**One Exception**

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It's only girls who are hot blondes with full figures and big tits who can be exhibitionists, right? Wrong! I'm proof that it's wrong. I'm 5'3", ninety one pounds, skinny, with A cup tits, but I'm still an exhibitionist.  
  
I didn't know that about myself for a long time—many years, in fact.  
  
All through Jr. High and High School, I heard all of the insults and teasing about being "Flattie", "Fried Eggs", "Tom Boy", and every other tease and insult you can imagine.  
  
By the time I went off to college, I'd had a total of one boyfriend. Of course, I was in the fourth grade at the time. Steve Gray held hands with me in the hall, sat with me in the school cafeteria, and walked me home after school. I was more comfortable back then because none of my female classmates had boobs either, so I fit right in.  
  
Through Jr. High and High School, I did everything I could do to hide my body. I wore padded bras, and even stuffed those with tissues. I didn't go to public swimming pools or shower in the gym after P.E.  
  
Oddly enough, it was an 'out of the closet' lesbian that drew me out of my shell. That started the second day after moving into a dorm room with her.  
  
Shelly was a hoot. She kept me laughing all the time. She was a rather chunky girl with big boobs. It was inevitable that she'd see me naked sooner or later, and that happened the evening of our second day rooming together.  
  
I'd just stepped out of the shower, totally unaware that she was sitting on the toilet having a pee. I hadn't locked the door, and she hadn't announced herself when she came into the bathroom.  
  
"Sorry, I couldn't wait." She apologized.  
  
Outwardly, I tried my best to take her intrusion in stride, but inside, I was freaking out, especially when she said, "God, I'm soooooo jealous of your sleek, sexy body."  
  
"Yeah, right!" I shot back at her.  
  
"No, I'm serious. I'd trade bodies with you in a heartbeat. Of course, I wouldn't try as hard to hide it as you do . . . and I'd do my hair differently."  
  
My tone was a little more sarcastic than I intended when I said, "If you're hitting on me, I'm not buying what you're selling. I'm not gay."  
  
While Shelly was drying herself and flushing the toilet, she laughed, "Girl, I'm just stating a fact. Trust me, if I was hitting on you, you'd know it."  
  
I was in my heavy flannel pajamas and standing in front of the mirror when Shelly finished her shower and came out of the bathroom. I was fingering my shoulder-length black hair, "What did you mean about my hair?"  
  
"You're too slender to wear your hair long. You should wear it really short."  
  
"I look too much like a boy as it is. If I cut my hair, I'll have to start using the boy's bathroom."  
  
She laughed out loud, "No, not at all, Vic. You're soooo wrong about that. Of course, you'll have to make a little adjustment to your wardrobe too. I can help you with that—your hair and your wardrobe. We can start after classes tomorrow . . . if you've got the guts."  
  
I was so sick of being me, and I didn't know what to do about it, so I was willing to do just about anything. "Okay."  
  
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By the time my last class was over, I was more than a little excited about what was to come. Shelly was waiting for me at our dorm room, and she seemed to be excited as well.  
  
On the short drive to the mall, she asked me, "Okay, how much money do you have to spend?"  
  
"Not much. I think I have about two hundred available on my credit card, but I'm going to need some to get by the rest of the month, at least fifty dollars. My parents take care of the bill on the first of each month."  
  
"So we have a hundred and fifty. That's more than enough to get you started. We can add to your wardrobe a little each month."  
  
Our first stop at the mall was at the Gap. "You're kidding?" I questioned Shelly when she handed me a pair of pink shorts that was two sizes too small for me. She answered me by pulling two more shorts off the rack, both the same size as the pink pair, one light blue and one white.  
  
She followed me into the changing room area and refused to let me close the curtain. When I pulled off my skirt, Shelly giggled. "Don't move." And she ran back out into the store. When she returned, she handed me a small thong to replace my granny panties.  
  
It was difficult to snap the shorts, but I finally managed. "Perfect!" Shelly exclaimed when I moved back and forth in front of the full-length mirror.  
  
I didn't have much of an ass, but what I did have was bulging out from the shorts. And in front, holy shit, it was blatantly obvious that the material had been forced between my lips. I could clearly see the outline of my pussy. "Perfect? Really?"  
  
"Yep, now get out of those and we'll find you some long pants."  
  
Shelly's idea of long pants was a pair of white hip huggers. The tight cuffs hit me just above the ankle, and the legs and upper portion hugged my body every bit as tightly as the shorts I'd tried on earlier.  
  
"So, me being able to breathe is low on your list of priorities, huh?"  
  
Shelly just laughed and slapped me on that ass. "Get over it."  
  
After picking out a rather flashy sequined belt, my mental calculations had the bill at over a hundred and twenty-five dollars, so I assumed we were done. I was wrong. "Now, we need to find you some stiletto heels."  
  
"No way! We'll be way over my budget."  
  
Shelly slid her arm around my waist and bumped hips with me. "I'll front you enough for the heels. You can pay me back after the first of the month."  
  
"But we haven't even looked at tops yet." I protested.  
  
She waved off my concern, "Don't worry about it. The tops I have in mind for you won't bust your budget."  
  
I couldn't imagine what she had in mind, but I resigned myself to go along. I had, after all, put myself in her hands.  
  
When we left the Gap, Shelly pulled me toward the Sears department store at one end of the mall. "Sears, really?"  
  
She just laughed and said, "Trust me."  
  
So I did.  
  
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Two hours later, I was sitting naked in a chair in our small bathroom. Shelly had insisted that I was naked, "You don't want hair all over your clothes, do you?"  
  
I suspected that she just liked me being naked, but I played along. She surprised me when she unzipped a small bag and took out a stylist cape and scissors. She just chuckled, "I have three sisters. We always did each other's hair."  
  
I panicked when I heard the buzz of her clippers, afraid that she was going to totally shave my head, and I wasn't far off. When she was done, my neck and over my ears had almost no hair left, and on top, my hair was only slightly longer than a boy's haircut—maybe three or four inches long.  
  
"What do you think?" She asked me, obviously very proud of herself.  
  
I just shrugged, "Well, it'll be easier to wash."  
  
After a quick shower and blow drying my now really short hair, she had me model my new outfits. I still didn't get her ideas on the tops. We'd purchased two, two packs of men's sleeveless loose-knit undershirts. One pack was men's small, and the other was men's large. When I questioned her about it while we were in Sears, she just laughed and said, "Trust me." They were less than five dollars per two pack, so I didn't press her on it.  
  
She had me put on the pink shorts first and one of the small undershirts. When she insisted that I tuck in the tail, I complained, "There's no room to tuck anything into these shorts. They're too tight."  
  
"Quit your bitching and do it." She said in a stern tone.  
  
"Yes, Ma'am", so I sucked in my belly enough to finally get the shorts buttoned. After putting on my new belt, I stepped in front of the mirror. WOW! The look was incredible . . . and sexy.  
  
When she'd finished cutting my hair, I'd been worried that even more people would mistake me for a boy. That did happen a lot, even with my hair longer. But HOLY SHIT! There was no chance that anyone would mistake me for a boy now. Not only did the shorts split my pussy lips open, but that small sleeveless shirt was stretched tightly over my tits, causing my naturally long nipples to poke out very noticeably.  
  
"Now let me show you the difference. Take off the shirt." And then she handed me one of the large sleeveless shirts. When I finally got it tucked in and my shorts buttoned, it only took one glance in the mirror to see the difference. Even when tucked in, the large sleeves exposed almost all of my sides, and when I moved just right, one could see all of my small tits through the arm holes.  
  
"Well?"  
  
"I . . . I don't know what to say. I look . . . I don't know . . . sexy, provocative, daring . . . something, all of the above."  
  
Shelly began laughing, "Yes, all of the above, and you don't even have on your heels yet. Now, have you ever slept in the nude?"  
  
"No", I answered honestly.  
  
"Well, you're going to start tonight. You'll feel sexy when you fall asleep, and just as sexy when you wake up in the morning."  
  
And then she saw the worried look on my face. She let out a huge laugh and then told me, "Don't worry, Vic, I'm not going to rape you in the middle of the night."  
  
"You don't sleep in the nude." I challenged her.  
  
"Only because I didn't want to freak you out. Trust me, starting tonight, I will. I always have."  
  
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Shell was right. Being nude in my bed did indeed make me feel sexy. And the next morning, WOW! When I woke up and stretched mightily, the sheet against my nude body felt incredible. And when I threw off the covers and got out of bed, it felt so . . . so . . . I don't know, liberating. I could be naked and not worry about what anyone thought about it—especially Shell. She was still asleep, but even if she'd been awake, I wouldn't have cared.  
  
When I went in to pee and take a shower, I didn't even bother closing the door. "Don't turn off the water." I heard Shell say just as I was finishing my shower.  
  
