The Designated Driver Chronicles, Ch.2

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Ray's driving job continues to improve.

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I suggest that you read the first chapter of this story just so you get the gist of the scene - or not. If you are reading this, enjoy it and give it a score. All feedback is welcome. A special big time thanks to “Larry in Seattle” for his astute editing of this chapter.

I was making pretty good money driving rich people around the Hamptons. Some jobs were just a few hours long while I waited for my clients to have dinner and drink way too much. But that is what I was there for. As I mentioned previously, if wealthy people wanted to throw large denominations in my face, I would keep my mouth wide open and not miss a morsel. Most of these people wanted a driver who kept his mouth shut and looked straight ahead at the road.

Sometimes, I couldn't help myself especially if moans were coming from the back seat. Quick glimpses caught several blow jobs, many unencumbered breasts and even a squishy pussy or two. My favorite antic was when the wife, dressed in her hottest and latest designer outfit would wait until I opened her door and then slyly exit with her legs spread and gives a lovely panty glad beaver shot for the driver. That seemed to be a regular thing as very few of these women seemed to have any shred of decorum.

I was also having problems with my boss. Sure, he assigned me to good jobs but I had to contend with bounced checks, boozy diatribes and wildly erratic behavior. I quickly resolved to leave his employ and set up shop on my own. I just needed a few more bucks to run some ads. I decided to work through July before I claimed August and September for myself. I also kept my mouth shut and ran as many jobs as I could.

On Tuesday, I received a call from Reenie, Gayle from Southampton's friend (See Chapter 1). I recalled that job where I drove the women home after a dinner party at Nick and Toni's. I recalled that both were "Summer Rental Widows" as their husbands spent the week on Wall Street before flying out to be with their wives on the weekend. I also recalled that Reenie was very interested in stepping out during the week and this recollection brought a big smile.

After some small chitchat, Reenie got down to what was really on her mind. "Listen Ray; are you free to drive me tomorrow night?"

"Yes, I am. Am I taking you and Gayle out?

"Actually no and I'd prefer if Gayle knew nothing about this."

"Sure, not a problem. What do you have in mind?"

"Well, I was interested in seeing what "Ladies Night" was all about. I was thinking that perhaps you could take me to a few well-heeled bars. I don't know if I'll accept any pickups but I'd love to flirt."

We arranged a nine o'clock pickup at her home in Water Mill. I figured that I would take her to East Hampton first and then take things from there.

"There's one more thing, Ray. I want to keep this extremely discreet. I don't even want your boss to know. I'd rather just pay you cash if that's all right."

This made me quite pleased. Considering the problems I'd been having with my boss, I was glad to be expanding my business privately - especially in cash.

Wednesday turned out to be a weather nightmare. All day long, a warm rain fell from the sky with occasional gusty winds. I doubted that Reenie would keep the reservation so I called her at five o'clock to find out. She told me that I should pick her up at the assigned time.

I drove up to her house fifteen minutes early. Her black Audi Q7 sat in the driveway in a large muddy puddle. The rain had not abated and the forecast was for the storm to intensify, to continue through the night and on into the next day. I knew that this night would be a washout for business and it would probably end up early for me. I parked behind her car and raced toward her front door. I was soaking when I rang the bell.

Reenie opened the door wearing an incredibly low cut blouse and a tight skirt showing a lot of leg. Her tanned chest and deep cleavage would definitely snare any guy regardless of their horny potentiometer.

"Reenie, if there is anyone out tonight, you'll definitely catch them."

"So you don't think anyone will be out tonight? Is this still a good idea?"

"I'm sorry to say that I don't think so. It's really miserable out tonight. I suspect that most people will be watching TV or a movie tonight. And this weather will also destroy your makeup. Perhaps it would be better to go cruising on another night, a nicer night."

"I'm disappointed but I have to agree. Why don't you come in and we'll drink some wine."

