**Nude at the Museum**

by luv2custrip

*Laura is talked into even more museum nakedness.*

(A sequel to "Yes, Mr. Johnson")

I knew exactly what Glynda wanted to talk about when she invited me to her penthouse: her exclusive, high-rise suite, overlooking the sparkling clear blue water.

She wanted me to get naked at the museum again.

(And yes: my avant-garde artist's name really was Glynda.)

For those of you who can't bring yourself to read Part One, ("Yes, Mr. Johnson") my name is Laura, a recent grad student. I'm still 34C - 24 - 34 as far as I know and I still have short black hair that curls up so cute just under my ears.

Anyhow. After Glynda heard about what happened the last time: after my very last nude public pose; after my horrible encounter with my crazed fanatic fan, she was nearly inconsolable. I got multiple emails, texts, phone calls and flowers. It was "all my (her) fault," she "pushed you (me) into it," and I was "so sweet and beautiful but I nearly got you killed!"

Well.

I told her that I was a grown woman. I had decided to pose without my clothes, and I had definitely gotten overly excited in a very sexual and much too public way.

I actually masturbated for the jerk, naked on stage-- which was the number one reason why we couldn't go to the police.

The museum conducted their own investigation. Of course he used a phony name and a newly stolen credit card for his museum membership. They also had no record of anyone like him ever working there. He was obviously obsessed with Glynda's live nude female art and he probably talked to somebody who worked at the museum at some point, all to pretend that he was a disgruntled ex-employee.

And that was it. I moved on with my life, and Paul and I moved in together.

I still remember that first night after he literally tucked me into his bed, in his tiny one-bedroom apartment blocks from the scene of the near-crime. He kissed my forehead-- and left. I couldn't believe it.

I had stripped to my panties while he gallantly turned away until my brazen nakedness was safely hidden under the covers. Seven whole minutes went by. I stared at my watch. I got up and stood in the open doorway. He was sitting on his sofa, staring back at me.

"Are you really going to make sleep alone tonight... after everything?!"

As I turned: "I sleep in the nude, by the way," and I started pulling off my panties.

Well I never thought a big man like him could move that fast! He was behind me in two seconds; he grabbed me under my ass; (I yelped); he ripped my panties off; and he had me naked in his bed in all of three seconds.

When he got his own clothes off, I found out that he was a big man in another very special way. He made me forget all about my scare that night as I watched him so gently lower himself deeper and deeper inside my body until I couldn't believe I had room for all of him in there.

I definitely yelped even more-- several times.

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Glynda's penthouse suite... I can only describe it by my own reaction as I walked off the elevator, down the plush carpeted hallway, and into her open door.

"Wow! Oh my god: wow!"

The view of the city, the other high-rise luxury condos, the gleaming office towers, and of course the glistening water view: from the harbor filled with pleasure boats out to the impossibly blue horizon.

"Was that 'wow' for the view or for me?" Glynda teased, taking my arm and leaning into me.

"Both," I had to admit. At first glance, my wonderfully thin and leggy artist friend appeared to be wearing a very short, black, terrycloth micro-mini dress. Then I noticed the matching belted tie.

"Yes it's a robe!" She laughed. "I am always running about nude here, being this high up, with reflective windows... I put a robe on for guests... well, certain guests."

I gulped. She was obviously very nude underneath. She sat us down at a round glass table with a view of the water... and her robe rode up another inch or two. Glynda had pencil-thin legs-- but they were so long, they were dynamite legs.

I'm sure she caught me looking before I pointedly turned away.

"This IS an amazing view." I sipped my cool ice tea. If I wasn't here to be seduced-- or to seduce-- than why did I drive nearly forty -five minutes? Why was I wearing short white designer shorts and a tight powder blue top that made me look... fetching?

Well I didn't want to be fetched. I had Paul. No other fetching for me for now.

"You have another job for me." I blurted it out as I turned to face her. Not only was she looking me over as if she was memorizing my body, her robe had somehow climbed up another inch. I estimated there was only one more inch left until "Hello Kitty!" level.

"And I'm posing nude... I assume."

Now Glynda looked away.