When I pulled back the curtain and stepped out, Shell was naked and waiting. She stepped past me and into the shower without comment.  
  
That day at school was very special. I was wearing my new pants and one of the small men's sleeveless undershirts, and sneakers. WOW! What a difference! When walking down the hall, I wasn't invisible anymore. Boys and girls alike took notice. They actually spoke to me, and I ate it up.  
  
"Well?" Shell questioned me that evening when we were both back in our dorm room.  
  
"Holy Shit! I can't believe the difference."  
  
She laughed out loud, "Told ya. Now, I've been invited to a party tomorrow night. You should go with me."  
  
"All lesbians?"  
  
She chuckled, "No, there will be guys there too. Of course, they'll all be gay, but still."  
  
"Oh great! So all I have to do is turn on some gay boys."  
  
Shell laughed out loud again, "Trust me, just wear one of your new shorts and one of the large men's shirts . . . the rest will take care of itself."  
  
"Heels?"  
  
"Nah, let's save them for a special occasion."  
  
"Okay"  
  
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Wow! Talk about an ego booster! That party was fantastic. Both males and females alike praised my sexiness. "I love the easy access" one of Shell's lesbian friends said, pointing to my drooping sleeve holes.  
  
Shell cut her friend short, "Go easy. She's not one of us."  
  
The girl, Patsy, grinned and said, "Maybe not yet, but she soon will be, trust me."  
  
"Where the hell have you been hiding this sexy creature?" An obviously gay boy asked Shell.  
  
Shell laughed, "She's my new roommate."  
  
He threw his hand to his chest and gasped, "Oh my god, lucky you."  
  
At one point in the evening, I was sitting in a stuffed chair and reached for my Screwdriver on the coffee table. Brenda, a good friend of Shell's was making out on the sofa with her girlfriend. "Stop! Freeze!"  
  
Her commands took me aback, "What?" And then I glanced down and realized my top was hanging down, giving Brenda and her girlfriend an unobstructed view of my tits through the armholes. "Oh, that." I responded with a chuckle.  
  
"Be still my heart." Brenda said, and then she went right back to making out with her girlfriend.  
  
By the time we left that party, my ego was through the roof. I'd never felt so sexy and alive in my life.  
  
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My two main takeaways of the evening were, of course Brenda and her girlfriend gawking at my exposed tits, but the other was even more impactfull.  
  
I was in the kitchen making myself another Screwdriver when Deb, one of Shell's friends slid her arm around my waist and cooed, "So, how long did Shell think she could keep you a secret?"  
  
"I guess you'll have to ask Shelly about that."  
  
"You two are an item, aren't you?"  
  
"No, not at all. She's just my roommate."  
  
Deb chuckled, "In that case, I'm hosting a pool party at my place next weekend. You won't need a swimsuit."  
  
"Thanks, I'll give it some thought."  
  
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"If I go, will you go with me?" I asked Shell on our drive back to our dorm.  
  
"I really don't think you should go. Those parties get pretty wild. I'm not sure you're ready for something like that."  
  
I shot her a quizzical look, "What's the worst that could happen?"  
  
She chuckled, "Do you think you're ready to get gangbanged by a bunch of lesbians?"  
  
"Hell no! They would really do that?"  
  
She nodded, "Someone will probably slip you a Mickey, and then you'll be at their mercy."  
  
"Holy Shit! Even with you there with me?"  
  
That caused Shelly to laugh out loud for a long time, and then she asked me, "What makes you think I wouldn't be the first one in line?"  
  
There was nothing I could say to that.  
  
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When I got back to the dorm after classes the next day, I was giddy with excitement, and I couldn't wait to share my good news with Shelly. "I have two dates for the weekend with two different boys, one Friday and one Saturday."  
  
After hugging me and sharing in my excitement, Shell turned more serious, "There's something we need to talk about."  
  
"Okay" I said, still giddy.  
  
"First, are you on the pill? You never know when . . . you know."  
  
I giggled, "Yes, Mommy. I'm on the pill."  
  
She looked relieved, "Okay, then there's one more thing . . . I have a date for Friday night too, but we don't want to go OUT exactly."  
  
I didn't understand, "You have a date, but you're not going out?"  
  
"She's kind of a fuck buddy, and we--"  
  
I felt stupid that it took me so long to get it, "You want to bring her here, right?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"So what's the big deal? I'm not going to be here."  
  
"Vic, she'll probably stay the night."  
  
"Oh", and after thinking about it for a few seconds, I said, "Okay."  
  
"That won't be a problem for you?"  
  
"No—at least I don't think so."  
  
She gave me a warm hug and a kiss on the cheek, "If it does bother you, please promise me that you'll be honest about it, okay?"  
  
"I will. I promise."  
  
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That evening, as I was preparing to go out, there was a knock on the door. "I'll get it." Shell called out.  
  
I was already showered and dressed and just putting on my makeup.  
  
"Vic, this is Beverly. Bev, Vic."  
  
When I looked around, Shell's friend beamed a wide friendly smile, "It's very nice to meet you, Vic. Wait! Stop! What are you doing? Unless you're going for the two bit hooker look, you have to stop right now."  
  
Shell rolled her eyes, "Bev is majoring in Cosmotology."  
  
Beverly was aggressive and stern, "Wash your face right now."  
  
What could I do? I stopped what I was doing and began washing my face. And then Beverly said, "In your case, less is definitely more. We don't want your makeup distracting from that hot little bod of yours."  
  
Fifteen minutes later, I appraised myself in the mirror. I had just a hint of eye shadow, and a very pale lip gloss. I was really, really impressed. "I love it! I don't know how to thank you."  
  
Shelly let out a chuckle, "You can thank us by staying out late tonight."  
  
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Jeff Diggens was a blast. From the time he opened the door to his Chevy Pickup at the beginning of our date, right up until the time he dropped me off back at my dorm, he kept me laughing the whole time.  
  
He was handsome too—in a boyish, Brad Pitt kind of way. At six two, he towered over me, but that didn't seem to bother him.  
  
He took me out for a wonderful supper at the Olive Garden, and then for a riverboat ride, which started and ended at the end of San Antonio's famous River Walk. Neither of us was old enough to buy alcohol, but we didn't let that stop us. He'd come prepared. We just had to make a couple of trips out to his truck where he had a six pack of Coors on ice.  
  
It was after the first of the month, so after paying Shell back for the heels, I was still able to purchase another pair of hip-huggers. They were just like that first pair, except they were black. I'd also purchased a thin white tube top. Like the men's sleeveless undershirts, it showed off my small tits and protruding nipples perfectly.  
  
While sitting on his tailgate and sipping our beers, Jeff leaned in and kissed me for the first time. It wasn't a passionate French kiss, just a warm lingering kiss on my lips, but it made my long nipples hard and my pussy wet nonetheless.  
  
"What?" He asked me when he broke our kiss and saw the look on my face.  
  
"I've never . . . that's the first time I've been kissed like that."  
  
He looked shocked, "No way! That's impossible!"  
  
"Jeff, this is the first official date I've ever been on." When I saw the look of total surprise on his face, I felt the need to explain, "I've always been . . . well, embarrassed by my looks. My roommate, Shelly, helped me with the haircut and outfits."  
  
"She did a fucking awesome job." He said with a huge grin. "You're sexy as hell." And then I could see his mind whirling, "So that means . . ."  
  
I giggled, "Yes, Jeff. I'm a virgin."  
  
"HOLY SHIT!" He mumbled in a reverent tone.  
  
Later, while walking through the patios of the restaurants and clubs at the end of the River Walk, Jeff asked me, "You don't see it, do you?"  
  
"What?" I asked, not having a clue what he was talking about.  
  
"All the guys looking at you . . . undressing you with their eyes and wishing they were me."  
  
I'd seen a couple of guys staring, but not that many. "They are?"  
  
He stopped in his tracks and pulled me to a stop, turning me to face him, "You really don't know, do you?"  
  
I had some idea what he was talking about just because of the conversation we were having, but I played coy, "Know what?"  
  
"How incredibly sexy you are."  
  
I grinned coyly, "Does that mean I'm going to get a better kiss later?"  
  
We were standing right in the middle of the outside patio of a restaurant. He pulled me to him forcibly and kissed me. This time, however, he parted my lips with his tongue and we French kissed for over a minute.  
  
"Whew!" I said, fanning my face with my hand when we finally broke our kiss. "Wow!"  
  
He took my hand and we continued our journey. And then he said the last thing I expected, "C'mon, there are a few dicks you haven't made hard yet."  
  
What could I do but giggle?  
  
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Before I got out of Jeff's truck in front of my dorm, he kissed me passionately again. When he slid his hand across my bare belly just below my tube top, I pulled his hand up and pressed it to my tit.  
  
"Are you sure you're a virgin?" He teased me.  
  
I giggled, "I am, but I'm hoping it's not a permanent condition."  
  
