dress over her head.

She stood naked in front of Tran. She looked past Tran to a full-length mirror at her own body. Cassy liked her body. She was short and petite, with perky but not large breasts, and lean, shapely legs. She had a pert bubbly butt that photographers often wanted to show off in short shorts. Her blue eyes stared back at her from the mirror. Long, dark hair swept over her shoulders.

"You shaved below, right?" Tran asked. "Richard asked you to shave, I believe, before you got here."

"I always keep it shaved below," Cassy said. Cassy had shaved the day earlier, and her bare labia and pubic mound were on full display on the mirror.

"Let me check things out down there just to make sure there are no stray hairs. You're going to have a lot of cameras on you and Richard wants you clean as a whistle."

Cassy thought that sounded like a funny thing to say but followed Tran's instructions, turned around, and turned her butt in the air toward Tran. She felt Tran's hands on her butt, spreading her cheeks apart. It felt strange knowing someone's face was no closer than a few inches from her bare pussy and anus, giving her a close inspection.

"Perfect!" Tran said, at last. "Looks great. Let's get you ready."

For the next half hour Tran applied makeup to Cassy's face and teased and prepared her hair. When she was done she picked up the two tiny pieces of lingerie on the counter to the side.

"Time to put these on," she said.

Cassy took the lacy pieces of fabric and held them up. They were blue, matching her eyes. She shucked off her robe, slipped them on, and put the robe back on.

"Time to go," Tran said.

They walked out the door, and now Richard was joined by six other photographers, each of them holding a different camera. They were a motley crew, some of them looking confident and professional, and some of them . . . not so much.

"Gentlemen," Richard said, "Let me introduce our model, Cassy. Cassy, meet the photographers. I'd say all their names, but I don't expect you to remember them all and it doesn't really matter, anyway."

He stepped to the side and addressed everyone.

"Cassy will be modeling a variety of poses, starting with poses in a panty and bra set, and then stripping out of them and posing in a variety of nude poses. The purpose is to get you acquainted with the basics of nude and erotic modeling and how to pose and take photos of an erotic model."

Richard turned from the photographers, who were looking eagerly at their model in the slight robe that hit mid-thigh, toward Cassy.

"Cassy, I think it's time to start. Go ahead and take the robe off."

It wasn't too difficult for Cassy to do that. Cassy had modeled in lingerie and skimpy clothing before, though not in front of so many photographers. She slipped the robe off and tossed it to Richard, who dropped it on a low table behind him.

"Excellent," said Richard. "Cassy, come over here toward the sofa. Guys, this isn't a lingerie shoot. It's a nude shoot. But part of being nude is getting nude. So, we're going to have Cassy start in this sexy lingerie outfit and photograph her taking it off and getting nude. As a photographer, you want to make sure you capture the whole process of stripping."

Cassy saw the men with their cameras gather around her, getting closer, expectation and eagerness in their eyes. She'd done lots of modeling before, but she was about to cross a new threshold. She was nervous.

Richard had her do several poses standing in front of the sofa. He didn't rush getting her naked, so she grew more comfortable as the minutes ticked by. Eventually, though, he asked her to slip her bra off, and to put an arm in front of her breasts. The bra dropped to the floor and only her slender arm shielded the exposure of her tits to the men standing around her. She felt the press of her firm nipples against the skin of her arm.

Richard kept up a steady patter of conversation and instruction, distracting Cassy from her imminent nudity.

"Cassy," Richard said, "Push your hip out to the side. Guys, as you go through a shoot think of your model's lines. The human body always looks best when it's curved. Go for the S curve – have the model push her hips one way and her torso the other. Avoid straight, blocky lines. Cassy, that's great."

Cassy already knew something about posing, so she spread her legs, pushed a hip to the side, and arched her back, with her hand-hidden tits pushed out to the encircling photographers.

"Cassy, go ahead and drop your hands to your sides," Richard said.

Cassy let out a loud puff of breath and dropped her hands. She pushed her chest out, a little farther. Her tits were exposed to the men in the room. She was aware suddenly of the stillness in the room, the men shuffling around and gathering nearer to get a good view. She saw some of them adjust their lenses to zoom in on her exposed breasts. She'd done it. She was a topless model, now, or at least for a few minutes, until she went even further.

"Cassy, that's beautiful," Richard said. "Guys, it helps to have an experienced model. She knows how to pose."

Richard walked his pupils through a variety of perspectives and positions around Cassy's topless figure. They circled around her, took shots from eye level, from behind, and from below. Richard kept up a steady patter of instructions, interrupting himself at times to say an encouraging word to Cassy. His good cheer and support eased her mind.

"OK, Cassy," Richard said. "It's time for the panties to come off. "Guys, when you have the model do this, take your time. Go very slowly, and shoot the panties coming off from different angles. Let's start from the front. Cassy, hook your thumbs into the sides and pull them down until they're just barely covering you down there."

Cassy looked down. The thong was tiny, so it didn't have far to go before her pussy would be exposed. She was feeling a little bolder, and a little naughty, and her modeling experience kicked in. She tried to focus on the posing and shooting to avoid thinking about her exposure, but it was difficult to do so. She knew it was moments away.

She pulled the panties down until the upper waistband lay just over the top of the hood of her clit. She looked carefully and saw that two shallow dimples on either side of the hood now were exposed to the men's eyes. She looked up from her thong to their faces, searching them. Their expressions differed from one another. Some were busy with their cameras. One looked back at her. Another stood without moving, his eyes on the barely covered gap between her thighs. Cassy found herself parting her legs a bit more. The naughty side

was coming out, she thought, and she wanted to be seen, even while she was nervous.

"Good. A little more, Cassy," Richard said.

She tugged the panties down more, this time not bothering to look down. But she could tell from their faces that she was starting to expose herself. She imagined that a good part of her clitoral hood now lay in view. Another short pull and the thin, pink slit of the rest of her sex would be visible. She shivered a little.

Then men took a few more photos, following Richard's instructions. He pointed to the various lamps and skylights around the room and reminded them always to be mindful of where the light came from.

"OK, Cassy, you're doing great so far. Time to take them all the way off. But to do that, we're going to have you turn around, legs apart, bent over, and pull them really slowly down your legs."

Cassy spun around, turning her pert bubble butt to their faces. She bent over, following his instructions, and grabbed the panties at the sides again. Then she began pulling, slowly, inch by inch. She knew from having looked at her reflection in the mirror before that even without pulling the thong off it was so thin in the back that it would not fully cover her anus, and that the slightly darker skin around it would be visible to all of them. She heard them taking photos, rapidly, and she thought she heard one of them say, almost imperceptibly, "wow."

She pulled the panties down farther, to her thighs, and breathed deeply knowing that it was all on display now: her ass, the puckered depression of her anus, the skinny slit of her pussy, the thin lips around them. She'd crossed the line to being a true nude model, and there was no going back.

Richard walked Cassy through more variations of the pose until the thong lay in a little bunch on the floor. He asked her to look back over her shoulder at the photographers, and to use her hands to spread her cheeks open.

So far, all the men were well-behaved, although she heard one distinctly say, "Nice pussy!" It gave her a tingle to hear him say it.

"Let's be respectful of the model," Richard said. "Cassy, to give you instructions I'll have to refer to you down there. What term do you like? Vagina? Vulva? Pussy? Cunt?"

No one had ever asked Cassy such intimate questions at a modeling shoot before, and she didn't know what to say. She thought for a moment about what Bobby, who would be seeing these photos later, would want her to say. After all, the purpose of the day wasn't to get modeling photos, it was to turn them both on.

"You can call it whatever you like. Pussy's fine. Cunt's fine." The word "cunt" sounded funny coming out of her mouth in this setting,

but she thought Bobby would get turned on hearing her say it. It turned her on, too.

"All right, then, Cassy, let's move on to some good spread photos. Go ahead and lie back on the sofa."

She walked to the sofa a few feet away and sat down. She could guess what they wanted now, so she put her feet up on the sofa as well, scooting her butt forward until it was near the edge. The sofa was soft and comfortable against her nude skin. She put her hands under thighs, fingers near the lips of her pussy, and pulled back. She looked down between her legs, and her pussy opened like a flower as she intended. She looked up, and Richard's pupils were more attentive and eager than before. They took turns getting between her legs, snapping photos, and drawing nearer for the closeup shots, until their lenses were no more than a foot away from her open pussy.

There was no doubt about it. This wasn't art modeling or glamour modeling. It was porn. Cassy had crossed the line and she liked it. She felt the thrill of exposure she'd felt at the bar days earlier. She liked thinking about all the photos being taken of her pussy, and of how every last detail of it was exposed to their eager eyes.

Richard had Cassy spread her legs straight and wide. They took more photos. Then he grabbed something out of a small bag to the side and handed it to her. It was a slender cylindrical purple vibrator. Cassy gasped slightly in surprise. She had expected to pose fully nude but not actually to do anything sexual. She hesitated, and she thought about calling Bobby. But she knew what his answer would

be: he'd want her to do it. She knew he'd talked it over with Richard and that if Richard was asking her to do this he had already discussed it with Bobby.

What had Bobby said? He'd said, "whatever." She was ready to cross the threshold and do some whatever.

She took the vibrator from Richard's hand and put the tip of it against her clit. She turned it on from the other end and her clit instantly responded to the steady buzzing. Her back jumped off the floor and she gasped.

"Oh!" she cried.

"Cassy, could you hold that pose with your mouth open and your back arched while you touch the vibrator to your clit like that?" Richard asked. "Yeah, just like that."

It wasn't hard to follow his instructions because her body responded that way to the vibrator almost automatically. It was strangely powerful for being so small and thin. She moved the tip around her tiny, sensitive button in small circles, and then she mashed it back and forth. She knew she was putting on quite a show of her pussy lips: opened, closed, pushed this way and that. She pushed the tip down and inside and then flicked it back and forth to make sure the lips were pushed back and open. She wanted to maximize the exposure of her sex to the photographers gathered round her. The were clicking away rapidly on their cameras. She looked up and saw

Richard photographing her too, from between her outstretched thighs. She guessed his photos would be quickly sent to Bobby and she shivered at the idea of her fiancé seeing her like this, with all the men in a close half circle around her. The combination of her exposure and the hard, steady vibration of the slender rod in her pussy caused her to throw her head back and moan. She knew she was going to come soon. She focused on the delicious sensation of the vibrator against her flesh. Awareness of the men around her faded.

Richard's voice interrupted her.

"Cassy," he said. "Cassy. Pull the vibrator away."

She looked up, puzzled. She pulled it away from her pink, open pussy, with reluctance. She held it an inch away, still vibrating, ready to be plunged back in to give her the pleasure she ached for.

"I don't want you to come yet," Richard said. "I want you to be aroused for the rest of the shoot. Please put the vibrator away for now."

Cassy had assumed the climax of the shoot would be her coming to the vibrator, so she wondered what Richard meant by the rest of the shoot. She clicked the vibrator off and set it on the sofa to the side of her. She held her legs open.

"Look at that," one of the photographers said. He was pointing between her legs.

She couldn't see what he was looking at, but she felt it: a tickle against the skin between her pussy and anus. A trickle of fluid leaked out of her pink, open furrow, and she felt gravity pull it down over her taint until it dropped into the open, exposed depression of her asshole. Cassy felt wanton and naughty exposing herself this way, but she loved how eagerly and rapidly all the men around her photographed her, capturing her in all her wantonness in exquisite high resolution. She wanted to mash both hands against her open pussy and make herself come right then and there, but she didn't, abiding Richard's instructions instead. She kept put her hands on her legs, keeping them spread open. She waited for Richard's next instructions.

Cassy heard a door open and close, and a moment later she saw two men she hadn't seen before entering the studio from the front office. Both wore loose-fitting pants and t-shirts. One was tall, maybe six feet, with a wiry, muscular build. The other was a bit taller, and much bigger, with bulging biceps, a thick neck, and broad shoulders.

Cassy felt embarrassed to be spread open and on view to two more men, but she held her pose. She guessed they were two photographers who had shown up late, although they didn't carry any cameras.

"Hey guys," Richard said to them. "This is Cassy, our beautiful model for the day. Cassy, this is Chad, and this is Austin. They're models. They have lots of experience and are pros, and they're going to do

some poses with you. They got here just at the right time. Guys, why don't you get ready?"

Chad and Austin disappeared through another door. Cassy guessed it was to a dressing room different from her own.

Nobody had said anything to her about posing with male models. She and Bobby hadn't talked about it. She didn't know what he would think about it. A shiver of nervousness coursed through her body. She closed her legs and sat up.

"Richard, I need to take a break for a minute," she said.

"Sure, of course," he replied.

Cassy skittered back to her dressing room, nude, and shut the door. She grabbed her phone off the counter and dialed Bobby's number.

"Hello?"

"Bobby, it's me."

"How are you doing, baby?"

"I'm O.K.," she said. "But we've got a break in the shoot and I have a question."

"Sure. What do you want to ask?"

"Well . . . " Cassy started. She paused before continuing. "You said I should just follow Richard's instructions. So, I have. It's been . . . kind of wild so far. But O.K. But these two guys just arrived. They're models. And Richard wants them to pose with me. I assume they'll be naked. We didn't talk about that and I had no idea they would be coming. I don't want you to be mad."

Cassy heard laughter on the phone.

"I'm not going to be mad, Cassy. Remember what I said? Richard and I have talked it all over. You have nothing to worry about. Just follow his instructions and do what you want to do. Whatever poses he wants you to take, I'm fine. Whatever. Don't worry about me."

Whatever. That word again. Cassy's imagination ran wild and she tried to imagine what it might encompass. Bobby sounded sincere. He didn't sound worried or jealous or mad.

"You're sure?" she asked.

"I'm sure, baby," he said. "Go ahead and get back to your shoot and have fun. Let Richard take the lead. You're in good hands. I'm having fun with this whole thing."

He sounded to Cassy like he meant it.

"O.K., if you're sure. Thanks, Bobby. I guess I have to go. I'll see you later and let you know what happens."

"I look forward to it, Cassy," he said.

They hung up.

Cassy turned around to go back to the studio. She was aware, again, of being naked – that she'd be entering the studio from her dressing room without a stitch on. She could grab a robe that hung from a hook on the wall, but it seemed like a silly thing to do because she'd be tossing it off within seconds. She stayed naked, and she opened the door.

Back in the studio, hands gathered up over her breasts, leaving her hairless pussy exposed, Cassy saw a roomful of heads turn toward her. Richard and his photographers were ready to go, and the new guys – Chad and Austin – stood near the sofa wearing loose boxer shorts and nothing more. Both were hot, Cassy thought. Chad's torso was all wiry, lean, sculpted muscle. Austin was like a Greek God, with a narrow waist and hips, massive, sloping pectoral muscles, and

impossibly broad shoulders. He had muscles bulging in every direction. His loose boxer shorts barely contained another prominent bulge the size of which left Cassy wondering. Both men's chests were shaved bare, leaving the sculpture of their bodies fully revealed as though in polished marble.

"Cassy, ready to go?" Richard asked.

"Sure," said Cassy. Her voice caught in her throat and sounded tinny to her ears.

"O.K.," said Richard. "Chad, we'll start with you. Slip off the boxers. Cassy, stand over here near the sofa."

Cassy followed his directions as Chad's boxers fell to the floor. A plump, well-proportioned cock snapped up and arced away from his body, not erect but not flaccid, either. Cassy was embarrassed. Richard, however, kept things moving.

"Let's start with Chad behind Cassy, holding her at the waist," Richard said. Chad followed Richard's instructions and took Cassy by the waist, pushing up against her from behind. Cassy let out a sharp breath when she felt the head of his cock bump against her butt and settle into the top of the cleft between her cheeks. No other man's cock had been against her skin since she'd been dating Bobby. It felt electric. She was nervous and embarrassed. But she was aroused, too.

As before, cameras went off all around her.

"Chad, cup her breast," Richard said.

Chad's hand slid up the skin of Cassy's torso, stopping at and cupping the bottom of her right breast. A thumb and finger encircled and squeezed her nipple, and Cassy squealed.

"Chad and Cassy, that's excellent," Richard said. "Cassy, slowly turn around in his arms, and look at Chad like he's a lover. Hold each other and get close. Slowly, so the guys can get pictures."

Cassy turned slowly, her face getting closer to Chad's. She thought of Bobby and hoped he wouldn't think it disloyal to be in a naked man's arms this way. As she turned, Chad's cock popped out of the crack of her ass and caressed her skin in a half circle around her hips, until she was facing him. When she did, at last, his hand grabbed her ass and his fingers dug in, and his cockhead tapped lightly against the hood of her pussy. Cassy shivered. She hoped no one notice. She was trying to act like a professional, but the combination of embarrassment and arousal made it difficult to keep up appearances.

Richard walked the two of them through a few poses in that position, grabbing and caressing each other in different ways. Cassy's skin was on fire the whole time. She couldn't tell how much of it was shame and how much sexual excitement, but she didn't stop. Chad's hands were strong, and his fingers were long, and she liked the feel of them all over her.

"O.K., guys," Richard said. "Next phase. When you do a shoot with a couple it's nice to have some romantic introduction, but not too much. Your customers are going to want you to get to business. So, Cassy, can you drop to your knees in front of Chad?"

Cassy, not thinking with perfect clarity, did as she was told until her knees were against the wood, and her mouth was inches away from Chad's thick, swaying cock. It was harder now than before, and it stuck out from his body, toward Cassy's face.

Richard continued as though nothing strange was happening. It's not strange to him, Cassy thought, but I'm freaking out.

"It's always good to start the sex with a good blow job scene," Richard said. "Everyone likes it, and it gets the guy hard for the next scene."

He turned away from the other photographers to Cassy.

"Cassy, if you're not comfortable you don't need to actually suck him. We can walk through this and give everybody here a good lesson without that. So just do whatever you are comfortable with."

Whatever. That word again. With every minute ticking by it seemed to encompass a wider range of possibilities.

Richard didn't say anything, so Cassy stuck out her tongue as far as it could go. Its tip lay no more than an inch from the tip of Chad's cock, which seemed to be getting still harder. Cassy wasn't sure how far she wanted to go with this, but she thought she get her tongue close enough to the cock to give the photographers what they wanted without actually touching it.

She looked at the thick purply-pink bulb of Chad's cock. To her surprise she saw the little hole at the tip wink, and a shiny drop emerged from it. Without thinking Cassy put a hand on Chad's hip, squeezed her fingers into his skin, and pulled him closer. Her tongue almost touched him. It lay just fractions of an inch from the shiny dollop of cream. Cassy wondered how close she could get to it without touching it. She stretched her tongue farther, until its tip was directly under the cock tip.

At that moment the milky bead of Chad's pre-cum fell, and it dropped right onto her tongue. Cassy's eyes grew wide and before she could think what to do she withdrew her tongue into her mouth and swallowed.

I just swallowed another man's pre-cum! she thought. Sorry, Bobby!

"That was hot," one of the photographers said.

Cassy saw another bead of white come from Chad's pee-hole.

She lowered her body, crouching closer to the ground, tilted her head back, and opened her mouth as wide as she could, inviting Chad to lower his cock head between her lips without touching them. He did.

She couldn't stop thinking about having swallowed Chad's pre-cum in front of Richard, and the photographers. Bobby would see pictures of it later, too. It felt wanton and slutty, but it felt good. Cassy made a decision.

She closed her lips around Chad's cock.

Chad groaned, and his cock grew harder at once.

I'm sucking another man's cock, Cassy thought.

The cameras kept snapping, all around.

Cassy's free hand went up and began stroking Chad's cock at its base while her mouth worked eagerly over the head. She swirled her tongue around it. With each stroke she let him get deeper. Chad let her take care of the rhythm.

It was delicious, Cassy thought. And the taste was all the more exquisite because men she didn't know encircled her and photographed her enjoyment.

Cassy's mouth pumped away at Chad's cock for a while. Embarrassment gave way to bliss and Cassy almost forgot she was being watched when Richard gave instructions again.

"Cassy and Chad, get on the sofa. Chad on his knees with his back to one side, and Cassy on her hands and knees, doggie position."

Somehow Cassy and Chad duck walked their way to the sofa without letting her mouth leave his cock. She wanted it inside. Inside her. Fucking her. Fucking her sweet mouth. Soon they were on the sofa as Richard had instructed. She kept her mouth pumping away at his raging hard on.

"Cassy, that's great," Richard said. "You're a natural. Push your belly toward the sofa and push your butt higher. You have a beautiful butt."

Cassy knew guys liked her butt, but they'd never seen it before the way the photographers in the room saw it now. She opened her legs so they'd see everything. She'd given herself over fully to displaying herself – ass, pussy, tits, cocksucking mouth, everything. Now the photographers were on all sides of her, some capturing in great deal her full lips closing over Chad's thick, hard cock and others behind her, snapping photos of her open, lippy pussy and pretty, puckered anus with glee.

"God, this is great," she heard someone say.

"Austin, I think it's time," Richard said. "Get behind Cassy like you're going to fuck her."

Cassy shivered again. She hadn't thought about what Austin was going to do.

She heard a rustling, and thought she heard Austin's boxers drop to the floor behind her, out of sight.

"Holy shit," one of the photographers said.

"I thought 'hung like a horse' was just a saying," said another. "But fuck."

Cassy's eyes went wide, but she was so busy sucking Chad's cock she felt she dare not turn around. So, she continued sucking, spreading her legs and pushing her ass up and backward to await whatever was coming.

"Now, Cassy," Richard said, "It's not necessary for Austin to fuck you. We can get good shots if you just let him get right up behind you. Just do whatever you're comfortable with. And, just so you know, I always have my models tested, and both Chad and Austin got clean bills of health earlier this week. Nothing to worry about."

Whatever, Cassy thought. Whatever felt damn good so far.

She felt hands, larger and stronger than Chad's, grab her ass. She pushed against them, once again without thinking. Her body rocked back and forth as her mouth devoured Chad's cock, until, at last, she felt it: the thick, hard head of Austin's cock tapping the spread lips of her pussy. She wasn't sure what to do. She'd come this far, but letting another man actually fuck her pussy would be an even bigger step. Could she do it? Would she? Did she want to? She wasn't sure.

But while she was thinking about it, the cock head kept tapping against her, sometimes hitting her lips, other times her pert clit, and a few times the exposed flesh between her lips. She couldn't see it, but she knew it was big – bigger than anything she'd felt before.

Is this fucking? she wondered. Is he fucking me? She guessed that it looked like it, because out of the side of her eyes she could see all the photographers with their cameras clustered behind her, ignoring the steady mouth-fucking in favor of watching her pussy getting tapped by the cock, unseen to her eyes but obviously big.

"Excellent, Cassy," Richard said. "Let's try a different position now. Rotate your body, ass against the sofa, with your legs spread open, feet in the air."

Cassy had to remove her mouth from Chad's cock to do what Richard asked. The cock slipped out from her lips with a plop and she turned over, curious to see the big cock that had been slapping against her from behind.

Her eyes popped open wide when she saw it. She knew it was going to be big, but this – this was ridiculous. If any cock deserved to be called a horse cock, this was it. She'd never seen a cock so big: long, veiny, rock hard and jutting forward, and almost as thick as her wrist. As she spread wide, legs in the air and toes pointed toward the ceiling, she saw Austin's thick cock swaying in the air inches away from the opening of her sex.

There was no way it could fit inside her, she thought, though she didn't say anything aloud.

Cassy was mesmerized, nevertheless, at the possibility that such an enormous cock might fit inside her. She kept her legs open in invitation, and, looking down the length of her body between them she noticed the lips of her pussy were peeled back, as though eager and waiting to be entered.

Austin moved forward until the thick head pressed against her lips. He rocked his hips in a slow rhythm, and his cock head traced the length of Cassy's pussy, up, then down, and then up again. Cassy didn't think it counted as fucking, but it was close.

She turned her attention away from the huge cock to look at the photographers crowded around her, snapping photos, capturing every inch of her nude body. She thought about Bobby watching her later, with naked men at either end of her, with a huge cock poised at her pussy's entrance, ready to push in.

What would be Bobby want her to do? she wondered. He'd given the green light for her to do what she wanted. He'd told her he trusted Richard.

Whatever, Cassy thought.

She pushed her hips forward, toward Austin's massive cock, and it snagged and stopped against the pink flesh between her lips. Its tip spread her wider, and Cassy couldn't help but notice how far apart the cock's girth pushed her lips. She still couldn't imagine the cock being inside her.

But she was interested in finding out, so she pushed her hips farther forward.

Now her pussy and Austin's cock aligned perfectly, and it slipped in, partway, despite its girth. Cassy groaned.

"Ooooooooooooooh," she said. She let the groan linger as she felt the huge bulbous cock head make its way inside her. Even part-way in, it filled her and stretched her. She didn't think she could take much more of it. She stared at it, between her legs, a thick pole of flesh. The tip was hidden inside her, but the rest remained outside. She couldn't imagine the rest of it buried inside her. But she wanted to see how much more she could take.

She pushed against it, again. Her pussy took in two more inches, and she groaned once more.

"Shit, look at that," one of the photographers said. He and the others kept taking photos. Cassy spread her legs wider so all of them could see.

"Guys," Richard said, "It's important at this phase to make sure you've got a good angle to the woman's cunt. Cassy knows how to pose so she's giving you a good view, but sometimes your models won't know where to put themselves and you have to guide them. Good job, Cassy! You're doing great."

Cassy barely paid attention to what Richard was saying. She just wanted more of Austin's huge cock inside her. He pushed again, slowly, and she pushed back. Two more inches. Her hips shook and her legs quivered. Her pussy opened to more of his massive shaft and it felt like her insides were getting rearranged. Cassy's breath came in loud, short puffs.

Austin was getting into it, too. He was staring down at her body underneath him with wide eyes and an open mouth.

"Yeah, baby, take that," he said. "Take my big cock."

"I want it all," Cassy heard her self say, her voice tiny, almost whispery, over the sound of heavy breathing and cameras going off around her.

"What'd you say?" Austin asked. "Tell me what you want and I'll give it to you."

"I want it all," Cassy said, louder this time. "I want your big horse cock all the way inside me!" She couldn't believe it was her voice saying it.

"Yeah, baby?" Austin asked. "You're sure your little cunt can take it? You're so tight. I don't know if you can. You need to tell me. You need to beg for it. Beg me to sink my big cock all the way into you, Cassy. Beg me loud enough that I can hear and all the other guys watching us fuck can hear it to. Come on, baby."

"Give me you cock!" Cassy yelled, throwing her head back. "Put it in all the way. Fuck me!"

"With pleasure," Austin said. With that he shoved hard, and the rest of his huge shaft disappeared insider her pussy lips. His ball sack smacked against her exposed ass hole. Cassy's eyes widened like white saucers and she let out a loud "yelp."

"My god, this is amazing," a sandy-haired, middle-aged photographer said.

"Concentrate, guys," Richard said. "It's easy to get excited about what's happening, but always focus on getting the best shots."

"Cassy," he continued. "Throw your head back. Let Chad fuck your mouth while Austin fucks your pussy."

Cassy did as she was told, without thinking about it. She craned her neck back, bracing herself on the sofa on her elbows. Sure enough, Chad's cock, still hard, was waiting for her. She opened her mouth and instantly it was stuffed.

"Mmmmph," Cassy said. Chad's cock, bigger than average but nowhere near the size of Austin's, started pumping in and out of her mouth.

I'm being fucked from two ends, Cassy thought. I had no idea I was even going to pose with anyone else and now I'm being fucked by two guys and everybody's taking photographs.

Cassy clamped her mouth down hard on Chad's cock and begin sucking, her tongue twirling against his cock head. From the other end, she felt Austin's enormous cock start to leave her, and then press back inside before he was out all the way. Both men were eagerly fucking her now, and Cassy eagerly accepted the hard, furious thrusts of their cocks into her body.

She hoped Bobby wouldn't mind. It was too late to worry about that now.

Austin sat with his knees on the sofa and held Cassy's ass in his hands a few inches off the fabric. He picked her ass up a little higher and Cassy's legs went wider, and Austin began pile-driving into her. Cassy felt the wetness inside her, lubricating and easing the passage of the mighty cock into her, but already she could feel its length and girth taking its toll on her insides, wearing her out. She wouldn't be able to last long against its assault. But on it went, regardless, thrust after thrust, two men who were not her fiancé pounding her open holes relentlessly.

She wanted to watch Austin's cock pumping in and out of her, but Chad's equally busy cock kept her from doing that. More than once she gagged as his cock hit the back of her throat. Drool spilled out the sides of her mouth.

Her body had never been treated this way before, and the sheer intensity of the hard fucking from both ends was almost painful. But it was blissful, too – her lithe, little body transported in its sheer, wanton writhing to another place she'd never been. She felt delicious and slutty.

I hope you like me as a slut, Bobby, she thought. That's how I feel. That's what you've got.

The thought made her shiver, and the shiver set off a reaction that flowed down to her pussy. Cassy felt it well up from inside –the coming orgasm. It started as a tickle, and then as a series of ascending waves, spreading over her. Her hips bucked and her legs spasmed.

Austin seemed to know what was happening, because his hands suddenly gripped her ass tighter and he pushed even more deeply inside her than before. Chad suddenly pulled his cock out of her mouth and started stroking himself furiously, holding his cock no more than inches from Cassy's face. Her mouth now free, Cassy pulled her head up to watch the piston-pumping motion of Austin's enormous cock into her pussy as she neared her climax.

When it came, at last, a few strokes later, she cried out and her whole body shivered. She closed her eyes and instantly felt the hot, salty taste of cum as Chad dumped his load on her face and in her open mouth. Austin pushed one more time into her and held his cock in her, and Cassy could tell he was emptying himself in her as well. When he was done he cried out, too, and pulled out a moment later. His cock, slicked with his semen and the wetness from her pussy, dangled between her legs, not as hard or straight as before but still massive.

The photographers never stopped. She saw their cameras gathered all around her, capturing every angle of her cum-splattered, sweaty nude body, still shaking and shivering from the hard fucking.

Chad and Austin, both pros, moved away so Cassy could be photographed alone. Cassy pushed herself up from her elbows and lay against the back of the sofa. She started to curl up. She felt spent.

"Keep your legs open, Cassy," Richard said. "Guys, you don't want to forget to get this part."

Cum dripped off Cassy's face, onto the sofa and her chest, cameras recording ever drop. She wondered what Richard meant. Then she felt it – the heavy wet mess at the gaping entrance between her legs. She looked down and used her hands to part her lips and saw it – the thick white cream pie. For a moment it hung there, not moving, suspended, but gravity did its work. A thick dollop of cream poured from her pussy to the floor at the foot of the sofa. The cameras kept clicking.

My god, what a sight I must be, Cassy thought. Richard's going to show the photos to Bobby. He's going to see everything.

There was nothing she could do now, so she sat on the sofa, holding herself open for the benefit of the photographers, until her shaking and shivering stopped. Chad and Austin stood behind them, still watching her. They may have been professionals, but they looked like they enjoyed watching a hot nude woman come down from an orgasm as much as anyone.

Cassy grew light-headed. She thought she might pass out. Tran showed up suddenly, from the side, with a bottle of water. Cassy took a swig and felt better.

"Let's get you cleaned up," Tran said.

Cassy felt her body, still weak, lift off the sofa and stagger to the dressing room. It almost felt like her body belonged to another person.

She took her time in the dressing room, toweling off and pulling the dress back over her body. She slipped her shoes on. Her head swam, crowded with thoughts and emotions about what she'd just done.

Oh, Bobby, she thought.

It was harder to open the dressing room door this time, clothed, than it had been the last time, naked. When she entered the studio again, Richard stood near the door. His student photographers stood in a cluster near the window, talking amongst themselves and scrolling through the photos they'd taken on their camera view screens. Chad and Austin were gone.

"How do you feel, Cassy?" Richard asked.

"Good, I guess" she said. "That was . . . intense. I didn't expect all of that to happen. I didn't know that was going to happen."

"I know," he said. "You were such a trooper. It went further than we expected it to. You did great. Really great. I got some great photos out of that, and I'll bet even my students did, too. I'll make sure you see them."

"Thanks," Cassy said. All she could think about was Bobby seeing them, and she wondered what he would think. He'd said to do . . . whatever. But it seemed like she'd left whatever a long way behind, and she had no idea what he'd think of what she'd done.

A tingle came from between her legs. She was sore down there, her insides feeling the aftermath of the hard fucking she'd gotten from Austin. Her legs were wobbly.

Cassy said goodbye to Richard, and his students gave her a hearty cheer from across the room as she left. In a minute, she was in her car, driving home to Bobby.

She figured Bobby would be eager and curious to see her after her adventure as she put the key in the front door to open it. But when she stepped inside, he wasn't there.

"Bobby?" she called. She thought her voice sounded frail and warbly. She was nervous about seeing him. She figured she'd have to tell him

everything that happened, because Richard probably would fill him in, and maybe he already had.

She walked from the door to the living room.

Bobby was on the sofa, watching the TV. On the large screen, in high definition, Cassy saw herself, getting fucked by Austin and Chad. Her mouth dropped, and she turned toward Bobby.

He was already up, off the sofa and walking toward her, a huge grin on his face.

"Bobby, what –" she started.

"Richard videotaped the whole thing, from the beginning. He had a camera in the back of the room. He live-streamed it to me. I've already downloaded the video, and I've been watching it a second time.

"Baby, you were amazing."

"You . . . you're O.K. with this?" she asked.

"Oh, Cassy, better than O.K."

He hugged her and kissed her forehead.

"I don't think I've ever been so turned on in my life. They way they all looked at you. That huge cock pounding you. All those guys taking pictures of you, eating you up with their cameras. It was the best porno ever. My little porn star."

He kissed her again.

They embraced, and Cassy felt warm and comfortable in Bobby's arms as he kissed her face, over and over.

"Bobby, I have to admit something."

Cassy was worried and didn't know how to say what she had to say. She feared Bobby's disapproval.

"What is it, baby?"

"I – I want to do that again." She blushed and looked at her feet.

When she looked up, Bobby was grinning.

"I already knew that, baby. I could tell by watching you during the shoot that you'd want more. I want more too."

He hugged her and kissed her on the forehead and pulled back. His face was filled with kindness and understanding – and lust.