"I... I just... I know after what happened to you, and how I felt afterward..."

She put her drink down and scooted her chair closer.

"You are my most amazing, most real, God-honest naturally beautiful model."

Glynda put her left hand on my right knee.

"There's something about you. When you're naked you're... everywoman, but also every man's dream."

She pointed to her entertainment system.

"I still have the unedited digital film of you. I will never post it. I never ever want some other ignorant creep out there, masturbating or--"

She broke off and quickly turned away.

Glynda was actually getting emotional. I put my hand on her shoulder. I rubbed her back.

"It wasn't that bad you know. And-- I got Paul out of the whole crazy experience. And-- it really really wasn't your fault."

Glynda reached out for her ice tea and took a swig as if it was a much stronger drink.

"I know, I know. It's... my therapist tells me I have to be open with the people I love. If I'm not open, other doors will never open."

She licked her lips and looked straight at me.

"I play that film of you naked... again and again. Even though your face isn't in it, it's as if every inch of your body is glowing, just for me. I'm in love with you, or I'm in love with the idea of you. Either way... you are one of the most perfect works of art I have ever seen. I simply have to have you naked again. And I want others to have you too."

I had been wondering if I was going to be facing a seduction attempt as well as a naked job offer. But I wasn't expecting to be told that my beautiful, avant-garde artist was deeply in love with me.

I stared out at the water view until I noticed a change in Glynda's breathing. She too was staring out but there were silent tears falling from her eyes. I put my ice tea down. I took her ice tea from her hand. I moved my chair even closer to hers and I put my arm around her.

She sighed and leaned her head on my shoulder. I began stroking her long, much-too-red red hair.

I looked down and noticed Glynda's robe had finally fallen open enough to reveal a bit of fluffy brown hair down there.

I tried to ignore it.

"I think I'm in love with the idea of you too."

She seemed startled at that admission, but stayed quiet, trying to blink back her tears.

"I'm still in awe of you as an artist, and I am continually amazed that you're so beautiful but you don't seem to know it.

But... I'm really not into women at all... never even thought about it. I'm not against the idea..."

I hesitated. The truth was the best option.

"I'm not ruling it out; meaning: I'm never ruling YOU out. You're beautiful, and you've been so sweet and loving to me..."

Then I did something totally spontaneous. I did not want to lead on this sweet, special, very vulnerable lady.

But.

I reached down and fluffed up her brown fur with my fingers... then I closed her robe.

Glynda let out a gasp. I grabbed her and she grabbed me and we kissed hard, mouths open.

"I understand," she sighed as our lips parted. "l'll wait for you to make up your mind.

I am continuously invited to the most exclusive parties around the world. I've been chased by at least two princes around their yachts, one king in his bedroom, and one real Lady... well, I let that particular Lady catch me!

I would give all of that up only to spend a few days right here, being naked with you. Kissing you and touching you and laughing with you and loving you."

She gave a heavy sigh and I held her tight.

"I will think about that. I think I might like that. I think I might be ready for that. But...

First you've got to tell me all about my next nude assignment!"

(I will let Glynda tell this part of the story in her own words, without any more annoying interruptions from me:)

"First of all, this will be taking place in the newly renovated City Museum on the waterfront-- it's only six blocks from here.

You will be suspended over a members only, private viewing area on a special block of glass. The glass is made of the same glass they used on the walkway over the Grand Canyon.

This particular block of glass used to hold seven or eight hundred pounds of ultraviolet minerals; quite a show as people walked under it, lit only by black light.

The glass is encased in and held up by thin steel bars that gleam just like glass and are hardly noticeable. These bars are not just attached to the wall-- they are embedded in all of the layers of wall out to the outside concrete and stone.

You'll be suspended eight feet off the ground... we roll out a ladder for access. The glass is seven feet long and three and a half feet wide-- so you have to be careful up there! Your naked body will be the last thing the museum-goers see as they exit-- two or three feet above their heads.

We like the timed, seven-minute rule. One minute to get in, five minutes really enjoying the exhibit-- and especially enjoying you-- then one minute exiting.