He responded with a chuckle as he kneaded my tit, "Trust me, it won't last."  
  
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When I got back into my dorm room, I tried to make enough noise to warn Shell and Bev that I was home. It was after eleven, but it was still useless. They were in the shower, and all I could hear was a lot of laughing and giggling. I could only imagine what they were doing.  
  
What could I do? I began getting undressed and ready for bed. "Oh wow!" Beverly said when she came out of the bathroom just in time to see me crawling into bed, naked of course. "I'm sorry. We didn't realize you were home. We'll try to be quiet."

"No worries. I'm exhausted." I lied.  
  
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I must have been more tired than I thought, because I fell asleep quickly. I'm not sure what time it was, or the details of the dream that woke me, but what was undeniable was that I was extremely horny.  
  
As I'd only recently learned to do, I slid my hand down my naked body and began gently playing with my pussy. Movement to one side caught my attention, but it was dark, and my vision was blurry.  
  
When my eyes adjusted somewhat, I could see the silhouette of the girls in the next bed. I couldn't see who was doing what, but I was sure one of them was between the other's legs and eating her pussy.  
  
My fingers began moving faster. And then I heard one of them utter a low "Argggg", and a whisper, obviously Shelly saying, "Shhhh, you'll wake up Vic."  
  
Beverly let out an almost silent giggle, "She's already awake."  
  
I was lost in the sensations my fingers were causing me, but my whole body tensed when I felt pressure on my bed to my right and then my left. There was a hand on my cheek, and a soft whisper, "That's it, girl, go for it."  
  
And then there was a hand on mine, and from the opposite side of my bed, fingers in my pussy. "Oh god!" I yelled out when my orgasm started.  
  
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The sunlight announced that it was morning when something woke me again. It was Beverly walking by the foot of my bed on her way to the bathroom. A minute later, I heard the toilet flush, and then Beverly walking by my bed again. This time, however, on her way by, she looked at me, showed me a smile and a slight wave of her hand. Seconds later, she was back under the covers with Shelly.  
  
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When I woke up again, my brain was whirling. "Did the thing last night actually happen, or was it a dream? I couldn't wrap my brain around it. I simply didn't know which it was. And it wasn't like I could actually ask.  
  
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Kelly James wasn't Jeff. From the start, he treated me like I owed him something, particularly sex. He was feeling me up even before we got to the restaurant.  
  
"Oh hell no!" I spat at him. "Take me back to the dorm, or I'll take a taxi, or whatever, but this date is over."  
  
"Good for you, girl." Shell consoled me. "You don't have to put up with crap like that."  
  
I was sobbing, "I can't believe I went out with that asshole."  
  
"Hey, you never know. You can't paint all men, or women either for that matter, with the same broad brush of a few."  
  
All I could do was hug her and sob onto her shoulder.  
  
Bev came out of the bathroom. She was just on her way out the door when she saw my distress. Shelly told her, "Idiot date."  
  
I didn't really even know this girl, but there was a tear running down her face, "I'm soooo sorry, Hon."  
  
All I could think was, "They really care about me."  
  
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"Damn, I feel like I'm virtually naked." I told Shell and Beverly while we were lying on our respective towels on the sandy beach of the lake just outside of the city. I was wearing the tiny white bikini Shell had picked out for me. It was so small it was virtually non existent.  
  
"Maybe we should get naked and go for a swim then."  
  
I thought Bev was kidding until she stood up and took off her bikini top, exposing her beautiful B cup tits. But it wasn't until she slid off her bikini bottoms and held out her hand to help me to my feet that I knew she was serious. "Really?"  
  
Shelly acted as instigator, "Go ahead, Vic. What are you afraid of?"  
  
"Uh, hello! Getting arrested maybe."  
  
Both of them scoffed at me. "Go on, girl." Shell encouraged me. So I did. I stood up and doffed my bikini. And then Bev took my hand, and we ran off laughing and giggling into the water.  
  
"Oh my god! I can't believe we're doing this." I told Bev. Still, my long nipples were hard as rocks and my pussy was tingling.  
  
Beverly laughed, "Just enjoy it, Vic. We're not going to be young, hot and free forever."  
  
When we got back to our blankets, I immediately reached for my bikini. Bev slapped my hand, "Fuck that. Let's get some sun."  
  
I giggled, "Okay, but if we get arrested, I hope Shell has enough money to bail us out of jail."  
  
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The next evening, I told Jeff about what Bev and I had done, "Oh my god! I wish I'd been there to see that."  
  
"Why, just because you'd like to see us naked?"  
  
"No, because I'd like to see you being that bold."  
  
"You wouldn't be jealous of other boys seeing me naked?"  
  
He shot me a look, "Not as long as I'm the one who gets to take you home."  
  
For some reason, I believed him.  
  
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"He didn't really say that." Shell challenged me.  
  
"He did."  
  
"Oh my god! He wants to strut you around and show you off to strangers, and later to his friends."  
  
"Is that supposed to piss me off?" I questioned her.  
  
She scoffed at me, "Not if you want to be made to feel like a piece of sexual meat."  
  
"Do you mean like you did at the party you took me to?"  
  
Shell's face turned really red, "That was different."  
  
"Oh, so you didn't take me there to let your friends gawk at my tits? Then why did you insist that I wear the shirt that would do just that?"  
  
"It's different. He's a boy. He has different motives. He doesn't really care about you as a person."  
  
I thought about that for a few seconds before telling her, "You don't know him, but even if you're right, I think I'm okay with that."  
  
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"Would you like to go to the lake Sunday?" Jeff asked me when we met at the campus cafeteria for lunch.  
  
I giggled, "Oh, why? Are you hoping I'll go skinny dipping again?"  
  
He showed me a mischievous grin, "Of course."  
  
I tilted my head, "So you can see me naked, or like you said, you just want to see me being that bold?"  
  
"Deion Sanders." He said with a chuckle.  
  
I had no idea what that was supposed to mean, "What?"  
  
He laughed, "In the pizza commercial a few years ago. Jerry Jones, the owner of the Cowboys, asked Deion Sanders 'So, Deion, how much is it going to take, fifteen . . . twenty million?' Deion answered simply 'Both'."  
  
I burst out laughing and couldn't stop until long after my sides were aching.  
  
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Friday evening, Jeff picked me up and we went out to dinner—Denny's this time. I'd already let him know that he shouldn't spend his money on taking me out to expensive places. I could tell he really appreciated that.  
  
Later, while sitting on the tailgate of his truck in one of the huge campus parking lots and sipping beers, I confided in him, "This is all very new to me, you know?"  
  
"What is?"  
  
I gestured to my outfit. I was wearing my tight pink shorts and the thin white tube top I knew he liked, "This." And then I hopped off the tailgate and went to the front seat of his truck for my purse. When I got back to the tailgate, I took out my phone and searched for the picture I wanted him to see. "This is a picture of me a few months ago with my parents after my High School graduation.  
  
"NO FUCKING WAY!" he exclaimed when he saw the former me standing between my parents.  
  
"That's why you're the first boy I've dated. You wouldn't have asked me out back then either. Be honest."  
  
He seemed to be struggling for a response, so I let him off the hook, "You don't have to answer that. I know full well what I looked like, and what I look like now. It's like I'm not the same person."  
  
"I'll say." He said with amazement in his voice.  
  
"That's why I'm having so much fun now being me. The ugly duckling may not have turned into a beautiful swan, but at least she turned into a cute little duck, albeit still a flat chested one."  
  
"Vic, you're not flat chested. I love your tits—especially your long nipples. They're hot as fuck."  
  
I leaned over and bumped him with my body, "Flattery will get you everywhere."  
  
"I like the sound of that."  
  
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"Well, are you ready?" I asked Jeff while we were stretched out on our towels on a sandy spot at the lake . . . and after finishing my second beer. There were quite a few people around, but fortunately, no kids.  
  
He didn't have to ask what I was talking about. He grinned from ear to ear, "I'm ready if you are."  
  
I got to my feet, took a deep breath and then removed my bikini top, "Bottoms too?" I asked him.  
  
He showed me a daring grin. "No sense going half way."  
  
"Will you meet me in the water?"  
  
"Absolutely!"  
  
So I quickly stepped out of my bikini bottoms and kicked them right onto his face with my toes. "Don't wait too long. I might meet someone." And then I giggled and ran into the water.  
  
True to his word, Jeff joined me in the water a couple of minutes later. When I threw my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist to kiss him, I felt his cock poking my butt through his swimsuit. "Wow, it feels like someone likes seeing my little bitty titties."  
  
"Please stop that, Vic. I don't like you cutting yourself down like that."  
  
"Yes, Sir." I said, showing him a pout.  
  
He leaned back from me and eyed my long hard nipples, "It looks to me like I'm not the only one getting turned on by this."  
  