I doffed my wet jacket and followed her into the living room. Decorated with beautiful furniture, impressive art and a tall cathedral ceiling, the room looked out onto a patio and pool which overlooked a large pond. Lightning lit the room several times and thunder shook the house.

"Aren't your children frightened?"

"No, my children aren't here. My husband took the week off to visit his parents in Coral Gables. He took the kids and the nanny with him."

"Why didn't you go?"

"Beside the fact that I cannot tolerate my in-laws, I have a showing beginning on Friday that I must attend."

"And what are you showing besides your great cleavage?"

She laughed. "Caught your eye, huh? It's my art that I'm showing...at a gallery in Bridgehampton. I'm very excited. I always do well. Would you like to see some of my work?"

I followed her into her studio, a large open room with floor-to-ceiling windows attached to the garage. There were several canvases stacked against a wall and another canvas, a work-in-progress on an easel. Her art was nice but not 'drop-dead', if you know what I mean. They were colorful abstractions of landscapes and a bit too busy for my taste. However, I made a big deal over them and complimented her.

"I'm curious, Reenie. What do you charge for something like this?" I pointed to a canvas with shades of green, blue and purple.

"I average about 65,000 per canvas. My market has become stronger over the last three years since I started painting in this direction." The number astounded me. I could never justify that kind of money for something I considered mundane. Not that I am an art connoisseur but as a local, I am used to the art of Pollack, De Kooning, and Ernst. Comparatively, this stuff was crap.

We talked about the creative process for a while when she pulled me back into the house. "Let me show you some paintings I did a few years ago." She led me into a large room empty except for the canvases hanging on the while walls. These paintings were far more interesting to me as they were a bit more linear abstracts of still-lifes, portraits and nudes. As I walked around the room, I quietly considered each painting. I thought they were pretty good but at a journeyman level. One painting stopped me cold. It was a fairly representational painting of a nude sitting before a tall mirror. The subject had her legs spread.

"Somehow I thought you'd like her. That's a self-portrait I did eight years ago. My eye was still evolving."

"I like them all, Reenie," I lied, "but the technique is so different that it surprised me."

"Yes, I understand. I think I became distracted by the detail." My eye focused on the well-defined vagina and I nodded in understanding. "Now, I think I need more wine. I think we'll postpone my adventure for another night."

As we strolled back to the living room, I was taken by the silence and our feet clattering along the floor. Reenie came out of the kitchen with an opened bottle of chardonnay. "I started without you, I hope you don't mind."

"Would you like to smoke some pot?" I held up a fat joint.

"Oooh, that would be so nice...and so naughty. I haven't had pot in years."

I lit it and drew deep before I passed it to her. She toked up and immediately began to cough. "Don't smoke it so deep, Reenie, your lungs aren't used to it. Just take little hits." She followed my advice and soon we were quietly staring out at the pond and the heavy rain pelting and dripping down the windows. She refilled our wine glasses and sat down next to me. She placed her hand on my arm.

I sensed a new familiarity. "Is it horny in here or is it just me?"

"Gayle told me how you satisfied her after the last job. Have you got any of that for me?"

I smiled and took another hit. I casually looked her up and down. She was very pretty and her large lips looked made for a blow. She was a little bit chunky in a lovely Rubenesque manner. She was top-heavy; her breasts were large and heavy, I imagined the large nipples beneath her blouse. Her butt and legs seemed almost spindly in contrast. She looked like a fun roll in the hay.

"Like what you see?" I smiled and nodded.

She rose and dimmed the lights down to a glow. Turning to me, she told me to stand up. I stood as she walked around me, observing me from different angles. She ran her hands around me, feeling and then squeezing my butt. Her hands ran along the inside of my thighs and she pressed her hands around my package through my pants. She stood in front of me and opened my shirt, lightly scratching my chest. She tossed my shirt onto a chair and then began to systematically disrobe me. My pants fell to the floor and I kicked off my shoes before kicking the pants aside. Her hands caressed my body. When she lightly traced my cock through my boxers, she moaned.