There is some interaction with the visitors... they can ask you to hold any one pose for up to five minutes. Any pose is allowed, no matter how naughty, as long as it's not harmful or potentially harmful to you.

You'll be one of three nude models; you'll go once in the morning for an hour-- technically fifty-six minutes-- and once in the afternoon.

The theme is 'Discarded / Rising Above.' There will be a circular area, enclosed by a plexiglass 'fence.' It will look as if your own glass platform is a diving board over a pool.

Except: this 'pool' won't be filled with water. It will be filled with discarded female clothing:

High heels, pumps, slippers, flip-flops, sneakers, tennis shoes, boots, stockings, garters, socks, pantyhose, leggings, panties, bloomers, thongs, corsets, bras, girdles, slips, petticoats, nightgowns, baby-dolls, robes, dresses, skirts, blouses, jumpers, bikinis, one-piecers, shorts, jeans, slacks, business suits, tank tops, sun hats, caps, bonnets, jackets, coats, scarves and mittens.

Oh! Then there'll be a smattering of jewelry and makeup items; you won't be wearing any makeup at all. Totally nude means totally nude!

You're worried about the routine of driving here, forty-five minutes each way, and then hanging out for your afternoon show. Don't be: I rent a suite a few floors below me; it's yours and Paul's for the week. I guess Paul will be the first one to make love to you out on a balcony with a view of the water... I was hoping it was going to be me!"

Well. Time for me to jump in again. Yes, Paul and I made love (translation: had crazy sex) out on the balcony in the middle of the day. The balconies were very private. Although, if someone in one of those gleaming office towers happened to bring their binoculars to work...

Glynda didn't know that I had become a sort of exhibitionist. Now that's silly: how do you "sort of" run around in public with your clothes off?!

Paul and I had only recently discovered a fairly secluded hiking spot, tucked into the middle of all the suburban sprawl. A parking area for only three or four cars, a quick walk up a trail, and we were suddenly in deep woods. We took the trail all the way up-- steep at times, but Paul was trying to get in shape-- and there was a view of a nearby interstate highway, just a thousand feet or so away.

I looked at Paul and said "I'm stripping." He just stared. I shrugged and pulled off my t-shirt, my bra, then my shorts and panties over my hiking shoes. I jumped up and down with my tits bouncing, waving crazily at the traffic that was roaring by... a thousand feet away, down a slope, moving about eighty miles an hour.

Paul just watched, licking his lips.

"You are crazy but you're beautiful... I love you so much!"

Now guys: that's what you should say when your girlfriend rips off her clothes in semi-public like that! Why? Because we had such crazy-beautiful sex when we got home.

Was that all, you ask? No. I had noticed there were two older guys there, fishing on the other side of a stream. I did what I never should have done: I went back, the same time of day. Alone.

I was lucky. They were there again. I was right on the main path. I ducked behind a tree and stripped. I was only wearing a tee and short shorts. I walked up to the other side of the river. Naked.

They stared.

"Oh my goodness! I guess now was not a good time for me to walk around like this!"

The guy with gray hair spoke up. "Oh that's okay sweetheart; you can walk around like that anytime!"

The bald guy was silent and unmoving.

"I'm really bad: going naked hiking and hoping nobody will see me." It was like I was an actress reciting her lines-- or like when I played the naked secretary in my last museum appearance. I was too much in shock at myself to turn red; I was actually shaking.

"This stream's a bit cold to cross in your bare feet; so why don't you cross over that bridge, come and join us!"

"Oh no," I said. "Now you guys are being bad! My naked hiking's over for today... I just hope my boyfriend never finds out!"

(That part was sincere.)

As I turned to go: "Your boyfriend is one lucky man."

Then the bald guy finally found his voice: "Holy shit! What a sweet ass!"

Paul must have wondered what got into me that night. I begged him to do something to my ass he had never done before. It was a valiant attempt but he was way too big.

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My first nude morning scheduled pose and there I was: undressing once again in a backroom in a museum. I walked the six blocks in a loose, oversized tee and some baggy boy-shorts. No underwear; we didn't want any unsightly lines from bra straps or even too-tight panty waistbands.