"No, you're not. This is way too cool. I love it!" And then I got really bold. I slid my hand between us and under the band of his swimsuit. I almost came when I felt his hard cock. That was definitely a first for me—feeling of a boys cock, and almost cumming without touching myself.  
  
And then, after kissing him again, I gave his cock another firm squeeze and cooed in his ear, "We need to do something about this."  
  
"What do you have in mind?"  
  
I thought about it for a few seconds before pulling back enough to look him straight in the eyes, "I don't want you to pop my cherry yet. I want that to be special, but I wouldn't mind trying giving a blowjob."  
  
"Where, the truck?"  
  
"I guess we could, but I'd really hate to do it the first time in your truck. We can't go to my dorm. How about yours?"  
  
He shrugged his shoulders, "I suppose I can find a way to sneak you in."  
  
"Great! So, you get out of the water first. I'll follow a minute later so you can watch."  
  
He showed me that mischievous grin again, "Wait until there are some guys walking by."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
I was curious to see how Jeff was going to sneak me into his dorm. If the boy's dorm was anything like ours, it would be virtually impossible. There was a dorm monitor at the door twenty-four seven. So, I just had to trust him.  
  
When we parked in the parking lot of his dorm, he told me to sit tight while he ran inside. He came back a few minutes later carrying a plastic Wal-Mart bag.  
  
I had to laugh out loud when I looked inside the bag. There was one of his extra large plaid flannel shirts and a baseball cap. Wanting to look as flat as possible, I removed my bikini top, much to Jeff's delight.  
  
Jeff chuckled, "I told the dorm ra I was bringing my little brother in to show him my room."  
  
I laughed, "Your little brother, really?"  
  
"Oh, and just so you know, I told my roommate I was sneaking a girl in, so he'd have to hit the bricks for a couple of hours. He said he wanted to stick around long enough to see how I did it, so he'll still be there when we get to my room."  
  
I had to laugh again, "A couple of hours?" I chided him, "It's just going to be one blowjob. Still, it's my first one, so it may take me a little longer than it should." And then, while walking up to the dorm, something struck me, "If your roommate sees me like this, he's going to think you've gone gay."  
  
Jeff laughed, "I'm sure you'll be able to convince him otherwise."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Sure enough, we walked right past the dorm monitor without incident. When he opened the door to his room though, his roommate had a weird look on his face.  
  
"Vicky, this is my roommate, Edgar, Edgar, Vicky."  
  
Before shaking Edgar's hand, I pulled off the baseball cap and began unbuttoning the flannel shirt. His eyes shot open when I pulled it off and draped it over their dorm chair. Edgar was staring at my titties the whole time while shaking my hand. And then he excused himself and left.  
  
Jeff began laughing out loud. When he could, he said, "That should do it."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
"Let me do it" I told Jeff when he started to remove his swimsuit. I sat on the edge of his bed and beckoned him over. There was already a noticeable bulge.  
  
"You'll have to stretch out the band to get it over my business." He said with a chuckle.  
  
I giggled when I got my first look at the upper half his cock, the first one I'd seen in person, "I like your 'business'," I teased at his use of the term. A second or two later, he stepped out of his swimsuit and put his hands on his hips, his 'business' bouncing proudly in front of my face.  
  
"Ummm," I purred as I wrapped my fingers around it, and then I looked up at him and grinned, "On second thought, two hours may not be long enough."  
  
I studied his beautiful cock from every angle. I loved the way his veins bulged under the skin, the way I could feel every beat of his heart, and the way the head looked so swollen and proud sitting atop it like a helmet.  
  
He flinched, and so did his cock when I flicked my tongue over it. It felt very warm, firm yet soft. And when I closed my lips around the head, OH MY FUCKING GOD! I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt in my mouth.  
  
Not having any experience with cocks, I could only rely on pictures and videos I'd seen. He wasn't 'porn star' big, but he wasn't small by any stretch of the imagination. I couldn't imagine how my pussy was ever going to take it all.  
  
At one point, I let his cock slip from between my lips long enough to grin up at him, "Are you okay? Do you need to lie down?"  
  
"Not unless you want me to."  
  
I showed him a smile, "I like it just like this."  
  
He chuckled, "Just in case you don't know, you're in charge. I'm just here to provide you with a toy."  
  
I almost gagged when I tried to laugh with several inches of his cock in my mouth. Instead of responding, I just continued enjoying—and I do mean REALLY ENJOYING, what I was doing.  
  
I must have been at it for thirty minutes or more, not always sucking him, but licking up and down his long shaft and kissing his hanging balls. Finally, I looked up at him and said, "I hope you're not in a hurry."  
  
He chuckled, "Vic, you are really special. Most girls can't get a blowjob over fast enough."  
  
"Oh, how many blowjobs have you had?"  
  
"Maybe a couple of dozen, mostly from two girlfriends—and one from another girl at a party.  
  
I licked up and down his warm shaft again, "And they were always in a hurry?"  
  
"Pretty much, yeah."  
  
"Then they were fucking idiots. This is too awesome to rush."  
  
He chuckled again, "I do like the way you think."  
  
I must have been at it for close to an hour when he put his hand on the back of my head. I looked up at him, "It's time to get serious, huh?"  
  
"Sorry, but yeah, it's that time."  
  
"Okay, you're in control now. Let me know what to do."  
  
"Just put as much in your mouth as you can without gagging. Stroke it firmly with your hand, and move your mouth in time with your hand. Suck as firmly as you can."  
  
"Show me." I said as I slid his cock back into my mouth. Jeff reached down and put his hand over mine, his other hand still on the back of my head. I sucked as firmly as I could.  
  
A minute later he said, "Okay, here it comes. Try not to back off, but do if you start to gag too much."  
  
As it turns out, that wasn't a problem, even when he kept cumming and cumming, and grunting with every spurt. I loved the feel of his hot cum splashing against the back of my throat, and I swallowed every drop.  
  
When I'd milked the last of his cum from his pulsating cock, I let it slip from my mouth. I grinned up at him while I licked my lips. "Well?"  
  
"Holy Shit!" He said in a reverent tone. "That was the best fucking blowjob I've had in my life. Holy Shit!"  
  
I giggled, "I'm sure I'll get better with practice, and I plan to get a lot of practice."  
  
He obviously loved that answer, "Now, it's time for me to take care of you. You should get on the bed."  
  
"You didn't notice, did you?" I asked him with a sly grin.  
  
He looked puzzled, "Notice what?"  
  
I reached up and put my hand on his cheek, "Jeff, Honey, I came twice in the first few minutes of giving you that blowjob—not mind blowing, but nice nonetheless. And when you started cumming, I came very hard. I had to really concentrate to maintain focus. So thanks for the offer, but I'm good."  
  
"That's the understatement of the year."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
I was tempted to tell Shelly all about my day with Jeff, but she's a lesbian after all, so a 'blow by blow' (pun intended) of my day might put her off, so I held my tongue.  
  
She could tell something was up though, so she pressed me to spill the beans. "Well, are you still a virgin?"  
  
I shot her a scolding look and tried to act nonchalant about it, "Of course I am. I just gave him a blowjob."  
  
To my surprise, she acted excited for me. She gave me a tight hug. "Congrats, Vic. Did you enjoy it?"  
  
My nonchalant façade faded quickly. I showed her a naughty grin, "Yes, I loved every minute of if."  
  
She smiled at me and then shrugged, "Oh well, to each their own. I'm happy for you."  
  
It wasn't until I told her how he snuck me into his dorm that she lost it. When she finally stopped laughing and she'd dried the laughing tears from her eyes, she said, "His little brother! I guess it's a good thing I cut your hair." And then she started laughing again.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
It was two weeks and five blowjobs later, three of which were in his truck and two on the beach at the lake after dark, that I decided it was time. We went Dutch for two nights in a very nice hotel room at the Embassy Suites.  
  
Jeff brought along a bottle of Vodka and a large bottle of OJ. After he'd gone for a bucket of ice, we sat on the sofa in the living room part of the suite, making out and him sipping his drink. I didn't want one. I wanted to be totally sober for what was about to happen.  
  
I waited patiently while he finished his drink, and then I stood up and urged him to stand up. When he did, I gave him a kiss on the lips and then pulled back enough to look him in the eyes, "Jeff, we both know why we're here. You don't have to seduce me, so why don't you undress me and carry me to the bed.  
  
I didn't need turning on. I was already there, but Jeff insisted on going down on me anyway. He said it was for him, not for me—that he loved doing it, so I didn't resist—not that it didn't feel wonderful—it did. I even came once while he was doing it. After that, he kissed me, and I could taste my slick cum on his tongue. That was nice. I'd never tasted it before.  
  
Finally, it was time. When Jeff positioned himself between my legs, he could obviously feel me tense up, "Just relax and breathe. I'll go very slow, and you can tell me when to stop or press on."  
  
"You've . . . done this before—with a virgin, I mean?"  
  