"Cassy. My sweet, pretty, little exhibitionist slut fiancée. I've booked another shoot for next week. This time there will be four guys, not two. And a new crop of photographers to take photos of you. Richard will take care of everything.

"Don't worry, Cassy. I'll make sure you get plenty of opportunities to show off your naked body again."

"You're the best, Bobby!" she said.

Planet of the Tentacons

Look on me, Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live, And life
more perfect have attain'd than fate Meant me, by vent'ring higher
than my lot.

John Milton, *Paradise Lost*

The mollusks -- generous hosts when they weren't trying to kill you.

Dave Barry, *Peter and the Starcatchers*

Chapter 1.

The shuttle shook when it hit the dense, lower atmosphere of Tentos. Talia Denzer, still new to space travel, clutched the arm of her seat. She looked out the window to her right. She could not see much through the thick cloud cover. When the clouds parted enough for her to see anything, they revealed air with a greenish hue different from anything on Earth.

"Is this your first trip to another planet?" Jod Perry, seated to the left of her, asked. Talia had met him only briefly on the trip from Earth. She recalled that he was one of the geologists. He was handsome, if you overlooked his too-skinny frame and nervous demeanor. An intense air hung about his eyes, but he smiled kindly at her.

"It is," she said as the ship rocked and rolled in the turbulent air. "This trip is my first time in space. It's weird to think that ten weeks ago I was teaching classes at Cornell."

"You'll get used to it," Jod said. "Transit is weird when you do it the first time, but after a while it seems normal."

It didn't seem normal, yet, to Talia. It had taken the ship a month to get from Earth to the wormhole station, roughly halfway between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. Transit -- the process of traveling 150 light years from the solar system wormhole station to the wormhole station in the Tentos system -- had taken ten Earth days. Another four weeks of travel beyond the station brought them, at last, into orbit around Tentos.

After the usual, lengthy diplomatic song and dance the Tentacons always required, the shuttle, with all necessary mission personnel, finally detached from the cruiser and set off for the capital of Tentos. The closest English phonetic approximation to what the Tentacons called it was I' rizishi I' iz iz har i' i' zhi zhi, but most humans called it Tentos City.

Twelve weeks earlier, Talia, an associate professor in the department of alien linguistics at Cornell University, had been working on a lesson plan in her office. It was early spring, mid-semester, and rain beat against the window of her small office. An unexpected knock came at the door.

A short, officious, middle-aged man entered her office and seated himself in the chair opposite her desk without asking permission.

"Professor Denzer," he said, his manner abrupt. "I'm Gadber Hines, vice president of Stenvo GeoSpace Corporation. You know what we do?"

"You're a mining company," she answered. "You mine other planets."

"Exactly. We are one of the three biggest mining companies in the known galaxy. You're familiar with Osnerium?"

"That's the element needed to make Transit work, right?" she asked.

"That's right. Osnerium is the rarest metal there is. Its existence was predicted by Howard Osner, the architect of modern space travel. When it was found, it opened up the possibility of real space travel for the first time. Without it, travel between star systems would be impossible.

"Unfortunately, it's very, very rare. We're constantly looking for it, but we seldom find it. Until now. That's where you come in."

"What do you mean?"

"We believe the galaxy's largest reserves of Osnerium are on Tentos. We need it. And we need an expert on Tentacon languages to help us with the negotiations."

"What do you need? Lessons in Tentacon languages? I guess I can help with that."

"No, Professor Denzer," Hines said, thin mouth stretched across his pallid face. "We need you to go with us. To Tentos. Have you ever been in space before?"

Talia had not. But Hines made her an offer she could not refuse. Stenvo GeoSpace proposed to have Talia travel with their representatives to Tentos. She would be given the opportunity, after years of study, at last to meet and to communicate with the Tentacons and study their languages (there were many) while the negotiations carried on. Hines already had taken the liberty of communicating with Talia's department chair, and he and the university stood fully behind her participation. They even encouraged it.

Talia noticed that, as he spoke, Hines's eyes kept sweeping over her body. She had the weird feeling that her figure was being appraised. She felt an intense dislike of Hines even though she was intrigued by his proposal. She was relieved when he left.

After a brief spell of uncertainty, due chiefly to her lack of experience with and queasiness about space travel, Talia agreed to the proposal.

It would be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. It would be irresponsible to turn it down. Besides, Stenvo offered compensation for her services that would make Talia comfortable for the rest of her life.

Just two weeks later, Talia boarded a shuttle and left Earth to rendezvous with the space cruiser. It was her first time on one, and its size awed her. Inside, it was like a miniature city. Space travel could be long and tedious, and the cruiser's designers wanted life on board to replicate life on Earth as much as possible. Talia marveled at the effectiveness of the gravity machines, though it took her a few minutes to adjust after the weightlessness she had experienced in the shuttle.

The amenities on board the cruiser made life relatively comfortable during the 10-week trip, but the security troops on board reminded Talia that space was dangerous. About a third of the ship was off-limits to non-security personnel like Talia. That part of the ship housed the troops and weapons. She wasn't too worried about the trip to Tentos. The Tentacons remained a mysterious race, who kept contact with humans to a minimum, but in the 20 years they had known each other there had been no violence between Tentacons and humans.

A wave of turbulence hit the shuttle, interrupting Talia's reverie. She looked out the window again. The clouds had broken, and she could see the planet's surface not more than two miles beneath her. From this height, it looked a lot like Earth, as she knew it would. To the surprise of the first human space explorers, life had developed on

other planets much as it had on Earth. The prevailing theory as to why was developed by Alvin Ling and known as Ling's Principle of the Convergent Evolution of Life -- that certain physical constraints common to all E-type planets would cause life to form and evolve in similar ways. Explorers were surprised, as well, once Transit made interplanetary travel and discovery possible, to learn just how many E-type planets existed. Most scientists accepted Ling's Principle, but some didn't think the theory was plausible and speculated that the similarity of life forms throughout the known galaxy could only be explained by design. What the design was, and who was responsible for it, no one could say. But even some reputable scientists preferred the design theory to Ling's Principle.

Tentos, Talia thought, looked a lot like Earth, but not exactly like it. It had plants, or something very similar to them, which like plants on Earth relied on photosynthesis, but the molecular composition of Tentacular chlorophyll was different from that on Earth, and the foliage on Tentos had a distinct blue-green hue. Beneath her, Talia could see dozens of islands of various sizes rising from calm seas, creating a swirling, blending landscape of teal and aqua. They were near Tentos's equator, and she knew the climate here was consistently warm and humid. Frequent, heavy rain watered the dense forests that blanketed the land.

A few minutes later, the shuttle flew over one of the largest islands, and the forest cover broke to reveal an enormous city -- the Capital City of the Unified Nations of Tentos. The city, unlike the natural landscape, was truly alien. All the structures were curved and sinuous; Talia saw almost no straight lines anywhere. The buildings, if that's what they were, were irregularly shaped dome-like

structures, and their color was a near-uniform dark-gray. Talia knew enough about the Tentacons to know that that they had an aversion to bright and contrasting colors.

The shuttle approached one of the larger domes, and an immense door opened in its side. The shuttle entered the door and set down on a landing pad.

"We're here, at last," Talia heard Jod say. "Excited?"

"Very," Talia said. "I've studied Tentacon languages for over ten years, and I can't believe I'm actually going to meet them."

"Well, don't get too eager," Jod said. "We're going to be sitting here for a while. The Tentacons don't do anything hastily. The diplomatic crew has to go through its usual, time-consuming meet and greet ritual before the rest of us can get off the ship and see our hosts in person. But it's worth the wait. I've been here once before. They're the most interesting race I've met, and I've met a few."

Two hours after landing, the shuttle's passengers left the ship as a group, escorted by squat, round robots. No Tentacons were in sight. They walked from the landing pad to quarters that had been built specially and jointly by humans and Tentacons to provide temporary housing for human visitors. Talia had learned that the Tentacons did not allow any humans to stay permanently on Tentos. Talia was led to a spartan but comfortable room with a bed, a screen, a small closet, and a bathroom.

Another hour passed, and Talia left her room to attend a meeting called by Dars Stenvo. A robot showed her where to go. Talia entered a conference room with a long table in the middle.

Talia recognized everyone in the room, although she didn't know all of them well. At the head of the table sat the company president, Dars Stenvo. Next to him were the company's business lawyer, Lennard Wolk, and the head of security, Carson Veen. Also seated were Jod, the chief geologist, Reston Marx, the chief engineer for the mining project, Tracy Partaro, a biologist from the University of Texas, and two other junior lawyers who were there to help Wolk with the complicated process of drafting the contracts. Across the table from Stenvo sat the vice president in charge of the project, Gadber Hines, the man who had recruited Talia.

"I don't think I need to tell anyone how important this project is," Stenvo said. "According to our best geological estimates, confirmed by Jod and his crew, Tentacon has greater reserves of Osnerium than any other planet we've discovered. You know what that means. Without Osnerium, there's no Transit. Without Transit, there is no interplanetary travel, and without interplanetary travel, this company, not to mention the civilization that we've helped build over the last 50 years, ceases to exist."

"I thought Osnerium had been discovered on Titan," Tracy Partaro, the biologist, spoke up.

"Nope," Stenvo said. "I heard those rumors, too. We checked. There's none. The only source of Osnerium in the solar system is Earth, and we're running out of it. The sources have been nearly exhausted. We've looked everywhere, on every planet and every satellite we've been permitted to explore. Most planets don't even have it.

"But Tentos does. If our geologists are right, it's got a lot of it. And that means we need to get it, and that requires getting the permission of the Tentacons. They've got enough Osnerium here, we think, to keep us in business for another 50 years, at least. But they don't have human Transit technology, and humans sure as hell aren't going to give it to them. That means both sides have a reason to do this deal.

"But if you know anything about the Tentacons, you know they're tough negotiators. Doing this deal is going to be a struggle. But understand: we have to get this done. If we don't, one of our competitors will. Terranax representatives are going to be here in a month. If we don't get this deal done, the Tentacons might do a deal with Terranax. I can't let that happen."

"How's this going to work, exactly?" Talia asked. "I have a general idea what our roles are, but I don't know what, precisely, I am supposed to do."

Stenvo stared at Talia, as though for the first time. Talia knew he was 61 years old, and he had served as Stenvo CEO for 30 years, taking over the position from his father. His face was lined and worn, but his body was lean and tense. He looked like a coil under pressure, ready to spring. His gray-blond hair was cropped close. He stared

at Talia with eyes the hue of gray-blue ice. His piercing gaze made Talia nervous.

"Well, the first step is the delivery of your code, something we took care of half an hour ago," he said.

"What's the code?" Tracy asked.

"Professor Denzer is one of Earth's foremost specialists on Tentacon languages, as all of you already know. Tentacon languages are extremely complex and utterly unlike anything on earth, making the process of translation and negotiation very challenging. They will be communicating with us in Tentish 4, their most common language, and Professor Denzer has prepared a code to facilitate the translation from Tentish 4 to English and vice versa. Her code doesn't just encompass grammar and vocabulary; it includes modules on pitch, inflection, and idioms. As we speak right now, the Tentacons are incorporating the code Professor Denzer created into their translators. This will make our meeting go much easier.

"Tomorrow we will meet the high lord in charge of this project. His name is -- well, I can't really say what his name is in Tentish, but we call him Odorin. We will be negotiating with him in his lord's chamber.

"All of you will be present. I will do most of the talking, along with my lawyer, Lennard. Jod and Reston will be there to handle any geological or engineering questions. Talia will be there to assist if

language problems arise or if the code isn't working. Tracy is here to assist in a biological exchange -- we'll be providing information about Earth life, and they'll be providing information about Tentos life. And, of course, we have Carson to assist if any security issue arises. I don't expect that to happen."

"We'd be fucked if it did, wouldn't we?" Jod asked, with a grim smile.

"Yes, Mr. Perry, we would be fucked," Stenvo said. "It's just us, on a planet of 20 billion Tentacons, a long way from home. But I prefer to think positive. I hope you do, too." He didn't smile when he said it. Talia had the impression Dars Stenvo did not have much of a sense of humor.

"All you need to do, folks, is show up and follow my lead," Stenvo said. "One other thing. The Tentacons do things at their own pace and rhythm. They are not like us. They may do things and say things we don't expect. They may make requests of us that seem to us . . . unusual. That's why we can do only so much to prepare. Stay on your toes. Be ready to adapt. Sleep well, eat a good breakfast, and be ready to go at 0800 hours tomorrow."

He stood up from the table but then paused and looked around the table again.

"I forgot one final thing. What to wear. The Tentacons are extremely visually sensitive, especially to color. There are colors and patterns they dislike intensely. They insist we wear clothing specially

prepared by them when we meet their high lords. Tomorrow morning, before we go, packages will be delivered to each of your rooms, and you must wear what they've provided."

"Um," Tracy raised her hand. "That seems kind of odd. Do you have any idea what they want us to wear?"

"No, I do not," Stenvo said. "I asked, but they wouldn't tell me. But it's something on which they are non-negotiable. Apparently, it is a necessary sign of respect to be in the presence of one of their high lords. But I don't think it will be a problem."

Stenvo turned and left the room, with Carson Veen and his lawyer in tow. The rest rose slowly from the table and went back to their rooms, each escorted by a robot.

Half an hour later, Talia heard a knock at the door of her room.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened, and Carson Veen walked in. His hair was damp and looked freshly washed. He held a bottle of wine in his hand. Without asking Talia's permission, he walked to a small cupboard and pulled out two glasses. He put them on a counter and turned to Talia with a wolfish smile and a hand beginning to unscrew the bottle top.

"I wondered if you would have some with me," he said.

Talia stared at him, nonplussed.

"Shouldn't we stay sober?" she asked. "We have an extremely important meeting tomorrow."

"Yes, we do," Carson said, "and it's over 14 hours from now. A little wine won't impair our faculties. Besides, I thought it might make things more fun."

"Things? What things?" Talia asked, confused.

"Fucking, of course," Carson said, his smile growing wider. "I'm here to fuck you."

"Excuse me? What the hell are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about fucking, of course. Don't you want to fuck? I'm good-looking, I have perfect abs, and I have a big cock. And I guarantee I'll make you come. I always make 'em come. You'll want to come before the meeting tomorrow. It will make you sharper."

Talia shook her head with disbelief.

"Mr. Veen," she said. "I don't know where you are getting this, but I do not want to fuck you. I think you should leave."

He looked at her, perplexed. Then he put his finger to the node on the side of his forehead.

"Ah. My mistake," he said. "I mistook your profile. I thought you'd adopted Space Protocol. I see you haven't. Dr. Partaro has, however. I have the wrong room. My apologies." He turned and left with his bottle of wine, but not before giving her a look that was more lustful than sorry. "A pity," he said before exiting the door. "It would have been fun."

Now Talia understood. "Space Protocol" was a sexual behavior protocol that many frequent space travelers had adopted. It entailed a pattern of nearly unrestrained promiscuity. Some researchers had found that high levels of sexual promiscuity helped relieve the anxiety that often accompanied space travel. Many companies strongly encouraged it, because they believed it made their workers happier and more productive. Talia, who was not an experienced space traveler, had heard a little about it but not adopted it. On the ten-week journey, she had satisfied herself with toys and with her fingers, not with other men and women.

Talia ate an early dinner, delivered by robots, without wine, by herself. She did not make herself come. At bedtime, she stripped off her clothes and snuggled under the bed covers and fell fast asleep.

Chapter 2.

The alarm woke Talia at 0530 hours.

Talia threw the covers back and jumped out of bed, as she always did. She did some exercises and took a shower. She began to get dressed when she remembered that she was supposed to wear only clothing that had been prepared for her. At that moment, a bell sounded at her door.

She wrapped herself in a towel and opened the door. A small bot rolled away in the hallway, leaving a package on the floor.

Talia walked back into the room with the package and opened it. She released the towel and it fell to the floor. She stood naked. Inside the package was a note and some clothing. She read the note first. It said, simply, "Wear these to the meeting today, and nothing else."

Talia up-ended the package, and three things fell out, onto the bed, all in pale gray-blue: two slippers, and a dress.

There was nothing else. No bra. No underwear.

Talia picked up the dress. It weighed almost nothing. She didn't recognize its material. It was thin, but she could feel a substance to it as well, and it was soft and luxurious. After a few moments of

stroking it she held it up over her head and pulled it onto her body. She looked at her reflection in a mirror on the wall.

The dress was short, rising high on her thighs, with short sleeves extending only a little way down her biceps, and it was utterly form-fitting. The shape and contours of Talia's body were fully revealed. Despite the thinness of the material, it provided surprising support, so her breasts, though without a bra, stood firmly and prominently forward, away from her chest. The fabric perfectly molded her nipples, too, and they stood out in perfect tiny points away from her body. She turned around and looked at her backside in the mirror. The dress molded her buttocks, as well, and the cleft between them was clear.

It was lewd, and ludicrous. She couldn't go to a meeting like this. It must have been someone's joke. But how could she find out?

She turned on the screen on the wall and pulled up Tracy's contact. Talia and Tracy had become casual friends during the ten-week space flight, and Tracy was the only crew member Talia trusted to discuss something as personal as what to wear. She hit Tracy's contact. A few seconds later Tracy's room appeared on the screen, and Tracy stood in front of it. She wore the same blue-gray dress.

"Good morning, Talia," Tracy said. "What's up?"

"This dress," Talia said. "I thought this was a joke, but I can see you're wearing the same one. What's this about?"

"I'll be right there," Tracy said. "Let's have breakfast in your room and talk about it."

Five minutes later a knock sounded at the door. Talia opened it, and Tracy stood outside. The minidress showed off every bit as much of her body as it did Talia's. Talia also wore the small blue slippers. Talia let Tracy in.

Talia was struck immediately by how much Tracy's body looked like hers. They were about the same height, around five feet, seven inches, and with similar figures -- slim but curvy, with thin waists, prominent hips, long legs and large, firm breasts, jutting from their chests with little droop. Tracy's nipples stood out straight and obvious from her body under the thin dress fabric, just as Talia's did. But while Talia was pale and blond-haired and blue-eyed, Tracy's skin was darker. She had hazel eyes and long, light brown hair.

Talia held her hands up, framing her body.

"What the fuck is this about?" she said. "How can I go to a negotiation dressed like this? This is preposterous."

"I don't know for sure," Tracy said. "I was surprised, and a little shocked, too. But I think I have an idea. I'll tell you about it. But let's order breakfast first."

They ordered breakfast and it appeared seven minutes later, by a robot carrying it from their ship. Eggs, bacon, coffee, orange juice and assorted fresh fruits arrived at their door. The food looked surprisingly good considering it came from a ship that had been in space for ten weeks.

They set their trays of food on a small table and started eating.

"I heard you got a visit from Carson Veen last night," Tracy said with a smile.

"I did," Talia said. "So, I assume he visited you next?"

"He did," Tracy said. "I decided to adopt Space Protocol before I left Earth. I've been fucking ever since we boarded the cruiser. I lost track of how many guys I fucked, but it was a lot. I have to say, I strongly recommend it. It makes space travel a lot more enjoyable."

"So you fucked him?" Talia asked.

"Carson? Hell, yes," Tracy said. "Or, I guess, he fucked me. He's kind of aggressive. Kind of full of himself, actually. Definitely a douchebag. But it was a good fuck. Nice abs and a decent-sized cock, though not as big as he thinks it is. I don't regret it. Did you come last night?"

"No," Talia said. "I didn't. This whole Space Protocol thing -- I'm not a prude, but I just can't quite get my mind around it."

"I get it," Tracy said. "To each her own. But, personally, I find it helpful to get off the night before a big project like this one. If you do want to get off, I can help you with that. I can probably make you come within five minutes."

"No, thanks," Talia said, embarrassed. "Just tell me what you think about this dress."

"That's fine," Tracy said. "I'll tell you what I know, and what I think."

"To begin with, we don't know a lot about Tentacon biology, or Tentacon psychology. They've been extremely cautious about exposing themselves to us. We have no Tentacon DNA samples, and we've never had the opportunity to study a Tentacon body or dissect a Tentacon corpse. They have never submitted themselves to an analysis by a human psychologist, either."

"But from the bits and pieces we have of human interaction with them, we surmise that Tentacons are very . . . interested in the human form. Attracted to it. Especially the female human form. They are an extremely sensitive species. Each of their tentacles appears to be sensitive in a different way, and to respond to different kinds of stimuli. They are visually sensitive as well. They like forms and shapes, but they can be easily disturbed by certain colors. They respond negatively to orange and red, and color clashes bother them."

They like curves. That might explain their attraction to the human female body."

"So," Talia replied. "If what you are telling me is true, we're agreeing to be eye candy for the Tentacons while we negotiate with them. Why would we agree to that?"

"I suppose because the leadership of Stenvo GeoSpace is male," Tracy said. "Did you notice how few women were on the cruiser? Have you noticed that the only women in our group are you, me, and one of the junior lawyers? It's no skin off Dars Stenvo's nose if the women in the group have to put on a glamour show for the Tentacons. He doesn't care. He'll do whatever he has to do to get this deal done. Literally, whatever he has to do. So, don't trust him. I don't."

"If you don't trust him, then why are you here?" Talia asked.

"Because it's worth it," Tracy said.

"I've been studying Tentacon biology my entire adult life," she continued. "And I know almost nothing about the subject. This trip, if it goes right, will be the first time we get real information. We've agreed with the Tentacons, preliminarily, to exchange information about our genomes, and the genomes of other species on our respective planets. By the time I get back to Earth, I will know more about the biology of the Tentacons than anybody else on the planet. I can't pass up the opportunity. Even if it requires me to wear this absurd, humiliating, slutty dress."

Tracy laughed. Talia didn't laugh, but she thought about what Tracy was saying. The opportunity for her was enormous as well. In addition to the extraordinary financial bonus she would receive, if the negotiations were successful, she would return to Earth as the undisputed scholar of the languages of Tentos. Every university in the world would want her on its faculty.

"So, that's what I know about why the Tentacons want to see human women in skimpy dresses," Tracy said. "It's lame, and it's pathetic that the company leadership is willing to go along with it, but it's the way it is. But I'm willing to go along with it. Because of the possible upside. I hope you don't think less of me."

"No, I don't," Talia said. "It goes against everything I believe in. But I'm 150 light years away from Earth, and I'm not sure what else to do. I guess, if you're going to do this, I'll do it, too."

"It won't be so bad," Tracy said, putting a hand on Talia's bare thigh. "We'll parade around like dance club sluts on an alien planet for a while, and when we get back home, we'll be millionaires and we'll rule our respective academic roosts."

"I suppose we will," Talia said. She could not deny that the possibility of being the number one scholar in her field on Earth was enticing.

"There is one other thing . . . " Tracy said, her voice fading away.

"What is that?" asked Talia.

"It's a rumor," Tracy said. "I don't know if it's true. It probably isn't. It sounds crazy to me. But I'll let you know."

"What?" Talia asked, suddenly very curious and concerned.

"Well," Tracy said. "You know about the Noids, right?"

"What about them?" Talia asked. The Noids, from what she understood, were a sub-race that the Tentacons had genetically engineered recently to resemble and to communicate with humans. Unlike the Tentacons themselves, they could speak human languages, including English.

"The official story about the Noids," Tracy began, "Is that they were made in labs after the Tentacons first met humans, to make it easier for them to deal with us. But there's another story."

"What is it?" Talia asked.

"That the Tentacon lords bred with human females," Tracy said.

"What the fuck?" Talia asked. This was the first time she had ever heard anything like this. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"Look," Tracy said. "It sounds stupid and I know of no evidence for it. But there are rumors. There are rumors that some of the early female explorers to Tentos disappeared. That the Tentacon masters took them and used them for . . . sexual pleasure. And more than that. That they impregnated them, and with the combination of Tentacon and human DNA created the Noids."

"How would that be possible, with two completely different species?" Talia asked. "Wouldn't the DNA be incompatible?"

"It's not possible, based on everything we know about genetics," Tracy said. "As I said, this is a rumor. It's been going around for a while, but I don't know anybody respectable that believes it. But I thought I'd let you know."

It sounded crazy to Talia. She was reassured, a little, that Tracy, a highly trained biologist, thought the theory was crazy, too. But the upcoming meeting with the Tentacons unnerved her more than before.

Talia and Tracy ate the rest of their breakfast in silence.

Chapter 3.

At 0800 hours, Talia met her colleagues in the hallway, near the exit door.

Everyone wore clothes of the same pale blue-gray hue. The female junior attorney wore a dress identical to that worn by Talia and Tracy. The men wore short-sleeved shirts and full-length pants. Like the outfits for the women, they were form-fitting. Talia noticed for the first time that all the crew members, despite their age differences, were lean and in good shape. Talia tried to be discreet, but she couldn't help but notice that the shapes and lengths of the men's cocks were revealed under the tight fabric of their pants. Despite her efforts, her eyes swept over her colleagues. Carson Veen's cock, she noticed, pointed straight up. Talia quickly guessed that it was bigger than average, but nothing spectacular. Jod Perry's cock, extending to the right and bulging under the thin fabric, looked fatter and longer than Carson's. She wondered, for a moment, what it would be like to have it inside her.

Talia shook her head slightly. Why was she thinking about cocks, at a time like this? She looked straight ahead, to the door. She had to collect herself. She was aware of a warm tingling at every place where her skin touched the tiny, clingy dress. She didn't know why. She wondered if the mysterious material of the dress affected her in some way.

She had no time to think about it further, because the door ahead of her opened with a sudden "whoosh."

A host of small robots issued from the door and directed them to a shuttle. Talia and her companions entered and sat down on the seats inside. There were no windows. The vehicle started moving. They could not see where they were going.

Ten minutes later, the shuttle stopped. The door they had entered opened. One by one, they exited, and after passing through a short corridor they stepped into their destination -- the lord's chamber.

It looked like a cave, more than anything else. The walls were made of a dark gray-brown rock that Talia did not recognize. She and her crew-mates stood on a rock floor, polished smooth, at one end of a vast cavern, the ceiling of which arched over them and extended at least a hundred feet into the distance. Twenty feet ahead of them, the floor of the cavern disappeared under water. A thick, still, white mist hung over blue-gray water. The air in the chamber was heavy and humid.

A door opened to the left, suddenly, out of the rock wall. A dozen figures emerged from it, walking briskly toward them, and fanning out around them. They were humanoid but not human. They were blue-gray in color, about four and a half feet tall, with two legs and two arms, and faces that resembled human faces, but with less prominent noses, and more prominent eyes. They were hairless. And they were naked. They were male, too; each of them sported a long, skinny penis swinging between his legs. They were Noids. One of them approached the Stenvo crew, and he bowed. He stood up, and he looked over each of them slowly and deliberately before speaking.

"Welcome, friends from Earth. I am Eeziel, ambassador of the Unified Nations of Tentos and representative of the High Lord Odorin. We hope that your travels have been easy. We hope that you are well. We hope that our discussions are fruitful, and that as a result of them humans and Tentacons may prosper and enjoy the benefits of a long and lasting friendship."

He bowed low, as did all the other Noids.

Dars Stenvo stepped forward.

"Thank you, friend Eeziel. We appreciate your hospitality. We are grateful for the opportunity to speak to your high lord. We welcome the opportunity to create lasting bonds of friendship and prosperity between our races."

Eeziel rose from his bow. He looked over the human crew, until he saw Talia, and his gaze settled on her.

"Is this the human that created the code for our communication with you?" he asked.

"Yes, this is she," Stenvo said. "We hope the code has been helpful to you."

"Yes," the Noid said. "Most helpful. We've never seen a more helpful code for translating your planet's languages. It will be most useful for our negotiations."

"And let me say," the Noid continued. "Your translator, Professor Denzer, I believe, is most, most lovely. My Lord will enjoy such beauty coupled with such intelligence."

Talia looked at the floor. The Noid's words troubled her. She'd travelled 10 weeks and 150 light years to put her linguistic skills to work, not to be judged for her looks. But she knew she was dealing with an alien species. She did not know their customs. She closed her lips and stopped herself from saying anything she might regret.

"Now let us begin," the Noid said. "Dear guests, please accept the welcome of the Tentacons and their High Lord." He drew back, facing them and walking backward in small steps.

Another door opened on the opposite side. Before Talia could adjust, she saw a flurry of long, twisty limbs and skinny bodies issue from both open doors and surround her company.

The Tentacons approached Talia's group. They were about human size, but utterly unlike humans. Their bodies were ellipses, and their skin was blue- gray. They moved on thick, swirling tentacles that moved like snakes to propel them across the floor. Other tentacles, numerous and of various lengths, curled around their bodies. Their mouths opened and closed from side to side, rather than up and

down. Most unnerving of all, they stared ahead at their human visitors with strangely human eyes, with white corneas, slate-blue irises, and jet-black pupils.

Before long, Talia's group was surrounded by at least 40 of them. Each of them extended two tentacles out and down to the floor. Dars Stenvo, closest to them, reciprocated the gesture, extending his arms out and down with palms open toward his hosts. The rest of his group followed his lead. Talia vaguely recalled that it was a gesture of friendship and openness that was expected upon greeting Tentacons.

The Tentacons stood to either side of the room, leaving a large expanse of the room directly in front of their guests open.

Soon a bubbling came from the surface of the water before them. The bubbles broke and cleared pockets of mist above the water. Blue-gray shafts burst from the water all over, toward the ceiling -- the high lord's tentacles, rising from the water.

The high lord Odorin of the Tentacon governing council emerged from the water and the mist.

He looked like the other Tentacons, but he was much, much larger. His body mass far exceeded that of the largest bear, squat and roundish, with a vertical mouth slit and immense, circular, unblinking eyes looking out from his blue-gray, bare figure. Four large tentacles at the base of his body served as legs, curling and

twisting like snakes underneath him, and transporting him out of the water and the mist to the floor near the humans. Tentacles of varying lengths, too numerous to count, burst forth from the rest of his body, in many shapes and sizes, moving constantly, giving him the appearance of being even larger than he was.

When he emerged fully from the water, he reached two tentacles forward, and he extended them out and down -- a gesture of respect to his guests. Dars Stenvo reciprocated the gesture with his arms and hands.

Odorin's mouth opened and words came out in a sibilant rush. Even Talia, who had studied the Tentacon languages, could barely make out his words. Fortunately, a Noid translator stood by to assist the humans.

"My lord welcomes you to Tentos," the Noid said.

"Thank you, my lord," Dars Stenvo said. "We are honored to be in your presence. It is our pleasure to be here to speak with you."

Stenvo and the Noid ambassador exchanged rote pleasantries and ceremonial praise for another ten minutes. Talia's mind started to wander. It snapped back to attention when she heard what the Noid said next.

"We are grateful for your visit," the Noid said. "We believe that our exchange will be mutually beneficial. Before we continue our negotiations, however, our high lord would like to know your colleagues better."

"Certainly," Stenvo said. "What do you want to know? We're happy to provide more information."

"Thank you, Dars Stenvo," the Noid said. "But our high lord wishes to know you in his own way."

With that cryptic statement the Noid moved to the side. Odorin moved forward, tentacles undulating over the floor.

The alien shape of the Tentacon lord was repellant to Earth eyes, Talia thought. The constant undulation of his tentacles conjured up an image of a floor crawling with snakes, and there were more than she could count. As he moved across the floor his blue-gray skin quivered. His vertical mouth moved constantly, too, snapping open and shut even when he wasn't speaking. Yet, at the same time, there was something compelling about him. He moved with obvious power and confidence. And there was another quality to his movements, too -- a sensuality, as though every part of his body kissed the air and ground that it touched. The constant movement of the tentacles was mesmerizing. Odorin drew his body close to Stenvo's, but not far from the water's edge.

One tentacle, longer than the others, stretched forward, snaking slowly through the air. Its tip was a kind of pad, shaped like a leaf. It glistened with wetness.

Its tip touched Stenvo's cheek. Stenvo didn't move. After no more than a few seconds the tentacle pulled away. It waved through the air, until it reached the person at the side opposite Talia, Gadber Hines.

It touched him only briefly, as it did the next three in line -- one of the lawyers, Jod Perry, and Carson Veen. But it slowed when it reached Tracy Partaro.

The tentacle waved in front of her, and then it touched her ankle. The tip moved slowly up her leg, until it lifted off her knee. Then without hesitation the pad at the tip pressed against Tracy's breast. Tracy gasped, but she didn't move. From where Talia sat she could see the pad of the tentacle contract and squeeze Tracy's left breast. It pulled away, and Talia saw it shake. Then it moved on.

The tentacle moved quickly among the male members of the crew, touching each of them only briefly. It lingered a little longer over the young female attorney, touching her legs and her lips and, briefly, one of her breasts.

Then the tentacle came to Talia, who sat at the far end of the line of her companions.

It didn't touch her right away. It waved before her, like kelp in a heavy current, drifting through the heavy air, giving no sign of what it would do.

After a minute, Talia saw the pad tip stretch and expand in front of her face. She didn't know what it meant, or what it was sensing, but it spent at least half a minute in that position. The chamber was utterly silent; no one moved or said anything.

The tip descended to one of her knees, and it caressed it. Talia observed that it didn't feel like human skin. It was slippery and soft, and still wet. Once, on a childhood school field trip, Talia had visited an aquarium, and she had held an octopus. She'd been struck by its slipperiness and malleability. It moved like water: molding and adjusting itself to every contour of its environment yet moving forward inexorably with its own sense of purpose and destination. The Tentacon felt the same way.

The tentacle dropped down, between her legs, and Talia felt it give a gentle push against her left knee. She moved it in response to the pressure, although she was aware that the dress rode high on her legs and she wore no underwear.

Talia felt pressure from the tentacle against her right knee. With reluctance, she let her right knee move in response, too. Talia was aware of her colleagues all around her, watching what was going on. She hadn't flown 150 light years to put on a soft-core porn show for them. But she stifled the urge to resist the Tentacon's pressure. She let her right leg move, and soon both legs were spread wide. She was

glad the other crew members weren't seated in front of her, or they'd get quite a view.

The tentacle pulled back from Talia's knee, and the pad settled between both knees. Its tip lay no more than two inches from the hem of Talia's minidress.