I put on a very short, very silky, very sexy little robe. It was dark blue and it was both soft and clingy. I loved the feeling on my naked body, especially the brushing of my hard-button nipples against the fabric and how tight yet bouncy my ass cheeks felt as I walked the short, very private corridor.

There was only one door to enter marked "Control Room." I had been told to walk right in. I took a deep breath--

There was a compact, muscular man smiling at me. He had an unruly mop of light brown hair, olive eyes and olive skin. There was a wall of five TV/video screens behind him, a stool, some shelves, and some bulky computer equipment.

"You are Laura and you are the beautiful one. I am Davood and you are my guardian."

"Huh?"

He laughed and displayed a row of perfect white teeth. "My English! I am your guardian. I will protect you. You will never fall or harmed when I am here."

I didn't know what to say or do. Whenever he smiled... wow! He was a beautiful man. I leaned in for a kiss on the cheek. He took my head in his hands and kissed me on the lips instead.

I already said "wow;" wow again!

"Do you want to be the nude in here, or wait until you climb the glass?"

I hesitated. I turned my back to him. I undid my robe. I started to let it fall off my shoulders.

I felt his strong, gentle hands pull the robe off me. He put one of his hands on my shoulder and turned me around to face him as he draped the robe over some type of computer equipment.

He looked me over as if he had never seen a naked woman before.

"You are the one," he whispered.

He took my chin and lifted it up with his right hand. He ran his left hand up and down the contours of my naked form: never being intimate, but making me feel like I was a rare work of art.

"I will hug and kiss naked now; then we will go." He took me in his muscular arms and I nearly melted. His kiss was even gentler now that I was nude than when my robe was on. I ran my hands up and down the rippling muscles of his back.

I kept an image of my sweet Paul in my head: a man who loved me getting naked in public; a man who was desperately trying to get back into shape for me.

Without Paul in there with me, i would have been pulling down chinos and leaning against the wall with my legs around the waist of a man I had just met.

I was that sexed up.

Davood pressed a button and it seemed that part of the wall opened up. I was looking into a much larger area; all white and shiny metal and warmly lit.

Davood grasped what I had thought were clear plastic shelves-- the whole thing was actually a ladder on wheels. I followed him naked into the museum proper... the place where I would be very improperly exposing every part of me that made me a woman.

It was a little like entering a conical-shaped spaceship: everything was white panels, framed by gleaming silver metal. It was a big round area-- thirty feet across?-- and my glassy platform did resemble a diving board, over a sea of women's clothing.

"Wow wow wow" I said. "This is amazing, beautiful..." I had to stop because I was actually getting choked up.

Davood was behind me. He wrapped those strong arms around me and pressed his hands into my firm but soft belly. "You are what makes beautiful... you are only work of art in this place."

I pushed my naked body back against his body until I could feel his hardness against my bare ass.

"No no no," he turned me around. "It is right that you are horny-- She wants your girl juice all over glass-- but I must stay strong and hard without you."

He rolled the clear plastic ladder up to the glass and locked the wheels. I looked up and I was suddenly frightened. Eight feet up is eight feet up!

"Go up back ass: trust me! I must kiss your body along the way to keep you knowing you are safe and warm."

I did what he told me although I was crying softly almost all the way up. When my pussy was level with his lips, he kissed me right there. His lips were wet and he briefly pressed them against the bulge in my hoodie where my currently shy love nub was hiding out-- or hiding in.

Davood's kisses kept me going until he began to nibble my baby toes. Suddenly my naked butt was butting up against surprisingly warm glass.

"I'm here!" I was nearly shouting.

"Take it the easy; sit back, then swing the pretty legs up."

I did everything this beautiful creature told me. I was here: naked on my slab. I was about to show every inch of my body-- and probably some inside inches of my body-- to total strangers.

I looked down at myself. My clit appeared to be uncoiling; springing out like a naughty baby snake. My tits were so hard they almost hurt.

"I'm ready," I said. "Pull the ladder away."