"No, but I think I can imagine."  
  
I must have resembled a pregnant woman doing Lamaze training when I started taking in and letting out short forced breaths. Everything went fine until Jeff had worked his hard cock several inches inside me, and then everything changed. The head of his cock came up against my hymen.  
  
Jeff felt it too, and he stopped immediately. "Tell me when to go on."  
  
My whole body was tensed up, but I managed to urge him, "Please just do it and get it over with."  
  
"Okay" He said with a little trepidation in his voice.  
  
"Oh God!" I groaned out when the pressure got unbearable. And then the pressure was gone. "Stop!" I told him. "Whew, that's the worst of it. Just give me a minute."  
  
After a few seconds, I eased my grip on his shoulders and smiled up at him, "Okay, I'm ready."  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Yes, just still go slow." It wasn't long before the pain subsided, and I was amazed at the pleasurable feeling of his cock stretching my pussy open. He still wasn't fully inside me when he hit bottom. That was uncomfortable as well, but nothing like earlier. "That's it. That's all I can take, so you can fuck me now. Just go slow at first."

Without comment, Jeff began slowly sliding his cock in and out of my pussy. After maybe five minutes, I was feeling more confident, "Okay, big boy, show me what you've got. Fuck me good."  
  
He chuckled, "Yes, Ma'am."  
  
I'd already cum two times by the time Jeff put his arms under my knees and lifted them up almost next to my ears. And then he really started pounding his cock into me hard and fast. At one point, I actually had to make him stop long enough for me to adjust my pillow to keep my head from smashing into the headboard.  
  
When he let out a strained grunt and I felt his cock expand and the first spurt of his cum splash against the back of my pussy, I came . . . hard.  
  
Through his panting, he said, "Wow! That was . . ."  
  
"Intense." I giggled, finishing his thought. "I'll take that drink now."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
We ordered a pizza and sat on the sofa talking about what we'd just done. "Well, what do you think about the whole sex thing?" Jeff asked me.  
  
I laughed out loud, "I'm not sure yet. There's a lot we haven't done. I'll let you know after we've done it a thousand times or so."  
  
He showed me a wide grin, "That should only take a week or two."  
  
I laughed again, "Too bad we can't afford to rent this room that long."  
  
"Then we'll just have to make the most of the time we have it."  
  
"I like the way you think."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
By the time we had to check out at noon on Sunday, I could barely walk. I lost track of how many times we'd fucked, but it had to be over a dozen. I liked it all, him fucking me from behind when I was on my knees, but my favorite was when he was on his back and I was on top. I loved being in control of the action—it was like sucking his cock with my pussy.  
  
Of course, I also loved taking showers with him, eating naked with him, and joking around over drinks. If he'd asked me to marry him, my answer would have been a resounding 'YES!'  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Shelly seemed to be genuinely happy for me. And then she laughed and chided, "I guess there's no way to turn you lesbian now."  
  
I laughed as well, "Not a chance."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
At lunch in the school cafeteria three days later, Jeff told me, "I have a friend whose parents have a pontoon boat. He and his girlfriend are taking it out on the lake this Saturday. He invited me. Do you want to go?"  
  
"Was I invited?"  
  
"Of course. He said I could bring someone."  
  
I thought about it for a few seconds before telling him, "I've never been on a pontoon boat, but I'm guessing there won't be any place for us to fuck."  
  
Jeff chuckled, "No place private."  
  
"And his girlfriend, she's probably a blonde with big tits, huh?"  
  
That caused him to laugh out loud, "I don't know. I've never met her, but it shouldn't matter. I'll put you up against a blonde with big tits any day."  
  
God! How could I not love him?  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Brian turned out to be very nice, and his girlfriend, Lisa, did as well. I could easily see us becoming good friends. He was a very handsome guy and fit, perhaps six foot, and something near a hundred and seventy pounds. She was indeed a blonde and shapely, but not top heavy at all. While we were being introduced, she seemed very warm and genuine.   
  
While we were still motoring out onto the lake, I was sitting in one of captain's chairs at the back of the boat. Lisa was a few yards away with Brian, who was behind the driver's console. Jeff leaned down and said just loud enough for me to hear, "I'm surprised you've still got your bikini on."  
  
I peered at him over my sunglasses, "My body belongs to you. If you want me naked, all you have to do is say so."  
  
"I'd hate for you to get tan lines." He said with a chuckle.  
  
"Enough said." And I stood up and removed my bikini, then sat back down and put my feet on the back edge of the boat. "Better?"  
  
Jeff grinned from ear to ear, "Much."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
"Oh, we're doing that." Lisa said with a chuckle when she saw me. And before I could respond, she reached behind her and pulled the string of her bikini top, causing it to fall from her very perky B cup tits. She had her bikini bottoms off a few seconds later. "Ahhhh" she sighed as she plopped down in the chair next to me.  
  
I didn't turn around to look, but I guessed that Jeff was probably behind us giving Brian a high five.  
  
I did, however, lean over and ask Lisa, "What do you do when there are kids on the other boats or tubes?" It wasn't like we were alone on the lake after all. There were a lot of other boats, some of them pulling tubes.  
  
"I just try to face the other way. They shouldn't get close enough for them to really see anything. If there aren't any young kids, I just smile and wave, or ignore them altogether."  
  
"That's good to know, thanks. This is my first time doing this."  
  
She looked surprised, "You could have fooled me."  
  
"Jeff . . . he likes it."  
  
That caused her to laugh, "Brian too, but it turns me on like crazy."  
  
I giggled, "Yes, there is that."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Brian pulled us into a semi-private cove and lowered the anchor. That's when the boys popped the tops on four beers. When Brian stood over me and handed me one, I took it without looking up at him. I wanted to believe that he was staring at my naked body.  
  
After two beers and a couple dozen dirty jokes, all four of us jumped into the water. It wasn't long before Jeff was making out with me and feeling me up. It was obvious Brian was doing the same to Lisa.  
  
A few minutes later, Jeff had me follow him back up onto the boat. Once there, he had me lay down on one of the padded bench seats, and he immediately got between my legs and began eating my pussy.  
  
When he finally moved up and began working his hard cock into me, I asked him, "What if they come out of the water?"  
  
"What if they do?" He asked as he worked himself further into me.  
  
"Okay." I responded, "Like I told you earlier, I'm all yours."  
  
Hearing those words seemed to inspire him. He began fucking me hard and fast. I got so into it, I didn't realize we weren't alone on the boat until I heard Lisa moan loudly to my right.  
  
When I opened my eyes and turned my head that direction, I found myself looking straight into Lisa's eyes. She was on her back on the opposite padded bench, and Brian was drilling her for all he was worth. I almost lost it when she smiled and winked at me. Holy Shit! I came right then.  
  
I never stopped looking at her, and she never looked away either. It was like we were in it together, partners, if you will. I had to admit to myself, even if the fucking Jeff was giving me wasn't as good as a few of the times in the hotel, sharing it with Lisa made it extremely hot.  
  
When Jeff finally grunted and came inside me, he got up and went for another beer, "Do you want one?"  
  
"Not right now." I answered as I got up. I showed Lisa one last smile and then dove overboard.  
  
It was only a couple of minutes later when Lisa joined me in the water. The boys were both still on the boat. "Wow!" Lisa said when she was close enough so that the boys couldn't hear her, "That was the fucking hottest thing I've ever done."  
  
"Yeah, it was definitely hot." I agreed.  
  
That's when she hugged me, causing me to struggle to keep my head above water. I found feeling her tits against mine to be very erotic. And then she cooed in my ear, "And the day is just getting started. Do you want to swap next time?"  
  
When the implication of her words soaked in on me, my eyes flew open, "You and Brian . . . you do that?"  
  
"Not yet, but I wouldn't mind having a go with Jeff, and I know Brian has the hots for you."  
  
I decided to be honest with her, "I really don't want anyone but Jeff, but I'll do whatever he wants me to."  
  
"Okay then, we'll leave it up to Jeff and Brian to decide."  
  
Fortunately, that conversation ended when the boys jumped in and joined us. I did see Lisa whispering to Brian, and later Brian having a private conversation with Jeff. I didn't know the results of all that until Lisa and I were back on the boat with the boys still in the water. She said simply, "Jeff wouldn't go for it. Too bad."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Our time in that cove didn't end before Jeff and I fucked again, as did Brian and Lisa. This time was different though. Lisa initiated it. She pulled the pad off of one of the benches and put it on the floor. She then had Brian lie on his back, and she lowered herself onto his hard cock.  
  
Once she was fully impaled, she looked over at me and crooked her finger. I knew what she wanted, so I pulled the other pad from its bench and put it on the floor beside them.  
  
When Jeff was on his back and I'd eased myself down onto his cock, I looked over at Lisa. She put up her hand for a high five, and I slapped her hand with mine. Both boys started laughing.  
  