The tentacle dipped down, drawing just a bit closer to Talia, between her outspread legs, and she saw it expand and flatten. It heaved, like it was breathing. Talia had the crazy feeling that the Tentacon was soaking up the scent of her, coming from between her legs. She feared it would move forward and try to touch here there, but it didn't.

And then she felt it -- a consciousness. She looked away from the hovering tentacle, to Odorin's face. Huge, unblinking eyes stared at hers. Talia had never believed in telepathy -- had never seen any evidence to believe in it. But she felt something, something coming from the Tentacon lord -- the force of his mind, exploring the boundaries of her own, through some unseen and unknown medium. A door lay in the space between them, she felt, and if she opened it, she could let him in. What would happen? Her mind reached out to open it, but before it did she pulled it back, abruptly. When she did, she felt his presence depart. A ripple visibly shook his body.

After a few more seconds, the tentacle withdrew until it was against Odorin's body again, twisting and twirling, indistinguishable from the others.

The Noid spoke, and for another two hours dialogue, barely intelligible to Talia, took place between the Noid, on behalf of its master, and Stenvo, with regular input from his attorney, Lennard Wolk. The other two junior attorneys furiously input data into their pads. Talia's attention wandered. It was lawyer stuff. It had nothing to do with her. At times she wondered why she was there.

Suddenly, it ended. Odorin withdrew. He backed up and sank beneath the surface of the water. The other Tentacons left the chamber, and the Noids, the last aliens left, bowed and acknowledged the humans and left as well.

Robots emerged from behind the humans to escort them back to their rooms.

Chapter 4.

As soon as Talia returned to her room, she changed out of the ridiculous dress and into a night shirt. It wasn't much longer than the minidress, but somehow it seemed less compromising. She needed a drink, so she called room service and ordered a bottle of wine. Negotiations with the Tentacons wouldn't resume for another 15 hours, and she had nothing further to do in the meantime. A glass or two couldn't hurt. She smiled to herself about her disbelief at Carson Veen wanting to drink the night before. 24 hours had changed her attitude. If he had shown up the second evening -- who knew what she might have done?

The wine came, along with surprisingly good prime rib and mashed potatoes. When the food arrived, and its smell hit her, she realized she was ravenous. Talia usually was a light eater, but not this time. She gulped down the entire meal. She realized for the first time that the encounter with the Tentacons had left her feeling strange. She felt her cheek -- it was warm. She looked at her face in the mirror -- it was lightly flushed. A low tingle of excitement coursed through her body. It was almost . . . like being aroused.

What happened in there? she wondered.

Her screen beeped. She hit it and Tracy's face appeared. The bottom of the screen showed nothing below her bare shoulders, but Talia had the impression that Tracy was nude.

"Hey Talia," Tracy said. "Mind if I come over?"

"Sure, but I've just had dinner. I've got some wine, though."

"I've eaten too," Tracy said. "That wine sounds good. I'll be right there."

"You might want to put something on," Talia said, her lips twisting into a smile.

"Yeah, I think I'll do that. I don't know about you, but I felt funny when I got back to the room. I took my dress off and I didn't want to put anything on. But I promise you I won't show up naked."

"Good thing. For all we know there might be laws against naked human women running around," Talia said.

"Somehow, I doubt that," Tracy said. "But I'll get dressed anyway."

Tracy knocked on Talia's door three minutes later. She wore the blue minidress.

They sat down on a small sofa and drank the wine.

"What did you think about the Tentacons?" Tracy asked Talia. "Were they what you expected?"

"I'd seen pictures and video of them," Talia replied. "But it is different seeing them up close. I'm curious -- why does the Tentacon lord stay in the water? I thought they were a terrestrial species."

"We don't know too much about their evolution, because they haven't shared much and we still don't have their DNA," Tracy said. "We believe they evolved as an aquatic species and then emerged from the seas and evolved further on land. The Tentacon lords, however, because they are larger, have more difficulty regulating

heat, and they use water to keep their bodies cool. So, the lords, from what we know, spend most of their time in chambers like the one we saw, or stay permanently near the coast. You noticed the mist?"

"Of course. I couldn't help but notice it."

"The mist keeps the air moist, which the Tentacons like, but I think it does something else too. How do you feel?"

"What do you mean?" Talia asked.

"Do you feel aroused?" Tracy asked.

Talia was startled at the question.

"When I came back to the room, I did feel . . . strange. Flushed. My skin was warm. Aroused . . . I don't know. Maybe. You think the mist caused that?"

"I think there was something in that mist. A pheromone, maybe. I get the sense that the Tentacons know more about us than we know about them, and that they are doing whatever they must to make us susceptible to influence, so this negotiation goes well. That might mean weakening our psychological defenses. But I don't know if it affected the men, too, and they're the ones doing most of the

negotiating. I hope to get more information about the Tentacons during the biological exchange tomorrow."

"Do you trust them, the Tentacons?" Talia asked.

"No, not at all," Tracy replied. "But, come to think of it, do you trust the Company? Do you trust Dars Stenvo?"

Talia had to admit to herself that she did not. "I don't," she said.

"Me, either," Tracy said. "Dars Stenvo would do anything and everything to get this deal done. I'm here because of what this will mean to my career. It's a can't-miss opportunity. But I'm keeping my eyes open.

"You were recruited by Gadber Hines, right? The weaselly one?"

"Yes, I was," Talia said.

"I don't trust him at all, either. Looks shifty. But like I say, I'm willing to put up with it because of what it will mean when we get back to Earth."

They drank some wine in silence.

"Talía," Tracy said. "When the Tentacon touched you, did you feel something? I mean, not with your senses, but with your mind? Like you could connect with his?"

"I did," said Talía, excited and relieved to know she wasn't crazy. "It felt like . . . like I could feel what he felt. But it was like the feeling was jumbled. It was there, but I couldn't read it. It went away before I could translate it. But yes. I felt something."

"I did too," Tracy said. "And I've heard some say the Tentacons communicate telepathically. I didn't believe it. But I do now. If it happens again, take advantage of it. Push. Push your consciousness forward. Try to figure out what he's thinking."

Talía didn't know what to say to that. She didn't know what it meant to push her consciousness forward, but she figured it was as apt a description of what she'd experienced with Odorin as any. She took a sip of wine. Already, it was relaxing her. She scanned Tracy's body next to hers.

"You put the dress back on," Talía observed.

"I did," Tracy replied. "I got used to it. I like the feel of the fabric on my skin. When I got back to my room, I felt, like I said, aroused. It felt good. I took it off, but my body craved the feeling of it. So, I put it back on. But I could take it off if it bothers you." She looked up from her wine glass to Talía's eyes.

"No, I didn't mean to suggest --"

Tracy put a hand on Talia's knee. It felt warm and soft and pleasant there. Talia let in a quick, short breath.

"Tracy, I'm not sure --"

"I don't blame you," Tracy interrupted. "You haven't been with a woman before, have you?" She scooted closer to Talia on the couch.

Talia couldn't say anything first. Tracy was right. She hadn't been with a woman before. Most of her friends had, at one point or another, but not Talia. But the wine and the mist seemed to be having an effect, because Talia didn't push Tracy's hand away.

Tracy took it as an invitation. She moved closer, until her lips were inches from Talia's face. Tracy's hand moved up Talia's leg, under the night shirt.

Talia couldn't remember having seen a woman's lips so close before. They were lovely lips, full and rosy and moist. Tracy kissed Talia.

Talia took it, passively, at first, but then she kissed Tracy back.

Tracy's hand moved further up Talia's thigh under the shirt until it rested on her hip. She pulled her face a few inches away from Talia's and looked at Talia, eyes brimming with lust.

"Bare," she said. "Easier access."

Before Tracy could move her hand between Talia's legs, Talia grabbed her forearm and pushed her away.

"I can't," Talia said. "I can't do this."

For a few beats Talia stared down at the floor. Tracy stared at her forehead.

"I didn't mean to be pushy, Talia," Tracy said. "I misread you. Maybe the mist, or whatever it is, is getting to me. Maybe it's the whole planet."

"It's O.K., I'm not upset."

"Good. Well, I'll go now."

Before she left the screen beeped. Talia opened the picture. Dars Stenvo's face filled the screen. He cocked his eyebrows and smirked when he saw Tracy and Talia sitting close together on the sofa, one still in the dress and another in a skimpy night shirt.

"Professor Denzer. Professor Partaro. I didn't expect to see you together. You saved me an extra call. It's about tomorrow. Talia, when the meeting begins we need you to help calibrate the translator. So be ready for that. Tracy, at the same time we'll have you meet with the Tentacon biologists. You'll exchange data then."

Both Talia and Tracy wondered about the need for the meetings. It would have been easy enough to exchange data remotely. But the Tentacons stood on ceremony and favored personal meetings.

"We'll be ready," Talia said.

"Good," Stenvo said. "We'll be wearing the same thing, so clean your dresses."

"Maybe they'd prefer we just go naked," Tracy said, rolling her eyes.

Stenvo smirked again.

"They might, Professor Partaro," he said. "As you've said, there's a lot we don't know about them. But they haven't asked any of us to do that. Not yet." He laughed, unpleasantly.

The tone of his reply made Talia nervous.

"Good night, professors," Stenvo said. The screen went dark before they could reply.

"He's an ass," Tracy said. "He'd be happy as a clam if the Tentacons made us show up naked."

She lifted off the sofa, turning back to Talia before walking to the door.

"Good night, Talia," she said.

"Good night, Tracy," Talia said.

When the door closed, Talia tossed the blue dress into the processor in the wall. Two minutes later the cleaning was done and she took it out.

She stripped off the shirt, climbed into bed, and turned off the light. She didn't sleep for a while. Her mind wrestled with the disquieting reality that Earth was far, far away.

Chapter 5.

Talia arose at 5 a.m., again. After breakfast and a few perfunctory exercises she slipped on the dress and shoes and a minute later joined the crew assembled in the departure bay.

"We are going to the lord's chamber by a different route this time," Stenvo announced. "The scenic route. The Tentacons want us to take a sight-seeing tour of their fair city and meet and greet some of its inhabitants."

"Are you sure this is safe, Mr. Stenvo?" asked Carson Veen, security chief.

"I've been assured it is, and I have no reason to believe it won't be," Stenvo said, no trace of nervousness in his voice. "Here's the shuttle now."

This shuttle was different from the one the day before. It resembled a cylinder partly cut away at the bottom, where the floor was. The floor was opaque, but most of the curved portion of the cylinder was clear, giving the crew an unimpeded view of their surroundings. The shuttle was piloted by a robot seated at the back.

"You are free to stand during our flight, if you wish," the robot said over a speaker. "The gyros adjust for any rocking and momentum forces and the ride will be very smooth."

The shuttle lifted off the floor and hovered to the bay door, which opened with a soft whoosh. The shuttle moved forward, and Talia noticed immediately that the robot had been right. The yaw, pitch, and roll of the shuttle adjusted constantly to its forward and sideways motion, leaving passengers with a sense of barely moving.

The movement was smooth and gradual, as well, so the environment outside the glass didn't appear to jerk around.

When the shuttle left the bay, it climbed to a height of 200 feet, giving the Earth crew their first close, sustained view of Tentos City

It didn't take long to appreciate its size. It stretched endlessly in every direction, no natural features in sight anywhere. Talia's first impression was how monochrome it was. The range of color was limited; almost everything within view fell within a stifling spectrum of green-blue and gray-blue. But the variety and intricacy of the sinuous shapes of the structures around them nearly made up for the lack of color. There was nothing that looked recognizably like a building; everything was curved. There were no straight lines anywhere. The contours of the buildings appeared to defy gravity and basic engineering principles.

Roads, if that's what they were, widened and narrowed in ways that to Talia defied explanation, and the buildings lifted and twisted around them in an infinite variety of shapes, with exquisite and intricate patterns inlaid in their surfaces. Everything was asymmetrical.

Traffic was heavy, the air filled with shuttle craft of varied shapes and sizes, and as curved as the buildings. Traffic moved in horizontal layers, with traffic in one layer moving this way and traffic in another moving that. Yet, traffic moved constantly between layers, too, with no pattern Talia could detect. The traffic had the same sinuous, superficially planless quality that everything else there had. She

supposed the Tentacons let the robots take care of that, as humans did on Earth.

The shuttle wound through large swaths of the city in a seemingly random way. The pilot was a poor tour guide. He identified a few things -- a school, a science building, an administrative center, something that looked like a stadium, and a few other things Talia couldn't understand. But most of the alien urban landscape around them went unexplained.

They don't really want us to know much, Talia thought.

The shuttle descended, at last. A space had been cleared ahead for them to land. Around the clearing stood thousands and thousands of Tentacons, waiting for them.

The shuttle set down, and the Tentacon crowd approached from every side.

The aliens in front pressed their bodies and tentacles against the glass walls of the shuttle. Their bodies writhed constantly, never completely stopping. With the tentacles mashed flat against the glass, Talia could pay attention to their anatomy for the first time.

It was difficult to count how many tentacles they had, because they moved so frequently. Despite the superficial resemblance to a squid or octopus, a Tentacon had more tentacles than either. And, despite

the difficulty of counting, she could have sworn that some had more than others. The tentacles weren't the same either. Some were pointy, others rounded or padded. Some had suckers, and some didn't.

Despite the alien nature of their bodies, and the number of them, she didn't feel scared. They weren't menacing. But there was something in the way that they looked at the crew that was very curious. She couldn't quite figure it out. Then she understood. It was their eyes. Their eyes were expressive, and they more closely resembled eyes of a human than she could have imagined.

She walked to the edge and put her hand to the glass. Several Tentacons crowded round her and jostled each other to put their tentacles on the glass against her hand.

One Tentacon in particular stared at her with particular intensity. A long tentacle extended from its body, whipping toward her and pressing against the glass at her waist level. The tentacle thickened at its nearly cylindrical tip, which opened suddenly. A thick tube, dripping with moisture, extended from the tip and pressed against the glass.

"Oh!" Talia gasped, stepping back.

"I think he likes you!" Tracy laughed.

"Is that what I think it is?" Talia asked.

"Yes," Tracy replied. "That's a male Tentacon. Males and females look nearly the same. They keep their sex organs inside the mating tentacle, and it's almost impossible for a human to tell which is which until the organ emerges. It's emerged on that one."

"They're not very discreet," Talia said.

"Not by our standards."

The shuttle took off, into the air again, and it traversed the city for another 10 minutes, this time in a less sinuous course. They descended toward an open door in one of the larger buildings, which was capped in what looked almost like a crown.

"That's the lord's chamber," Dars Stenvo announced. "We finally get to see it from the outside."

They landed and were ushered into the lord's chamber again. Two groups of Noids and Tentacons were clustered together on either side of the chamber, but the lord had not arrived yet.

A Noid stepped forward to greet Talia.

"Professor Denzer," he said. "Thank you for your work on the translator. It is most useful to us, and it will be useful to our mutual

communication. It requires some calibration, however. Thanks to the grammar and vocabulary modules we are learning more about your language, but we require assistance with some of the subtleties of human speech -- pitch, inflection, etc. Will you assist us?"

Talia noticed Stenvo staring intently at her, as if wondering if she would cooperate.

"Sure," she said. "What do you need from me?"

"This way."

The Noid directed her to a door that opened to a smaller chamber to the side. Talia felt nervous about being separated from the other humans, but Carson Veen went with her. She didn't like him, but she was grateful for his presence. The Noid beckoned her to sit in a chair with large armrests, next to an upright, oblong device with blinking lights that she guessed was a Tentacon computer. It was the first time she had seen one.

She sat in the chair and the Noid quickly attached several green metal disks to her forehead, hands, heart, and over her femoral artery. They were cool to the touch, and the one on her thigh nearly made her jump.

"What are those for?" she asked. She couldn't still her nervousness.

"We will be playing recordings of Tentacons speaking in English," the Noid said. "The disks will record your approval/disapproval reaction. It will monitor heart rate, blood pressure, skin temperature, pupil dilation, and brain waves. The translator will process your reactions and help us calibrate the translators so when the Tentacons speak the speech will sound more normal to you. Human languages are very hard for my masters to learn.

"Inflection is a . . . bitch, I think you might say."

Talia had to smile at that, despite her unease. "Very good," she said.

"I got that from one of your vocabulary units," the Noid said, his mouth folding into an unsettling imitation of a grin.

"Let's begin the calibration," he said.

A stream of statements and questions, in a variety of pitches and inflection, played over a small speaker to her side. Most of the questions were simple and odd: do you like furry cats? Do you prefer a white house? She guessed that the content wasn't important; the purpose of the calibration was to register how her body and face reacted to the manner in which the voice spoke.

It lasted two hours. When she was done, Talia was exhausted. She sat quietly in the chair for a minute before rising. She was alone in

the side chamber, but for the stooped Noid staring at her. Carson Veen had left without her noticing.

"Let's go back," the Noid said.

Talia expected the lord's chamber to be full, with humans and Tentacons in the midst of negotiations. But the only figures in the chamber were Dars Stenvo and Carson Veen. Veen's expression was wolfish, as usual; Stenvo's was harder to read.

"Where is everyone?" she asked. "Where's Tracy?"

"Professor Partaro and Mr. Hines are meeting with the Tentacon biologists as we speak," Stenvo said. "Near here. We're going to meet the rest of the crew at a separate location. Our geologists are communicating with Tentacon geologists, thanks in part to your translator. Tracy will meet us there later. Let's go."

Stenvo led, and Talia followed. Carson brought up the rear. Talia disliked having her backside exposed to his eyes, but there was nothing she could do. A small robot led the three of them into a shuttle bay, with an enormous window overlooking the city.

"Where's the shuttle?" Talia asked.

"It's on its way," Stenvo answered.

For a few minutes the three of them stood at the window, no one saying anything. Stenvo appeared deep in thought. He broke the silence.

"I've led this company for 30 years," he said. "My father led it before me. He always wanted me to follow him. I didn't want to, when I was young. I wanted to be a physicist. But father wouldn't accept that. He said our company had a great mission, and it was my duty to fulfill it.

"My duty. Hmmm. I didn't believe that for a long time. I didn't know what that word meant. But father became ill when I was 31. On his deathbed I pledged to him that I would do my duty. And I did. I have, to this day."

Stenvo didn't look at her. He looked out the window, straight and unmoving, as he spoke. Talia tried to read his face. Out of the side of her eye she could tell Carson was staring at her, standing close.

"Today is the culmination of that duty, and of our company's mission. We all have to do our duty, Professor Denzer. Me, Carson, you." He turned his face to her. Still inscrutable.

Talia saw a dark point in the sky outside the window grow larger as it drew closer. The shuttle.

"This is the finest moment in our company's history. By securing this deal, we have locked up the greatest reserves of Osnerium in the galaxy. We have the key to Transit, the key to the galactic economy."

Talia was confused.

"Deal? Is it done already?"

"Yes," Stenvo said. "We finished negotiations while you were working on the translator. It wasn't easy. Lots of back and forth. They were very demanding. But, finally, we sealed the deal by offering Odorin the one thing he really wanted."

"What?" she asked.

"You."

Talia's face, shocked and blank at first, filled with understanding.

"You son of a" Carson's hand suddenly slapped against her triceps, silencing her. He held a needle between his fingers. She felt the prick in her skin. Two moments later her head went cloudy. Her knees buckled. Stenvo took her hand, and he guided her gently to the floor.

"We all have to do our duty, Professor Denzer," he said. "I am sure you will do yours."

Fog encircled her, crowding out the light. Dars Stenvo's face floated away. Talia's eyes fluttered, and blackness took her.

Chapter 6.

She awoke slowly. Her eyes blinked open and she saw a graceful hand on a soft, irregular green surface in front of her. The hand didn't move. It took her half a minute to realize the hand was hers. Her eyes traced the arms connected to it and she realized with relief that it was still connected to her, although she couldn't feel it yet.

The feeling came eventually, and Talia sat up. Her head was heavy, and the room spun. She sat in the lord's chamber, alone, on a platform made of soft, green sponge, about 12 feet square, near the edge of the water. She sat motionless on the platform until her lightheadedness passed.

The room was perfectly quiet and still, save for a light mist wafting through the air. Talia stood up. The chamber seemed much larger now that it was empty. She stumbled off the platform, steadying herself on the smooth floor. She walked quickly to the wall, away from the water. The wall curved in a semicircle opposite the water's edge. The outlines of three doors were visible. Talia and her crew had come from the middle one, so she tried it first. All she could see was a thin crack in the wall marking its perimeter. There were no handles

to pull it, and pushing against it yielded nothing. She tried the door to her right, and then the door on her left, with the same result.

She found no way to get out. She went back to the middle door and pounded on it again, this time yelling as loudly as she could. The only response she heard was the echo of her voice bouncing off the far walls of the chamber.

The echo faded and Talia stood in silence. The air was warm and humid. Her skin was sticky and moist. Talia didn't know what to do or where to go, but she didn't want to go near the water. She turned away from the wall and leaned against it, looking out over the chamber, which faded into darkness on the far side, through the mist and over the water.

The surface of the water rippled, perhaps 30 feet from the edge. Talia's skin grew colder. Goosebumps covered her arms.

The rippling stopped, and then it started again.

Talia looked in every direction. There was nowhere she could go. She kept her back to the wall, 30 feet or so from the water.

The rippling on the water grew, and in its midst a blue-gray mound rose above the surface and glided toward the water's edge, in Talia's direction. The mound rose out of the water as it neared the floor, and the Tentacon lord rose suddenly out of the pool, water pouring off

his body and countless tentacles, waving in very direction, rising with it.

Odorin stopped just beyond the water's edge. His thick bottom tentacles lay partly submerged beneath the shallow water, but the rest of his massive, oblong body and tentacles, which swayed and undulated constantly, were exposed. His eyes focused on Talia. He said nothing to her for a minute. Talia pressed her back against the wall, trying to put whatever distance she could between herself and the Tentacon.

"Talia," he said, "You have nothing to fear."

"Oh!" she cried, surprised. He hadn't spoken before, and she hadn't expected him to speak. Then she noticed, for the first time, the device fixed to the side of his mouth, colored to blend in with his skin. She knew instantly what it was: a translator, programmed in part by her. She heard the low gurgling hiss of the Tentacon's actual voice beneath the English words, but it was the translated voice that struck her. His voice was a soft, comforting baritone, pleasant and unthreatening. It was faintly familiar. Then she knew what they'd done. The exercise that morning hadn't been to help the Tentacons communicate with the crew from Stenvo. It had been to discover the pitch, inflection, and timber of voice that would most appeal to Talia. And it worked. Odorin's translated voice surprised her with its warmth and reassurance.

"Come closer, Talia," Odorin urged.

"What --." She found her voice, and it sounded small and reedy after his. "What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you," he said. "I will not hurt you."

The pull of his voice was powerful. Talia took a step forward before stopping herself. She shook her head. It was more than just her voice. Her skin flushed. As before, the mist affected her. And there was something else, too -- an unseen force emanating from Odorin.

"I'd rather stay here," she said. "I would like to leave. Where is the rest of the crew? Where's Tracy?"

"I think you know where the crew are," Odorin said. "They have left and are on their way back to Earth. Stenvo is not coming back for you. As for Professor Partaro, she is becoming acquainted with one of my cousins."

Talia stifled a scream.

"Come here, Talia," Odorin continued. "Come to the water's edge and lie on this bed, and we will talk."

"No," she said.

The Tentacon's body rippled and his eyes widened with what Talia guessed was displeasure. Two tentacles shot forward, crossed the span of the floor in less than a second, and pounded the back wall to either side of Talia, not more than a foot from her. The wall shook, and flakes of stone fell to the ground from where the tentacles hit the wall. The tentacles ended in diamond-shaped pads with curved barbs at each point.

"I have no wish to force you, Talia," the Tentacon lord said, his voice still low and soft and pleasing. "But I could. Come here and sit on this bed. We will talk. I will not hurt you."

The tentacles on either side of her flexed and pulsed, as though to emphasize her powerlessness against his will if she tried to defy it.

"O.K.," she said. She was disgusted at her meek submission to his words, but she had no idea what else to do.

The tentacles pulled back as quickly as they'd pressed forward. Odorin retracted them and they lay twisting against his body once more.

Talia put one slippered foot forward, and then the next, and she walked to the spongy bed. When she reached it she stood still, the bed between Odorin and herself.

"Come sit on the bed," Odorin said. He said it calmly, with no hint of threat in his tone, but Talia saw the muscles ripple under his skin. She had nowhere else to go. She shook the slippers off and stepped up on the bed and sat down. The spongy surface gave way where it contacted her hands and feet and bottom as she sat in front the Tentacon lord. His eyes, wide and never blinking, stared at her. Talia waited.

The tentacles that had crashed against the wall protruded again from the Tentacon's body, but this time slowly and sinuously. The tentacles were heavy, and the razor-sharp barbs at their tips gleamed in the low chamber light. Talia's heart beat faster. She wanted to jump off the bed and run away, but there was no place to run, and fear paralyzed her and held her fast to the sponge bed.

A heavy tentacle touched her left ankle. Talia thought its weight would crush her leg, but she barely felt it -- she felt nothing more than the whisper of a caress. Its skin against hers was slimy, but pleasantly warm. The tentacle traced the distance from her ankle to her knee, leaving a translucent, blue moist film on her shin. Talia caught her breath. The other tentacle traced the same path on the other leg.

The tentacles moved forward, up her body, over her thin dress. Each moved over and felt a breast at the same time as the other. The fear and anticipation became too much, and Talia closed her eyes and whimpered. When the ends of the tentacles reached the neck of her dress, they stopped. The Tentacon did nothing, once again. Talia opened her eyes and looked at the Tentacon. She had no idea what

he was thinking; his thoughts and feelings were hidden from her behind his hideous, alien form.

Suddenly, the barbs closed over the dress at the neck and pulled and sliced, and the dress was torn down the front and pulled back. Talia's front lay naked and exposed to the Tentacon's view. The tentacles grabbed and rent the dress more. They pulled it out from under her and threw it to the floor to the side of the bed.

Talia shivered, nude and frightened in front of Odorin. He pulled his tentacles back, not all the way, but to the edge of the bed. They both sat still and quiet until the Tentacon broke the silence.

"Do you know what happens next?" he said.

"You're going to rape me."

He paused before responding, his body swaying this way and that, languidly. A tentacle scooped water from the pool with a cupped end and poured it over his body.

"Rape," he said. "Rape is an Earth concept. We don't recognize it here on Tentacon. But even if we did, I wouldn't rape you. I want to know you, Talia Denzer, but not that way."

"But you do intend . . . to have me?"

"Sexually? Yes. Very much. I've waited for this for a long time. I want to know you in other ways, too, but I want you in that way. Oh yes. But not by force."

"How then?"

"I'm going to seduce you."

Talia had to stifle a gasp of disbelief.

"Seduce me? With what? No offense, but you are hideous to me."

"No offense taken. I'm not going to seduce you with my good looks or charm, Talia. I'm going to seduce you with the thing you want most."

"And what's that?"

"Knowledge," he said. He let the word settle with her before talking again.

"It's always been the human weak spot," he said. "The search for knowledge. I've read your histories, your myths. Prometheus and fire. Adam and the fruit of the forbidden tree. Why not Talia Denzer,

now, and her unquenchable thirst to know us and our languages? You don't even understand what I'm saying. You don't know how unusual your species is. We are not at all like you. Technologically, we're a generation ahead of you. Maybe a few years more than that, maybe a few years less. But we don't seek knowledge, we let it come to us. We knew that Transit was possible before you did. The mathematics of it was obvious to us. We understood the importance of Osnerium, and we found it in abundance on our planet. But we were in no hurry to use it. We didn't seek you out. We let you find us. When you did, we learned everything we needed to know from you.

"You humans look at things differently. You never wait. You plunge forward into the universe, buoyantly, innocently seeking knowledge, heedless of the consequences when you find it. Curiosity hasn't killed you -- not yet -- but it sure has done its work on your kind."

Odorin fell silent. He swayed and rocked in the shallow water and his eyes wandered and looked to either side of her before he refocused his attention on her. Every movement of his was unhurried.

Talia realized that the Tentacons knew humans far, far better than humans knew the Tentacons. She wondered why. He was right. She was 150 light years from home, having traded away everything that made her safe and secure -- all to gain knowledge. It would do her no good now.

"Are you familiar with Ling's Principle?" Odorin asked her.

"The theory of convergent evolution on different planets, yes," she replied.

"Ling's Principle is a lie. Not a mistake, a lie. It was a mistake at first, made by a foolish human scientist. But now, it's a deception, an invention. We've fed it. We created false information and gave it to your people. It is a mathematical impossibility that all the life in the known galaxy would evolve in nearly the same way, yielding life forms that so closely resemble one another. But we didn't want humans to know the truth. Not until it was time. We safeguarded the truth. I'll tell you the truth.

"We were created -- all of us -- by another species a long time ago. We call them the Makers. The Makers seeded planets with life, genetically encoded to evolve on parallel and similar tracks. The only trace they left was in the genetic code. We discovered it shortly before your species arrived. After your arrival we confirmed our theory by obtaining and studying the codes of other species. We don't know where this original species went. They disappeared millions of years ago."

"How do you know this? How do you know this and we don't?"

"Because the Makers left clues in our genetic code, but not in yours. They wanted us to find out. They had a special purpose for the Tentacons, alone among all species."

"What purpose?" Talia asked.

"To combine with another intelligent species from another planet. We had to discover which one. When your species arrived at our planet, we quickly learned from you all we could about all the other species. But we knew, almost from the first, with which species we were destined to join. Yours. Humans."

"That's not . . . possible." Talia's voice sounded weak and thin to her.

"It is possible," Odorin said. "It is destiny."

Talia looked to either side of her. There was nowhere she could go. The Tentacon lord's tentacles hung suspended in the air no more than ten feet away. They could catch her in an instant if she tried to run.

"Don't do this," she pleaded. "Let me go back to my companions."

"Companions?" he asked, mockery in the voice coming through the translator. The translator worked well, and Talia regretted that her own programming skill had enabled Odorin to communicate so forcefully and persuasively with her. "They were not your companions. Dars Stenvo sold you to me for exclusive rights to a mineral. Your 'companions' are millions of miles away, on their way

to the wormhole station. I assure you they've forgotten you by now. They have more important things to deal with."

Talia put a hand to her face. She tried to steady herself but couldn't hold back a despairing sob.

"Do not be afraid, Talia Denzer," Odorin said. "We mean no harm. By joining, minds and bodies, our species will share, and benefit. You will have more knowledge than you ever dreamed possible. And you can use it for the benefit of your planet and all your kind."

Talia wanted to believe him, but she was afraid. His voice was calm and reasonable, his words plausible, his tone familiar and persuasive. But she was afraid.

"This will make you feel better, Talia," the Tentacon said, his voice low and soothing.

A slender tendril issued from the Tentacon's side, one she had not seen before, no thicker than her wrist, and ending at an appendage about the width and length of her thumb. Talia began to draw back, but she knew it was futile to do so, so she fought to quiet her fear and sat without moving. The tentacle snaked its way through the air until it stopped a few feet over her.

Blue gel suddenly erupted from the tentacle's tip, spraying and coating her body. Talia cried out with surprise, although the goo did

not hurt. It was slimy, but warm and . . . somehow pleasant. It gave off an earthy, spicy scent. A strange feeling came over her entire body, now covered in a thin film of the gel. Her entire body was now painted dull, slate blue.

"What is this?" she asked. "Are you trying to anesthetize me? Paralyze me?"

"On the contrary, Talia," Odorin said in his measured baritone. "It will heighten your senses, not dull them. And your understanding, too. You will see things the way you did not see them before. You will see things the way I do."

The tentacle with the appendage swooped down, swaying in front of her face. Talia pulled back from it, not knowing what it now wanted from her. But her curiosity matched her fear, and she stopped pulling back. The tentacle came no closer. It kept its distance, rocking back and forth like a coiled snake. But Talia, somehow sensing Odorin's intent for the tentacle, had no sense that it would strike her.

She put a hand out, slowly, tentatively. Her hand shook, and so did she, fear and uncertainty gripping her. But curiosity pushed her hand forward. She extended a finger. Gingerly, she touched the tip of the tentacle. It, too, was coated in a moist, blue film, and when her finger touched the Tentacon her moisture mixed with his.

Talia gasped. She had an impression of bright light, all around, throwing everything into relief and highlighting details she'd never

noticed. Every sense was heightened. She heard the sound coming off ripples in the water's surface that she hadn't heard before. Her nose caught scents in the misty air that had escaped her. She saw tiny pores in Odorin's rubbery skin. But the biggest impact was on her sense of touch. Her skin tingled with a new awareness of the air and water and gel against its surface, the deliciously soft sponge against her bottom, and, most of all, the electric charge coming from the top of Odorin's tentacle where it touched her finger.

She looked up from the tentacle to his face. By any human reckoning, he was hideous, a profane mix of mollusk and human, a muculent, bulbous mass quivering and oozing above her, innumerable tentacles swirling and orbiting around and over his body like the snakes of a Gorgon's head. But with her new sense she saw something else, too -- the kinship of their kinds, forged for an unknown, alien purpose and removed and separated by millions and millions of years. Despite the light years that lay between their planets, they were related. Despite their differences in form, his cells were not so different from hers. She felt his intelligence, greater than her own. She felt the strength in his body and the singularity and fixity of his purpose. And, she could not deny, she felt his masculine energy, the desire emanating from him -- desire for her. He wanted her, as much as or more than any human man had ever wanted her. His appearance was repellant, but the desire emanating from him in waves was not; it was enticing, and, in her new state, even arousing.

Talia breathed heavily on the bed, her blue-stained chest heaving and her breasts rising and falling in a fast rhythm before the Tentacon lord. Odorin's eyes widened still more, and his pupils dilated.

Two more tentacles, thin and rope-like, issued from his body and their tips kissed her shins. Talia shook her head.

I can't let this happen, she thought. She pulled her legs back and tried to crawl off the bed behind her. But the tentacles took and held her ankles, each encircling a leg four times. The grip was soft, not painful, but there was no escaping it. She tried to pry a tentacle off one ankle, but it would not budge.

"There's no need, Talia," Odorin said. "I'm not going to hurt you."

The Tentacon held her legs and the ankles, seemingly without effort, two feet apart. Talia braced herself, hands in back of her, chest out. She knew her sex was exposed to the Tentacon, and she saw his eyes sweep her body and settle its gaze between her legs.