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My first visitors were a very attractive, stylishly dressed couple; maybe in their late thirties. They both seemed amused at the pool of discarded female clothes. I didn't realize that there were attached poles with scoops at the end like pool skimmers. I watched the husband play until he scooped up some teeny lace panties. They both laughed.

There was supposed to be much signage outside: "Members Only Area;" "Timed Tickets Required;" and the ever-popular dire warning of "Full Female Nudity."

Then they got to the placard: I was "the brunette." I had risen above my need for clothing, jewelry and makeup and any other manmade artifices. Only their helpful suggestions for poses would help bind my physical body to this plane of existence.

They whispered and giggled a bit. The dark blonde lady with the long high-heeled legs was the spokesperson: "We'd like the brunette face down on the glass."

Her husband added: "With her legs spread as wide-open as possible."

The wife playfully punched his arm.

I watched them as they approached. Then they were two or three feet below me; faces up, necks stretched.

"So fucking beautiful," the husband proclaimed.

"Oh god," the wife exclaimed, "I can even see her gooey pink insides!"

Then they left, clutching each other.

I started to move.

"You are to hold the pose for five minutes, or you will be punished."

I opened and closed my mouth and licked my lips. Davood's voice apparently came from a speaker just above and behind me.

"You're watching me!" I murmured, face still smushed up against the glass.

"Every lovely move," he said.

I breathed in and out, holding my position.

"How will you punish me?"

A pause. "She knows her models; She knows what they like and what they hate. I do not like to cause the pain... but I will. With you... I think it is maybe the humiliation. I will try not to enjoy it too much."

I held my pose until he told me I was done.

During that first hour, I was asked to hold my butt cheeks open and then lower myself on the glass that way. I got several requests to hold my labia open and spread my legs out so that my vagina was clearly visible.

There was a night class at the museum in line drawing with nude female models. Just before my last visitor, my last naked pose, I lay back, luxuriating in a fantasy:

The professor directed his small class of men and women directly under me. The lounged back in loungers, gazing up at my open holes.

"Here we will tackle the mounds and folds of flesh, as well as the bold yet delicate openings of the female nude. Try to capture her moistness, the lines of her milky secretions..."

"What are you doing?" The Voice was soft and gentle for once.

"Masturbating," I responded, dipping my fingers in my vagina and bringing the juices up to my clit. "Would you like to join me?"

Silence for thirty seconds.

"You are not just goddess of sex. You are goddess of sweet fucks and hard cocks shoving inside you all over."

The speaker clicked off.

The last guy wanted me to squat like I was going to pee, facing him as he approached me and then walked under me, gaping up at my gaping anus, my perineum, my wide-open cunt.

I was ready to get down then the Davood voice asked me if I really wanted to pee. I said that I certainly could, but that I preferred to do it in the ladies loo.

The door panel slid open. Davood looked up at me.

"Pee for me now, over the side."

"No! I--"

"You want to do because it is so dirty; anything you do we will clean. Your pussy juice and sweat already all over glass."

I was breathing hard as I got as close to the edge as I could, squatting.

"I can't!" I wailed.

"You want to do," he observed.

He rolled the ladder closer as if it was a reward for me to start tinkling. Perhaps it was.

"You close eyes; you breathe deep; you think of flowing water. Do not be afraid: I will catch you if you fall."

His voice was so soothing. It felt as if, after all of the indecent exposure I had just gone through, urinating eight feet onto the museum floor was an act of defiance and also a real release.

I could feel it coming. "Oh my god!" At first I only wet the edge of the glass between my open thighs, then my golden stream burst out-- and down onto the floor. "Oh god!" I opened my eyes and Davood was closer to me than before. "I... I don't want to wet you!"

"You won't," he murmured. "Such a dirty girl."

That was it.

"Oh god I'm cumming: I can't stop!"

"Sit back!" he commanded. "You are too close to the edge. Back on that sweet ass now!!"

"I'm wetting myself!" I was shaking. I looked down at my pussy mound: my outer lips were wide open, I couldn't stop my lower body quivering. My clit was twitching and dripping. My pussy hole just got a splash of hot pee on it and in it and I totally lost it.

I screamed and yelled some pretty bad things for a while. I hoped this area was soundproof. It went on for maybe two minutes so it was one of more shorter big Os.