For the next thirty minutes or so, Lisa was in control, "Easy . . . go slow." And later, "Now give it to him . . . fuck that hard cock." It was almost like we were synchronized swimmers, doing everything at the same time. We laughed and giggled through the whole thing.  
  
When both boys had cum, and both of us several times, we got up and headed to the ice chest. Prior to getting fresh beers though, Lisa gave me a tight hug, and again, I found the feel of her naked body against mine to be very erotic.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
"Thank you." I said to Jeff when we were back in his truck.  
  
"For what?"  
  
"For not making me fuck Brian."  
  
Jeff shot me a stern look, "Vic, I can't 'make' you do anything."  
  
I looked him right in the eyes when I told him, "I told you I belong to you, so if you had asked, I would have done it. It's just that I didn't want to. I don't want to fuck anyone but you."  
  
It took him several seconds to respond, "I would never ask you to do something like that."  
  
"That's why I said 'thank you'."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Back at my dorm room, I gave Shelly the brief version of my experience on the boat. She thought the whole thing was very erotic, and I assured her it was. Then I headed off to take a shower.  
  
I was still drying my hair when I came out of the shower, so I didn't realize Shelly had company until I was well in to the bedroom. There were two girls there I didn't know, and Bev.  
  
Shelly acted like my being naked was no big deal, "Vic, this is Brenda and Martha, and of course you know Bev. They just stopped by to make plans for a party we're having next weekend."  
  
My first instinct was to cover up, but something stopped me—probably the tingle in my recently well-fucked pussy. I walked over and greeted each girl and shook their hands. Bev got up and gave me a tight hug and a kiss on the cheek. And then she turned to the others and said, "C'mon, guys, we should hit the road."  
  
A minute later, it was just me and Shell in the room. "What?" I asked her when she shot me a quizzical look.  
  
"That was pretty bold of you . . . and cool as fuck. You're turning into quite the exhibitionist."  
  
I giggled, "Hell, they're girls. What's the big deal?"  
  
She looked at me sternly, "No, Vic, they're lesbians. Walking around naked in front of them is the same as if they were boys."  
  
I decided to tease her, "Oh, that must be why it was so much fun. It made my pussy tingle."  
  
She caught onto my game, rolled her eyes, and said over her shoulder on the way into the bathroom, "Just keep that up and I'm going to jump your bones."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
The following Wednesday evening, Jeff and I were sitting in his truck enjoying a wonderful meal—Whataburgers, a Texas favorite. I told him what had happened with the girls in my dorm room.  
  
After laughing, he agreed that me being naked in front of a room full of lesbians wasn't much different, if any, than doing it in front of boys. "It does turn me on, you know?"  
  
"I know, and it turns me on to see you do it. On the boat last weekend was hot as shit."  
  
I giggled, "I could tell. And I know you and Brian both really enjoyed it when me and Lisa were side by side riding the two of you."  
  
"Yeah, that was awesome. The only thing that might have made it better was if the two of you had started making out while you were fucking us."  
  
I jerked my head around and stared at him hard, "Really? That would have made it better?"  
  
"Hell yes. Watching girls make out is always hot as hell."  
  
"I'll keep that in mind next time." And then, our burgers and fries finished, I put my hand on his crotch and groped his hard cock. "Ooooo, just thinking about it has you hard, huh?"  
  
He chuckled, "It would appear so."  
  
"Well, I can't let you go back to your dorm in this condition, and I need some dessert." And I immediately began undoing his belt and unzipping his slacks. The whole time I was giving him a blowjob, I kept teasing him with things like, "So, you want to watch me kiss another girl, do you?" and "I suppose you want to see me kiss her tits too, don't you."  
  
With all of that, it didn't take me long to get him off.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
The next day at lunch, Jeff asked me, "Have you ever heard of Riverside Ranch?"  
  
"No, I answered honestly. "What is it?"  
  
"It's a nudist camp about thirty minutes outside of town."  
  
"A nudist camp?"  
  
"Yep, I looked it up online. They have a pool, hot tubs, dances on Saturday nights, and RVs to rent for the night."  
  
"That sounds expensive." I told him with some degree of concern. I'd already used most of my allowance for the month.  
  
"It's not that expensive, and we can share the cost of the RV with Brian and Lisa."  
  
"Is it safe?"  
  
"Everything I've read says it is. They have karaoke out at the pool and water volleyball . . . stuff like that."  
  
"It sounds like fun."  
  
"Saturday?"  
  
"Sure, why not?"  
  
\* \* \*  
  
We all went in Jeff's truck. I was in the front seat, with Brian and Lisa in the back. The boys had brought plenty of booze, and Brian was already sipping on a glass of Jim Beam and Coke.  
  
I teased him, "What's the matter, Brian, are you nervous?"  
  
He didn't deny it, "Hell yes. What if I get a boner?"  
  
The other three of us laughed, and I told him, "I'm sure you won't be the first. They're probably used to it."  
  
Lisa piped in with her own tease, "Hell, you're too nervous to get it up, even if you want to."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
After checking our IDs to see that we were all over eighteen, the lady behind the desk showed us a skeptical look, "Are you sure? The RV only has one queen-size bed."  
  
"We'll be fine." Jeff assured her.  
  
The lady, Sharon, gave us a brief rundown of the rules—things like always sitting on a towel and such. Of course, Jeff and I had already done enough research online to know those things. And then Sharon grinned, "Okay, you kids stay out of trouble and have fun."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Riverside Ranch wasn't 'fancy' at all, but it was clean and well kept. There were probably a couple of hundred trailers, privately owned RVs, and rental RVs.  
  
After carrying our bags into our RV, we got naked. Jeff mixed he and I a drink, and then we all headed out. We walked past the office and clubhouse, down a few steps, and we were at the two rather large hot tubs. The pool was farther down the steps.  
  
We decided to get into the vacant hot tub and watch the action at the pool for awhile. The thing that jumped out at us all was that most of the nudists were much older, fifties, sixties, and seventies, and a large percentage of them were very heavy.  
  
Lisa giggled and said only loud enough for us to hear, "Wow! I'm going to feel like a Playboy centerfold out here."  
  
I had to agree, "C'mon, let's go strut our stuff around the pool."  
  
There were two or three dozen lounge chairs around the pool, most in the shade of a metal overhang, some not. The DJ was way up on the balcony of the clubhouse, and there was a constant stream of volunteers waiting to sing karaoke to the songs he was playing.  
  
Lisa and I got a lot of looks from the naked men and women alike. We were eating it up, whispering between ourselves the whole time. At one point, while we were still making our way around the large pool, Lisa said, "You know, the boys are hoping you and I will make out in front of them."  
  
"Yeah, I know. Jeff mentioned it to me the other day."  
  
"Well?"  
  
I knew what she was asking, but I played coy, "Well what?"  
  
"Are you up for that?"  
  
"I've never done it, but why not? If it won't hurt me and it pleases Jeff, I don't have a problem with it."  
  
She gave me a playful nudge with her elbow, "It'll be a first for me too, but I'm all in."  
  
"Okay, then when we get back to the hot tub, we should take it out for a spin."  
  
Lisa seemed to like that idea, "I'm game if you are."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
By the time Lisa and I got back up the long flight of steps to the hot tubs, I was horny as hell. It's true that being naked in front of people in a nudist camp isn't exactly like doing the same in front of people who aren't expecting it, but it was still very erotic.  
  
When we crawled into the hot tub, and after giving our respective boyfriends a kiss, I held out my hand to her. We stood in the middle of the hot tub, began hugging, and then kissing passionately. I loved the feel of her naked body against mine, the feeling of her tits against mine, and especially the softness of her lips and tongue. Kissing her was much different than kissing Jeff, and the fact that Jeff and Brian were sitting there watching us do it only made it hotter.  
  
It didn't hurt either that there were a few wolf whistles coming from people walking down the steps and by the hot tub on their way to the swimming pool and up the steps towards the clubhouse.  
  
When we broke that kiss, and still had our hands on each other's waist, I told the boys, "Now, you two need to go down to the pool and get some sun. You can't hide in here forever."  
  
"You two aren't coming?" Brian asked.  
  
"We'll join you in a few minutes. Take our towels and find us four lounge chairs together out in the sun."  
  
When the boys were gone down the stairs, Lisa scooted over next to me and giggled, "Wow! I don't know about you, but I think that was fucking hot."  
  
I responded by putting my hand on her cheek and leaning in to give her a warm kiss on the lips. And then I told her, "Me too."  
  
We were both giggling when we crawled out of the hot tub and made our way down the steps. The boys were already in lounge chairs on the other side of the pool, so Lisa and slid into the pool and swam across to the other side.  
  
Lisa was more walking than swimming. I knew she was afraid of getting her hair wet. I didn't have to worry about that. I knew mine would dry quickly.  
  