A third tentacle pressed forward. Talia tried to close her legs. She couldn't, but she didn't need to -- at least, not yet. The tentacle snaked elsewhere: toward her face. It touched her cheek, surprising Talia with the tenderness of its caress. She closed her eyes, and for a moment, not having to look at the Tentacon's face, she could almost enjoy the brush of the tentacle against her skin.

He hadn't broken her resistance, though, so she snapped her eyes open. A film of blue goo still encased her body. The Tentacon's face remained ugly, but it wasn't as repulsive to her as it was a few minutes earlier. What struck her as odd was that she saw his face

more clearly than before, not less, yet it seemed less hideous. The film over her body and the constant connection between the Tentacon's skin and her own gave her the capacity to see the Tentacon, in part, as he saw himself. And the connection was more than just physical and sensual. She'd never experienced telepathy before -- had always doubted its existence -- but she could swear she felt shadows, at least, of what Odorin felt: desire, longing, loneliness, but also a steadfast sense of purpose. She knew that whatever he had planned for her, it would be impossible to resist him.

Tentacles she hadn't noticed before snaked forward and enclosed and encircled her wrists. Now she truly was bound and under his control. Her body writhed against the restraints of his sinuous limbs, but it was hopeless to struggle against them.

Yet another tentacle approached her, twisting toward her breasts. Before it reached them, it split, and each of the tendrils from that tentacle elongated and touched a pert, dark-blue nipple. The tips were extremely thin, enough so that they could curve around the circumference of each nipple and squeeze it, softly at first, but then harder and harder. Talia felt pain, but it was as though she felt it from a distance, and it was a pleasing pain. Her breathing grew faster and more labored.

Another tentacle stretched forth, this one aiming between her legs. Talia looked down, where it was headed, and with dismay noticed her lips parted, offering the tentacle easy access to her. But instead of entering her the tip of the tentacle touched the bare mound above her clit. It inched down her skin slowly, until its tip contacted the folds

of her hood, and spread them back. Her clitoris lay exposed like a pearl, blue like the rest of her, but shinier. Slowly, relentlessly, the writhing tip of the tentacle drew closer, until it contacted the nub, and Talia groaned with pleasure.

She'd never felt anything like it. No man's or woman's touch had ever lit her sex on fire the way this slimy tentacle did. She felt tiny, impossibly slender filaments from the tentacle's tip wrapping around and encasing her clit even as the blunt tip pressed over and against it. It began rubbing circles over her. Unlike human fingers, the tentacle's surface could make infinite adjustments to the contours of her body. It flattened and expanded and pressed forward against the folds and mounds of her flesh to maximize the impact of its touch.

Talia moaned. She couldn't help it. Her eyes closed, but she opened them again, wanting to catch the Tentacon's reaction to her. His body heaved and rippled as well, nearly in sync with her own. His pale, saucer eyes fixed her in a fierce, steady stare. Talia's new telepathic sense felt the waves of lust coming at her. She didn't fight them. She couldn't -- she knew she couldn't, and she didn't try. She let Odorin's waves of lust come at her and sweep over her because of the delicious spell they cast over her. Her entire body burned with fire lit by the touch of slick, twisty limbs enveloping her nude figure.

While one tentacle rubbed circles around her clit, the one near her face continued to caress her cheek. It pushed across her face, brushing her lips. Talia tried to pull back, fearing it would taste bad, but the tentacle wouldn't let her. To her surprise, the tentacle, coated

in a thick, drippy gelatin, didn't taste bad at all. It pushed against her lips, and the gelatin from it oozed between her lips and teeth into her mouth. It tasted of salt and spice, but it was sweet, too. More flowed into her mouth, and she swallowed it, savoring the warmth as it entered her belly. Then the tip of the tentacle itself pushed past her lips, into her mouth, until it contacted the tip of her tongue. Tongue tip and tentacle touched and danced against each other. The tentacle retracted, and then it pressed back in. She felt the tip expand, as though the tentacle sought to imitate an engorged cock, wanting to be fellated. There was nothing she could do to stop it, so she went along, sucking the rubbery tentacle tip into her mouth when it pushed forward.

Talia had given head before, but she'd had little success in the past letting a cock push very far into her mouth without gagging furiously. The goo coming from the tentacle tip, however, seemed to sooth her mouth, making it more agreeable to the tentacle's exploration. It kept growing inside her mouth, filling it and reaching farther into it. With her mouth full of the tentacle she had to breath hard and fast through her nose. She snorted like a mare as the tentacle slid farther still along the back of her tongue to the front of her throat. She gagged at last, and goo and saliva cascaded out the sides of her mouth. Thoughts of resistance ebbed quickly as all her attention focused on the thick piece of Tentacon flesh pushing in and pulling out of her mouth. She couldn't stop gagging, but she became accustomed to it. It became a challenge to see how far she could take it. Its thickness opened her mouth wider, stretching the tendons of her jaw.

At last, after a few more cycles the tentacle pulled out of her mouth and pulled back to a few feet from her, where it traced lazy curves in the air. The tentacle on her clit never stopped. It had slowed while the other tentacle worked its way into her mouth, but now it sped up again, and before Talia knew it she felt the orgasm come on. It embarrassed her to think a repulsive mollusk-like alien was about to make her come, but she couldn't stop it.

The dam gave way and ecstasy burst forth from her sex in sharp waves, radiating from the hooded button and making every part of her body shake in turn. Her feet kicked wildly, or they tried to under the tight but sensuous grip of the Tentacon lord's tentacles.

"Aaah," she cried.

It was the sharpest and longest orgasm she'd ever felt, and her inability to touch or calm her body with her hands made it worse -- or better, depending on how she looked at it. Her body spasmed, arms and legs shaking uncontrollably and hands and feet twisting against the tentacles restraining them. She whimpered as the shaking slowly subsided.

When her eyes were able to focus she stared into Odorin's wide, unmoving eyes, staring back at her. His body heaved in tandem with hers, and she wondered if he'd been able to feel her orgasm. He didn't let go of her; his limbs still held hers firmly. She'd stopped trying to resist.

Suddenly, he lifted her off the sponge bed, into the air. She faced him, at an angle, arms behind and over her head, legs parted wide and slanting down, toward Odorin's lower body. A thick additional tentacle cradled her and held her back up to take weight off her wrists. It wrapped once around her torso, just under her full breasts. Blue gel still covered her, but Talia noticed it had come off in places, leaving her body covered in a streaky patchwork of flesh tone and blue.

Talia could not move, except to writhe against the grip of his tentacles, but she wasn't as afraid as she had been. Endorphins raced through her body as she came down from the orgasm. A wave of spent bliss swept over her. Had Odorin laid her on the bed she would have fallen asleep at once, she thought. But she knew he wasn't going to do that. She knew he wasn't done.

Arousal and scientific curiosity got the better of any ebbing traces of fear and sense of loyalty to her species. What she had just felt had been extraordinary. She had to know what the next step felt like. Her entire body craved it. Her mind craved it. Odorin was right; she had to know. Whatever misgivings she had had, just moments earlier, disappeared into the chamber mist.

She nodded at him.

"Are you sure?"

She opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out. She nodded again.

Odorin lifted off the ground, and a low bellow of a hiss escaped his mouth with what Talia took to be pleasure. It didn't translate. It didn't have to.

The tentacles under Odorin's body writhed around him, whipping up a bubbly froth in the pool's murky waters. Another tentacle, previously submerged under the water, burst out of it, and it undulated through the air, dripping wet, in a shallow wave toward Talia. This tentacle was long and thin, but with a wider, near-cylindrical tip that pulsed in front of her eyes.

The grip on her ankles and hands tightened palpably, though not yet uncomfortably. Her legs were spread wider.

I can bear it, Talia thought. I have to. I want to.

Blue spittle erupted from the thick tip of the tentacle before her. Its tip suddenly opened, like a flower, and the spittle became a trickle of opaque bluish fluid, mixed with streaks of white, flowing from between the petals and down to the lowest part of the tentacle, until it dripped off and plopped to the floor. Something pushed up from the center of the flower -- a glossy gray, pulsing tube, shiny with wetness in the low light.

Fear rippled through Talia's body. It's too big, she thought. She knew where this tentacle intended to go, but she could not imagine it fitting into its destination. It looked wider than her forearm. Her body bucked against the tentacles holding her ankles, but without result. The Tentacon was too strong. It stretched her open still wider, straining the muscles of her thighs.

The tentacle with the gray tube at the end snaked forward, between her legs, but just as lazily as the tentacles before it. Its tip touched a blue-streaked knee, and what she imagined was Tentacon pre-cum oozed out a small hole at the tip, like half-curdled blue milk. She felt heat against her skin where the liquid touched her and then dripped off to the sponge bed several feet beneath her.

The tube tip of the tentacle pushed forward against her thigh, marking its length in milky-blue. Talia was surprised how hot the liquid was, and she could not imagine being pumped full of so much heat. But there was nothing she could do now. She thought about changing her mind, of screaming "no!", and she wondered what the Tentacon lord would do if she did. But the words didn't come. She could not, and did not, say anything. Part of her wanted this to end, but part of her didn't. Warring emotions ended in a stalemate, and silence.

The gray tentacle tip reached the junction of her legs, and now that it was closer she saw it better. Its surface was softer, glossier, and more delicate than the tougher, matte-bluish skin of the tentacle that enclosed it. It quivered, like a dollop of custard on a moving plate. It hovered and waited, just beyond her entrance. She had the sense it

was sniffing her. She tore her eyes away from it and looked again into the face of Odorin. He glanced up too, taking one more look at his human captive before he fucked her. Then his gaze shifted back to her sex.

Talia saw the quivering tip change shape. It flattened on either side, until its shape resembled a screwdriver's flat head. It swayed and hovered a few moments more, and then it pushed forward.

It felt nothing like a human cock. It was much warmer, for one thing, almost hot. And, rather than entering her at one place, it entered her everywhere at once, its flesh pressing against the hood of her clit, against her pee hole, against the channel underneath. It pushed her inner lips back along the entire vertical length of her slit. It was a full-on sensual assault against every part of her pussy at once. Talia groaned with pleasure.

The alien cock tip pulsed in different directions at once as it worked its way slowly into her. It expanded and contracted in an irregular beat. Its gelatinous skin rippled with waves washing toward her as well, and with each wave it pushed a little farther inside her. It had the ability to mold to the form and contours of the inside of her body. At the same time, she felt a suction from the organ against her. The surface of the cock tube somehow pulled against her inner lips, drawing them away from her body until they encased Odorin's pulsing organ in a thin sheath.

Talia felt it pushing more. It was adapting itself to her body, contacting her at every sensitive spot, and as it pushed farther into

her it expanded as well. And the heat -- she'd never felt anything like it inside her. It was just short of being painful.

Talia cried out when the farthest reach of the tentacle bumped lightly against her cervix. She moaned when a portion of the tentacle began pulsing against her g-spot. As it did so one of the other tentacles -- the one with the skinny filaments -- slithered down her belly and began to rub her clitoris. The pressure on her flesh squeezed between the two tentacles, one inside her and one outside, was exquisite, and Talia could not help letting out a series of low, guttural squeals of pleasure.

The intensity of the sensation -- an exquisite combination of beyond-the-moon pleasure and increasing but still bearable pain -- made it difficult for Talia to think about anything else. But amid all the intense feelings, she had the presence of mind to ask herself questions: why was Odorin giving her so much attention? Why not just fuck her and get it over with? It was obvious that his ministrations to her body were intended to give her pleasure. But why would he care?

It was hard to focus, with the sensual assault on her body, but Talia tried, and she reached out with her mind. Her consciousness pushed past her arousal, and beyond the thick wave of Odorin's lust, until she felt something else: she saw and felt herself, as Odorin saw and felt her. The Tentacon lord was able to experience her pleasure as well as his. That's why he gave her body so much attention.

Then another door opened, and Talia's mind stepped through until it could see and feel Odorin as well. She could feel his tentacles wrapped around her body, caressing her, piercing and penetrating her. She felt his lust over her nude, writhing blue body. She smelled herself, as she smelled to him. She experienced their intercourse from both points of view, a riotous duet of mutual desire and feeling, his and hers. Sex in two channels at once. Sex in stereo.

I know what it's like to be a Tentacon, she thought.

Through Odorin's eyes and senses, she savored how good her tight cunt felt on his expanding alien cock, how it gripped and squeezed it. She took delight in her complete submission to him, and in his total mastery over her body. She took pleasure in the sight of her nude body, heaving and shaking, as it appeared through the lusty Tentacon's eyes. She closed her own eyes so she could view the scene through his eyes only.

"You see it, don't you?" Odorin asked her.

"Yes," she said. "I see it."

Talia's eyes popped open wide when she felt the Tentacon cock expand inside her. It filled every available nook and crevice and inflated against her interior walls. It kept expanding. She didn't think it was possible to be stretched so wide and filled so fully by a cock.

Then her hips were pulled forward as the cock tip began to pull out. Her labia stretched along its massive, gelatinous surface as it moved away.

No, she thought, don't leave. I want it to stay inside me.

The cock didn't pull out all the way. Its tip remained just inside her lips. The remainder of its length paused outside her pussy, rippling.

His grip on her limbs tightened, steadying her body over the ground, and then the big cock pushed back into her. Not fast, but with enough speed and force to make her scream. Her voice echoed throughout the chamber. It filled her as deeply and fully as before. And it pulled out again and paused again.

"More," she whispered.

"What did you say?" the Tentacon's voice responded, low and soft and unhurried.

"Please." Her voice quavered. "More please."

"What do you want, Talia? Say it."

"Fuck me. Fuck me with your alien cock."

He did. He pushed it back into her, and she did her best to push back against him, until he was all the way in, filling her utterly and completely. The thick, wet cock head oscillated in and out of her, speeding up, but never into a predictable rhythm. The pace of Odorin's fucking changed slightly with every thrust. He kept her off balance, and the squeals she let out every time he entered her sounded at irregular intervals.

He squirted more blue goo between her legs, lubricating her more. Every thrust of his gray, wet cock into her made a wet, slapping sound. Each time he pulled it out, her emptying pussy let out a fat slurp. He picked up the pace of his fucking, but he kept Talia off kilter with thrusts of varying speed and intensity. She felt her body approach orgasm again, but not too quickly. The Tentacon knew how to intensify the pleasure without pushing her over the edge. She knew he could read her body as she could read his.

Talia's full-throated screams echoed off the chamber walls as Odorin fucked her. The sound bounced off the walls of the chamber and faded slowly. She wondered if anyone could hear her. She almost hoped they could.

She felt the wave of her own orgasm, coming from her depths, not yet cresting but getting close. And then she felt a parallel wave inside Odorin. His massive body rippled with increasing speed and intensity. She did her best to clench the muscles down below to squeeze him.

I want to milk you, she thought. Give me your cum.

The grip on her wrists and ankles grew tighter still, almost to the point of pain, but she didn't care anymore. She focused all her feeling on the union of their bodies, his cock, her cunt. On and on he kept fucking her, thrusting in and out. Her pussy would have been rubbed raw if not for the lubricant he kept squirting on her. As it was, she knew amid all the pleasure that she would pay for the unbridled hard fucking with days of soreness afterward.

The wave inside Odorin rose, as did the wave inside her. As the cock tip kept pushing into her, rapidly, she saw the tentacle connected to it widen in a thick knot where it came out of the water, and the knot moved along its sinuous length toward her. She readied herself for it, letting her own body surrender to it. She kept her eyes, fascinated, on the knot as it moved up the tentacle in her direction. The cock head, in the meantime, never slowed. It kept piercing her in its strange, irregular rhythm. She felt thin filaments from the other tentacle grip and squeeze the tip of her clit more tightly as the knot came closer.

The knot sped up, and it burst forward into the cock tip just as the gray, wide tip crashed into her one more time, and then she felt a burst of heat inside her as the Tentacon came. Her body released, and she orgasmed at the same time. The Tentacon lord's body spasmed with hers, pulling on her limbs. For a moment Talia thought she might be pulled to pieces. But she wasn't. The tentacles held her aloft, and both Talia and the Tentacon shook and shivered with the ecstatic force of their simultaneous orgasms.

Odorin held his cock in place inside her, and she could feel it pulsing and emptying itself of fluid. Talia had never actually felt cum inside her before, but she felt it this time, its piercing heat gushing into her depths and filling her more than she would have believed possible.

And then, without further delay, the thick alien cock pulled out. As it pulled away from her open pussy, dense, curdled blue-white milk flowed out after it, splattering and puddling on the bed beneath her. The grip of the tentacles relaxed, and Odorin lay her back on the sponge bed.

She rested on her elbows, knees apart, watching the flow from between her legs. She'd lost the connection with Odorin. She saw herself only from her own perspective now. But she wanted the Tentacon to see what he'd done, so she kept her legs open while she searched his face to understand what he felt.

He stared back at her for a minute, maybe two, but he said nothing more. The tentacles writhed under him, and his body rolled back into the water, sinking below its depths. Waves rippled over the pool in circles until they faded, and the water lay calm and still again.

Much of his cum had poured out of her, but much still lay inside, warming her as it sloshed around. Talia felt dizzy and drowsy and light-headed. She fell back against the soft sponge bed, her body now soaked with Odorin's thick cum. Soon she fell asleep.

Chapter 7.

Talia spent the next three days in a vast suite of rooms high on a building in the middle of Tentos City, alone. The Tentacons had made some effort to decorate it to human taste, adding traces of color that they would not have tolerated in their own dwellings. The suite opened to an enormous balcony, from which Talia could survey the city all around and look down at the streets hundreds of feet below. Talia was not allowed to leave the suite, but she was well cared for. Noids regularly delivered meals, which were surprisingly tasty. Her appetite had tripled, and they brought food to her many times a day.

She sat on the bed when a chime rang at the door. She was surprised. She hadn't heard that sound before. Usually, the Noids entered without waiting for her acknowledgment.

Talia approached the door and opened the view screen. It was Tracy, dressed in a long dull-blue tunic, similar to the one Talia wore. Two robot guards stood behind Tracy. Talia opened the door, and Tracy ran into the room and hugged her.

"Tracy!" Talia cried. They embraced and held each other for a full minute. They pulled apart, and their eyes searched each other.

"What happened to you?" Talia asked.

"The same thing that happened to you," Tracy said. "Let's talk." The moved to the sofa and sat. Tracy spoke.

"They took me away the last day of negotiations, just like you. Sedated me. I woke up in another lord's chamber. He . . . had sex with me. That's what happened to you, right?"

Talia nodded.

"I figured. I wanted to see you, and I asked them if I could. I was surprised they let me come here. I guess they figure they have us now, and they don't care.

"Let me tell you what I learned," Tracy added.

"What?"

"My master told me some things about what we are doing here. He told me he probably shouldn't, but it didn't matter because there was nothing we could do about it. This whole thing with you and me and Stenvo was a setup. The Tentacons never cared about Transit technology. They stole it years ago. They have agents working for them on Earth. One of them is Gadber Hines, the man who recruited us. He didn't want me for my knowledge of biology, or you for your languages. He recruited us as women. As mates. They searched earth for the right candidates for the job, and they chose us."

"My god," Talia said.

"Yes. Gadber Hines works for the Tentacons, not for Dars Stenvo. He's betrayed Stenvo, and he's helped the Tentacons put their plans into action.

"Your master didn't just have sex with you, Talia," Tracy said. "He impregnated you. Your children are growing inside you as we speak."

Talia cried out. She had felt something in her belly, but she hadn't let herself contemplate what it might mean. The possibility seemed too awful and too insane.

"We can't let this happen, Tracy," Talia said. "Do you know what they plan to do?"

"I know," Tracy said. "They think they're going to take over the galaxy with our children. It's destiny, they think. Did your master tell you they want to share knowledge with humans? That's a lie. They want to conquer us. They want to take over all the inhabited planets. With our children. I

"I felt the same way you did, the first day I found out. My master liked to talk. When I found out, I felt I had to stop it. I thought about killing myself. I thought about slicing myself open and somehow removing . . . whatever it is. But I had nothing in my room that I

could use to do it. I assume your room is the same way. You probably have no tools, either."

"I don't," Talia said. "But we have to do something. What do we do?"

"Nothing, for now." Tracy smiled.

"What do you mean?"

"Talia, listen to me very carefully," Tracy said, her voice urgent. "I don't know if they'll let me talk to you again, and you need to hear this. You think you can resist the Tentacons. You can't. Think about the pleasure you felt. You need more of it. Admit it. You can't resist it. You think you'll fight it, but you won't. You'll give in. Your master will do with you what he wants to. He controls you."

Tracy looked at Talia, no doubt in her face. Then Tracy looked away, eyes scanning the ceiling and walls, as though concerned about someone eavesdropping on them.

Tracy looked back at Talia. She leaned closer. She spoke barely above a harsh whisper.

"But your master doesn't control your children."

Talia didn't understand.

"I discovered something," Tracy continued. "With the seed of my master inside me, I could reach out with my mind. The Tentacons' telepathic ability passed to me, in some way -- I don't know how -- after my master impregnated me. I could feel our children -- my children. I counted them; I have 47 inside me. I can feel every one of them, right now. I can feel them, as their mother. I'll bet you can feel it too. Try it. Search for them. Search for your children, inside you."

Talia did not understand what Tracy was asking her to do, at first. But after a few moments' hesitation, she let her mind open, as she had when she was with the Tentacon lord. She sought connection with the children inside her. She felt her consciousness expand and drift like a cloud, until its edges connected with something new, something she had not felt before. And then she felt them. Her children. Inside her womb -- growing and developing. She felt their bodies and their minds -- minds that would mature into something different from, and greater than, the minds of humans or Tentacons. The contact hit her like a wave, enveloping her. She needed to know how many there were, and her mind reached out to count them.

109. A prime number. 109 children, hybrids of her own species and of the Tentacons, grew inside her womb.

She had a connection to each and every one. She felt it. She felt all of them. And somehow -- she didn't know how -- she knew that Odorin, their father, did not have the connection with them that she did.

"Do you feel it?" Tracy asked. "Do you feel the connection to them?"

"I do," Talia said.

"Talia," Tracy said. "I checked your profile. I've reviewed your DNA. You don't know shit about biology, but your intelligence is greater than mine. Your fertility is greater than mine. Your athletic ability and immunity from disease are greater than mine. Your master is stronger and more intelligent and more powerful than mine. I know because of the way my master spoke about yours. He is the first in their council. Your children will be extraordinary.

"Listen to me. Your children will combine all that is best and strongest in the human and Tentacon species. And they'll answer to you, not to your master. If you and I work together, our children will rule the galaxy. We can get payback against the little men that sold us into this servitude, and through our children we can take control over the Tentacon masters who think they can control us. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Talia had no time to think about Tracy's question, because the whirl of a shuttle engine sounded suddenly outside the door to the balcony. Talia looked toward the source of the noise, and a freighter shuttle she didn't recognize had landed on the balcony. The door slid open, and Jod Perry and two men dressed as security guards ran out the shuttle door toward them. All three men carried laz guns.

"Jod!" Talia called out. "What . . . what --"

"There's no time," he said, urgency and fear in his voice. "We found out what happened to you, and some of us came back. We need to get you out of here now. We have only a few minutes, if that. Our shuttle is disguised, and I don't think they've picked us up yet. If we go quickly we may get beyond the city boundary before they discover us. Let's go. Now!"

Jod took Talia's hand, and one of the other men took Tracy's. They were too stunned to move immediately, but after a few seconds they regained their wits and followed Jod's lead. They ran through the doors onto the balcony. The open shuttle door beckoned, only thirty feet away. One of Jod's companions was first to the ramp. Before he got to the door a bright light flashed and his neck burst open, a spray of red fanning in every direction. He fell to the ground.

Talia looked up and to the side of the balcony. A hover transport had appeared out of nowhere, and Noids and Tentacons were jumping off it onto the balcony floor. All were armed.

"Run to the shuttle!" Jod yelled. He pointed his laz gun at the approaching Tentacons. Talia saw another burst of light and a Tentacon fell. Talia looked at Tracy. Despite Jod's urging she didn't move. Instead, she squatted to the ground and gestured for Talia to do the same.

Another burst of light, and Jod screamed in pain and fell, a gaping wound in his chest pouring blood. The last of the three men raised

his gun to fire back, but he was hit too, and the laser slug spun him partly around before he got a shot off. He fell to the ground and lay still. The Noids and Tentacons surrounded them. Talia held out her hands to show she had no weapons. She looked at Tracy to see what she was doing. Tracy squatted, motionless, with a strange expression -- puzzled, with her mouth open. She turned to Talia, and when she did Talia saw the wound in Tracy's side, where the security guard's final, mis-aimed blast had hit her. Tracy looked at Talia with pain and regret.

"Don't forget what I said." The words came in a rasp, and then Tracy's eyes rolled up. Tracy fell over. She was dead.

Events lost focus, for Talia. She crawled on her hands and knees to Tracy and hugged her. She cried. The Noids and Tentacons stood around her, neither touching her nor hindering her. They let her weep over her dead friend and her final chance at escape.

Epilogue.

Talia stood on the balcony of her room, undressed, hands on the rail, overlooking the blue-gray gloom of the vast city around her. Security drones hovered in the air above. There would be no more rescue attempts, even if there was someone left to try to rescue her.

She no longer wished to be rescued. She knew what was coming. She had accepted it, reluctantly at first, but each day gave her a greater sense of confidence and conviction. Tracy's words played in her

mind, again and again. Talia missed Tracy. The Tentacons treated her well; they were extraordinarily solicitous of her, and they tended to her every need. But it would be better to have a human companion.

"I remember what you said," she whispered to herself.

Talia pressed her hand against her belly. Only a week had passed, but already her belly bulged against her outspread fingers. She smiled, and contentment washed over her nude body. She liked the roundness in her tummy and the novel plumpness of her breasts. Inside her, the seed grew.

The seed of a new empire.

THE END.

Votes and comments are welcome!

Shaving My Mom

I was a sophomore in college when the pandemic hit, and the governor locked everything down. My classes went virtual. Fortunately, I was living at home at the time, so things didn't change too much. I spent a lot more time on my computer, in my bedroom. I also spent more time with my Mom. We got to know each other better.

A lot better, as it turned out.

One day, between classes and close to noon, I walked to the kitchen to make myself a turkey sandwich. I searched the refrigerator and found the mustard jar was empty. Darn. Mom had told me earlier that morning that she was going to the grocery store, so I figured I'd let her know we needed more mustard. I walked to her bedroom. Mom's room was on the other side of the house, at the end of the hallway. The door was open, just a bit, so I pushed it open, walked through, and called to her.

"Hey, Mom --"

I stopped talking and walking. My mouth dropped open.

So did Mom's.

She was completely naked, standing in the middle of her bedroom, staring at me.

My eyes swept up and down her body. I couldn't help it.

"Tommy!" she screamed, hands frantically trying to cover herself.

"Sorry, Mom!" I yelled in reply. I turned and ran out of the room, down the hallway, back to the kitchen.

I had just seen my Mom naked.

I'd never seen her naked before.

I put my hand on the refrigerator door to steady myself. I was kind of freaking out. Not just because I'd seen Mom 100%, completely naked, I mean like head-to-toe stark naked, but also because, well, she looked good.

She looked really good.

My dick was hard from thinking about it. Uncomfortably hard. It was pushing against my pants but cramped and bent to the side and wanting to stretch itself out.

Mom. Naked.

We weren't a prudish family, exactly, but we weren't the kind of family to let it all hang out, either. Mom was a private, modest person. She was attractive, but I couldn't recall her ever wearing something I'd call "sexy." Since her divorce from Dad, six years earlier, it had been just the two of us, in the house together, and I had never, ever seen Mom undressed.

Until now.

I thought about what I'd seen.

She had a great body. It felt weird to think that, but it was true. She was medium height, with a thin waist and full breasts. They sagged a little, which was normal, I guessed, for a woman in her 40s, but not too much. Her nipples were rosy and stood straight out. I couldn't get them out of my mind. Her legs were long and shapely. Mom wasn't a gym rat, but she kept herself in good shape, that was for sure.

But the thing I thought about most was her pussy.

Mom's pussy.

Actually, I hadn't seen her pussy at all. I'd seen this enormous dark brown bush. It covered everything.

It was like a jungle down there, to tell the truth.

I was kind of surprised. Mom was a tidy, orderly sort of person and it was kind of weird to think about this wild, unruly tangle of fur between her legs.

I'd seen plenty of other pussies, although with the lockdown it had been a while since I'd seen my last one. Most girls I'd fucked either shaved it off completely or kept a neat, little landing strip. One girl I knew got a wax job and she was proud to show it to me and man that sweet little thing was smooth. I think I spent half an hour kissing it and licking it before we fucked.

I'd never seen anything like Mom's wild bush. I couldn't get it out of my mind. I'd seen my Mom's pubic hair. Holy shit. It was wild to think about it. To be honest, I was a little disappointed. It had been so thick I hadn't seen any of her pussy. Not even a tiny bit of lip or clit or hood.

Now I'd never get a chance to see it. Mom was sure to keep her door closed from now on, to prevent that from happening again.

I wondered what her pussy looked like. I wondered if she had long delicious lips that dangled down or if she had one of those cute little pussies where everything was kind of tucked away.

I'd never know. It was disappointing.

I opened the refrigerator and made a turkey sandwich without mustard.

Later, I went back to my room and sat through two more classes on my computer. Then I did some homework assignments. By the time I was done it was getting late and it was close to dinner time. I wandered out from my room to the kitchen. Mom was there, pulling a casserole dish out of the oven. The rich smell of tomato sauce filled the room. She had cooked a lasagna.

She didn't say anything. It seemed like she was looking away from me. I set the table and tossed a green salad. We sat at the dinner table and started eating and neither of us said anything for a few minutes. At last, I spoke. I felt I had to break the silence.

"Mom, I'm sorry about this morning."

"It's OK," she said, haltingly. "You didn't know I was . . . you know. I should have shut the door."

"No," I said. "I should have knocked. I'm really sorry about that. I know it was . . . embarrassing."

"It was." She nodded. She looked up at me with a thin smile. "You've never seen your old Mom like that."

"No, that's for sure," I said. "It was a surprise. But, you know, you're not old."

"No?"

"Definitely not. You don't look old."

"I'm glad to hear that." She fiddled with her fork over her plate filled with lasagna.

"You look great, Mom. Really."

She laughed, at last. The awkward tension at the table broke, and I laughed, too. We laughed together. It was nice to see Mom laugh. She'd been alone for a long time since the divorce. I don't think she'd been on a date for a year. I encouraged her to date even though it was weird thinking about my Mom dating. But with her job, and me, and dealing with COVID-19, there was no chance to date. We were cooped up in the house alone together.

"Well," she said. "I'm glad you weren't horrified. You saw more of your Mom than you ever had today."

"Definitely not horrified," I said.

"So, you don't --" she paused before finishing.

"What?" I asked.

"You don't think badly of me?"

"What do you mean, 'badly'? Of course not. Why would I think that?"

"I don't know. It's just weird that you saw me, you know --"

"Naked?"

"Yeah," she said, and her eyes turned down to her plate.

"Mom, don't worry about it. It was weird. Yeah. But you look great." I was talking a mile a minute at this point and felt like I couldn't stop myself. "I mean, you look better than a lot of girls I know. Pretty awesome, actually. Although you do have --" I stopped myself.

"What?" Mom asked, looking up from her pasta and salad.

I shook my head. "Never mind."

"No, I want to know. What do I have?"

"It's embarrassing to say it."

"You can say it."

"I'd rather not."

"I want you to."

"Well, it's just," I responded. God, it was hard to talk about, but for some reason Mom seemed to want me to talk about it. "You're kind of . . . hairy. Down there."

"Oh!" she said, and she looked at me with an open mouth and wide eyes.

"Is that different from the girls you know?" she asked. Her eyebrows arched.

"Yeah," I said after a long pause.

"Tell me."

"Mom, it's a strange thing to talk about with your Mom."

"These are strange times, Tommy," she said. "Tell me. I'm curious. What's so different about me?"

"OK, you want to know," I said. "Most girls I know shave things . . . down there. They either shave it completely or keep a little landing strip. You know what a landing strip is?"

"Yes, Tommy," she said. "I know what a landing strip is. I'm not totally ignorant."

"I know you're not. I was just surprised --" I couldn't finish the thought.

"That your Mom was so . . . bushy?" She said and she laughed a little.

We both laughed and it helped break what otherwise was almost unbearable and awkward tension. I was talking with my Mom about her pussy and pubic hair. It was so weird. But -- I couldn't help it -- it was a huge turn-on, too. I was rock hard inside my pants and I was glad that Mom couldn't see the bulge beneath the table. I kept

thinking about that jungle of dark hair and the unseen treasure that lay beneath it. God, it was arousing.

I'd never thought of my Mom this way. She was an attractive woman, but she was, you know, my Mom. You're not supposed to think of your Mom that way. But as I sat across the dinner table from her, I was thinking about her naked body -- her hot naked body -- and imagining what her pussy looked like under that deep, dark forest of fur.

"I guess I'm old-school," Mom said. "I've always had a thing about shaving my hair down there. I don't know why. I'm worried I might cut myself or something."

I waved my hand. "You don't need to worry about that. It's no big deal."

"No?" she looked at me. "How would you know?"

I got uncomfortable again.

"Well, I mean, it's like . . . I've done it."

"Done what?"

"I've . . . you know. I've done it for girlfriends." I paused again. "This is really awkward."

"You've shaved them?" Mom asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"Wow," she said. "They let you do that." Mom smiled again. "That's a lot of trust. My talented son."

Now, I'm not the sharpest tool in the shed, and I don't pretend to be the smoothest guy with girls, although I do OK, but at that moment, with my Mom sitting across the table eating lasagna and talking about shaving pussies, the realization hit me, like a thunderbolt: my Mom was being flirty with me. We were having a conversation about her pussy hair, and it was suddenly obvious to me that she was enjoying it. Holy shit.

My attitude about girls was, when a girl opens a door, don't ignore it. Walk through. Mom opened a door. Yeah, she was my Mom. But she was a girl. And, let's face it, she was kind of hot.

I walked through the door.