"I'm too dressed. Stay there." I took a sip of wine and toked up as she stood in front of me and undressed. After slowly unbuttoning her blouse and removing it, I was stunned by the sight of her 38DD breasts encased in a lacy blue bra. They were large and gorgeous and she knew it. She seemed to preen as she reached behind and unclasped the bra. Her large breasts spilled out into her hands. Her nipples were as large as I had imagined with silver dollar sized circles emphasizing her long hard nipples. "Like them? I see you do." My cock was now straining against my cotton drawers. She slowly unzipped her skirt revealing matching blue panties. There was an obvious wet spot in the crouch. She slowly stepped out of them revealing a well-manicured pubis and delectably large, damp fleshy lips. Indeed, this woman could only be described as voluptuous. For a woman with three children, her thirty-five year old body was exceptional. Now I moaned.

Stepping out of her shoes, she walked behind me and pressed herself against my back, her nipples nearly piercing my skin. Slowly she lowered herself until her lips were kissing the small of my back. Her hands returned to my inner thighs and traveled up to my heavy, juice-laden balls. "Mmmm," she sighed her approval. She pulled my underwear down and caressed my sack before fondling my dick. Now she turned around and grasping my ass, ran my cock along and into her cleavage. I was sporting a full woody now and as it popped up out of her cleavage, she lightly kissed the tip. I went to touch her but she pushed me away saying, "Not yet." She pushed be back onto the couch and crawled on top of me.

"Now, you can touch me." We kissed politely but soon we were swapping spit and sucking tongue. My cock was hard and erect as she positioned herself so that my cock ran along her lips to her ass crack. Slowly, we moved in a gentle dance. Her tits were so large and so full that I couldn't get my hands around them.

"You have amazing breasts. May I kiss them?"

"Yes, please. They're very full right now...my period is coming...I get so horny before I get my period...kiss them...suck on them..." I lowered my face into these beauties and licked them. I grasped

them and pressed them into my face feeling her soft flesh against my skin. I took one nipple between my lips and began to suck on it as though I was a nursing babe. I could tell she loved that by her moans and the arching of her back. With my face buried in her, my hands traveled down to her taut-muscled cheeks. I squeezed her ass and pushed her into me. "I need you in me," she whispered. She sat up and slowly lowered herself onto my love pole. "Oh, that's good...that's very good...your cock..." I arched up pushing myself deeper into her canal. In return, she pushed down and groaned. "Don't cum too soon, this feels so good...Hold on...Don't come in me..."

"I'm vasectomized."

"Then do it...do me...cum inside me...fill my cunt...don't cum too soon, make it last."

"You fuck me at your pace. I'll stay hard for you." She smiled.

"Good. You are considerate, I like that. You be my toy, my pet cock." She, oh so slowly slid up and down, pushing me into her until she bottomed. Dripping along each stroke, it tickled as her juice rolled down collecting around the base. She was very deliberate in her movement and, loving slow sex as much as I do, we were enjoying every moment. She leaned over and placed her hands at my sides lowering herself just enough to lightly brush the hair on my chest. Several times, I pushed up as she bottomed and she moaned, softly kissing my lips. Her auburn tresses caressed my face. "I love your cock. You know how to fuck me...nice and easy...nice (upstroke)...and easy (down as far as she could go)." She wiggled her ass causing her vagina to slightly twist around my cock. This caused me to moan again and her to smile.