When we crawled out on the other side of the pool, I noticed that the boys were only able to snag three lounge chairs together. There was another empty chair on the other side of the man next to Jeff, but it had a towel on it.  
  
I asked the man, "Pardon me. Do you know whose towel that is?"  
  
He was probably in his late fifties or early sixties, very well tanned, heavy, and he had a HUGE beer belly. He smiled up at me, "Yeah, it's Glenda's, my wife." And he pointed at the volleyball game going on at one end of the pool, "She's the whale with the short blond hair and the big knockers."  
  
"You're terrible." I playfully scolded him.  
  
All of a sudden, he seemed to understand the problem, "Here." He said as he got up from his chair and scooted it over. And then he looked around until he spotted a vacant chair. What a gentleman! He retrieved the empty lounge chair and brought it over, positioning it between his and Jeff's.  
  
"That is so nice of you. I really appreciate it."  
  
He chuckled, "Purely selfish on my part. I didn't want you lying so far away I couldn't perv on you."  
  
I showed him a courtesy, "In that case, you're welcome to perv all you want."  
  
"I will definitely take you up on that." He said with a mischievous grin.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
I adjusted my chair into an almost totally reclining position and spread my towel over it before laying back on it. It was awesome. I could lay there totally naked, take in the sun, and watch all the other naked people walking by and standing around talking in the pool.

The cocks of most of the men were shrunk up to almost nothing, but there were a few that swung from side to side when they walked. I loved watching those.  
  
Ten minutes or so later, the wife of the man sitting next to me walked up the steps and over to where we were. It didn't dawn on me until that minute that I hadn't asked his name.  
  
"Hi" I said to her when she got close enough.  
  
She showed me a wide smile, "I hope my pervert husband isn't bothering you too much."  
  
I laughed, "No, not at all. He's been a doll."  
  
"I'm Glenda" she said, offering me her hand.  
  
"I'm Vicky. Glad to meet you." And then I looked at her husband, "I'm sorry, I didn't get your name."  
  
Glenda laughed, "Hell, with you so close, he was probably too tongue tied to talk. He's Paul."  
  
I extended my hand to him, "Nice to meet you, Paul."  
  
Glenda chuckled, "I'll warn you, Vicky, he won't remember your name five minutes from now. In fact, if I covered his eyes right now, he wouldn't be able to tell me what color your hair is, or your eyes."  
  
Jeff had been silent for the whole time, but he picked that moment to speak up, "Hell, I've been dating her for weeks, and I still don't know what color her hair and eyes are."  
  
I turned and slapped him playfully on the arm, "Ignore him, Glenda. He's just kidding."  
  
And then Glenda made Paul move over into the next chair. She positioned the one he'd just vacated into a sitting position and sat down. "I haven't seen y'all out here before. First time?"  
  
"Yes, first time."  
  
"First time out here, or first time to a nudist camp?"  
  
"None of us has been to a nudist camp before. By the way, that's Lisa and her boyfriend Brian. The asshole here next to me is my boyfriend, Jeff."  
  
"Are you guys going to the dance, later?"  
  
"We were thinking about it." I told her.  
  
She nodded, "Just a note of warning: It gets really wild after midnight, so unless you're into that kind of thing, you'll probably want to be out of there before then."  
  
"Wild? Like an orgy or something?"  
  
"Something like that, yes."  
  
"Wow! Thanks for the warning, and no, we're not into anything like that."  
  
She showed me a friendly smile, "Good, then you're pure nudist鈥攏ot just here for the sex."  
  
I giggled, "Don't get me wrong; we're not opposed to sex, but only with each other."  
  
And then she said, "I'll tell you what; later, before the dance, some of the permanent residents out here have a pot luck every week before the dance. It just so happens that it's at our place this week. We'd love to have you."  
  
"We . . . didn't bring food."  
  
Glenda chuckled, "Don't worry about it. Just BYOB and an appetite. We always have tons of food鈥攁 lot more than we can eat." And then she gave me directions back up the roads to their cabin.  
  
"I can't speak for the others, but I'll definitely be there."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
As the four of us walked up the gravel road, it would have been impossible to miss Glenda and Paul's cabin. There must have been thirty golf carts parked around and a hundred people or more standing around. And there were several folding tables, all covered with cheap plastic table cloths, and all covered with every kind of food you can imagine.  
  
When we walked up, Glenda walked immediately over to their golf cart and honked the horn. "Everyone listen up. This is Vicky, Jeff, Lisa and Brian . . . I hope I got all their names right. This is their first visit to a nudist camp, and I believe they are here for the right reason. Give them a warm welcome and don't be shy about introducing yourselves."  
  
Wow! There was a lot of applause, and then later, there was a line of people waiting to introduce themselves to us. Needless to say, we felt very, very welcome.  
  
Thirty minutes later, after the four of us had finished off the drinks we'd brought with us, one of the men鈥擨 think his name was Terry鈥攑ointed us to the table with the drinks. "You're all over twenty-one, right?"  
  
Not wanting to lie, Jeff said, "We're all over eighteen."  
  
Terry laughed, "Close enough. Go have one on us."  
  
The strange thing was, it was easy to forget everyone was naked. They were just normal people enjoying a normal pot luck and gathering, and socializing in a very normal way. It wasn't erotic, but it was fun . . . a lot of fun. I was hooked.  
  
We were well into the party when Glenda honked her golf cart horn again, "Okay, folks, time to go shake your booty."  
  
One of the ladies told us, "two of you can ride on the back of our cart, and the other two can hitch a ride on someone else's. I'll hook them up."  
  
That was the first time I'd seen golf carts with seats on the back where the golf bags should go, but after looking around, I saw a lot of them. I guess there wasn't a lot of golf being played out there.  
  
The driver of our cart was happy to stop by our RV so that we could mix a fresh drink to take to the dance. And when we walked into the clubhouse, we found it to be a dance like any other, except that most in attendance were naked.  
  
The four of us had a blast. We danced our asses off. Of course, most of the songs came out before we were born, but that didn't matter. We did recognize a few of them like "Old time rock and roll".  
  
But then, all of a sudden, the DJ instructed all the ladies to hit the dance floor. The men lined the edges, hooting and hollering and cheering on the ladies. I had no idea what was going on.  
  
One lady that I recognized from the pot luck leaned in and told me, "Just go with it. This is the song that makes sure all of us old broads get laid every Saturday night.  
  
A minute later, the DJ fired up the song "Cocaine", and the place went crazy. The woman all put their hands high over their heads and began gyrating up against each other. Some went beyond that . . . way beyond. There were hands kneading naked tits, hips bumping and grinding, and a lot of deep kissing.  
  
I'm not sure how many of them groped my tits, but it was several. And two or three of them actually French kissed me on the dance floor.  
  
By the time the song was over, my nipples were rock hard and my pussy was sopping wet.  
  
I told Jeff, "We need to go back to the RV."  
  
Lisa and Brian followed us out, and we laughed all the way back to the RV about all those older women knowing exactly how to turn their old men on.  
  
A minute after entering the RV, Jeff and Brian were lying side by side on their backs on the bed, and Lisa and I were sucking them to hardness. Not long after that, we were working their hard cocks into our pussies.  
  
Almost immediately, Lisa and I began making out, kissing, fondling each other, and giggling at the excited reactions of our boyfriends.  
  
God! I loved kissing her and touching her, and her touching me. Even with Jeff's hard cock inside me, Lisa was getting most of my attention. I didn't hear any complaints from Jeff or Brian.  
  
"Ummmm, let's fuck them now." I purred to Lisa as she was kissing and licking my hard nipple.  
  
"Okay" she said in a raspy voice, "For a few minutes."  
  
Every couple of minutes, Lisa would pull me closer to her and start making out with me again. As much as I enjoyed kissing her, playing with and even sucking her tits, she seemed to be enjoying it even more.  
  
At some point, I had an idea, so I pulled Lisa close and whispered my idea in her ear. She laughed and then grinned from ear to ear. She loved it.  
  
Both of us told our boyfriends that we wanted them to give us plenty of warning when they were about to cum鈥攖hat we had a special treat for them.  
  
Jeff was the first to give the warning, so I moved lower and let his cock plop from my pussy. I had his throbbing cock in my mouth in an instant, and a few seconds later, he started spurting his hot cum into my mouth. I had to swallow some of it, but I saved the rest in my mouth.  
  
While Lisa was finishing Brian off, I showed Jeff that I still had a mouthful of his cum. His eyes got wide. Finally, Lisa was ready, and after showing both boys that she also had a mouthful of cum, we began kissing, sharing our boyfriend's cum with each other, swirling it together. That was the hottest thing I'd ever done in my life, and I LOVED IT!  
  
\* \* \*  
  
When I got back to my dorm, I had to give Shell a rundown of the weekend. I purposefully left out the parts about me and Lisa.  
  