"You know, if you're worried about shaving yourself, I could do it myself." There. I said it.

"You --"She stopped. "Now you're being silly."

"Why?" I asked, and I tried to put on the most sincere and ingenuous expression I could, like it was the most natural thing in the world for a son to offer to shave his Mom's pussy.

"Tommy, come on," Mom said.

"Come on, what?" I asked, still feigning innocence.

"We can't, you know. Do that."

There was something in the tone of her voice, and with the brilliance of a thousand suns in that moment I realized: she was thinking about it. She said, "We can't," but she didn't mean it. She meant something else. Her body twitched in her seat and her eyes wandered around the room and I knew -- I knew -- she was thinking about letting me shave her. She was imagining it, and so was I.

I had an advantage, and I sure as hell was going to push it.

"Sure we can, Mom," I said, and I put an extra emphasis on "Mom."
"I've done it a lot. It's no problem. I think you'd like it."

"And how would you know that, Tommy?" she asked.

"Girls I know say they like the way it feels. It makes, you know, sex better. There's more feeling. More skin to skin contact. And it's nice, you know, to be able to see everything. Instead of covering it up."

Mom didn't say anything. She just looked at me. I felt bold and I stood up from the table and walked around to her side. I held out a hand.

"Come on," I said.

"Come on, what?" she asked.

"Let's go shave you," I answered.

"Tommy, be real. We can't do that."

"Of course, we can." I pushed my chair back and stood up and walked around the table. I took Mom's hand. I looked into Mom's eyes. God, this was crazy. I wanted to see Mom naked. I wanted to see her pussy, and shave off her hair, and I wanted to revel in the sight of her bare labia. And the craziest thing of all was that Mom was actually thinking about it. I could tell. She was turned on. And there was no way I was going to squander an opportunity like that.

I tugged at her hand.

"Tommy, no," she said. But she didn't resist. Mom rose from her chair as I pulled her. I clasped her hand and didn't let go and I walked her to her bedroom. Her bathroom was attached to it. I flicked the light switch. The bathroom was all white tile, bathed in bright light. I turned around to Mom.

"Where's your razor?" I asked.

"Tommy, this is ridiculous," she said. "You know we can't do this."

"I know we can," I said. "I want to shave your pussy, Mom."

We stared at each other and her eyes said everything that her words couldn't. She was horny and her scruples were fading.

I started opening drawers in her bathroom cabinet. I found a can of shaving gel and a bag full of pink disposable razors. I pulled one out.

"Here we go," I said. "I don't know what the deal is with pink razors."

"That's what I use," Mom said, in a tiny voice.

"It's what I'm going to use on you," I said. I was getting bolder by the moment. I couldn't explain it. The day before, I'd never imagined something like this happening or even wanting it to happen. But now, I knew I was going to get Mom naked. I knew it. And oh God I wanted that.

I turned the hot water spigot on.

"You need to take your clothes off, Mom," I said.

She didn't move.

"I can take them off for you, if you like," I said.

"Tommy --"

I put my finger on her lips and she stopped talking.

"I know you want me to do this, Mom," I said. "I want to do this. Don't pretend. Just let me do it. I'm going to take your clothes off now."

Mom didn't say anything. I could tell she wanted to, but she couldn't make the words come. She wanted to be naked. I knew it. But she couldn't bring herself to say it. Yet, I needed to hear her say it.

"Say you want me to do this, Mom," I said.

"Oh Tommy, I can't," she said.

"Yeah, you can, Mom," I said. "Tell me you want me to shave you."

Time passed. I don't know how much time. Maybe a minute. It seemed like longer. Mom wanted to say something, and I knew what she wanted to say but it was the hardest thing in her life that she had ever said.

"OK," she said.

"OK, what?" I responded.

"Shave me," she said.

"I will."

Mom wore blue jeans and a tight-fitting long-sleeve shirt. I unbuttoned the jeans and Mom looked down at my hands, undressing her.

God, it was so weird, but so hot, too.

As the buttons came undone her panties came into view. They were pale blue, and filmy.

"I need to pull these off," I said.

I pulled the jeans down her legs. Mom just stood there, saying nothing. I knew she wanted this to happen, but she couldn't tell me she wanted it. So, I took control.

When the pants were on the floor, she lifted her feet and stepped out of them. I pushed them aside.

I stood up and my hands went to her shirt. I started pulling up on it.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm taking your shirt off," I said.

"Why?"

"I don't want to get your shirt messy when I shave," I said. The reality was I wanted Mom to be completely naked. I wanted to see her tits while I shaved her pussy. But I couldn't say that. I came up with a bullshit reason to get her naked. I needed to see her naked.

Mom didn't argue. She let me take her shirt off. After I tossed it to the bathroom counter, she stood in front of me in little blue panties and a white, modest bra. I saw the bra had a clasp at the front, so my hands went to work unclasping it.

The bra sprang free and Mom's hot boobs sprang forth. Holy fuck, they looked good. They were firm and full, and her nipples were hard.

"One thing left," I said.

My hands went to her blue panties and pulled down. I pulled them off quickly because I was concerned that Mom might change her mind. But she didn't. She said nothing. I pulled the panties down and the thick, full forest of her bush popped out. Oh my God was she hairy. The panties fell to her feet.

"Step up," I said. Mom complied and she stepped away from her panties.

She was completely naked. My Mom.

I looked into her eyes.

"Mom," I said.

"Tommy," she said back to me.

I gestured to the bathtub.

"Sit over here," I said.

Mom did as I asked.

"Spread your legs open," I said. "I need to do something."

I opened a drawer and found the scissors.

"I need to trim the hair before I shave it," I said.

"OK," Mom said, but she held her legs together.

I pushed them open. Mom's wild, hairy bush lay in front of me. For the first time, I saw Mom's pussy under the bush. I wanted to see it better. I started clipping. I grabbed some of her pussy hair and pulled it away from her.

"Damn, Mom, that's over two inches," I said.

"Sorry," she said.

"No need to be sorry, but it's going to be fun shaving this off. You're going to be smooth and bare when I'm done."

I went to work, snipping off her hair so it would be easier to shave. It took a long time because it was so thick, and Mom's dark pubic hair made a mess of the floor as I cut it off. I think Mom blushed. She was embarrassed, but she offered no resistance. I cut her hair in silence. I was mesmerized by the sight of her pussy coming into view as I cut the hair away. Removing the hair exposed her lips. They were plump and pretty, and a hint of pink lay between them.

My God, I realized. I was looking inside my Mom's pussy. And even through the thicket of her hair I could tell it was wet. The pink skin inside her glistened in the bathroom light.

I kept snipping away. I took my time. I was enjoying the view and I didn't want to hurry. And Mom didn't seem to be in a hurry, either. She kept her legs apart and her head down, looking at my handiwork. I could tell it turned her on. I don't know how I knew, but I knew. It turned me on that she was turned on. She was exposing her cunt to her son, and she liked it. Sometimes, as I snipped away at her hair, my hand brushed against her lips, pushing them further back and more open. The full, pink depths of Mom's pussy came into sight.

I stopped and looked at what I'd done.

"I think we're done with the clipping," I said. "Time to shave." I tried to sound clinical and professional about it, but the truth was, I was horny as hell. My cock was pushing hard against my pants. I was staring at a bare, wet pussy, and I wanted to fuck it badly, even if it was my mother's.

I pulled a washcloth from a bar on the wall and ran it under the hot water pouring from the spigot. I squeezed the excess water from it and turned back to Mom. Her legs were open, still, and she waited for me.

I pressed the hot washcloth against her open pussy, and she gasped.

"It'll be OK," I said as I wiped the washcloth up and down the space between her legs, pressing into and over her pussy and her asshole. I had to get her hair nice and wet and soft for shaving.

When I was done with the washcloth, I sprayed shaving gel into my hands, and I rubbed it into a fine, white lather. I rubbed it over Mom, between her legs. My hands took their time as they found her openings. I felt the delicious petals of her pussy under my fingers, and I felt the puckered apex of her little asshole, too. Mom just sat there, watching what I was doing, not daring to meet my eyes with hers.

I held the pink razor under the hot running water for twenty seconds, and then I pulled it out. It was time.

Mom's hairy pussy beckoned me, waiting to be shaved.

So, I shaved it.

I started at the top, above her pubic mound, where her hair was thick and dark despite my having trimmed it. I pulled the pink razor down, over her skin, watching as the hair came away and a thick matte of it encrusted the razor. I turned on the bathtub spigot and washed the razor after every stroke. I figured that the thicket of Mom's pussy hair might clog the drain, but I didn't care. I just wanted to see it fall away from her. Stroke after stroke, Mom's hair disappeared, and the glorious skin of her pussy emerged into view.

I wanted to rid the area right around her pussy of all its hair, so I reached out and took her pussy lip between my fingers and stretched it out, away from her. My cock was like a rock at the sight of it. I put the pink razor to the lip, and I scraped it down, slowly. The hair came away. What remained was bare and pink and perfect. I pulled the other lip away and did the same.

"Mom, you need to flip over," I said.

"What?" she asked.

"Flip over. You need to get on your knees and stick your butt out and spread your legs wide apart. So, I can finish the job."

I was partly, though only partly, conscious of how weird my words sounded. Telling my Mom how to be naked so I could shave her. She didn't say anything. She complied with my instructions. Her sweet ass was in the air, waiting for me. A few dark wispy hairs encircled her anus, and I wanted to get rid of them. I wanted Mom totally bare. I put the razor to work. In a few more moments Mom was totally bare. All the hair was gone.

"All right," I said. "Flip over again and put your legs up. I want to make sure we're done."

Mom said nothing, but she followed my instructions. I could tell she was mine, now. It turned her on to be told what to do.

She rolled over until she was on her back and she put her legs in the air. Her pussy and her asshole were visible.

Oh God my cock was hard.

I put my hands on her thighs and pressed them back. I wanted to see everything, but I also wanted to send Mom the signal that her body was mine. I was going to do what I wanted with it. She seemed OK with that. I think I heard a little squeal come from her mouth.

All the hair was gone. She was totally bare. I'd shaved her smooth and clean. A few dabs of shaving gel marked her pussy, so I stroked her clean with a few swipes of the washcloth.

"Now your pussy is bare," I said.

Mom said nothing, still. She just lay there with her legs up and parted and showing off her pussy.

"How does it feel?" I asked.

"Good, I guess," she said.

"You guess?" I replied. "That's not good enough. A bare pussy is supposed to feel really good. Here, see how this feels."

I ran my right index finger over her labia, and Mom moaned. The fingertip went up and down, to the side of her and then through the furrow of her pussy, and then up again until it touched the nub of her clitoris. I grabbed that sweet little pearl between my thumb and forefinger. Mom moaned again.

"Feels good?" I asked.

"Oh yes," Mom said.

"I'll bet this feels good too," I said, as I pushed a finger deep inside her.

She cried out at that.

"Tommy," she said. "You shouldn't."

"Yes, I should," I said. I started twisting my finger inside of her. I felt the inside of Mom's pussy. It was incredibly wet. I knew she was turned on by the feel of her son's finger inside her.

"You feel good, Mom," I said.

She moaned, more loudly.

I pulled my finger out of her and it made a squishy sound as it exited.

"Do you like how it feels without all that hair?" I asked.

She mumbled something but I couldn't understand it.

"Mom, you have to speak up."

"It feels good," she said.

"You have to do better than that," I said.

I pulled my pants down, and my cock sprang out, pointing at Mom and bobbing this way and that. It was hard and straight. I dropped my pants and underwear to the floor.

"Tommy, what are you doing?" Mom asked.

"My girlfriends told me that when they got their pubes shaved it felt better when my cock rubbed against them. I want you to feel that."

"Tommy," Mom said. "We can't --"

"What, Mom?" I asked.

"You know," she said.

"Fuck?" I asked. "We can't fuck? Don't worry, Mom. I'm just going to let you feel it so you can know how good it is."

My cock was a rocket, ready to blast off. Mom's pussy was open and practically dripping. The lips were peeled back. I saw a little stream of moisture leaking from her, down over and past her asshole.

I grabbed my cock with one hand, and I slapped it against her, to the side of her open gash, over the plump pink fold of her outer labia.

"That feels nice, doesn't it?" I asked.

"Mmmmm," Mom said.

I put the tip of my cock head against her clit. It was concealed by the folds of her hood, so I pushed them back with one hand while I directed my cock with the other. My cock head hit her clitoris, and Mom squealed again.

"You like that, don't you?"

She didn't reply. She just groaned.

"Say it, Mom," I said. "You like it."

It took her a while, but eventually she said the words I wanted to hear.

"Yes," she said. "I like it."

"Do you like having a bare pussy now, Mom?" I asked. "It feels good with my cock against your skin, doesn't it?"

With my hand I traced the boundary of her open pussy with my hard cock. The bulb of it was swollen and purplish and it looked good against Mom's skin.

"Your lips should be more open, Mom," I said.

"Oh Tommy," she said. "What do you have in mind?" Her hips had started bucking against me as she spoke.

"How about this?" I asked. I put my hands on her waist and pulled up and her body rose readily at my touch. Then I lay her down on the bathroom floor, her naked body and bare, glistening pussy a sweet contrast against the white tile. Her legs had closed again so I pressed them open, and then I put the swollen tip of my cock right at the opening of her pussy and moved it up and down. My cockhead pushed her lips back. It hit her clit and then it moved down again, and I saw into the depths of Mom's pussy, beckoning me.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Mom?"

"It does, but you know we can't."

"Can't what, Mom?" I pushed my cock forward just a little more, and it pushed past Mom's lips.

"We can't, Tommy. We can't. You know we can't."

"Can't what, Mom?" My cock was pushing against her and she was getting wetter and wetter by the moment.

"You know what I mean," Mom said, as she leaned back with her eyes closed and her pussy pressed hard against me.

"No, I don't know, Mom," I said. "What can't we do?"

"Fuck," she said.

"Gladly, Mom," I said, and I pushed inside her.

Her pussy was surprisingly tight, but it was so wet that my cock entered and filled her with ease. In an instant it disappeared completely inside her.

"Oh, Tommy," she said.

"That's right, Mom," I said. "Take my cock."

I shoved it all the way in, and then I pulled it almost all the way out, and I shoved it all the way in again.

"Take that, Mom," I said.

"Oh, Tommy," she said, again.

I began stroking in and out of her, the pace quickening, the depth deepening. I fucked my Mom.

I looked down and watch as my cock moved in and out of her and her pussy lips clasped my cock. There was no better sight in the world, and no better feeling than Mom's tight, wet pussy grabbing onto me.

In and out. In and out.

"I'm fucking you, Mom," I said.

"Mmmm," she said.

"Say you like it," I said.

"Yeah," she said, her breath ragged.

"No, say it, Mom. Say you like me fucking you."

"Oh Tommy," Mom said. "I love the feeling of you fucking me."

"That's right," I said. I kept pushing and pulling, in and out of her.

God, it was weird. My Mom completely naked and my steel-hard cock stroking in and out of her newly shaven pussy. Mom with her legs splayed open, obviously enjoying what I was doing to her. We fucked and fucked, minute after minute. I think we fucked like that for half an hour.

Eventually, I felt the climax coming.

Wow, I was going to come inside my Mom. Fill her with my hot spunk. I kept fucking her with deep, hard strokes. Nothing could feel better.

"Tell me I'm a good motherfucker, Mom," I said.

In and out. In and out.

"Oh, Tommy," Mom said, writhing under me. "You're the best motherfucker. You fuck me so good."

It's true. I did. I fucked the shit out of her. I pummeled her pussy hole with my cock. Over and over. I'd never felt anything so good or so satisfying. Mom's naked body rocked under me and her boobs swayed up and down and with every deep thrust it felt like she was clamping down on me with her tight, wet pussy.

Her pussy. Just a few hours before, I'd never seen it. Now I'd shaved it and exposed it and I savored the sight of it on my hard cock. Mom's hot hole engulfed me.

Stroke. Stroke. Stroke.

Just as sexy as the sight of my cock inside her was the way Mom's hot body writhed and moved as I fucked her. Her arms and legs spasmed in all directions. Her body bounced off the tile floor.

"Here it comes, Mom," I said to her. "I'm going to give it to you."

"I want it, Tommy," she said. "I want it so bad."

"You like the feel of your son fucking you, Mom?"

"Oh, I love it," Mom said.

"Here goes, Mom," I said. "Here's my cum."

Mom wanted it. She wanted my cum inside her. That was the hottest thing of all -- not my hard cock, not her hot naked writhing body, but her desire and need for me to spill my cum inside her.

I erupted. My cock emptied itself inside Mom, in great, hot spurts. Mom's body kept twisting and rocking under me and then I felt her shake and I knew she was coming too.

"Ahhh!" she cried.

"Yeah!" I cried. "Fuck you, Mom!"

"Yeah, fuck me!" she cried back.

We kept fucking each other, as we came. Our bodies writhed and we grew sweaty and wet together. The movement slowed and our bodies were slippery like eels together.

My cock emptied itself completely inside her, but I didn't pull out. I wanted to stay inside her. Mom clasped my ass with her hands, and I knew she wanted me to stay inside her, too.

I lingered there, with my half-hard cock inside her and my body over hers. Mom was nude and damp with sweat and her body sparkled like a Christmas ornament.

"God this feels good," I said.

"It does," Mom said, and I felt her hands on my ass, digging into my skin with lust and need.

"Tommy," she said, her voice quavering.

"Mom," I said.

We lay like that for a while, Mom's body under mine, on the bathroom floor, with my cock still inside her. Nothing in my life had ever felt better. Neither of us could say anything for a while.

Eventually I regathered my wits.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" I asked her.

"Fuck yes," she said. "And Tommy --"

"Yes, Mom?"

"I think I'm going to let you shave me again."

Slut Lessons for Scott's Wife

Scott opened the sliding glass door and walked onto the balcony in bare feet. It was morning and the clouds over the ocean had not broken up yet. The balcony floor and the air around him still were cool. But the weatherman on the radio had said it would be sunny and warm later, and the shafts of light piercing the morning gloom overhead hinted that the forecast would soon come true.

Scott stood with his hands on the railing, his hotel room behind him, and the vastness of the Pacific Ocean in front of him.

It was Valentine's Day.

Scott's home, a small village in rural England, was thousands of miles behind him. He and his wife, Laura, had decided to take a vacation for a week in February, leaving damp and gloomy England behind for the relative warmth of Southern California. They had left the kids behind, in the care of Laura's parents. Scott felt a bit guilty leaving the kids back home, but he and Laura needed some time away, time for themselves.

So far, the trip had satisfied all Scott's hopes and desires. The weather had been perfect, with sunny days and temperatures high enough

that they spent two days lying on the beach. They spent another day visiting Disneyland.

The day before, Scott had convinced Laura to wear a skimpy bikini to the beach. He had bought it for her — a size too small. Sure enough, the top had barely enough fabric to contain her DD-sized breasts. The strings on the bottom tied tightly on both sides of her hips, and the little triangle of red fabric stretched snugly over the mound between Laura's legs, concealing little. Laura felt self-conscious about it, at first, and she didn't want to wear it. She told Scott that a bikini like that one was only for skinny girls. Laura wasn't fat, but she had curves and hips and some roundness in her tummy, and she worried about her body spilling out of and overflowing the tiny bikini in ways that didn't conform to the standards set by fashion magazines. But Scott insisted, and Laura gave in.

Thank God, she did, Scott thought, because ogling his wife in the tiny bikini on the beach all day had been one of the most erotic experiences he'd had in a long time. She'd never worn anything like it in public before. It was one thing to see a model wear a bikini like that in a magazine. But to see his wife -- his shy, sweet wife, a primary school teacher, wearing a tiny bikini like that . . . it was beyond sexy. It was like a dream. All day, on the beach, her skin exposed to Scott and to everyone else, Laura had lain on the blanket or walked around on the sand or waded ankle-deep (the water was too cold to do more than that) into the surf. Scott had noticed other men walking by, sneaking glances at his wife's body. He felt a tingle between his legs every time he saw them do it.

One of the great things about Laura, Scott thought, was that, unlike many English women, she had olive-toned skin, which tanned easily. She could lie out on the beach for hours without burning, and Scott, horny beyond belief, could stare at her all day. When the afternoon grew late and the sun perched low over the water to the west they went back to their hotel room, and Scott stripped off Laura's little bikini and fucked his wife long and hard. Afterward, he lay on the bed, spent and sweaty. Laura lay next to him. She wanted to get dressed, but Scott wouldn't let her. He wanted her to be naked for him. So, she stayed that way the rest of the night in their room.

It turned him on to think of it now, looking over the water in the morning, but he knew it was nothing compared to what was coming. Scott was nervous. He didn't know what to expect. He didn't know how he would react when it happened. He didn't know how Laura would react. Scott had a plan, and he hadn't told Laura about it.

Scott had a very unusual Valentine's Day celebration planned for his wife. He and his wife had long needed to do something special with each other, and for each other. Scott thought his plan was just the right thing. He hoped Laura would agree.

Scott turned away from the sea and walked back into his hotel room. Laura still was in the bathroom, getting dressed and ready for the day.

She didn't need to get dressed, Scott thought. But she didn't know that. Not yet.

A loud knock sounded at the door. Scott looked at his phone. 10:00 a.m. Right on time.

He opened the door. A tall, slender man, dressed in a well-pressed light-blue Oxford-cloth shirt and dark pants, stood outside.

"Scott?" he asked.

"That's me," said Scott.

The man held out his hand.

"I'm Simon," he said. "I'm with the Agency. I believe we have an appointment. May I come in?"

Scott held the door open, and Simon walked in. His manner was different from what Scott expected. He had an air of brisk efficiency, and subdued cheerfulness. He looked to be in his mid- 40s. His hair was dark but graying and cropped short. He looked like someone who might sell you a car, or help you file your taxes. He didn't look like . . . well, whatever it was that Scott expected, based on what he knew, or thought, was going to happen today.

Simon carried a black leather gym bag. He looked around the room as he entered.

"Your wife is getting ready, I assume?" A blow drier roared dully from the other side of the bathroom door.

"Yes, she is," said Scott. "She should be out in a minute."

"Okey dokey," Simon said. "I'll get things set up while we wait for her to come out."

Simon moved quickly. He pulled a compact, black device out of his bag and hooked it up with cables to the large screen television facing the king-sized bed in the hotel room. He pulled a flash drive out of a pocket in the bag and plugged it into the device. He turned on the television with the remote. A minute later he appeared to be done and seemed satisfied. Scott watched, fascinated, and he tried to figure out what, exactly, Simon was doing.

Moments after Simon finished, Laura emerged from the bathroom. She wore a short pink sundress. Her hair still was slightly damp from the shower. She noticed Simon right away, and looked with curiosity at her husband, and then back at their visitor.

"Hi, I'm Laura," she said. "I don't think we've met."

"I'm Simon, Laura. It's nice to meet you. I'm looking forward to our lesson."

Nobody moved for a few seconds, and Laura looked from Simon back to her husband, uncertainly.

"Lesson? What do you mean, lesson? Scott, what's up?"

Simon looked puzzled for a moment. Then things became clearer to him.

"Scott, you didn't tell her? Naughty boy. Well, that's going to make things more interesting."

"Tell me?" Laura said. "Tell me what? You're not trying to sell us a time share, are you? Scott and I already have talked about that and we're not --"

"No, Laura," Simon cut her off. "I'm not selling you a time share. I'm here at Scott's request. Why don't you sit down on the bed next to Scott, and I'll explain."

Scott patted the bed next to him. "Go ahead, Laura. Come here."

Laura hesitated, but she didn't know what else to do, so she sat next to her husband. She was aware that she was exposing a lot of her bare legs to the strange man under the short dress.

Simon pulled a chair out and away from a little desk against the wall, turned it around, and sat down in it, opposite Laura and Scott.

"Laura, I'm with the Agency. I'm a trainer. A few months ago, your husband contacted us, and he told us he was interested in our services. We explained what we do, where we do it, how we do it. This trip was set up for the training. I guess Scott didn't tell you that. Usually, we like it when the husband lets the wife know well in advance what's going on. But I've done it this way before, too, and it usually works out. So, anyway, I'm here to start the training."

"Training?" Laura asked. "What do you mean, 'training'? What kind of training do you do?" Laura's hands were in the air and she was looking back and forth between Simon and Scott, completely confused.

Simon kept his eyes focused on Laura's. He paused for a beat, until everyone was quiet.

"Laura," he said. "We train wives to become sluts."

Laura's jaw dropped open. She couldn't find the words to say anything. Scott sat stiffly and nervously next to his wife. He wasn't sure what to say or what Laura was going to do.

Simon smiled and held his hands open in a friendly gesture.

"I know that sounds weird. You don't even know me. Let me explain."

Simon paused again to let his words sink in. There always was a moment of shock, even with wives who were prepared. Simon was accustomed to it. Laura closed her mouth, and she looked steadily and evenly at him. Simon knew then that she was ready to hear the rest, so he continued.

"We've spent a lot of time talking to your husband, and getting information from him. He's told us all about your sex life. He's told us about your fantasies, about how the two of you talk all the time about your being a slut and being seen and being fucked by other men. I know about how the two of you have dabbled in exhibitionism. Going outside without panties --knickers, whatever you call it. He told me about the time the two of you drove to the park and he got you naked and strange men walked up to the car and wanked themselves while you spread your legs. I think you Brits call that 'dogging.' I love that word!"

Simon laughed and paused again. He knew there was a lot for Laura to digest. It was best to keep things light, and not too serious.

"Laura, your husband also told me that since having kids there hasn't been as much time for your fantasies, and even for sex, as you would like. You share the same fantasies. But you haven't had the time, or the energy, or maybe the discipline, to turn those fantasies into reality.

"That's where we come into the picture."

Simon let that thought percolate in their heads for a few moments before he continued.

"Laura, we're a group of people who believe that wives like you should live your fantasies. We want to help you and your husband fulfill them. That's why I'm here."

Simon stopped. Silence lay over the room like a blanket. Laura could hear herself breathe, but she heard nothing else. She didn't know what to think about what this man was saying, or how to respond to him. Simon continued.

"Laura, your husband contacted us so we could train you today. You will have to agree to the training. We don't do this unless both partners consent. If you don't consent, I'll leave right now, and you'll never see me again. But if you do consent, then I will start your training right away. The choice is yours."

Laura's mouth opened and shut a few times. She didn't know what to say. Scott spoke first, in her stead.

"Simon, maybe tell us more about what the training involves. So, Laura can decide what she wants to do."

"Sure," Simon replied. "First, Laura, I'll ask you some questions and ask you to do some things here in the room. If that part of the test goes well, then you will accompany me out of this room, to somewhere else. Scott will stay here. You'll be back here before the end of the day. What do you say?"

Laura didn't know what to say. She still was overwhelmed. A man she had never met had proposed to take her away somewhere, leaving her husband behind, and to do -- what? She had no idea.

"I'm not sure what to say," she answered at last, her voice wavering. "I don't know you. I'm thousands of miles from home and you want to take me somewhere and do something. How do I know who you are?"

"That's a fair question," Simon answered. "Scott?"

Scott held Laura's hand.

"Laura, I found out about the Agency from my friend Geoff, at work. He vouched for them."

"Geoff . . . who's Geoff? Have I met him?"

"I think so, once. But anyway, I know Geoff well, and I trust him. He said he and his wife tried the Agency, and he said it was great. He gave me some more information, and I've done some investigation on my own. Simon and I have talked on the telephone about it.

"Laura, we've been talking about this for years. About exposing you. About you and other men. About you being . . . a slut. It turned you on as much as it turned me on when we fantasized about it.

"This is a great chance for us. We're 7,000 miles from home. Nobody knows us here. You can fulfill your fantasies and no one who knows you will know -- your family, your friends, your colleagues at school. Nobody. Let's give this a try. I want this. I think you do, too."

Laura was filled with uncertainty, even a little fear. But inside her, she felt a trill of excitement as well. What Scott said was true. It was their biggest fantasy together. In bed, they would talk about her being naked in public, around other men. About their hands on her, poking her, caressing her, spreading her open, and, yes, about the men fucking her. She loved hearing her husband talking about their fantasies out loud. She thrilled to the sound of the word "slut" when it came out of Scott's mouth and was directed at her. She often wondered what it really would be like to be a slut. She and Scott had play acted, but they had followed through on their fantasies only a little bit, and infrequently. With kids at home, and with Scott and Laura in their early thirties, it often seemed that their fantasies would remain fantasies, and would never come true.

Now a strange man was sitting across from her, telling her that her fantasies could become real.

"What . . . what exactly do you want me to do?"

"That's the spirit," Simon said with a big smile. "We'll take this a step at a time. No need to throw you in the deep end right away.

"First things first. Take off all your clothes."

"You mean right now?" Laura's voice sounded very small and far away to her, like it was coming from the other side of the room, and from a different person.

"Right now. Everything. We need to get you completely naked. Right, Scott?"

"Do it, Laura," Scott said. "Get naked. I know you want to."

Laura looked back and forth between her husband Scott and this strange man. She felt timid and scared, but she also felt something inside her that was stirred and excited.

"All right, I guess," Laura said. "You want me to do it. I'll do it."

She lifted her bottom off the bed and pulled the bottom hem of the sundress up to her waist. Her pale pink thong underwear was exposed, now, to Scott and to Simon. She'd imagined doing something like this many times, but now that she really was doing it she hesitated. She was keenly aware of her body. She liked her body, and Scott told her all the time how much he liked it, but she knew she didn't look like a model. She was an attractive thirty-something English school teacher, not a porn star. She didn't know how much men would want to see her naked.

Her husband did. He sat still and straight on the bed with his eyes wide and blinking and intent on the sight of his wife undressing. Simon, too, looked very interested, though not with the same raw eagerness as her husband. He's done this a lot, Laura thought to herself.

She pulled the dress up from her waist and pulled it over her head, tossing it to the bed. Now she wore only panties and a bra. She put her hands behind her back and found the hook. She unsnapped it and shrugged the bra off her shoulders. Her right arm instinctively shot around to her front, cupping and covering what she could of her breasts, now that the bra lay in her lap.

"You have to take the arm away," Simon said.

Laura looked at the ceiling and took a deep breath. In her fantasies, she hadn't been this nervous. Actually stripping in front of a strange man in bright light was something else, though. Slowly, she removed

her arm from her front. She rested both hands on the bed to either side of her.

Simon scooted his chair forward and reached out and took one of Laura's nipples between his thumb and forefinger. He caressed it, gently.

"Beautiful," he said. "Your breasts are so full and large." He put a hand underneath one, and lifted it, kneading it softly with his fingers as he did so. "The guys are going to love these tits," he said.

"Guys?" Laura said.

"Yes," said Simon. "The guys who are going to see you naked later. Some of them really like large natural breasts like yours. They're going to have fun with you."

Laura felt goosebumps form on her arms at Simon's words. Guys . . . who were going to see her naked. It was weird but thrilling to have him talk about her in this way.

"All right," Simon said, taking his hand away and letting her boob fall back in place. "Bottoms off."

Laura hesitated again. It was one thing to show another man her breasts, it was another to show him her vulva. But she complied,

hooking a thumb on either side of the little panties and pulling them down her legs. She lifted her legs out of them, and they lay on the floor. Laura was completely naked now.

"Excellent," Simon said. "Before we go any further, I have to put something on you."

Simon grabbed his gym bag on the floor and pulled a pair of shoes out of it. They were made of black leather, with what looked like a four- or five- inch heel, open at the toes, and a crisscross pattern of ankle straps. To Laura, they looked expensive.

"I don't know about you, Laura," Simon said. "But I say there's nothing like a good pair of shoes to build confidence. And these are very good shoes. Your husband gave me your size, so they should fit."

Simon took her feet and slipped them into the shoes. His hands nimbly and expertly buckled up the straps. When he was done, Laura straightened her legs out from her so she could see them better. The heels were very high, higher than any she had at home. The straps crossed several inches up her ankles. She guessed that they were more expensive than any shoes she'd ever worn. They were much sexier than anything she'd worn as well. The shoes were very light, but the straps seemed to hold them firmly to her feet.

The heels said, "fuck me," but in a posh way, Laura thought.

"One final thing," Simon said. He reached into his bag again and pulled out a thin black leather collar. A single steel ring hung from it. Simon reached around her neck and put it on her. The interior of the collar was made of a soft, plush material of some kind, so although it fit snugly it was not uncomfortable. Laura never had worn a collar before.

There were going to be a lot of firsts today, Laura thought.

"How are you doing, Laura?" Simon asked. Laura was struck by Simon's ability to maintain his cheerful but business-like manner in such odd circumstances.

"I'm fine," Laura said. And she meant it. Now that she was naked, and had nothing left to reveal, she felt more confident. And Simon was right: the shoes helped. They looked sexy without looking cheap.

"I'm glad," Simon said. "You're going to need to get comfortable with what you are wearing, because this is all you will wear for the rest of the day. Wherever we go, whatever we do, whomever we see -- you will be wearing these heels and this collar, and nothing else. Not until we return to this hotel room and I'm done with you. You will be completely naked all day.

"Does that excite you, Laura?"

The weight of what Simon said -- that she would be naked all day -- hit Laura like a brick, sapping some of her newfound confidence. But not all of it.

"Yes," she said in a tiny voice.

"Let's see," Simon said. "Put your heels up on the bed, to either side of you, and lean back on your elbows."

Laura did as he asked. Simon wasn't the first man other than her husband to see her pussy. She had flashed a few men before, with a glance up her skirt, and her husband had exposed her to several men that time in the car in the park. But this was different. Simon's head was right between her legs. No car door separated him from her. The lack of a barrier made her nervous, but she complied. The point of each heel dug into the bed spread and she held her knees far to the side of her. Laura glanced at her husband. Scott sat on the bed to the side of her staring between her legs. His torso and head were perfectly still but his hand was clutching and unclutching the crotch of his pants in a slow rhythm. Scott was turned on by his wife's exposure of her body to Simon.

"All right, Laura, put your hands under your thighs, and pull yourself open. I need to see inside you."

Laura did so. She put the tips of her fingers to her outer labia and pulled. She looked down at what she was doing. Her pussy opened to Simon like a flower.