Davood's head popped over the edge of the glass.

"Jesus! You scared me!"

"Sorry!" He was grinning. He didn't look sorry.

"Did the peeing make you cum?"

"I made a mess!" I moaned.

"I don't care cleaning lady messes. I guess that was your baptism by urine!"

I stared at him.

He laughed so hard he almost fell off the ladder.

"I make word joke in English: this means I am getting so good!" He looked straight at my sticky, soaked pubes, streaming with girly-goo and pee, inches from his face. "I do better English always when I hang with dirty American girls."

I sighed. "Then this is one dirty girl who would pay you to be your tutor."

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And that was just my first morning

When you think about it, how many different ways can you have a naked woman pose on a slab of glass eight feet off the floor? I wasn't allowed to stand up-- too dangerous. Eventually, the voice of Davood allowed for some dangling-- my legs or my breasts-- over the sides of my slab.

As the week wore on I noticed trends in nude poses. By Friday it was "can the brunette stick her finger in?"

The Voice of Reason determined that fingers in anuses required manmade lubricants; fingers in vaginas were allowed, provided I was naturally lubricated. So some lucky patrons got to watch as I diddled myself-- legs open-- until my vagina was deemed safe for digital insertion.

I would end up with legs spread, visibly dripping onto and smearing the glass, posing for the full five with one two three fingers up in my cunt.

I was nothing but naked tits ass and pussy now. I walked around naked in our suite, I strolled out onto the balcony and hoped someone would see me. I had entered a state in which I existed as nothing but a body to be exposed and gawked it. This was my raison d'etre and I told myself that I wasn't angry about it or anything about it. I accepted it.

Friday afternoon and it was my last nude pose. Again. My body was tingling as I walked to the museum. I so wanted to just strip off right on the street. As it was, as soon as I showed my ID and entered the "Museum Staff Only" section I stripped off my sundress which was all I was wearing and dropped it in the first corridor. I kicked off my flip flops and almost hit a startled woman exiting her office. Men stood up and peered over their cubicle walls at my nakedness.

I didn't give one sweet fuck what happened to my clothes. If I had to steal some office lady's jacket or run home naked I didn't care.

When I got to the Control Room I was ready to pull out Davood's cock and suck it off or bite it off... I no longer cared. I was nothing but a completely sexual, totally sexualized excuse for a human being.

I opened the door like I was the Hulk and I was gonna rip it off the hinges...

...and a completely nude, very thin, strikingly sexy woman with long, platinum blonde hair was standing there.

I took a long look.

"Glynda?!"

She smiled. "This wig! It's a good disguise if I had even you fooled for all of 1.5 seconds." She gestured downward. "I am also newly de-furred, so I don't need to worry about the carpeting not matching the--"

She was unable to speak any longer with my lips pushed roughly against hers, my tongue seeking the back of her throat.

Glynda pushed me away lightly and came up for air. "In your words... 'wow!'"

"I just need you," I breathed out. "I'm just so... I totally need you!"

She hugged me and held my head against her shoulder.

"Would you have me on a glass platform, suspended eight feet in the air, in front of random members of the museum?"

I stared at her.

"The two of us up there? All naked and touching each other?? Oh my god yes: yes!"

I worried about the lucite ladder being left there. Glynda looked down.

"If someone wants to climb up and join us, the more the merrier!"

I was touching her continuously: her face, her arm, her hip, her ass, her leg, her foot. I needed the reassurance of her nearby nudity; her body radiating love, warmth and acceptance.

Glynda held me lightly and kissed me.

"Our first visitor..."

I waited and tried to calm my breathing. It was a single, very much older man, perhaps in his seventies. He only glanced at the pool of discarded clothing; his gaze was only on us.

He stopped in front of the placard and paused as he considered his request.

"Can the blonde lean back with her legs open? Can the brunette get in-between those legs and press her open mouth on the blonde's slit?"

I gasped involuntarily and I'm sure I was heard. The man was smiling even more, knowing that at least one of us was monumentally embarrassed at such a public display of a lesbian tasting event.