She was still intrigued about 'the dance', "So, you got felt up and kissed by other women?"  
  
"Yes, it was funny."  
  
"Funny? It didn't turn you on?"  
  
"Nah, it wasn't like that. They were just doing it to turn on their husbands."  
  
She showed me a skeptical look, "Still, it didn't turn you on鈥攏ot even a little?"  
  
I rolled my eyes, "No, Shell, I'm not gay, remember?"  
  
She giggled, "A girl can always hope."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
On Monday, I'd just finished having lunch with Jeff when I got a call I didn't expect. It was Lisa. "Hello."  
  
"Vic, it's Lisa, look, I really need to talk to you. Will you join me for tacos or a burger later?"  
  
"Can you give me a hint?"  
  
"No, please just meet me."  
  
"Okay"  
  
\* \* \*  
  
Sitting in the parking lot of Taco Bell, Lisa turned to me and said, "There's no since putting it off. The reason I wanted to see you is to tell you how much I enjoyed the weekend."  
  
"I enjoyed it too." I told her, not sure were she was going with it.  
  
"More to the point, I really enjoyed what you and I did together."  
  
"Oh" I said as I got what she was saying, "Me too."  
  
"Whew!" She said, fanning her face with her napkin, "I was afraid you'd get out of the car and run."  
  
"No, why would I?" And then I thought about it for a few seconds and added, "Lisa, my roommate is a lesbian. I don't fool around with her, but I haven't asked for another roommate either. You're the first girl I've even kissed."  
  
"You did enjoy it though, right? Please tell me you did, cause I know I did . . . and you were my first too."  
  
I decided to put an end to the dancing around, "Yes, yes I did. Now, out with it: what's on your mind?"  
  
She seemed to be contemplating how to answer, and then she said, "I'm not getting gay on you or anything, but . . ."  
  
"But what?"  
  
"On the boat and later at the nudist camp . . . I . . . I really enjoyed the whole being nude thing."  
  
"Yeah, me too, so?"  
  
"Brian fucked me last night. It was fun as always, but I kept thinking . . . I don't know . . . that it would be better if you were there."  
  
"Or out in public somewhere?"  
  
"Yeah, that too."  
  
"I think I understand." I told her honestly. "So, what do you have in mind?"  
  
"I don't know yet, but I wanted to know that you're in before I spend too much time on it."  
  
I put my hand on her arm and showed her a smile, "As long as I don't have to fuck anyone other than Jeff, count me in."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
"Where are we going exactly?" It was Saturday morning and we were driving in Lisa's car north from San Antonio.  
  
"It's a state park up in the hill country. It's not too far."  
  
The Texas Hill Country is just north of San Antonio. It is an area of large rolling hills鈥攏ot like the mountains of Southwest Texas or with the tall pine forest of East Texas, but a mixture of the two. There was a lot of woods, tons of deer, some antelope, and even some zebras, elk, and other exotic animals that had escaped from the nearby refuge.  
  
"Damn, I wish we'd brought something to drink. I need all the courage I can get."  
  
Lisa chucked, "Check my beach bag."  
  
I pulled it from the back seat and found in it a pint of Fireball. "Fireball? Really?" It was a very spicy, cinnamon flavored whiskey.  
  
Lisa laughed and told me, "Don't chug it."  
  
I took a tentative sip. It took my breath away. "Holy Shit!"  
  
By the time we'd checked in at the Ranger Station and headed out on one of the trails, I had a decent buzz working. We walked for about a mile up the winding path. We'd only seen a couple of other hikers, a young twenty something couple, so Lisa said, "It's now or never."  
  
Within seconds, we were both naked except for our sneakers. We stuffed our clothes in her beach bag, took another sip of the Fireball, and continued our journey.  
  
As luck would have it, the next people we ran across was a trio of guys, two twenty something and one that appeared to be in his mid teens, probably the younger brother of one or both of the other two. They weren't shy about speaking to us, "Hi Ladies."  
  
I responded, "Hi yourself."  
  
"You two look like you're enjoying yourselves."  
  
God! It was too surreal. We were just standing on the path in the middle of the woods, totally naked, and chatting it up with total strangers who were fully clothed. "You should try it. It's very liberating."  
  
One of the older boys chuckled, "Yeah right. We'd end up in jail and on a sexual predator list."  
  
Lisa agreed, "Yeah, you're probably right." And then she added, "Well, if the young one here as seen enough for one day, we'd better be on our way."  
  
That caused me and the two older boys to laugh, and then one of them mussed up the younger one's hair and said, "You can put your eyeballs back in their sockets now. Thank the ladies for making your day."  
  
The younger one swallowed hard, "Uh . . . thanks."  
  
Lisa and I were still laughing when we rounded the next curve in the path. That's when she grabbed my arm and pulled me to a stop, "Holy shit! That was too fucking wild. Did it make you as hot as it did me?"  
  
"God yes. My pussy is dripping."  
  
There was a small stream to our right, so Lisa took my hand and led me a few yards off the path. We took off our shoes and waded out into the ankle-deep chilly water. And then she spun me around and began kissing me and feeling me up. I reciprocated in kind.  
  
And then she shocked the hell out of me, "Don't look now, but we have an audience." When she felt my body stiffen, she whispered, "Don't worry, it's just a Park Ranger."  
  
My eyes flew open, so she kissed me again. All I could think was 'fuck it, in for a penny, in for a pound.'  
  
When we broke that kiss, Lisa giggled and said, "He's gone."  
  
"Really?" I asked, looking around toward the path. "Are you sure there was a Ranger there, or were you just fucking with me?"  
  
"I swear. He was on a Segway and he just stopped and watched us for a couple of minutes."  
  
"That's too fucking hot." And then I shrugged, "I guess they see a little of everything out here."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
After putting our shoes back on, I took a big swig of the Fireball, shuddered, coughed, and then giggled, "Let's go."  
  
We'd only walked another few hundred yards through the woods when we encountered an older couple going the other direction. I didn't know what to expect, but as it turned out, both of them were very cool about it.  
  
They were just barely in earshot when the wife nudged her husband with her elbow, "Mind your manners."  
  
"Yes, Ma'am." And then he tipped his hat to us, "Nice day for a hike, isn't it."  
  
Lisa responded, "Yes, it's absolutely wonderful."  
  
And then they passed us and were gone.  
  
We made the loop and were half way back to our car before our next encounter. It was the Park Ranger on the Segway. "You girls seem to be having fun."  
  
I smiled at him, "Oh, we are."  
  
He remained very professional, looking us in the eyes . . . most of the time. "Just so you know, nudity is against the law out here."  
  
Lisa giggled, "Are you going to arrest us?"  
  
He chuckled, "No, we haven't received any official complaints, so I think a verbal warning will suffice this time. Just make sure you are dressed before you get down to the parking lot."  
  
After receiving our assurance that we would obey his request, he tipped his hat, grinned from ear to ear, and sped away.  
  
\* \* \*  
  
The minute we were back in Lisa's car, I called Jeff, "If you and Brian aren't too busy, Lisa and I really need to get fucked."  
  
When he finished laughing, he asked simply, "When and where?"  
  
"In one hour at our little spot at that lake. Bring a blanket."  
  
\* \* \*  
  
An hour later, Lisa and I were impaled on our respective boyfriend's cocks and making out with each other hot and heavy. Between our kisses, we managed to tell the boys about our day.  
  
They both expressed a desire to go with us next time, "We can watch from a ways away."  
  
Lisa looked at me, "What do you think?"  
  
I shrugged, and in a sexy purr, I said, "I guess that depends on whether he rolls over and fucks me like there's no tomorrow."  
  
Jeff chuckled, "I've got that covered." He said, rolling me onto my back, and then he immediately began fucking me for all he was worth.  
  
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Jeff proposed to me at the beginning of our third semester, but we decided to put off getting married until we both graduated and had jobs. That didn't take long, and as luck would have it, we both ended up working for Lockheed Martin, a defense contractor in Ft Worth, TX.  
  
Brian, Lisa, Shelly and Bev all attended our wedding. Of course, we saw Brian and Lisa more often than the others, since they both landed decent jobs in Dallas. We never tired of our little get-togethers, and discovering new ways for Lisa and I show off our bodies in public.  
  
One would think that my degree in Computer Science would land me a job in that field, but it didn't. Instead, I was hired as an Executive Assistant to a fairly low level manager. Jeff landed a job in the Contract Negotiation Division. Within two years, we both got promoted up several times.  
  
I learned quickly that it was normal in large companies for a secretary that performs well to get "Stolen up" from one manager to a higher level manager. Within two years, I'd been stolen up four times.  
  
Several years in, I made a huge decision. With Jeff's full support, I got breast implants-nothing too dramatic. After the scars healed and the tenderness went away, I was sporting a brand new pair of C cup tits. I LOVED IT! And Lisa loved it too.