"You have a lovely cunt, Laura," Simon said. "You keep it bare around the lips, which is good, and a nice little well-trimmed patch above it. And If I'm not mistaken, that's a little wetness glistening inside you. Is this turning you on? Let's see."

Simon put a finger forward and dipped it into the pink flesh between Laura's spread legs. She shivered at his touch. Simon started low and drew his finger up the narrow channel. When he pulled his finger away it sparkled in the room light with moisture. He held it up for everyone to see.

"Wet," Simon said. "I'd say you are turned on, Laura. Here."

He put the finger to her lips. She sucked her own wetness off his finger and finished with a dramatic "smack."

"Scott," Simon said, "I think your lovely and very naked wife is ready. Laura, stand up."

His voice took on a harder and more commanding edge, and Laura stood up.

"It's time to get started," Simon said. "Before we do, the two of you have to answer some questions."

"Scott, do you want your wife to be a slut? Do you want her to show off her body, and to make it available, to other men, for them to play with? To look at? To fuck?"

Scott knew how he would answer but he hesitated anyway. It was one thing to spin fantasies in the bedroom with Laura; it was another to commit to something in front of another person. He was aware that a door was being opened; once he crossed through that door he wouldn't be able to come back.

"Yes, I do," Scott said.

"Laura," Simon asked, "Do you want to be a slut? Do you want to show off your body to other men, and make it available to them, to play with and have fun with? Do you want other men to fuck you?"

Laura hesitated, like her husband. But she knew how she would answer. She'd come this far. She was naked. She was shy and nervous, but she was ready.

"Yes, I do."

"Excellent," Simon said. "Before we get started, I need to let the two of you know the rules. Here's the deal. Scott, I'm going to take your wife away from you for most of the day. She will be naked the entire time. I will be video recording her, much of the time. I have set up your TV to access a live stream of the video. Your wife also will have

a cell phone at all times." Simon held up the phone. "The two of you can text anytime. Sometimes, Scott, I'll text you about what's going on when the video feed isn't up. Here's the number for the phone, to which you can text her." Simon handed a small piece of paper with writing on it to Scott.

"You can communicate freely, but, Scott, you are not allowed to visit your wife today. You must stay here in your room and watch what happens on the TV screen. If you interfere, the lesson will end. Your relationship with the Agency will end. You'll never see me again.

"Laura, you are free to end things anytime you want. If you do, your relationship with the Agency will end, immediately. Your husband can come and get you, wherever you are. Since you will be carrying a cell phone he will be able to track where you are at all times.

"Laura, the only rule you have to follow is this: you have to do what I say. I'm going to be instructing you to do things you've never done before. You will be reluctant. Some of those things will be, by the standards of what you have done before, extreme. But if you want to complete this program, you must obey me. If you do not, the training will end.

"Do both of you understand?"

Laura and Scott looked at each other and nodded. They looked at Simon and at the same time said, "Yes."

"Good," Simon said. "One more thing." He pulled a sheaf of papers, stapled together, out of his bag. "I need to ask you to sign the contract." He handed the bundle of pages, along with a pen, to them.

Scott turned the pages over to get to the last page. He was excited and impatient. He signed his name on the last page and gave the contract to Laura.

Laura took the contract and the pen, but she could barely focus. Her head swum with curiosity about what was to happen. The words on paper in front of her barely meant anything. With effort she sorted out the pages until the signature page was in front of her. She signed above the line with her name quickly. She handed the papers back to Simon, who tucked them into his gym bag.

Simon stood up.

"Scott and Laura," he said. "I think it's time to get started."

Simon reached into his bag again. This time he pulled out a leather leash. He took the end with the steel clip and put it to the steel ring in Laura's neck collar. They all heard it snap shut.

"You won't be on a leash the whole time," Simon said to Laura. "But you will to start. Remember: you have to do what I say at all times. Understand?"

"I guess so," said Laura. "Yes."

"Good girl," Simon said. He zipped up his gym bag, picked it up with one hand, and took hold of the leash to Laura's collar with the other. He led her to the door of the hotel room.

"Wait a minute," Laura said. "You're going to take me out into the hotel, like this, naked? What if people see me?"

"What if they do?" Simon replied. "We want people to see you. That's the whole point of this. Besides, I'm taking you to a stair well on the side of the building. We're not going through the lobby."

When they reached the door, Simon turned back to Scott.

"Scott, keep your phone handy and check your texts. The video feed will be available shortly. You can text Laura at any time, but remember, you can't interfere with what's going on. I'll take very good

Simon looked from Scott to Laura.

"Time to go," he said. "Are you ready?"

Laura didn't know if she was ready. She'd never done anything like this. When the door opened and she stepped outside she would cross

a threshold she'd never crossed. It excited her to think about it, but she didn't really know if she was ready for it.

But she had to find out.

"I think so," she said. "Yes."

Simon turned, opened the door, and walked out. Laura followed him on the leash. She looked back one last time at her husband, and their eyes met. Then the room door closed behind her, and she was in the hallway, completely naked. She wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible, but Simon stopped. He didn't seem to be in any hurry, and that made Laura more nervous.

"What if somebody sees me?" she asked. She couldn't stop her hands from covering the space between her legs and her breasts.

"They probably will!" Simon said. "That's the idea. Now take your hands away from your body. We want people to see you."

"What if we get in trouble?" Laura asked. She had fantasized about doing something like this, but she was more nervous about it than she expected now that the hotel door had closed behind her and they were walking down the hallway. "What if somebody calls the police? What if the cops see us?"

"It's unlikely we'll get in trouble here," Simon said, calmly. "I know the owner of the hotel. That's why I had your husband book the room here. If a guest sees you, they'll probably be just as startled as you. We won't have to worry about the cops until we're out on the street."

"On the street?" Laura asked, turning to Simon with a start.

"Yeah, but don't worry about the cops. You're going to expose a lot, but I'm careful. I've never gotten in trouble with the law before. Well, there was that one time, but they let me off with a warning. You can get away with getting naked in public around here as long as you don't stay in one place too long."

Laura followed behind him, the leash hanging loose between them. They walked to a door with an "exit" sign over it.

"We're going to take the stairs. They exit to the side of the building, near my car. I want to show you off, but I thought the hotel lobby might be a bit much."

In the stairwell, Simon stopped and opened his bag. He pulled out a video camera, and a phone. He held the phone out to Laura.

"This phone is for you. You can text your husband from time to time, send him naked selfies, whatever. You can hold it or I can carry it with me as we go. Why don't you take a selfie and send it to him

while I get the camera set up? Once I get it going I'll set up a live video feed and Scott can watch your adventures."

Laura took the phone, held it out, and took a photo of herself, getting as much of her naked body in the frame as she could, along with her face, sporting a nervous smile. She texted it to Scott.

She looked around. They had four flights of stairs to walk down to the street level. Although she knew she was going to be seen by others soon, she was glad she'd made it this far without anyone seeing her.

"O.K.," Simon said. I'm going to unsnap your leash. It will be easier to record you while you descend the stairs." He took the phone back and strapped it to his arm, unsnapped Laura, slung the bag over his shoulder, and put the camera up to record Laura. He started backing slowly and carefully down the stairs, making sure the camera captured Laura's entire nude body following him down.

Descending the stairs made Laura aware immediately how high the heels were. She teetered on them slightly with each awkward step. Every time a heel hit a step the sound echoed through the stairwell. Laura tried to be calm, but it was difficult to fight her nervousness. It seemed like it would take forever to get to the bottom.

Back in the room, Scott set up the television and saw the feed come on. Instantly, his wife's nude, curvy body filled the large, high-definition screen. He'd never seen his wife naked on a television

screen before, and the sight of her made him instantly hard. Her full breasts swayed and jiggled with every step.

From off screen he heard Simon's voice. "Say 'Hi' to Scott, Laura!"

Scott could tell Laura was nervous. She held up a hand uncertainly and waved it close to the camera, close to her body.

"Hey Scott," she said. Without even thinking about it Scott grabbed his crotch. He fumbled with the zipper until he could pull his hard cock out.

"Laura, show Scott your pussy," he heard Simon say, even as they kept walking.

Scott saw his wife stop and look uncertainly. Simon seemed to be whispering instructions, but Scott couldn't make them out. Then he saw Laura raise a leg, stretch it out, and place a heel on the stair railing. Her hand went between her legs and she spread her lips open. The camera zoomed in and Laura's wet, pink gash filled the screen, every detail of it revealed in exquisite high resolution.

Scott began stroking himself. He couldn't control himself. Laura, Laura, he thought.

After what seemed to Laura like an eternity, they reached the bottom. They didn't encounter anybody on the way down, but as they reached the exit door she heard a stairwell door bang open and shut on one of the floors above her, followed by the quick steps of someone rapidly walking down.

Simon seemed to be in no hurry and paid no attention to the sound behind and above them. He opened the door to the hotel and held it open for Laura, keeping the camera trained on her the whole time.

Laura stepped through the door. The clouds had broken, and the air was warm and bright from the late morning sun overhead. The security of the hotel was behind her. She was outdoors, in the hotel parking lot, naked and exposed to the world, wearing only her heels and the collar. Her skin tingled at the feel of the air and the hair on her arms prickled with excitement.

Laura's nervousness was interrupted by the beep of a car door opening automatically. Simon held out a key fob toward a black Lexus SUV parked a few spaces away. He gestured toward it and Laura walked toward it, Simon following her and recording her every step. His nonchalance astonished her. She wondered what she looked like to her husband, whom she knew was watching her four stories above her.

When he reached the car, instead of opening the door, Simon put the bag on the ground and pulled some things out of it, while continuing to record Laura's movements. His deliberateness was agonizing to Laura. She had never been so exposed in her life. Because it was mid-

Sunday, weekly traffic was at an ebb, but she still saw a few cars pass by on the street in front of the hotel parking lot. Anyone looking in her direction could see her. She didn't know if anyone did, but she imagined that a voyeur lurked behind every hotel window, spying on her nude body. It excited and frightened her.

Simon approached her, holding something in the hand that wasn't holding the camera. Simon held it up and away from him so both Laura and Scott could see it. It was a polished steel butt plug, capped in sparkling blue glass. The steel end glistened with wetness. Simon had lubricated it.

"I'm going to put this in you now, Laura. Partly because I like the look of a butt plug on a woman, and partly because we need to get you ready. I don't know how much anal sex you've had lately, but you're going to be having it today. Men will be filling your holes with their cocks and other things, and I need to make sure your asshole is appropriately stretched and ready. I got you a big one. And look, it's blue! Your butthole will match your eyes."

Laura was struck dumb. She couldn't believe what Simon was about to do to her here, in public, under the bright sun. And it was so strange to hear this nicely dressed, pleasant man say such lewd things about her and her body. It was strange, but it was thrilling, too. Her body was an odd and unfamiliar mixture of nervous coldness on the outside and a growing, fiery warmth on the inside.

"Go ahead and put your hands against the side of the car," Simon said. "Spread your legs apart and stick your butt out as much as you can."

Laura followed his instructions, slowly. Her whole body was shaking as she set her hands against the SUV.

As her hands touched the black metal, the stairwell door opened behind her. She heard it creak.

"Holy shit," she heard a voice exclaim. It was a young man's voice, with an accent that made Laura think of California surfers. "What the fuck?" He paused for a minute. Laura was turned away from him and couldn't see him. She didn't move. "Everything O.K.?" the unseen man asked.

"Everything's fine," Simon said in a calm but official-sounding voice. "We're recording a video of Laura."

"Woah," said the man. "That is so awesome. Is it for a website? What's the site?"

"No, no website," Simon said. "At least not yet. It's a private video. Her husband is watching right now. It's a Valentine's Day thing."

"No way!" the surfer dude said loudly.

"Yep," said Simon. "It's true. Hey, maybe you could help me. I was about to put this big butt plug in her, but it would be great if you could do it; that way I can record it better while it's going in her."

"Fuck yeah," said the man. "I'll do that."

"Thanks for the help," said Simon. He said it like you'd thank somebody for carrying a bag of groceries. "What's your name?"

"Jamie," the voice replied.

"Jamie, meet Laura. Laura, meet Jamie."

"Hi," Laura responded in a meek, quavering voice. "Nice to meet you."

"Hey, Laura," Jamie said. "Is that an accent? Are you from England?"

"I am," she said, still trying to find her full voice.

"Laura's a school teacher," Simon said.

"This is so messed up," Jamie said. "I love it. A school teacher comes all the way to California from England with her husband so I can put

a butt plug in her ass on Valentine's Day. In a freaking parking lot. Awesome. Here. I'll take it."

Four floors above, Scott watched, shocked, with his mouth open, as Jamie entered the camera's field of view to take the butt plug by the jewel-encrusted handle and walk over to his wife's spread, bare ass. The young Californian had ragged blond hair, and he wore board shorts and a ratty t-shirt with a picture of a dolphin riding a surfboard on the front. The camera came around and zoomed in to get a better view. Jamie held the steel, lubricated tip above and just to the side of the puckered eye of Laura's upturned asshole, which was lit by the sun from behind and crystal clear. Jamie's hand came into view and rested on one of Laura's ass cheeks. It spread her wider. The skin around Laura's asshole stretched to the side, but the little hole held shut.

Jamie pressed the tip to the entrance.

"She looks tight," he said. "Are you sure it's going to go in? I don't want to hurt her."

"Just go slowly," Simon said. "Twirl it a little as you press in. It will help make her open up more easily."

It was strange to be talked about this way, Laura thought. Like her body wasn't her own. And, in a way, it wasn't any more. She'd given it up, to be used and enjoyed by others. And they'd just begun with her. She couldn't imagine what was to come. The thought of it made

a shiver well up from between her legs, and her ass and thighs shuddered visibly to the camera.

"This may help," Simon said. He held up a bottle of lubricant and squeezed it. A stream of it squirted directly into the crack of Laura's ass, dribbling down until some of washed over her closed butt hole.

Jamie followed Simon's instruction and pressed the tip into the entrance. He twirled it. It was still closed, and it resisted his first attempts, but he was able to push the tip in just a bit.

"There you go. It's starting to work," Simon said.

Slowly, it was. Bit by bit, Laura's tight, unwilling sphincter loosened, and her ass began to open to the steel plug. Jamie spun it slowly in alternate directions. Scott watched on the screen as the brownish skin of his wife's hole opened up to embrace the shiny invader.

To Laura, the invasion of the cold steel into her ass was like nothing she'd felt before. It was a big plug, and the way it filled her and spread her walked the line between discomfort and pleasure. She closed her eyes and savored the contrast between the warm sun on her back and the cold steel entering her ass. She pushed back. As hard as it was to take she wanted them to succeed. She wanted it inside her. Her body was starting to surrender to the submission being asked of her.

And then, suddenly, Jamie's efforts came to fruition, and the plug dove the rest of the way into her tight ass with a subdued "plop!" Laura let out a low moan of satisfaction.

Jamie took his hand away to see his handiwork. The bright blue plug sparkled in the sun against Laura's olive skin.

"That's a dope ass," he said.

"You can touch it if you want," Simon said.

Jamie looked for a moment at Laura, who didn't say anything. He put his hands on both ass cheeks, and his fingers curled and kneaded them like firm dough.

"Nice," Jamie said. "Very nice."

"Laura," said Simon. "Show Jamie more of your pussy. Take a hand away from the car and put it between your lips and spread them."

Laura touched her fingers to her sex, wetter than before, and did as Simon asked. She couldn't see it, but she could feel the lips part and knew that Jamie, as well as her husband, were getting a close-up view of everything.

"Wow, that's amazing," Jamie said.

He put a middle finger forward and touched it to the jewel in her butt, tapping it with a fingernail. It was wedged inside her. He traced his finger down, to the lighter skin of her taint, and then farther down until it dipped into the wetness between her pussy lips. His finger navigated the full length of the slit, to the nub of her clit, until it came back and then pushed forward into her depths. It continued forward until his finger disappeared all the way inside her. Laura moaned more. She'd never been finger-fucked by a man other than her husband before, and now she'd let it happen to her in public, in bright sun. She opened her eyes and saw two cars pass by on the street. The full extent of her exposure hit her, hard, but she didn't say anything. Simon was driving this bus, and she was along for ride, wherever it would take her.

"You can take a picture if you want," Simon said.

"For real?" Jamie asked. He whipped out his phone from his shorts pocket and snapped a few photos, a couple with his finger still buried deep in Laura's cunt and a few with her cunt empty and open.

"Oh my goodness," Laura heard a woman's voice call, suddenly. Laura looked to the side and saw an older woman with graying hair about a hundred feet away, having just gotten out of a car. The woman looked aghast at Laura.

"You shouldn't be doing that!" the woman said. She kept watching for a few seconds, and then she jogged to the doors of the hotel lobby.

"Time to go, Laura," Simon said briskly but calmly. "Thanks for your help, Jamie. You did a good job. The plug looks good there."

"Yeah," Jamie said. "Fucking amazing." He looked at his finger that had been inside Laura. It was slicked with Laura's juices. On his big TV screen, Scott saw Jamie's finger, sopping wet from its invasion of Scott's wife's sex, sparkle in the sunlight.

"My wife's pussy juice is on his finger," Scott said to himself, stroking his rock-hard cock the whole time.

Simon moved quickly, though with no trace of nervousness. He opened the door for Laura. "In you go."

Laura stood up from the car. The plug felt enormous inside her as she moved to the passenger side door. Simon made sure to record her as her legs spread getting into the front seat. Jamie watched too, over Simon's shoulder.

When she was in the car, Simon closed the door after her, circled quickly around the Lexus, waved "bye" to Jamie, started the car, and drove out a side exit of the parking lot. He saw no sign of the angry woman, or anyone else, in his rear-view mirror.

Simon and Laura were off, to the next stage of the day's adventure.

As the car drove along the streets, Laura tried to calm herself. She was nude, and she felt exposed and vulnerable. Cars drove this way and that all around her. She was naked and had no back-up clothes to wear if something went wrong. She didn't know where she was, and she didn't know where they were going. Laura had fantasized about being naked in public, but the real experience was more nerve-wracking than she had expected in her fantasies.

Simon seemed to sense what she was feeling, and he looked at her with a reassuring smile.

"You look nervous," he said. "Are you nervous?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm more than nervous. I've never done anything like this before. I don't have any clothes on, and my clothes are back in the room. I don't know where we're going. Could I get arrested?"

Simon shook his head.

"You're not going to get arrested. Well, not while you're riding with me in the car, anyway. The windows are tinted. If I see a cop car I'll let you know so you can scrunch down. I've done this before. Nobody's ever gotten arrested.

"Laura, you need to think of your body differently. Your whole life you've thought of your body as something to shield and protect.

Something to hide from other people. You and Scott have had fantasies about showing it off, but you haven't really thought about what it means.

"It means letting go of thinking of your body as something that's strictly yours. Something to hide away. You need to think of it as something to share. You can get a lot of pleasure out of sharing it, if you let yourself.

"Look up ahead. There's a truck. It's stopped at a light and we're going to stop next to it. I'm going to roll the window down so the truck driver can see you. I want you to show yourself to him. Put your feet up on the car seat and spread your legs. Turn toward the window. Let the driver see you."

Sure enough, Laura saw a large truck ahead, to the right, stopped at a red light. Simon's finger touched a toggle on the door to his left, and the tinted window to Laura's right came down. It came down all the way as the car pulled up alongside the truck. Laura closed her eyes and did as Simon instructed, spreading her legs, and turning toward the window. Her hands were pressed on the seat.

They stopped, and she opened her eyes. She saw the truck driver, who didn't see her right away. But after a few moments he turned her way, and he saw her, and his eyes went wide. Laura didn't move. She knew the truck driver could see her completely naked and spread open.

She breathed heavily. Then, heeding Simon's words, she spread her knees further apart. She looked up into the eyes of the trucker, who couldn't stop looking at her. She put her hand under a thigh and pushed it toward her sex, and her fingers spread her sex further apart. She was putting on a lewd display for the trucker, who watched her from just feet away. Behind the glass of his truck's door window he said something she couldn't hear, but she did hear the blare of the truck's horn.

The light turned green and Simon pumped the gas and the SUV sped ahead of the truck, leaving it and its appreciative driver behind.

"Simon," Laura asked. "I have to ask you something."

"What is it?"

"You said . . . you said . . . men are going to fuck me."

"Yep. I did. They are."

Laura hesitated. "It's one thing to fantasize about it. But there are risks. What about . . . what about . . ."

"Safety?" Simon interrupted. "Don't worry about it. Laura, our organization is very careful. We vet people. Your husband gave us the results of tests you've had recently. And we test our people. You

don't have to worry about STDs. You can trust us on that. If there's anybody you encounter today who hasn't been cleared, I'll know, and I've got protection they can use. Or you can say no. We're not going to ask you to do anything that puts your health at risk that way."

Laura supposed it was crazy for her to be putting her health and safety in the hands of a man she'd never met until an hour earlier, but for whatever reason, she trusted him. Her body was in his care, and she was going to let him decide what happened to it. It scared her, but it thrilled her even more.

Traffic on the road was heavier than before, and as they drove they passed many cars on both sides. Laura felt protected by the dark tint of the windows. She didn't bother to slump down. Anyone in a similar vehicle, such as an SUV like theirs, would, if they drove alongside, and if they bothered to notice, have seen Laura's large breasts and perky, erect nipples, which were hard from all the excitement.

But not too many people realized or took advantage of their opportunity as they drove alongside her. Despite her total nudity Laura started to become more comfortable. She felt protected by Simon's driving and the tint of the windows.

"Simon," Laura asked. "Where are we going?"

"An auto repair garage," Simon replied. "A friend of mine owns it. He's also a photographer. He's going to like you. A lot."

Simon reached behind him, to the back seat, and pulled a water bottle out of his bag and handed it to Laura.

"Drink this," he said. "You'll want to stay well hydrated." Laura didn't think she needed it, but she drank from the bottle at Simon's suggestion. They drove for a while in silence, until Simon spoke again.

"And here we are," he said. The Lexus turned right into a parking lot next to a building with a sign that said "SOCAL AUTO REPAIR." Simon parked the car in a spot near a door on the side of the building. He walked out and around the car to the door next to Laura.

Laura was more nervous about getting out of the car than she had been at the hotel. There, at least, she knew where she was. She had no idea where she was here. All she knew was that she was miles away from her hotel room and miles away from any clothes.

Simon opened her car door. He had the leash in his hand, and he reached forward and clipped it to her neck collar.

"Time to get moving," he said. Laura felt the nervousness wash over her skin.

"Where are we?" she asked. "What's going to happen here?"

"This is our first stop," Simon said. "I know the owner of this place. He services cars and motorcycles. He also likes to take pictures of pretty girls. He and his crew are waiting for us."

Simon paused.

"This is step one. I want you to get accustomed to sharing your body, letting yourself be naked in front of others. Once you've gotten accustomed to that, you'll be ready for the next step.

"Ready?" he asked her.

"I . . . I guess so," Laura said.

Simon offered his hand, and without thinking too much Laura took it and stepped out of the car. Once again, she was naked in public.

Her head swiveled around. A few cars drove by on the street. Fortunately, the door wasn't far away. Simon led her by the leash in that direction.

The door was closed and the small window next to it had drawn blinds and a sign hanging inside that said "CLOSED."

"Is anybody here?? Laura asked.

"Not normally on a Sunday," Simon replied. "But today is a special day. They've been waiting for you. I expect they're all inside. But before we go in, we have some things to do."

He unsnapped the leash.

"Laura, your training will be in stages. Things are going to get wilder. Be prepared for that. But for now, the main goal is to get you more comfortable with being naked in public. How do you feel?"

"Nervous as bloody hell," she said. She was. It was warm, but her body was shaking, slightly.

"That's to be expected," Simon said. "But we need to keep pushing your boundaries, so you get more comfortable. So, before we go inside I want you to walk out to the street, right up to the edge, and stand there until I tell you to come back."

"I can't do that!" Laura said, fear in her voice.

"Yes, you can. You're going to be surprised at what you can do. The traffic's light, and a lot of the businesses around us are closed today. There shouldn't be any problem. Let's get going."

He slapped her lightly on the ass. It stung, but it made Laura jump forward, toward the street.

She closed her eyes for a second. She thought if she just made herself do it quickly, it would all be over with soon. She stepped forward, tentatively at first, then more confidently. A few strides later, she stood on the sidewalk, her high heels just inches from the curb. She looked back and forth.

Traffic was light. A car passed by going left just before she reached the curb. There was no reaction, so Laura assumed the driver didn't see her. Beyond that car, maybe 300 feet away, another car was approaching slowly from the same direction, in the opposite lane. She did not see people on the sidewalks nearby. The street was lined with shops of different kinds, some of which had bars over their windows or "Closed" signs hanging inside.

The car drove closer, and Laura's nervousness grew.

"Don't cover yourself up!" Simon shouted at her from behind. "Put your hands on your hips and stand with your legs apart."

Laura was not even aware that she was holding an arm over her breasts and a hand over her pussy. She took them away and put her hands on her hips, her feet shoulder-width apart. The car got closer and slowed down. It took all Laura could muster to force herself to stand there. The car slowed more. It drew to a stop in the middle of

the street across from her. The window rolled down. The car had a driver, and no other occupants. He let out a loud wolf whistle.

"Hey, baby, looking good! Do you need a lift?"

"No thanks!" she replied, her voice cracking. She waved.

"Turn around and bend over for him!" Simon called.

Laura did as she was told, slowly. She turned and held her legs farther apart than before, and she bent at the waist and put her hands on her knees. She knew from the position that the car driver could see everything.

A loud blast of the horn from the car made her jump and stand up. She looked back, and the car already was driving away, a few more horn blasts following its departure.

"O.K., Laura, you can come back now," Simon said.

Laura was glad, because she could see several more cars coming from the same direction as the last one.

She skittered back on quick steps to Simon. Simon attached the leash again.

"Time to meet some people," he said.

Simon opened the door and held it for her, and she walked into the building, naked, in front of him. The light was dim, and her eyes had to adjust after the bright sun outside. The room they'd entered was an office. No one was in it. A door on the opposite wall stood ajar, just a crack. Simon directed her to it. Laura took a deep breath and stepped through it.

She and Simon entered a large, cavernous room, containing four bays for working on cars. The front bay doors were closed, since it was Sunday, so no one from the street could look in. The pungent smells of oil and grease hit her nose. The room was well-lit by overhead fluorescent lights. In the bay immediately in front of her stood a late-1960s Dodge Charger. Laura didn't know a lot about American muscle cars, but she was struck by the high sheen of its candy-apple red paint job and well-polished chrome trim.

To the side of the car stood five men, whom Laura guessed worked at the garage but did not usually work on Sundays. They were staring at her. Every one of their mouths was wide open.

"Damn," one of them said. "She's really naked."

Nobody said anything more until Simon stepped ahead of Laura.

"Gentlemen," he said. "This is Laura. She wanted to check out your cars. But she forgot her clothes. You'll have to make her feel comfortable." He turned to Laura.

"Laura, this is Sam," he said, pointing to a trim 50-ish man in a t-shirt and dark blue pants.

Laura didn't know what to say. She'd never been introduced to someone while she was naked. All she could manage was a small, barely audible reply.

"Hi," she said, holding up a hand and making an embarrassed wave.

Simon turned to Laura.

"Laura, I've known Sam for a while. He's a maestro with repairing cars and motorcycles, and he also likes to take pictures of pretty, naked girls next to cars and motorcycles. These gentlemen work for Sam. This is Zach, this is Rick, this is Jose, and this is Jimmy."

All of them waved and said hi, but none of them took their eyes off Laura's nude body when they did. Laura whispered "hello" back to them. She blushed under their steady, hungry gaze. Simon continued.

"So, we're going to have you pose while Sam takes pictures of you and the rest of these gentlemen watch you. Are you ready to put on a show?"

Laura opened her mouth, but the words didn't come out right away. She was excited but so nervous it was difficult to respond.

"I guess so," she said.

"That's the spirit!" Simon said.

"What'll you have Laura do, Sam?" Simon asked.

Laura saw Sam pull a camera with large flash bulb off a table. For the first time she noticed tall lamps with soft boxes set up around the car and the room. She hadn't expected to have photos take of her like this.

"What . . . what are the pictures for?" she asked. Laura was nervous about who might see them.

"Mainly for myself," Sam said. "I've got a website, and I like to put pictures of the girls in my shop on the site. Are you nervous about that? I'll tell you what . . . I'll take pictures of you, but I won't put any photos with a clear shot of your face on the site."

I can't let somebody put nude photos of me on the Internet, Laura thought. She was a school teacher. If somebody happened to see the photos . . . a parent, one of her colleagues, God forbid, one of her students . . . she couldn't imagine it. She could get fired. But her body and her desire were caught up in the moment. She didn't want to stop things. And Sam had said he wouldn't let a clear photo of her face appear on the Internet. Laura thought about photos of her nude body being online, for other men to see. It made her so nervous her legs almost buckled. But it turned her on, as well.

The need to expose herself and keep the fantasy going stopped her from saying anything.

"Laura, walk over to the front of the car," Sam said. Simon kept the camera focused on Laura.

A few miles away, Scott stared at the TV screen, watching his wife in the garage in astonishment. She teetered forward on her high heels toward the red Charger, and on the right side of the screen all five of the auto repair workers ogled her. Laura kept walking until she reached the front of the car. She turned around slowly, making her nude breasts and pussy visible to Simon, to Scott, and to the other five men gathered around her.

Sam put her through a few poses, photographing her with his camera while he did, and Simon video recording her the entire time. Sam had her lean back against the grill of the car, with her hands on the hood and her legs apart. Then he had her squat down low, with her legs splayed wide, until everyone could see the fleshy lips of Laura's

pussy dangling and spread open. He had her turn around and show her butt to everyone while her hands pushed down on the hood of the car. He seemed to know what he was doing. Every time he took a photo the lamps went off, and for a second a bright light filled the TV screen before Scott.

He could feel Laura's nervousness. He almost felt guilty. But not quite. It turned him on. He liked seeing her like this. His hand stroked his cock while he watched her against the red car. The men in the garage put Laura through a variety of poses, exposing every inch of her body to their gaze. As she posed, and Sam's camera kept going off, the other men grew bolder, stepping closer to her and holding up their cell phones to snap their own photos of her.

"Laura, how about if you hop up on the hood of the car?" Sam asked. Laura looked at the hood over the grill, skeptically, wondering how best to comply.

"Hey, Sam, wait a minute," one of them said. "That butt plug might scratch the finish."

"Yeah, that's right," Sam said. He looked at Laura and then at Simon, who had continued recording everything on the camera. "I guess we have to take it out. Anybody want to do that?"

Three of the other men stepped forward, bumping into each other to do the honors.

Laura wasn't sure what to do, but she could tell what the men around her wanted to do, so she turned away from them, toward the car, and she put her elbows on the hood and stuck her butt out. With every passing moment her body was becoming less her own. She spread her legs apart. She wondered what she looked like to them.

The men gathered around Laura's ass, the blue butt plug sparkling between her up-turned ass cheeks. They looked at each other. No one stepped forward, at first. But, then, one of them -- Zach -- pushed his way past the others until he was directly behind Laura's ass. The blue plug jewel glowed amid Laura's bare skin. He put a hand out, but he didn't touch her right away. At last, his finger tapped the faux jewel. Then his fingers grabbed it and pulled. It was stuck, and it didn't move. Zach pulled and spun it at the same time, this way and that. At first, there was no progress, but then Laura's ass began to relent, relaxing and releasing the jeweled plug to her admirer.

Finally, it gave way, and plopped out. Zach's hand snapped back with it in his grasp.

"I'll take that," Simon said, while he continued recording the event.

From his hotel room, Scott sat transfixed. The camera zoomed in, past the men gathering around Laura's ass. Where the plug had been, a smooth, dark hole gaped open in Laura's ass. Laura stood with her arms on the hood of the car and her ass turned up and to her admirers, and she wondered what was coming next.

"Damn, that's hot," Rick said.

"Fuck, yeah," said Jose. "Look how wide open her asshole is."

Sam seemed to know what he wanted to happen next.

"Laura," he said. "Turn around and hop up on the hood of the car. Be careful with the heels."

The heels made it difficult, but Laura managed to hop up on the front hood of the car. She took care to keep the heel tips away from the paint job.

Sam took charge.

"Laura," he said. "Put your hands on the hood behind you, and spread your legs. And smile!"

Laura found that the smiling was the hardest part. The hood of the car was cool to the touch, but not uncomfortable. Six men stood watching her, intently, one of them recording her every movement with his camera. She leaned back and she spread her legs. She surrendered to it and let herself smile, despite her nervousness. She noticed two of the men clutching their crotches as she put herself on display.

"That's great, Laura!" Sam said. He took a lot of photos from various angles, at one point putting the lens of the camera no more than 12 inches or so from her vulva.

Scott watched on the TV screen as Sam put his naked wife through a variety of poses on the car hood: lying back on the car, crouched doggie-style, butt in the air, and sitting up with legs held straight to either side. He stroked his cock furiously the whole time.

Then Sam had Laura hop off and pose again with her arms and elbows on the hood and her butt pushed out and legs spread wide. Scott noticed that Laura's ass wasn't gaping quite as it was before, but it wasn't closed fully shut either.

"Fuck that's hot," Jose said. He stood to the side of the car. "Can you lift up a little so I can see your tits better?"

Laura complied. She lifted the top of her body until the tips of her nipples barely touched the car hood.

"Oh, fuck, look at those tits hanging," Jose said again. He reached a hand out. "Can I touch?" he asked, looking at Laura and at Simon.

"O.K.," Laura said. She felt barely conscious of saying it. Her body, not her mind, was in control. She felt rough, strong hands on her breast, squeezing it and pinching the nipple hard.

"Ohhh," she moaned.

"Shit, look at Jimmy!" Rick said.

All the other men did, and Simon swung the camera around to capture Jimmy's face. He appeared to be the youngest of the mechanics, with a wide, innocent face and sandy hair, and his expression was frozen in a wide-eyed stare at Laura, with his mouth hanging open. It didn't look like he could move.

"You want some of that, Jimmy?" Jose asked.

Jimmy couldn't say anything at first, but when he did it sounded like a very faint, "Oh, yeah."

"Go for it, Jimmy," Zach said. "She's waiting for you."

Simon stepped in and spoke.