"Come on," Glynda was already in position. "You were begging for me to take you just ten minutes ago... take me now."

I licked my lips and scrunched down. I put my hands on her slender thighs. I looked deep into her pink, open, glistening folds; I had never seen anything so beautiful.

I dived in, eyes closed, and tasted her.

Glynda actually smelled and tasted like... vanilla? strawberry?

"I massaged in some edible lotions this morning. Open your eyes and look up to me! I shaved my puss, I massaged it and palpated it deep inside to the point of almost cumming... I did it all so that I could see those eyes of yours, looking up at me between my thighs."

We looked at each other.

"I am in love with you," I whispered, daring to lift my mouth off her genitals for a moment.

"I've loved you since the first time I saw you naked and blushing for me, up on that silly stage," she replied.

I had tears in my eyes.

"My sweet girl," she whispered. "Sweet sweet girl."

I suddenly noticed movement. The elderly gentleman was directly below us, looking up at his self-directed nude tableau through the glass.

"You are both so beautiful," he stated softly. "I can hardly stand it."

And he left.

There were requests following for us to put tit A in mouth B; or finger B up anus A. We did the best we could with anuses; slipping our digits between the other's tight sweaty ass-cheeks was more than sufficient.

Then the last couple, and I swore to myself I had seen them before:

The husband: "Can the blonde put her fist in the brunette's vagina?"

Glynda looked at me expectantly. "You're no doubt wet enough; I think it's only a matter of how tight. I so not want to cause you any pain."

"Start with three fingers, go to four. Squeeze your thumb in the middle and then just slide it all in," I begged. "Up here naked and you all over me, I need as much of you inside me as I can get! Fucking now!!"

Glynda grinned as I got into position this time: leaning back on my elbows, breasts heaving, legs spread. Glynda knelt down between my legs, presenting her skinny but shapely rump nicely up and out for our appreciative audience.

"I love how you've figured out your preferred method of entry already," she teased. "Have you been dreaming of me inside?"

Now she was teasing my sopping, bulging-out folds with her fingers. I scooted my ass right up and I pulled myself open.

"I want you in my cunt!" I was much too loud. I looked down at the husband. He was licking his lips and he mouthed "nice" right at me.

Then he glanced at his watch and I knew.

"They were at that party-- the last museum-- I came out as the naked secretary and he kept checking his watch. He couldn't wait for me to stand up and go to the copier... he couldn't wait to see my pussy and my ass."

Glynda had three fingers in just past her knuckles and was in the process of squeezing her hand together as small as possible.

"Maybe they get around. And maybe I set this all up just to fuck you in public." She looked over the glass. "They're coming... our audience wants my fist inside you. Take it."

And she stared deep into my eyes as she pushed in, up to her wrist.

I finally looked down. My eyes were wide and my mouth was open at the sight. I held my breath...

"That's it," Glynda hissed. "Hold your breath until they leave."

Then she started wiggling her fingers inside me, so near to my G-spot.

I wanted to lift my naked ass off the girl-cum soaked glass and begin to gyrate on her fist.

"I can't I can't I can't" I hissed back.

"You two are the hottest fucking sweet naked cunts I have ever seen."

It was the voice of the husband, raw with horniness right below.

"I want you naked like that tonight, out on our balcony, spreading your sweet ass open until I hear someone on the street scream 'Holy shit!'" Horny hubby was apparently addressing his sweet wife.

His wife was gasping as he led her out. I saw him reaching down between her legs in her tight designer slacks and starting to press his hand into her.

The second they left I used my entire lower body, my ass, my pussy, my clit, my fur, my thighs, to fuck that fist. Glynda hardly moved. She was open-mouthed in some kind of daze. I saw sweat pooling on her flat round tits. I saw gobs of milky-white drooling down her thighs.

She put her other hand inside herself as we both came hard, both of us screaming each other's names and both of us crying hysterically for some reason.

Glynda had me stand up for her. I was scared and my knees were wobbly but she held onto me. She was kneeling in front of me on the glass, trying to make herself as small as possible.