We fucked like this for what felt like hours but probably was no longer than a few minutes. Soon her breathing picked up and her strokes were more forceful. When she bottomed, I could feel her walls squeezing me and pushing the helmet against her front wall, probably her G-Spot. I responded by more forceful upstrokes which caused my dick to quiver. Soon, her deliberate strokes became wild and wanton. She was lost in the sensations and rising into her orgasm. My hands moved down to her ass as I helped her flop up and down. I placed my right thumb into her juicy lips and onto her small peanut and pressed my palm into her pubic bone. I measured her panting and moaning as she rose and fell. "Oh...my pussy..." She was flooding my crotch and her body was now perspiring. "Yessss...oh...oh...ah, ah, ah." I pressed my thumb onto her clit with more pressure and she heaved a huge sigh before exploding. This was it, she was peaking. Her entire body shook and she pounded my cock mercilessly. I could no longer hold myself back.

"Damn...yes...oh my God...ahhhhhhhhh." Squish, squish. She sat up and arched backwards as she came. I started to shoot streams of cum straight up into her. Grunting and pushing into her, my orgasm would not stop. I must have launched one hell of a load into her. When I finally felt myself

empty, my body released all its tension and I fell back onto the couch. She fell with me until her breasts smothered my face. We lay there utterly satisfied. I looked out at the window as the rain loudly pelted the glass. While we fucked, I never noticed the sound.

"Reenie, that was great." Words finally escaped my lips. "For me, that was as good as it gets."

She looked up at me and sweetly kissed my lips. "And I can confirm that. That was great. That was easily the best fucking I've ever had. I don't know whether it was my pussy or your cock but we certainly did do it right. I'm still vibrating inside."

"Oh!" She squealed as she felt me slip from her. I sensed that she was concerned about the resultant mess on the couch. I merely smiled at her and flipped her over onto her back. I knelt on the carpeted floor and pulled her hips toward me and into my face. "But..." I ignored her and engulfed her cunt, my tongue slithering inside. She tried to push me away yet I persevered. My tongue slid out, covered in our juices which were now spilling from her pussy down her crack. I laved her and pressed the tip of my tongue around and into her back door. She gasped. With my nose against her clit, my mouth wide open and my tongue traveling from hole to hole, she was writhing in ecstasy.

I slipped down to work on her ass, pushing my tongue into her and licking the rim. My nose was dripping from the fluids seeping from her cunt so I moved back up and whipped my tongue in and around her canal. She was humping my face with her hands holding my skull and pushing me down harder. I felt her pussy squeeze as she began to cum again and I was rewarded with a huge glob of my cum saturated with her sauce. Her bucking and moaning increased until the flood was released. I waited a few minutes until she settled down before I slid back up along her body, over her hard nipples and to her lips. As I went to kiss her, she pulled back. Undeterred, I kissed her again. This time, she opened her mouth and sucked on my tongue, covered in our cum. A dollop of my cream passed into her and she liked it as we sucked face. Finally, she stopped. Pushing me off the couch and onto the floor, she lay next to me.

"I can think of the last time I came twice...no, that's not true. Often, after sex with Donald and after he falls asleep, I finish myself off. Sometimes, I go into the computer room with my vibrator and look at porn. But you! You did me so good. I think you could still keep going."

"Is the night over?"

"No, not as far as I'm concerned."

"Good...because I'm not done yet."

"Ooh," she teased, "do you have plans for me?"

"It's a possibility." She giggled.

We rested a few minutes before she began to talk again. This time she was very quiet. "Donald has never kissed me after he goes down on me...and certainly not with our cum in his mouth."

"Did you like that?"

"Yes, I did. I liked it a lot. It seemed so animal, so uninhibited. It tasted good, too. Your cum is very pleasant. You must maintain a good diet."

"No, I don't at all. Maybe it tastes like that because it's sperm free. I don't know. I can't distinguish any difference."

"You mean you taste your cum?"

"Sure. Usually, after I jerk off, I lick my fingers. Don't you taste your cum?"

"No. I never thought to do that. I guess I've never been curious. I will now though. I like the way I taste."

"And so do I."

"Do I taste different from other women?"

"Reenie, each woman tastes different. Actually, let me change that to each person tastes different."