"Wait a minute, guys," he said. "This is supposed to be just a photography stop. I don't know Jimmy and he hasn't been checked out. We can't let people fuck the model if we don't do that."

"Well, shit," said Jose. "That sucks."

"Wait," said Rick. "You're worried about . . . what? . . . one of us having a disease?"

"Something like that," Simon said.

"That's not a problem with Jimmy," Rick said. "He's a virgin. 18, going on 19 next month, and he's still a virgin."

"Fuck, Rick," Jimmy said, embarrassed. "Why'd you say that? Fuck you!"

"I didn't know that," Jose said. "Our boy's a virgin? Really?" He turned to Simon. "No risk of STDs with this one, Mr. Camera-man. How about it? Let Jimmy have a go with her."

During the conversation Laura stood perfectly still against the car. It felt strange to hear people negotiating whether one of them might fuck her.

"Look, she wants it," she heard Rick say, behind her. "Look at the way she's moving her ass."

Laura hadn't been aware of it, but it was true: she was swaying her ass behind her. The possibility of being fucked by a stranger excited her, and her body reacted without any conscious thought.

"Well, I guess if he's a virgin . . . " Simon said, his voice trailing off.
"Laura, what do you think? Are you ready?"

Scott watched his wife's round, full ass swaying in front of the men, the slit of her pussy coming in and out of view between her cheeks. Do it, Laura, he thought. Let him fuck you. His hand went to his phone to send her a text of his approval.

Before he did, though, he heard her voice coming from the screen. It rose meekly above the murmur of eager male voices around her, but her words were unmistakable.

"OK, do it," she said. She looked back over her shoulder at Jimmy, the young man who was going to fuck her, and she nodded. Then she pushed her ass out more.

"Go for it, Jimmy," Jose said. "She's ready for you."

Laura was ready. She could scarcely believe it, but she wanted Jimmy's young virgin cock inside her. She looked at Jimmy as he fumbled with the zipper at his pants. He was more nervous than she was. Of course, he was; it was his first time.

"Go ahead," Laura said to him. "I want to feel you." She spread her legs wider.

Scott, stroking himself while watching and listening to his wife inviting the strange man to fuck her, lost it. Before he could control it, his cock let loose with a spray of cum that splattered over the bed spread and carpet.

Jimmy moved forward, to Laura's ass. His cock was out. He was embarrassed. He knew there were bigger cocks than his; he'd seen them in locker rooms. But it was rock hard, and he was young and horny, and Laura's pussy, which he could see was both open and wet, was waiting for him. Horniness and impatience won out over embarrassment, and he pushed the bulbous head between her folds.

Laura let out a sharp "Oh!" when she felt the head bump into her. It wasn't quite in the right place -- not surprising considering he hadn't done it before. She put a hand between her legs and grabbed him, guiding him into the hole ready and waiting to engulf him.

He slid right in without further delay.

His cock wasn't big, but what Jimmy lacked in size he almost made up in eagerness. He wasn't subtle. He didn't really know what he was doing, but he didn't need to. Instinct took over. He thrust in and out of Laura like a jackhammer. Laura had to push back from the hood of the car to keep from being pushed into the front grill. She adjusted to his quick rhythm and soon she thrust her ass back at every one of his thrusts.

I'm really doing this, Laura thought. I'm fucking another man. In front of other men. My husband's watching me on TV.

It excited her, and she felt the growing slipperiness between her legs as her pussy responded to her arousal.

I hope Scott likes this, she thought.

Scott did. Back in the room he watched his hot wife getting fucked furiously by the young guy while he dabbed up his own cum from the carpet with Kleenex. He couldn't take his eyes off the screen.

Jimmy's coworkers cheered him on. If Jimmy was nervous, he didn't show it anymore. He appeared to be focused solely on the task at hand. Suddenly, only a couple of minutes after starting, his hips bucked, and he came. Everyone around them could tell, because his pace slowed, and then he pushed into Laura one last time and held himself as deeply inside her as he could while his cock emptied. Jimmy was a virgin no longer.

Laura felt it inside her. That's a lot of cum, she thought, and she pushed back and squeezed him to milk his cock of every drop possible. Slut, she thought to herself. You're a slut now. You let a strange man fuck you in front of other men while your husband watched.

She liked it. She liked the feeling of her body being used and being on display for the men around her. She knew without seeing their faces that they were gathered around her and staring at her wet vagina stretched and filled by Jimmy's cock.

Laura also wasn't done. She hadn't come yet; Jimmy had come too quickly. But she wanted to come. Her body was in a fever pitch of excitement she didn't want to quell.

Jimmy pulled out and let go of her hips. Somebody handed him a paper towel, and he wiped himself off and put his shrinking cock away. His coworkers clapped him on the back while he looked around, sheepishly.

Simon's attention, and his camera, remained on Laura, who remained standing against the front of the car with her ass turned up and her pussy gaping open.

"Did you come, Laura?" Simon asked her.

"No, not yet."

"Turn around and get yourself off," Simon instructed her.

Laura turned around slowly, her legs wobbly over the black heels. She leaned back against the car on one elbow, spread her legs again,

pushed her hips out, and she brought her free hand down between her thighs. Her fingers found her clit and started to rub.

Usually it took Laura more than a couple of minutes to come, but her body was so charged with arousal from Jimmy's furious fucking and her exposure that she could tell she wasn't far off.

The men around her immediately stopped looking at Jimmy and watched Laura. Laura looked up from what she was doing, scanning their faces and noting with pleasure the rapt attention with which her nude body held them. She didn't feel like herself anymore. She was someone else, someone she didn't even seem to know very well. But she wanted to get to know this new person better.

She knew what the men wanted to see, so she moved her fingers from her clit for a moment, down to her labia, and pushed them apart. She spread them as wide as she could so her audience could see everything. She looked away from their faces at her exposed sex, and as she did so she saw a small stream of Jimmy's cum leak out of her and spill to the ground, leaving a milky puddle on the concrete. Arms and cell phones were extended and taking pictures of it all around her. The men around her had grown quieter than before, but she heard an occasional exclamation.

"Holy fuck!"

"Look at that pussy!"

"That's so hot!"

After only a few minutes of the show, and of steady fingers mashing against her ripe and ready clit, she felt the surge inside her, too. It accelerated quickly and swept over her. Her hips buckled, and her body shuddered, and she let out an uncontrollable shriek as the orgasm took her.

Scott sat on the bed, watching his wife and stroking his cock again. Simon was a skillful cameraman, because the picture on his screen never wavered, with his wife's open cunt perfectly occupying the center of the screen while the other men and their phone cameras framed her. His gaze turned from Laura's pussy to her face. It was familiar, but not familiar. His wife's usually shy demeanor was replaced by that of a lusty animal, with her mouth wide open and panting and her eyes wild and shining with desire.

When Laura's body stopped shaking she took her hand away and lay her arm back against the car. She held that pose and didn't move, letting herself take a minute to come down and compose herself.

One of the men, Jose, stepped forward and put a hand out, toward her. Her heavy breasts lolled and swayed over her rising and falling body, and Jose's fingers went toward a thick nipple. Laura looked with interest at Jose and his hand, but she didn't move away.

"Can I?" he asked.

"Sure," she said. It seemed silly to deny him after what she'd let Jimmy do.

Jose pinched her nipple, gently, and then grabbed her breast in his large hand. He cupped it underneath and raised it and dropped it several times.

"Wow," he said. "You have nice tits."

"Thank you," she said. Her voice was still shaky.

The puddle on the floor between her legs had grown larger. Jimmy's cum had continued to fall from her to the concrete with a low "splat . . . splat . . . splat." Finally, Laura stood up and away from the car.

"How'd you like that, Laura?" Simon asked.

"I liked it," she said after a short pause, and she gave him a small, nervous smile.

"I'll bet Scott liked it, too," Simon said. "I'll bet he's stroking himself right now, watching you, unless he's come already."

Back in the hotel room, Scott had come already, minutes earlier, but he was still stroking, anyway.

"Laura, it's time for the next step in your lessons," Simon said. "Gentlemen, we have to be on our way. Laura has lots of things to do and limited time to do it."

Laura had no idea how much time had elapsed. She'd completely lost track of time. Simon gestured to her and picked up his black gym bag, all the while keeping the camera trained on her. She followed his directions toward the door. It appeared he wanted to take her outside again. After what she'd just done, she didn't think it would be hard to be in public again for the short walk to the SUV. She wondered where they were going next.

Most of the men stayed behind, but Sam, the owner, said something briefly to Jose and then held the door open for Laura while Simon recorded. Laura walked through the door and squinted when the bright, mid-day sun hit her eyes. Both Simon and Sam followed her out the door. Simon said something to Sam she couldn't hear, and he handed Sam his car keys. Sam walked quickly to the SUV, opened the driver's side door, and got in. The engine started.

Laura looked at Simon, puzzled.

"What's he doing?" she asked. "Are we going with him?"

"Nope," Simon said, keeping the camera focused closely on her face to capture her expression. "We are going to walk to our next destination."

"What?" Laura called out, as she saw the SUV pull out of its space, exit the parking lot, and take off down the street with a low hum. "I can't walk down the street like this!"

"Actually, Laura, you can," Simon said, "And that's what you're going to do. The place we're going is about five blocks away. Not too far. This part of town isn't too busy this time of day, and it's not dangerous. I will be behind you, recording and watching, and I can step in if something goes wrong. But you have to get yourself there. You can use this phone." He handed the phone back to her.

"I've pulled up the map screen. We're going to a bar -- an English-style pub, actually. The address is on the map. You just have to navigate the way there. If you get in a pickle and can't get there, you can call Uber. The app icon is on the phone, there." He pointed.

"You can call or text your husband, but he can't pick you up or interfere in any way. If he does so, the lesson ends." He gave the phone to her.

Laura clutched it and crossed her hands over her chest. Suddenly, she was aware of the absurdity of what she was doing. She stood naked in the parking lot of the auto shop, not far from the street, and her clothes were miles away. Simon was telling her she had to walk down streets she'd never walked on, naked, to another place she'd never been. The sheer insanity of what was being asked swept over her. She bowed her head. She didn't know if she could do it.

"Does it seem overwhelming?" Simon asked. His voice was not unkind.

"Yes, it does," Laura said. Her voice sounded very small to her, like the voice of a mouse that feared being heard or seen by a hawk swooping overhead.

"Laura," Simon said. "I know it seems overwhelming. But it's not. It only seems that way. You think it's impossible, because that's what you've been told, all your life. You can't walk naked down the street. But the fact is, you CAN walk naked down the street. Is there a risk? Sure. There's a risk with everything. There's a risk every time you get in a car and drive on the highway. But you do it, anyway. You can do this too. You can do it because you want to do it. You know you do. Think about what you just did. You've come this far. You know you want this. Do it. If everything goes to hell, I'll be behind you, to help. But it probably won't be necessary.

"Laura," Simon said, and his voice changed, becoming more forceful. "It's time to get going. But before we do, I need to do something."

Laura looked at Simon with curiosity. She wondered what he had in mind.

He held up the butt plug.

"I need to put this back in you," he said. "Believe me, you'll thank me later. Now turn around and spread your legs."

Laura still was conscious of the craziness of a man asking her to do this in public in bright daylight. But she did what Simon asked. She turned away from him, and she bent over, and she turned her ass up toward him.

In a few seconds she felt the tip of cold steel at her ass. Simon pushed it forward. Laura's ass offered less resistance this time, and the butt plug slipped into place without much struggle. Still, it was a big plug.

"Look at your phone, Laura," Simon said.

Somehow, Laura looked up, and she held the phone in front of her face. The screen showed a street map with two dots -- one showing where she was and one showing the bar where she was supposed to go. It was difficult to focus on what the map was telling her, but after looking at it for half a moment she figured it out. One block to the right, then turn right and go two blocks, then turn left two blocks, then turn right again, and the pub would be there.

"O.K.," she said.

She forced her body to move forward, toward the street, scampering on small steps on her ridiculously high heels.

"Can I take these off?" she asked Simon, looking back at him. In bare feet, she thought, she could run to the pub. She would get there much faster than she could in the high heels.

"Nope!" he said. "The shoes stay on. Away you go!"

Nervous, wobbling on her high heels, Laura reached the street. She closed her eyes, for just a moment. Then she opened them.

"I can do this," she thought.

It was mid-day, Sunday, and traffic was light on the street. Laura didn't see anyone on the sidewalk, and no cars were nearby.

"I have to hurry," she said to herself. "One foot in front of the other." She wished she could run, but the high heels wouldn't allow that. She took a deep breath, turned right, and walked down the street. She wanted to cover herself, holding her hands over her breasts and between her legs, but doing so would slow her down. So, she walked with her hands at her side, moving down the sidewalk on her high heels as fast as she could.

Laura felt the warm, Southern California air against her bare skin. She had never been so aware of the feeling of her body before this moment. She felt her heavy breasts bouncing with every step.

A car horn blared suddenly behind her, and Laura jumped. She landed awkwardly on her heels, and almost fell. From the car, now speeding by her, she heard a loud male voice: "Yeah, baby!" She had been seen.

Laura picked up her pace, as much as she could in the high heels. After what seemed like an eternity she reached the corner and turned to the right.

"One block down," she thought.

She kept going. Despite the warmth of the air she had goose bumps on her arms. She let herself look around. She could tell that she was walking through a commercial area of the city. All the buildings were stores or offices; there were no houses. Some of them were closed, but some of them looked open.

Laura felt something, suddenly, on her thighs. Moisture. It was Jimmy's cum. It was still leaking out of her. She felt it trailing down her leg.

Without warning a door burst open in front of her and several people walked through it. The sign above it said, "Skip's Café." Three men and a woman walked out, laughing and talking loudly, but it didn't take more than two seconds for them to see her. They quieted down right away.

Laura kept walking.

One of the men whistled at her.

One walked toward her. He looked at Laura's nude body and then he looked back at Simon, behind Laura and recording her with his camera.

"What's this for?" he asked, looking at Laura.

Laura didn't know what to say or how to explain what she was doing. She did not know how to make sense of it to herself.

Simon, coming up behind Laura and continuing to record her, spoke first.

"I'm making a little video of Laura's adventures," he said. "She thought the weather was too nice to wear clothes."

Laura wasn't sure what to do, so she kept walking, which brought her closer to the four people that had just left the café.

"Hey," said one of them. "Can I get a picture with you?"

"Jeremy," said the woman with them. "Are you kidding me?" She looked annoyed. Simon spoke again; Laura felt glad he was doing the talking, because she didn't know what to say.

"Sure," Simon said. "You can take a picture. Laura, why don't you stand over there, against the wall."

To get there, Laura had to walk past the large window in the café wall, and when she turned she saw at least 20 patrons inside, some of whom were looking at her. Some stared with open mouths, some pointed, some laughed. Laura didn't want to linger for fear she'd get in trouble. But the guy next to her wanted to get a picture.

She walked past the window, to the restaurant's stucco wall. She turned around. The guy who had asked for the picture -- Jeremy -- stood next to her. One of his friends held his phone up, backward, to take a photo.

Laura stood with her back to the wall, exposing herself to the friend with the phone camera, and to everyone else. The one named Jeremy stood next to her, and he put a hand around her waist. The friend said "smile" and Laura tried, but she wasn't sure if her nervousness would allow her to cooperate. The friend didn't seem to be in any hurry. On the contrary, he took his time, taking a lot of photos of his friend Jeremy, next to Laura, standing nude.

The guy taking the photos handed his phone to the other male friend, standing next to him.

"Here," he said. "Take a few photos of both of us."

When his friend took the phone, the guy walked next to Laura, on the side opposite where Jeremy stood. He put one hand on Laura's back, and the other on her front. As the friend with the phone framed the photo he was going to take, the guy next to Laura moved his front hand up, until it cupped her breast. Jeremy, on the other side, saw what his friend was doing and cupped the other breast.

In his room, Scott watched the two strange men grabbing his wife's breasts against the café wall, on a public street. One of them pinched her nipple. His eyes kept going back and forth between her manhandled body and the eyes of her face. He tried to read them, from his room, miles away. Laura was nervous; he could see that. But there was something else. She had surrendered to the moment. His shy wife was naked and on the street and not in control, and Scott could tell that some part of Laura, struggling against her fear and her scruples, liked it. She didn't fight the men who put their hands on her breasts, even though one of them rolled her erect tit between his fingers.

Scott heard Simon speak from off camera.

"Laura," Simon said. "We should keep moving."

Laura responded. For a moment, she'd forgotten what was going on, and all the people nearby who had seen her naked. Simon's words roused her. She backed away from the men on either side of her.

"We need to get going," she said. Her voice still sounded tiny and far away to her.

"Can we come along?" the one named Jeremy asked.

"Jeremy!" the woman with him yelled. She glared at him.

"Never mind," Jeremy said. "Nice to meet you, Laura!"

With that goodbye, Laura walked briskly away from the café and the people outside it. She had another block to walk before she had to turn left. She was glad not to see any people or cars in front of her. She tried to move fast, but the heels slowed her down. She was keenly aware of the sound they made on the sidewalk: clack clack clack.

The sun was high, and the morning cloud cover was long gone. Laura looked right and saw the reflection of her nude body in the windows of the buildings she passed by.

"That's me," she thought. "I'm really walking down the street naked in public."

"Turn left here," Simon said, from behind her.

Turning left would mean crossing the street. That made her more nervous. She looked both directions, saw no cars nearby, and skittered across the asphalt on her high heels.

In just a few seconds she was across, although it seemed like it took longer than that.

"You're doing great, Laura!" Simon called, behind her. "Not too much farther to go."

Laura was glad to hear that. She didn't know what was to come, and she was nervous about it, but it had to be better than walking bare naked down a public street in the USA. She would be glad to be inside, out of view of people and cars. Like the car she could see several blocks away, in front of her, moving in her direction. The car had an interesting shape and it made her body tingle.

"Shit," Simon said. "That's a cop. Laura, go to the right, to the side of the building in front of us."

A narrow driveway separated the building to the side of her and the next one on their path. Laura scurried into it. There was no time to find a place to hide from the approaching police car, so she simply pushed her body against the wall of the building.

Simon walked quickly behind her and put himself between Laura and the street. He hoped it would conceal her. A few seconds later they saw the police car pass by. Laura caught her breath. The car didn't slow or stop. The police officer didn't see her.

Simon walked back to the street and looked both ways.

"Well, that was close," Simon said, his voice still calm and cheerful. "I've only been caught by a cop once before with a naked woman on the street, and he left me off with a warning and a promise to get indoors right away. But I don't want to press my luck.

"The pub is close. Move fast and you'll be there and inside in a minute."

"This is completely crazy," Laura thought to herself. "I'm walking naked in the street. I have no idea where I am. I almost got arrested." But her clothes were miles away, and Simon had given his car to Sam. Laura had no better option than to follow Simon's directions. So, she did.

Laura had to struggle to push her body away from the apparent security of the side of the building and the driveway, but she had no choice. She walked forward on shaky legs with Simon right behind her.

Simon was right. Within half a minute she could see the sign for the pub. The name "The Surfing Cow" was emblazoned in bold letters on the large wooden sign, with a Union Jack logo on one side of the name and a picture of a cow in sunglasses riding a surf board on the other. The sign hung over the door. Laura had never heard of an English pub with that name before, but this was California, after all, she thought. She hurried up. Several cars were hurrying toward her and she wanted to get to the door before they did.

She made it, just barely. The large wooden door was painted red. The façade of the pub was made of faded, worn brick, with two large picture windows to either side of the door. The shades were drawn, so it was impossible to see what was inside the pub. She put her hand on the door handle and took a deep breath. She didn't know what to expect.

She opened the door and went in, Simon right behind her.

Her eyes took a moment to adjust to the dim light. But immediately, she heard voices call out all around her, with a few wolf whistles and assorted profane exclamations.

A dark-haired man stepped forward from the others with a friendly grin and held out his hand.

"Laura, I presume," he said. "I'm Pedro. I own this establishment. Welcome to the Surfing Cow."

Laura took his hand and shook it, weakly. An English-style pub owned by a man named Pedro, Laura thought. She certainly was no longer in rural England.

The interior of the pub, she had to admit, looked reasonably familiar. One wall was all brick, while the rest of the pub was done up in yellow walls and dark-stained, distressed wood everywhere. Against the walls were deep booths of wood and ruby upholstery, and all around the stained concrete floor stood sturdy wood tables and chairs. Opposite the brick wall, the bar extended most of the length of the pub. Laura recognized familiar names of English beers on the many taps along the back of the bar counter. The walls were filled with items obviously intended to remind the California patrons that this was an English-style pub -- Union Jacks, photos of British rock groups and English soccer teams, and numerous illustrations of the pub's eponymous cow mascot holding and downing mugs of beer. A distinctive California touch was the surf board, painted like the British flag, that hung over the wall in back of the bar, over the shelves of liquor.

Laura also could not help but notice that about 20 people were scattered around the bar, and that they were all looking at her.

She had never been naked like this in front of so many people before. Despite all that had happened so far, she blushed.

"Laura," Pedro said. "How about a pint? You might be thirsty, and it might sooth the nerves."

"That sounds nice," Laura replied. She thought it sounded like a great idea. He was right; she was thirsty, and she thought a little buzz from the beer might help calm her as well.

Pedro gestured to the bartender, a middle-aged man who looked like an aging surfer. He pulled a tap lever and filled a pint glass with what looked like a rich ale and pushed it across the counter. Pedro handed it to Laura.

Laura was aware that everyone was watching her while she drank, so she drank more quickly than she normally would. She downed the pint of ale straight away. There was some murmuring of the people around her amongst themselves, but she had the feeling everyone was watching her and wanted to move on to the next stage of things -- whatever that was. She wondered who all the people were and how Simon knew them. She wondered if they were all connected to Simon's Agency.

Scott still watched from his room. He hadn't moved from the bed. He was rooted to it, watching his pretty wife standing naked in front of nearly two dozen strangers. He'd planned this to happen, but now that it was happening he couldn't really believe it. He was turned on more than he ever had been, but he felt some of Laura's embarrassment and nervousness as well. He wondered what was going to happen next.

Simon's voice emerged over the group.

"Laura, why don't you get started by putting on a show for our friends?"

Laura looked up from her beer glass shyly and uncertainly. The ale in her belly felt good.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Get up on the bar counter," Simon said.

Laura set her pint glass on the counter and looked at it. She wasn't sure what to do. A row of bar stools spanned the length of the bar, but climbing up them onto the counter, nude and in high heels, wasn't going to be an easy task.

"I'll help," said a voice. A tall, muscular man in a tight shirt stood forward. Laura turned toward him and before she could react he put his hands on her hips and lifted her with ease onto the countertop. It felt cool against her bare bottom.

Somebody, somewhere turned on some music. A raspy, percussive slap sounded from a nearby speaker on alternating beats. It was Nine Inch Nails' song "Closer."

Laura was aware of being on view to everyone, and she felt the obligation to perform for them. But she didn't know what to do. She'd never done anything like this before. She sat on the bar with her legs together, her hands pressed against the counter to steady her. Her breasts hung before her, offering themselves to their audience. Her nipples were erect and popped up visibly from the skin around them. But Laura didn't know what sort of show the people around her wanted.

Laura looked to either side of her. Someone had sprinkled red rose petals on the bar counter. It was a nice seasonal touch. Obviously, they had planned that she would be on the bar counter.

"Laura," Simon called from behind his camera, taking control. "Open your legs. And touch yourself. Let your body move to the sound."

Laura did as she was told. Her legs parted, slowly at first, but then with more confidence. She lifted her heels and set each one on a different barstool. She put one hand behind her and steadied herself on the counter. She put the other one between her legs.

She looked out at the people around her. Most were men, but there were three women, as well, and that made her curious. She looked at one of them. She was pretty, but not unusually so, and she looked to be about Laura's age. She looked at Laura with wide eyes sparkling in the dim pub light, and her lips were parted and moist. Somehow it was easier for Laura to think about putting on a show for one person than for a room full of onlookers. Laura looked into the

woman's eyes, and her fingers went to the folds of her sex and parted them.

Laura didn't have to look down to know what she was showing the woman, as well as showing everyone else. The woman's eyebrows lifted, and her lips turned into a smile. Laura looked around and everyone seemed to have drawn closer to get a better view. Laura ran her middle finger over and around the pink gash of her pussy, pushing the lips to this side and that and then opening them. She swayed with greater assurance to the beat of the music. Maybe it was the ale, maybe it was something else; Laura was gaining confidence in showing herself off. It helped that everyone around her seemed to enjoy watching her.

The words of the song over the speaker pierced the air around her: "I want to fuck you like an animal."

Laura felt like an animal. She wasn't a shy English school teacher anymore. She was something raw and feral. She wondered what an animal would do.

She shifted her position, putting both hands on the bar to the side of her. She set her knees against the counter, too. Now she was on all fours, the way an animal should be.

She heard murmurs of excitement and surprise from the people in the bar around her. Laura was surprised at herself. She turned her butt up to the ceiling and pressed her chest down. Her breasts hung

down from her body until the points of her nipples dragged along the bar counter. Laura began walking on her hands and knees along the bar counter, her body dipping and swaying to the urgent beat of the song.

Her audience obviously approved.

"Fuck, look at the way her tits hang down. She's scraping the bar with them."

"I want that ass," said another voice.

Laura had never taken twerking lessons, but she thought she could fake it. She wiggled her ass to the beat of the music.

Simon at that moment happened to be holding the camera behind Laura, and he zoomed in, and as a result Scott saw not just the fleshy ass of his wife bouncing to the music, but the blue jewel of the plug in her butt and the open, sparkly-moist gash of her pussy too. He almost lost it again, right there, but he stopped stroking himself for a moment. He knew more was to come.

Scott heard others in the audience commenting on the plug in Laura's ass.

When Laura had moved, slowly and sensuously, about ten feet down the bar, on her hands and knees the whole time, she stopped, and resumed the position she'd been in before: legs to the side and open, one hand behind her, the other spreading herself open. But now she moved to the music with more confidence. The ale helped, no doubt. Laura was turned on, and she was less nervous than before.

Simon moved close with his camera. The people around her moved closer, as well.

The song ended, and another song came on. Another song with explicit words and a strong down beat. It sounded to Laura like someone had created a stripper song playlist.

I'm not a stripper, Laura thought. I was naked when I got here. I had nothing to strip. But I'm naked. I'll show them what I've got.

Simon spoke up again.

"Excellent, Laura. Time for the next phase. This is just the warmup."

The tall man with the muscles approached her again. Laura brought her legs together and he put his hands on her hips, and in two seconds her heels were on the floor once more.

"I'm Ray," the tall man said. "Come with me." He led her away from the bar counter to a large square table in the middle of the room. He helped lift her on to the table top, and then he put his hand against her chest and pushed. Laura lay back until her back was against the table and her knees were in the air, pressed together.

She felt hands on either knee, pressing them apart. Laura lay spread open on the table, her back arched against the cool wood. Her breathing was fast and shallow as she waited for what was to come.

"Laura, it's time," Simon said, loud enough so everyone around could hear. "Everybody has seen your body, and now it's time for you to give it up to them.

"Laura," Simon asked, his voice louder. "Do you want to be a slut? Do you want to be fucked and used for other people's pleasure?"

Laura paused. She knew her husband was listening. She knew what he wanted her to say.

"Yes," she said. "I do."

"Then say it, Laura," Simon said. "Tell these people what you want."

"I . . . I want to be a slut," Laura said.

"Say it louder, Laura," Simon said. "Everyone here needs to know what you want, so they can give it to you."

"I want to be a slut! I want to be fucked!" Laura yelled. She was surprised at the volume and decisiveness of her voice.

Laura felt hands on her body. She couldn't count them, although she looked up from her place on the table and tried to figure out who was touching her. There were too many people around her to know where the hands came from, and how many there were. Strong hands held her knees apart and kept the junction between her legs exposed, while other hands moved toward the junction across the smooth expanse of her naked skin. Rough hands grabbed her full breasts and pinched her nipples. A finger entered her mouth and she pursed her lips over it. She closed her eyes. She'd given herself up and events were beyond her control.

She felt two fingers move over her clit and begin tapping it. Her hips arched over the table toward the fingers, and her pussy tingled. Laura moaned.

"I need a taste of that," Laura heard a female voice say, from somewhere between her legs. The fingers on her clit moved away and two hands took her ankles and moved them apart. Her legs spread straight away and apart, like wings, ready to help Laura take flight. Then she felt a tongue on her pussy. She lifted her head off the table to see a blond woman with her head between Laura's legs tonguing the slit between her folds. No woman had ever done that to Laura before, and Laura gasped with surprise and pleasure. The

tongue moved with expert skill over Laura's sex. Laura's limbs moved uncontrollably at its delicious invasion of her body.

She wanted to see what the woman was doing to her, but she was prevented from doing so by strong hands gripping the side of her head and pushing her head back against the table top. When her head was down she felt something large and fleshy slap against her cheek. It was somebody's cock. Its tip was directed at, and moving toward, her mouth.

Laura didn't resist. She opened wide. She had to arch her neck and direct her mouth as far back as she could to take it in. The head went between her lips and she took it in and tried to suck it. Laura had given blow jobs before, but the owner of this cock seemingly didn't want a good cock sucking as much as he wanted a full-on conquest of her open mouth. He slammed the cock forward until it hit the back of her throat, and Laura gagged.

At that very moment she felt someone pinch her left tit, hard, and she cried out, even with her mouth stuffed full of an unknown man's hard penis.

Laura's body was assaulted with sensations from every direction.

Simon's camera focused on the long cock pushing in and out of Laura's mouth. Scott, miles away, saw his sweet wife's lips closed around and engulfing a strange man's cock. It pushed so deep that he could see the outline of it in her throat when it pushed all the way

in. He saw Laura gag, and drool from her gagging leaked out the sides of her mouth. But Laura didn't push away or try to stop the long, hard strange cock from invading her mouth.

The next thing Laura felt was something different between her legs. The woman's mouth was gone, and in its place, she felt a cock head nestled into the groove of her cunt. There was no foreplay. It pushed forward, and two seconds later it was in to the hilt. Laura tried to gasp again, but the sound was muffled by the cock filling her mouth. For the first time ever, Laura was being fucked from both ends at the same time.

Laura lost track of time, and of any sense of control over her own body. She couldn't even feel her own body, in the sense that she had before. It was nothing more than a collection of orifices, being invaded and filled for the pleasure of others. But it gave her pleasure, too. Her body had never received such attention in her life.

She was aware of a succession of hard cocks entering and filling her pussy, while she lay spread out on the table. She thought she even could feel their jets of cum spraying inside her. She lost track of how many there were. It was difficult to pay full attention to the assault on her pussy with cock after cock slapping against her face and pressing forward between her lips.

After a while --she had no idea how long -- she felt strong hands lifting her off the table. She was carried, from the table to the floor, where someone had laid a heavy bed comforter. A large man lay back naked on it. His cock rose straight up and long from his body,

and the men carrying her positioned her body so that the hole between her legs lay directly over it.

Not just one hole, she realized, but both holes. The man's cock sought the other one, the one nobody had filled yet. Laura felt someone's fingers on her ass, gripping the handle of the butt plug. It resisted, but they twirled it this way and that until it came out. Laura couldn't see her ass, but after all the time growing accustomed to the butt plug she assumed its absence left a wide, gaping, inviting hole. One of the women near her stepped forward with her fingers covered in thick white lotion. The fingers went down until they found Laura's ass, and they pushed into the recently emptied hole and coated it. Then she withdrew her hands.

As soon as the fingers pulled away, the men carrying Laura lowered her onto the upright cock of the man lying on the floor. Her asshole still was stretched wide from the plug, so the tip of the man's prick slipped in without any problem. As he pushed forward, though, she felt her sphincter's reluctance to accept the further invasion into her ass. But Laura wanted it. She pushed her ass down. Before long the cock was in her, all the way. It was long and thick, and, though the butt plug had stretched her asshole, it hadn't prepared her fully for what filled her now.

The man beneath her pushed hard and fast into Laura's ass. Laura rocked against him, her movement matching his.

Laura looked up, all around her. She saw faces looking at her nude body, rising and falling on the cock of the man beneath her. A small

remnant of her was embarrassed at what she was doing, but that part was overwhelmed by a new person -- a slut. That person reveled in fucking in front of others.

Her full ass rose and fell over the man's thick cock. Laura closed her eyes for a second. When she opened them, she saw another man, naked, approaching her. His cock was hard, and it swung wildly back and forth as it neared her gaping pussy.

His hands went to her inner thighs, pressing them back. He grabbed his cock and pointed it forward. Now Laura knew what he wanted to do. He was going to fuck her pussy while the other man fucked her asshole. Laura had never been fucked in both holes at once. She wasn't going to resist now. She wanted to be fucked in every way possible.

Laura lay back against the chest of the man whose cock was in her ass. The new cock entered and pushed up inside her. It slid in and out of her in its own rhythm, distinct from that of the thick cock in her ass.

Laura threw her head back in silent rapture at the sensation of the double fucking. But she had scarcely done so when her face was assaulted as well. Cocks from several directions slapped against her forehead and her cheeks. Their engorged heads sought the lips of her mouth.

The only trouble for Laura was deciding which cock to suck first. She took the closest one, sucking it in with open and eager lips.

Scott, on the bed, was spellbound, watching the furious triple-fucking his wife was getting. Every one of her holes was stuffed full of cock. In a second, another gout of cum erupted from his own cock tip.

Love you, baby, Scott said to himself, watching Laura's boobs bounce and shake amid the chaos of the group fucking she was getting.

Laura felt a hot splash of cum fill her open mouth. She gagged. Some of it went down, and some of it spilled out the sides of her mouth when she coughed and spit. But she had no time to recover. Another cock went in her mouth, and she acquiesced to it.

I'm a slut, Laura thought. I'm an animal. I'm a bunch of holes for others to fill and fuck. Some part of Laura rebelled against what she was doing and told her what she was doing was wrong. But that part was silenced by the other part of her -- the part that couldn't get enough of the furious fucking she was getting from every direction. That part of her wanted more. It didn't want to stop until every cock had emptied its cum in or on her.