The glass surface was stained with a mixture of our sweat and with our girl cum. Glynda wanted it left that way "until a man finds it. He wets his finger and he tastes it. He wonders what sweet, soft, wonderful creatures could have left such a glorious mess."

Now she was looking up at me with a girlish innocence.

"I like to pretend that you're my work of art: you're not. You're my goddess. I worship at your feet."

And then she did just that, kissing my feet, nibbling softly on my toes, caressing my ankles with her silly platinum wig. She got so quiet, but it wasn't until I felt her hot wet tears that I realized that she was softly crying.

I looked up at the white and silver tiles on the circular domed ceiling. I really was a woman who was rising far above the world; far above any traditional, mundane concepts of what it meant to be truly and uncompromisingly loved.

As the tears started streaming down my own face, I lifted up my arms. Why couldn't I fly? I had never felt such peace and love before... I should've been able to fly.

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I'm trying to finish this up on my tablet, stretched out in my sand chair as Paul impatiently waits for the latest batch of nude young models to arrive.

I'm naked as usual; Paul has his security guard uniform on. He must be sweating, but he loves acting out these fantasies. The boat will drop anchor as closely as possible; the girls will jump out, already nude-- I just hope that Paul refrains from handcuffing any of them until they're safely on dry land.

Glynda made Paul her head of European security. But aside from watching over fifty amateur models who had just stripped naked and were told to put on panties that had been soaked in baby oil-- and then stand as still as statues as all of the gawking museum patrons inspected their bared breasts and their oily-wet camel toes-- he really hadn't done much security guarding.

This was his fantasy and I feared it was his obsession: handcuffing young, naked first-time nude models and pretending to search their every orifice for "contraband."

The more explicit, avant-garde photographers loved it. Paul set the B&D scene while they clicked away.

But I feared that it was my Paul now who was floating away from the Earth-- just not on an eight-foot high slab of glass. He was floating away on pink, olive and occasional chocolate-brown clouds of giggly, blushing sweet-mouthed faces, button-tipped scoops of girl-flesh, bouncy bottoms he could cup in one hand, delicate pink flaps like butterfly wings that fluttered open at the slightest touch, and long long legs that locked themselves around the nearest waist as if on autopilot.

Glynda and I were going to bring him back down to Earth. Well, especially Glynda. After much discussion, Paul was getting a hall pass-- or a bedroom pass-- he would be making sweet love to a sweet, slender, sexy and mature woman tonight... my Glynda.

I would be there, touching and kissing both of them as my Paul finally thrust his amazing penis deep inside her.

There was no jealousy at all. Paul was in awe that his girlfriend was making love to a famous female artist; Glynda was in awe that I "must be able to handle penises as well as you do vaginas!"

That moment, when he was all the way in, when Glynda would swear she could feel him bumping her cervix and trying to worm his way into her womb...

...that would signal the end.

I would say goodbye to this tiny Greek isle, to the abandoned resort that Glynda's billionaire investor turned into his own private orgy retreat.

The boat was here. The pilot was the photographer. When he was in about four feet of water, the naked Greek men swarmed the boat, reaching for ropes. The giggly naked beauties jumped out, the sea foam already making their bodies glisten.

"Paul!" I cried out, "Don't restrain these girls until they're out of the surf!"

Of course he didn't hear me-- or he pretended he didn't. He dragged his first handcuffed catch-- a tiny Asian girl who probably weighed ninety pounds now that she was wet-- and positioned her with her legs spread, ass on her heels on the beach.

Then he went back for the other four.

I had to get up and get back to Glynda; tell her of my plans. Now, hours later, I'm finishing this on our tiny porch in the moonlight, after those two lovebirds exhausted themselves, trying every trick and every position in each other's love book.

I thought I would be crying my eyes out but I'm not. I have two serious, and one iffy teaching positions to consider. And, with his Glynda-padded resume, Paul can open up his own security firm in whatever college town we end up in.

I'm going to slip my tablet into its case, then I'm walking naked in the moonlight. I may just walk, I may just sit on that big rock and slowly masturbate, splashing the warm foamy seawater all over my naked body until I cum. I just don't know yet. The night is still young for me.