The man under her -- the one with his cock in her asshole -- shuddered and shook violently. His cum filled Laura's ass, and he pushed Laura up and moved away from her. He had hardly done so when the man on top of her shook and came too. He pushed his cock

in as far as it could go, and Laura squeezed him to milk every last drop from his cock, which spasmed in her for almost a minute.

When he pulled out of her, Simon zoomed in between her legs. Laura's pussy gaped before the camera. It spasmed, too, Laura having just come again.

"Fuck, look at that," someone said.

Everyone did look at it: Laura's wet and freshly fucked pussy. Laura held her legs open as wide as she could so everyone could see it.

"I'm thirsty," one of the women said. "I need a drink."

Scott watched on the screen as he saw a beer bottle come into view.

"Hold her," he heard the woman's voice say.

Laura was pushed back against the comforter, and firm hands held her legs open, exposing her, as the neck of the beer bottle came into view. The bottle tipped over and rich, amber ale spilled out, sparkling in the subdued pub light.

The ale spilled right into Laura's open pussy.

Scott watched the TV screen as his wife's gaping pussy filled with ale. He was surprised at how much ale it accommodated. When it was full to the brim, he saw the milky film of men's cum floating on the ale's surface.

"That's for me," Scott heard a female voice say. Then he saw the face of one of the women in the pub enter the frame and descend between his wife's legs. She slurped and drank the ale from Laura's open cunt. When she pulled back, Laura's cunt was pink and open and ale-free.

The bottle came into view and tipped over and filled her again. The process repeated several times, with men and women drinking ale from Laura's pussy.

When they were done Laura lay spent and quivering on the floor, her legs still apart and her high heels in the air above her.

Laura wondered what was going to happen next. She didn't have to wonder long.

"Flip her over," she heard a voice say.

It was the tall man, Ray, the one who had picked her up off the bar counter. Scott watched as the camera zoomed out and took in the whole scene. A few people put their hands on Laura's body and rolled her over, from supine to prone. Before, her back was on the

comforter on the floor. Now her breasts pressed against the comforter, and her ass poked up and out, to the ceiling.

"Take her, Ray," Scott heard a voice say off screen.

Ray, the tall man, entered the screen that Scott watched. He pushed his pants down, and the biggest cock Scott had ever seen sprang forth. It was a monster -- long and thick and heavily veined. Scott couldn't imagine such a long and thick cock inside his wife's pussy.

But that's where it was headed. Hands held Laura's body and spread her legs open while she crouched, doggy-style, as the huge cock approached Laura from behind. The thick, purplish, bulbous head of Ray's cock pushed forward. Simon positioned the camera so Scott could see everything. The cock head pushed into Laura's lips, parted them, and entered her. Ray thrust forward and Laura let out a high-pitched moan, "unhhhhhh."

Ray pulled his cock back, slowly. It was so thick and so long that it took a long time to pull out. Finally, Scott saw the crown of Ray's cock head begin pulling out of Laura. Her inner labia clung to the circumference of his thick shaft, as though her lips wanted to hold onto it at all cost. They were stretched thin. Just before his cock left Laura entirely, Ray pushed back in, fast and hard. Then he began fucking her for real. Laura, on her hands and knees, doggy-style, pushed back against him.

Scott watched his wife getting fucked hard. Her ample breasts swayed and rocked in every direction at the force of the hard fucking. Scott watched, amazed. He grew hard again.

Laura felt sore from all the sex, but it was a good kind of sore. She had never been fucked so much before. She'd lost count of the different cocks that had been inside her. The one inside her now was the biggest and thickest she had ever had. It rocked inside her with a frantic pace. Laura didn't know how much more her body could take.

Fortunately, she didn't have to wonder for long. Ray's pace inside her quickened, and she heard his breathing become ragged. He moaned. And then, suddenly, he pulled out of her. Less than two seconds later she felt cum splattering over ass and on her pussy. At the same time, someone else's cock gave way and issued sharp bursts of cum on her face. Laura opened her mouth. She didn't get all of it, but what she got she swallowed. The rest dripped off her chin and cheeks.

The fucking stopped. Laura raised her head. She looked up, to Simon's camera. She knew her husband Scott was watching.

Scott looked at his wife on the TV screen. Her face was splattered with the cum of other men -- he'd lost count how many. Her full breasts rose and fell with her quick breathing. Her skin sparkled with sweat.

He'd never loved or desired her more than at this moment. He wanted her back in the room.

Laura sat up on the blanket on the floor, her hands splayed out to the side of her. Her nude body was wet and hot and sticky from the fucking she'd received. She felt more raw, animal joy in her body than she ever had before.

Her nude and exposed body was a riot of feeling, every sense a fireworks show, and the show continued after the assault on her body had stopped. Laura was sore -- in her stretched pussy and ass, in her mouth, around her pinched and pulled tits. But it was an exquisite soreness, a soreness that threw into relief the sublime sensation of being fucked hard down into her deepest self. Laura was spent and exhausted. But she'd never felt so alive.

People pulled away from her, but they kept staring at her body, sticky and dripping and shaking.

After another minute, during which she sat quivering and open but otherwise still in front of the crowd around her, Laura heard Simon's voice.

"Time to get up, Laura," he said.

He held a hand out to her, even while his other hand held the camera, which continued to record her.

Laura took Simon's hand and she stood up on legs that rocked side to side. She felt something wet between her legs, and she looked down and saw a thick, pale slurry of men's cum and beer pour out her pussy to the floor. Another cum puddle. Everyone else saw it, too.

I should be embarrassed by that, Laura thought. But she wasn't.

At this point it seemed like everything happened in a fog. A few people hugged her and said good bye. Two of the women kissed her on the lips. Several men groped her tits and ass and pussy. Pedro, the bar owner, took her hands in his and said something that seemed genuine and kind and appreciative. But Laura couldn't focus enough to know exactly what he said.

When the farewells were done Simon led Laura out of the bar. Once again, they were on the street, in public. Cars passed by. The late afternoon sun warmed her nude body. A few car horns honked at Laura. But this time, she barely noticed.

Simon's black SUV appeared, and he opened the door and Laura stepped into it. When she sat down, she realized anew how wet and sticky she was.

She looked at Simon in the driver's seat.

"I'm going to mess up your car seat," she said. "Do you have anything I can clean up with?"

"Nope," Simon said. "I don't want to clean you up. Scott needs to see you like this. He needs to see you as a cum-filled, cum-splattered wife. It's important. Part of our process. I can wipe off the seat later."

Laura's daze lifted as they drove along the streets. It was late afternoon and the sun hung low in the west.

The leather seat of the Lexus felt good against Laura's naked bottom. She was amazed at how comfortable she felt, being naked and splayed open on the car seat wearing nothing but a collar and high heels.

"Simon, I'm curious," she said. "How did you get involved in this?"

"Good question. I found out about the Agency from a friend. My wife went through the program 10 years ago. Once you complete the program, you can join the club. Slut Club. We've been members ever since. We have chapters in England, too. I handle corporate training programs for a living. That's my day job. I'm good at it. Some people at the Agency knew what I did. After a few years they approached me and asked me if I wanted to do some training for them. I said yes. And here I am."

"Your wife," Laura said. "Does she still . . . "

"Participate? You bet. All the time. 10 years and counting. I don't think she'll ever stop."

Laura's mind was working frantically.

"How many . . . uh . . . how many . . ." She couldn't quite say what she wanted to say.

"How many men has she fucked?" Simon asked, completing her thought. "You know, I kept a log for a while. I was very meticulous about it. I liked knowing exactly how many different cocks had been inside her. But I lost track after 237. It's over 300, now. I know that. But I don't know the precise number."

He looked away from the road for a minute and looked at Laura. His face was friendly but serious.

"I'll tell you something else. Our marriage has never been stronger. We have no secrets. No lies between us. She lets me know everything that happens. And that's a lot. It's pretty fucking hot, to tell you the truth. You're going to like it, too, and Scott's going to like it just as much."

Laura hoped so. She sat naked and spread open in a strange man's car and reflected on the fact that the cum of other strange men sloshed around inside her vagina, her ass, and her belly. She'd been

used by these men as an object of their sexual desire. She had been used by women, too. And she had loved it. She still loved it. She wanted more. She hoped Scott would be able to accept her for what she'd done. She hoped he respected her new self, and her newly found need. She hoped she hadn't crossed a line and hurt her marriage. In that moment, despite having given so much of herself to so many men, she loved her husband more than ever. She hoped he still loved her as well.

She would find out, soon. The SUV pulled into the parking lot of the hotel where they were staying. Simon parked near the door to the stairwell that they had descended earlier.

Simon got out and walked around the car and opened Laura's door. Before her legs hit the ground, Simon snapped the leash onto her collar again.

Laura wanted to be back inside the hotel room with Scott. The climb up the stairs to the fifth floor seemed to take a long time. But at last they reached it. Laura walked ahead of Simon, who kept recording her, walking ahead of him with the leash attached to her collar. She walked along the fifth-floor hotel corridor. She wasn't as nervous as before. She even hoped someone would open their hotel room door and step into the hallway and see her nude body, with her boobs bouncing and her freshly fucked pussy on display. But no one did.

Before Laura reached the door to her hotel room, Scott opened it. He had been watching her on the TV and he knew she was coming. Laura walked to him, her face afraid and uncertain. But Scott took

her quickly in his arms. He reached up and unsnapped the leash. Then he lifted Laura in his arms and carried her into the room. Simon followed behind and kept recording.

Nobody said anything. Scott put Laura on the bed. Then he gathered his nude wife into his lap. He stroked her hair and gazed at her lovingly. Simon finally put the camera down.

Scott picked up a small heart-shaped box and opened it. It held 8 dark chocolate truffles. Scott picked one and put it to Laura's lips. She bit into it and purred at the taste.

"Did you like your Valentine's Day present?" Scott asked Laura. He tapped her pussy lightly with a finger.

"I loved it," she said, after swallowing the chocolate. "Did you like your Valentine's gift?" she asked, pointing to the TV screen.

"It was amazing. You were amazing. I want more."

Scott kissed her gently and pulled his lips away from her.

"My pretty slut wife," Scott said.

"Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves," said Simon. "She has to earn the title of 'slut,' and she hasn't earned it yet."

Scott and Laura looked at Simon at the same time, puzzled.

"What do you mean?" Scott asked.

"Just that . . . to be a slut, she has to finish the program. She's not done."

"I'm . . . I'm not?" Laura asked, eyes wide.

"Oh," Simon said. "I see. You don't know. You didn't read the whole contract. Always read the contract." He chuckled.

"My friends, you are not done," he said. "This was lesson one. You must go through more lessons to finish the program. Then, Laura, you will have earned the right to call yourself a slut. Then, and only then, you can join the club. Slut Club." He enjoyed their surprised looks.

"Scott and Laura," Simon said. "Happy Valentine's Day. You've just gotten started."

The Bullfighter and The Woman

The old bullfighter sat in the chair at the table on the plaza outside the bar. He held a glass half full of gin. A young woman sat across the table from him. She was beautiful.

"You could stay a few more nights," she said.

"No," he said. "I cannot. I have a bullfight in Seville in two days. I must go."

The woman looked away, to the street crowded with people, and the old bullfighter knew she did not understand.

The day before, the bullfighter had fought a tough fight against a bull, one of the largest and fiercest he had ever fought. The bull stomped and snorted at the bullfighter but did not charge right away. When he charged, he lowered his head and twisted his horns toward the bullfighter at the last moment and almost gored the bullfighter. The tip of the bull's horn caught the cloth of the bullfighter's chaquetilla and tore it. The bull fought well, but in the end the bullfighter defeated the bull and the bull lay dead in the ring. The people in the ring cheered the old bullfighter.

That evening, the old bullfighter enjoyed his drink at the bar and the people cheered him again for his bravery and his victory. They bought him more drinks. The beautiful woman appeared in the crowd around the old bullfighter. She had a husband, but he was tired and he left the bar to go to his room at the hotel and the beautiful woman, his wife, remained in the bar with the bullfighter.

The bullfighter wanted the woman. He was old but not too old for this woman. When the crowd thinned and the bar almost emptied the bullfighter pursued the woman. She parried his efforts at first, but the bullfighter fought with skill and vigor and determination. He won. Later the beautiful woman came to his room at the hotel.

He undressed the woman and she lay pale and naked in his bed. Her skin shone like snow and her body curved like the tan hills outside the town. The road rose and fell on those hills and a man taking the road enjoyed the curve of the road so much he forgot where he was going.

The bullfighter parted the beautiful woman's legs and he entered her and he took her. He enjoyed the way she closed her eyes and the way she moaned when he pushed into her. She pushed back against him, and he knew, though she was a beautiful woman, that inside she was a wild animal. He had known many women like this beautiful woman with a husband asleep in another hotel room.

The night was late but still warm when they were done, and they lay in bed and sweat covered their bodies. The old bullfighter liked the way the woman's skin glowed in the candlelight. But he did not like

the way the woman clung to him with her head on his shoulder when they lay in bed. He wanted to sleep because he had to travel to Seville the next day to fight another bull.

After an hour he convinced the woman to leave, and she returned to her hotel room with her weak and tired husband.

The next day the bullfighter went to the bar and drank gin and the woman returned and sat down at the table with him. He did not invite her, but she sat down anyway, and she talked to him about why he should stay in the town.

The old bullfighter sat at the table and the bright sun warmed the wrinkled skin on his face. The beautiful woman sat at the table too and she looked away. He knew that she wanted him to stay and that she would not understand why he had to leave.

The bullfighter looked away from the woman to the mountain range in the distance, above the roof tops. The mountains stood over the town like brown elephants.

A bull was not like a woman. When you fought a bull, you defeated the bull or the bull defeated you. The fight ended with grace and honor and death and when it finished you would go to a bar and drink gin or wine and the men would envy you and the women would desire you. But when you conquered a beautiful woman, the fight with her had just begun.

It was easier to fight a bull than to fight a beautiful woman.

The Holiday Party

Jim took another gulp of the holiday punch as he looked at his drunken office colleagues making fools of themselves. It was 7 p.m. on the Friday night before Christmas and the annual company holiday party was in full swing. But Jim wasn't in much of a mood to party. His girlfriend had broken up with him just a few weeks earlier, and he had come to the party unattached. Of course, a lot of his coworkers were single, and it didn't stop them from having fun at the party, or from hooking up. Office fraternization was discouraged as a matter of firm policy, but everyone knew the annual office party was an excuse for hooking up. So far, though, no one showed an interest in hooking up with Jim.

This year someone had the great idea of making it a costume party. Jim looked around and had to admit that many of the costumes were elaborate and creative. Jim, on the other hand, had been too busy to think much about a costume. So, he just came as himself. He seemed to be the only one without a costume, so he felt awkward, and he was looking for a ripe opportunity to leave.

He decided he would make a show of mingling and reveling to whoever might be watching by circling once more around the party. He would try the punch bowl and cookies in the conference room down the hallway. Then he would make a discreet exit, trying to avoid any of his bosses. He didn't think anyone would miss him.

When he got to the conference room, it was jammed full of people. Christmas lights -- no, "holiday" lights, per the recently circulated company memo -- were strung around the otherwise darkened room and pop versions of well-known Christmas carols were blasting from an unseen speaker. Jim pushed his way through the crowd of costumed office workers toward the punch bowl. One more drink and that would be enough party for him, he thought.

Finally, he made it to the table with the bowl. The punch was mostly gone but there was enough for at least one good drink or more.

As he picked up the ladle an unfamiliar voice sounded next to him.

"Would you get some for me, please?" the voice asked.

Jim was struck by the sound of the voice. It was feminine, and high-pitched, with a lyrical, musical quality. It bore the trace of an accent he could not place. He turned around to see who the owner of the voice was.

He didn't see her at first. He had to look down just a bit. She was quite short -- under five feet tall. She was dressed in a startlingly short, form-fitting green dress gathered at the waist by a thick black belt and trimmed in white at the collar, sleeves, and hem. Her legs were bare, which to Jim seemed odd to see in such a short dress this time of year, and she wore black shoes with gold-colored buckles and very high but chunky heels. She wore a green fuzzy cap with white trim and a white tassel. Her hair was straight, medium-length, and

raven-black. She had a slightly upturned nose and high, apple cheeks. Even in the dim light he could see that the eyes staring up at him were an arresting dark, bold blue. She grinned at him with the most dazzlingly white and perfectly straight teeth he had ever seen.

And her ears were pointed.

Jim nodded at her in appreciation.

"That's a great costume."

"Thank you so much! But it's not really a costume," she replied in a manner that struck Jim as unusually animated, even at a party where everyone was drunk.

It was a big company, with a lot of employees, and Jim didn't know everyone who worked at it, but he was still surprised that he had never seen this woman before. She was strikingly pretty, and he would have thought he would have noticed her. It felt good to have such a hot coworker paying attention to him.

"I don't think we've met," Jim said. "I'm Jim."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Jim," she said. The tone and lilt of her voice were unlike anything Jim had heard. It seemed to make her words dance. "I'm Alyasa."

He didn't think he had heard that right. "Eliza?" he asked.

"No, silly boy, Alyasa."

"Alyasa," Jim repeated slowly to make sure he got it right. "That's an unusual name. But it's nice. So, what division do you work in?"

She smiled at him and he could swear her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, I don't work here," she said with the slightest emphasis on the last word.

That did not make any sense to Jim. She did not seem to be attached to anyone at the party, and only employees and significant others were invited to it. Jim had the feeling he was being played with, but he was buzzed and she was gorgeous and he did not mind.

"I see," he said. "So where do you work?"

"The North Pole," she said to him without pausing.

"Well, sure, of course," he said. "That explains the, ah, costume. I'm guessing you must be an, um, elf."

"I am an elf. You are right about that," Alyasa replied. "But I already told you, this isn't a costume."

"Oh, oh, I see. Yes," said Jim. "That would be your, uh, working outfit."

"Now you've got it," Alyasa replied. "By the way, aren't you going to get me that drink?"

"I'm sorry! How rude of me," Jim replied. He ladled punch into two cups, one for each of them, and handed a cup to her.

He raised his cup to her.

"Here's to chance meetings with pretty elves at holiday parties," he said, feeling emboldened.

"You are as courteous as you are handsome, Jim," she replied and flashed her brilliant smile at him again.

"You are too kind, Alyasa," Jim said. "I have to say; those ears are really impressive." They were. Jim could see no evidence of where the costume ear tips joined the real flesh of her ear. It was a professionally done job, and it must have taken a long time. He couldn't imagine how she could have done it herself.

"Well, I wouldn't be much of an elf without them, would I?" she said in her lilting, sing-songy voice.

"So, what do you do at the North Pole?" he asked her.

"How thoughtful of you to ask me, Jim," she said. "Mostly, I make toys. But some years I help Santa deliver presents, too. I like that part best. It feels good to travel. We elves don't get out that much. It's a busy life. And to tell you the truth, elvish men are a little dull. Not like you, Jim."

Jim noticed that each time she said his name it seemed to pierce him all the way through. It might just have been the punch but it almost seemed like he was getting drunk on her presence and the enchanting tone and timbre of her voice.

"What about you, Jim? Do you like your work? You seem very smart. You must be very good at what you do."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied. "I like what I do, I guess. I just won a pin for being the employee of the quarter in my division. So, that's something."

He thought her eyes would burst they opened so wide.

"May I see your pin, Jim?" she said. "It's so dark in here. How about if you show it to me in the hallway?"

That seemed like a fine idea to Jim. He wouldn't mind escaping the crush of the crowd in the conference room, and the brighter hallway light would give him a better chance to see his lissome elvish companion more clearly. He pushed his way through the throng of people and Alyasa followed behind him.

Out in the hallway he could see her more plainly, and she was as hot under the fluorescent light of the hallway as she was in the dark conference room. Hotter, even. The green elf costume perfectly molded the curves of a petite but voluptuous figure. And she moved with indescribable grace. She didn't walk down the hallway so much as glide.

He remembered why they had left the conference room. His hands reached in his pocket and pulled out the pin. It was a little, cheap, unimpressive thing, made of plastic and metal, nominally meant to be worn on one's lapel and to show off the company logo with pride, but really meant to be tucked away in a drawer and never looked at again.

Alyasa, nonetheless, seemed impressed. She oohed and ahed in a way that was more musical than Jim imagined possible.

"Jim, that's so impressive."

"Well, not really, but thanks. I had a good quarter, I suppose," he said.

He held it up between his thumb and forefinger to display it better under the light. Suddenly the point of the pin stuck into his finger. He jerked his hand up and the pin went flying.

In a flash Alyasa stepped forward and reached out for it. Jim's jaw dropped at speed and grace of her movement. In a fraction of a second she had crossed several feet across the floor and now she was standing, motionless, on one foot, with her other leg stretched behind her in a straight line parallel to the floor, and her opposite arm stretched forward in a straight line in the opposite direction. At the tips of her outstretched fingers lay the pin.

In that position, the green minidress rode up her backside, and Jim noticed that her pert, rounded ass was almost left uncovered. Holding that pose, with what seemed to Jim impossible poise and stillness, she looked back at him, somehow retaining her balance. She grinned at him again, and this time Jim could have sworn there was an impish quality to the gleam in her eye. She straightened up. She stood in front of him once again.

"You should be more careful with your things, Jim," she chided him, shaking her head slightly.

"Do you mind if I hold on to this for a bit? I don't want you to drop it again or lose it."

"Sure, that's no problem," he said. Screw the pin, he thought. If she wanted to hold it he was more than happy to let her do that.

They walked down the hallway further until they came to a part of the office with no partygoers. They were alone, it seemed.

Alyasa looked up and down the hallway.

"Jim, I have a confession to make," she said. "It's not an accident that I met you here tonight. I saw your name on Santa's list. It's a special list. He keeps it for those that he can't quite decide are naughty or nice. It seems that this year you were nice, but a little naughty too. That's what I was looking for. A guy who's nice, and a little naughty too. You looked like just the right guy. So, I came here to find you."

He had no idea what to say to that. She went on.

"You see, Jim, elves have to follow a very strict code of conduct at the North Pole. It can be . . . stifling. Elvish men are not much fun. And I'm, well, I'm a little naughtier than most elves. You don't mind that, do you, Jim? That I can be a naughty elf?" She looked up at him with wide eyes and batting eyelashes.

"No, no, I don't mind that at all," Jim said. None of this made any sense, but the sound of her voice and the depth of her blue eyes were intoxicating, so it didn't matter. What was it with this girl? he

thought. He was going to have to find out from his coworkers who she really was and what division she worked in. "That's no problem. I'm sure it's hard being an elf."

"I'm glad you feel that way, Jim," she said. "You see, I got away tonight without telling anybody. I had to. There's something I've never done and I really want to do it. But I must get back soon. I don't have much time. So, Jim, if you really don't mind, can you do me a really big favor and let me suck your cock right now?"

She said it in the sweetest, most musical tone that had ever struck Jim's ears.

He looked at her, agog.

"What?" was the only reply he could muster.

"Your cock, can I suck it? Elvish men have such little cocks, and they're always cold and limp, and their cum doesn't taste very good. I've heard man cum is much tastier but I've never tasted it. I want to feel a big, thick man cock between my lips and down deep in my throat. I want to feel a man's cum fill my mouth. I want to slurp it down after I drain him dry. Please, Jim?"

"What?" Jim said again.

She just looked at him with her big eyes and slightly open mouth.

Jim finally found his words.

"Uh, uh, yeah. Sure. Do you . . . do you want to go to my place?" he asked.

"No, I don't have time for that. I must get back, as I said. There are more toys to make."

She looked around quickly. She pointed at a dark, empty office with its door ajar a few feet away.

"Let's go in there," she said.

And with that she grabbed his hand and led him into the office. Jim followed. He knew he wasn't running this show.

She shut the door, and then turned around toward him.

"I'm really looking forward to sucking your cock, Jim," she said, a hint of lust mixing with the sweet lilt of her voice. "Can I see it first? Can you take it out and show it to me?"

"Yeah. Yeah, of course," he said. He unzipped his pants. It took an effort to get out his cock because it was hard and he couldn't pull it out easily. But at last he got it out, and he was pleased to see it was hard, erect, and pointing straight at her.

"Oh, Jim, it's beautiful," she cried. "It's so much bigger than any cock I've ever seen. Bigger and thicker too. I can't wait to have it inside my mouth."

That makes two of us, Jim thought.

She took her eyes off his erect member and looked back up at him.

"Jim, you'd probably like to see something too. It might be more fun for you if I take off this tight, short dress. Would you like that? Elves don't wear underwear, so I'll be naked if I take it off. Is that O.K., Jim? Can I take off my dress and show you my naked elf body?"

"Alyasa, I think that, uh, would be great. Please, please make yourself naked and be comfortable. I mean make yourself comfortable and be naked. Please. That would be nice. Yes. Definitely, yes." Jim knew he sounded like a little boy who's just been told he has a free pass to sneak into the cookie jar for a full year. He didn't care. He couldn't think of anything but the extraordinarily hot woman in front of him and the unbelievable words that had just escaped her lips.

As he looked at her she moved her hands behind her back.

He didn't know how, but she must have unclasped some part of her dress in back that he hadn't seen. The dress quickly fell away from her. She was naked. The full bounty of her body was revealed to him.

She looked at him saucily. She put her finger up to her lip and bit it and walked toward him, bringing each lean leg forward and across her body in an exaggerated manner. Her skin was pale but seemed to cast a rosy glow about it. Her breasts were full and improbably firm and perky, with pink erect nipples. The delicious cleft between her legs was uncovered by hair. She was by far the most perfect-looking woman Jim had ever seen, in clothes or out.

She walked up to him and dropped to her knees. Without delay she grabbed his throbbing cock in her small hands and took it in her mouth.

Jim had no illusions about his cock size. He knew he was just average. But he would have thought, because of Alyasa's diminutive figure, and what looked like a small mouth, that she might have needed to warm up before taking him all the way in. But no. She literally sucked the full length of his cock all the way into her mouth instantly like a vacuum. Jim gasped with pleasure and surprise.

She started moving her mouth back and forth along the length of his cock in a fast, steady rhythm. Evidently, she had no problem with her gag reflex, because on every stroke she took him all the way in,

and he could feel the head of his cock far back in her mouth, entering her throat. She somehow managed to moan at the same time her mouth was fully engorged with his stiff shaft.

She spread her legs apart and reached down with one hand to touch herself between her legs. Jim couldn't quite see what she was doing down there but it was obvious she was giving herself pleasure. She was looking up at him with her wide, clear, fathomless blue eyes, the lips of her small mouth stretched to their utmost to take in his girth.

Jim knew he wasn't going to last long. But before he could come she took him out of her mouth. She began stroking him steadily and firmly with her hand while her tongue licked up and down his shaft, then all around the head and tip. Then, as her hand kept stroking up and down the whole length of his cock, she turned her mouth to his balls. She licked and sucked them while still stroking him.

At last she put him back in her mouth. She sucked him harder and faster than before. Jim could see her hand moving quickly down between her legs.

Before he even knew it was coming Jim felt the cum erupting from his cock into her mouth. She kept sucking and swallowing and he could hear her as she gulped down the thick gusher of cum. When she was done and he could take no more she stopped, and then she meticulously licked his cock until the residue of his cum was gone. The only trace of his cum left was a small drop at the corner of her mouth. She seemed to know what he was looking at as she stared

back at him. She scooped the drop up gracefully with her finger and popped it in her mouth, her lips smacking.

"Mm mmm. Yummy. I like the taste of man cum. And I like your cock, Jim. Thank you for sharing it with me."

Jim could think of no words that were suitable to the occasion, so he stayed silent for a minute. Then he managed a weak "You're welcome, Alyasa. And thank you, too."

"That was amazing," he added.

"You are so sweet," she said. "I'm just your friendly neighborhood elf. Now I have to go."

"What?" he said. They had been in the office for under ten minutes.

"I told you, I have to go," she said. "There's lots of work to do at the North Pole. It is almost Christmas, after all. And I am an elf. An elf has her responsibilities. Even a naughty one."

Already she was up and putting on her elf dress. It took just a few seconds. She smoothed it out over her body and upper thighs.

"I'm sorry to suck and run, Jim. I had a great time with you but I really must go. I strongly recommend that you put your cock away

before getting back to the party. It is quite magnificent, but your coworkers might not appreciate it the way I do."

Before Jim could say anything, she exited the office and closed the door behind her.

Jim quickly put his cock back in his pants and zipped up. He bounded out of the office and looked in both directions but didn't see her. Alyasa was gone.

Jim searched the entire floor of the building twice but didn't find her.

He would have to find out who she was. But how to describe her to his colleagues? Guys, I'm looking for a girl who works at this company but I don't know where. Drop-dead gorgeous. Dark hair. Favors green. Looks like an elf. Sound familiar?

Before he left the party, Jim reached into his pocket to get his car keys. He felt a piece of paper he hadn't felt before. He took it out.

It was a note. On perfectly white paper was written a short message in graceful, flowing script letters:

"Thank you for a lovely adventure, Jim. I am terribly sorry to say I took your pin. It was shiny and I liked it and, well, I'm a bit of thief.

I told you I was naughtier than the usual elf. I hope you don't mind. See you later. Alyasa"

Jim searched his pockets. Sure enough, his pin was gone. Alyasa had taken it. He didn't really care about the pin, but he felt irked at her having taken it. It added a touch of insult to her sudden disappearance. And how in the world did she put a note in his pocket?

Over the next few days Jim asked his coworkers about her. But no one seemed to know any girl that worked at the company that fit her description. Jim couldn't understand it. Security was tight in the building, and he couldn't think how a strange girl could get past the guards into the company's holiday party if she wasn't an employee or guest of one.

After a few days of asking around, he had no answers. Jim resigned himself to the fact that he would never see her again, and that he would never know who she was.

Christmas came. Jim had to work on Christmas Eve, so he didn't have time to fly across the country where his family lived. He would spend this Christmas alone. Well, maybe not completely alone. He thought later on Christmas day he might call Jake, a coworker and friend that he thought was going to be alone on Christmas like he was. Maybe they would have a drink together and commiserate over strange women and lost opportunities.

After a hard day working on Christmas Eve Jim slept like a baby.

He got up early in the morning, as he always did, and he shuffled off to the kitchen in his apartment, only half awake. He had to make some coffee before starting the day. It was a requirement for Jim.

As he walked to the kitchen he noticed something was unusual. At first, he couldn't tell what it was.

Then he saw it. A stocking hung over the mantle of the fireplace in his apartment. It stuck out because Jim did not have many Christmas decorations, and he was quite certain he had not hung a stocking this year.

He approached it and pulled it off a hook on the mantle that he had not put there.

He opened the stocking. Inside it was a note. And a pin. He took the pin out and held it up. It was the pin he had won at his job. He was sure of it, because it bore a small scratch he had made in the back of it so he could always identify it if he lost it.

He opened the note. The paper was small and square and brilliantly white, just like the note Alyasa had left him. The words on it were written with the same flowing handwriting.

Dear Jim, I couldn't bear to keep your pin, so I brought it back to you. Merry Christmas, Alyasa. P.S. I hope I see you at the holiday party again next year. I think I may get some more time off.

Wandering Hands

The lights dimmed. The movie would start soon, but first the trailers would play.

I felt a hand, loose on my thigh. It wanted to play, too -- my twin brother Joey's hand.

I don't know how it started, but during the summer when Joey and I came home after our sophomore year of college we played a game we called "wandering hands."

It started innocently, on the sofa, while watching TV. One of us would put a hand on the other, fingers extended in the form of a spider, and the spider would wander over the other's body until it found a spot that it tickled.

Joey had the advantage, because he was far less ticklish than I was. With little effort he could reduce me to helpless, spastic writhing and uncontrollable shrieking.

As the weeks passed the game grew less innocent. Our hands touched parts of one another that brothers and sisters did not normally touch. Neither one of us pushed too far, but a few times Joey pushed far enough that he left me with heavy breath and flushed skin.

We'd never played the game in public before, but now we did.

Joey's hand, in spider form, raised up on its fingertips on my bare skin. I wore short shorts and a cropped top, and no bra. It was a smart thing to wear on a hot summer day but in the air-conditioned movie theater the cool air pricked my skin and my nipples stood up under the thin top.

The hand spider crawled to my knee and squeezed, and then crawled back up my thigh, until it reached my belly, between my navel and the top button of my shorts. My body clenched, waiting to spasm from being tickled.

Joey didn't tickle me. A finger from the spider traced the top edge of my shorts. It even pushed under them a bit. Joey tested me. I turned toward him and pushed my hips up, just a little, to show I wanted him to touch me.

The spider's middle finger pushed a little deeper under the shorts and then pulled out. Then it crawled up my belly, past my navel, and stopped. A finger extended and tickled the underside of my boob.

Joey and I looked at each other in the dark. He mouthed a question: "OK?"

I nodded.

The hand crawled up, over my breast, and squeezed it. Joey's fingers had crawled over my breasts before during our games, but he'd never squeezed them. Now he did, in a movie theater, with other people around us.

We sat in the back row, so no one could see us, except an older man about ten seats to my left. He and I stared at each other. But my brother kept squeezing my boob and I didn't stop him.

Instead, still staring at my gawker, I unbuttoned my shorts and peeled them back. The spider squeezed my breast for a few more seconds and then crawled down again, settling in between the unbuttoned gap in my shorts. Joey's fingers flattened against my skin and pushed under the elastic band of my panties. He cupped my pussy and his thumb rested on my clit. The meat of his palm mashed against my fur. A finger slipped between my wet lips. I wanted to groan but I kept quiet in the theater.

I couldn't believe what Joey was doing, but he was doing it and I liked it.

The thumb started moving in tight circles over my clit.

I soon realized Joey was going to make me come.

We looked into each other's eyes while he touched me. I ignored everything else.

Joey's skillful, circling thumb, and the excitement of being touched in public, soon took me to the edge of an orgasm. I tried to push against it, wanting the delicious touch of his thumb on me as long as possible. But when he also started fucking my pussy with his finger I knew I couldn't hold back.

I rocked my hips against his touch. I opened my mouth in a sexy way to show him how much I liked his hand on me. With a free hand I pulled my top down so he could see my boobs while he played with me.

I came soon after and my hips shook, but I stayed quiet then and during the rest of the movie.

Later, in the car, I wondered where Joey's hands would wander when we got home.