"You mean to tell me that you've tasted other men, too? My God, you are something."

"Yes, I am. I've been in all kinds of sexual combinations and I like them all. You've never been with another woman?"

"No, never. Once when I was in college, my roommate came on to me but I refused her. I will admit though that at times in my life, I have been curious."

"You should try it. You'll love it."

"Perhaps I will. When Gayle told me about the two of you, it made me very horny. It made me wish I

had stayed in the car. I fantasized about the three of us...but I was more of a passive receiver."

"What I find interesting is how similar your situation is to Gayle's situation. You're both in unsatisfying relationships and cold marriages. You both experienced things with me that your husbands have never done and won't do to or for you. You're both curious about a lot of things. And with me, both of you were very responsive as opposed to what you told me about sex with your prudish husbands. It was as though because it's a secret, you can let go."

"Maybe...I'll have to think about this. But right now, I'd rather think about this!" Her fingers curled around my stiffening shaft. Slowly, she lowered herself to my crotch and sucked me in. She touched me in a way that made me sense that she was discovering cock for the first time. She made giggling sounds as she sucked on my balls. When she began to rim me, she giggled again. When she took me between her lips and pushed her index finger up my butt, she moaned. She was into this and it felt divine. She sucked on the helmet and stroked me. She could feel me pulse in her mouth and she increased her speed. As my cum filled her mouth, I groaned and she giggled once more. After letting me flop out of her mouth, she laid down on top of me. Grinning, she leaned down and shared her snowball, letting my cum fill my mouth. "I love this," she cooed. "You are such a good lover." She snuggled into me and we slept for a little while.

When we awoke, we were both pretty sticky. She took my hand and led me through her designer bedroom into the master bathroom. In the shower, we soaped, bathed and caressed each other. "My pussy is sore. I don't think I can do it again. I can't believe you're hard again. I suppose I can jerk you off or suck you again..."

"...Or maybe I can fuck your fine ass."

"No, baby, my ass is exit only. But, you've got me thinking. Everything I know about sex has been wrong so far...maybe next time, we'll see. I have a feeling that I will learn a lot this summer."

"I'd like to see what this knowledge does to your art."

She considered this and nodded. We stepped out of the shower and dried each other off. "You've gone soft on me," she said not at all complaining.

"Yes, I have. I think I'll have a few more tokes and then head home to my bed, if that's okay with you."

"It's okay. I really enjoyed you and I think I will masturbate to this episode for some time to come...at least until we do this again."

"Will you do something for me? Will you turn this experience into art? I want to see how you express your feelings."

"I will. I promise." Her words echoed through my head as I drove back to my place. In my pocket, I felt some cash. Reenie had stuck three one-hundred dollar bills into my pants. Did I feel dirty? Not in the least. This night we achieved some highly excellent sex. I could hardly wait until I saw her again. Plus I had cash to put into my account.

Two days later, my boss called me to take an easy job on a Saturday night. He said that my clients were an older couple and that the job would only be a few hours long. He also informed me that I wouldn't make much money. Naturally, I was annoyed because Saturday nights were always the most profitable jobs due to the long hours of clubbing involved. This job sounded like a stiff. Still, it was a job and more money to add to my bank account. I was directed to pick up a couple on Lee Avenue in East Hampton.

I arrived at the home fifteen minutes ahead of time and knocked on the door of the stately old home. I was pleasantly surprised when a very beautiful woman answered the door with a smile that lit up the night.

"You must be Ray, our driver. We'll be taking the SUV. Here's the key fob. We'll be out in a few minutes." I laughed to myself because, as had become par for the course, my boss was wrong.

I opened the Infinity QX, a car I'd never driven before, and was quite impressed with its luxury and many amenities. I moved my bag containing my Times crossword puzzle and a draft of several chapters of my novel from my car into the back of the Infinity. And, as I had become fairly smart at squeezing out good tips, I placed my chiller bag onto the back seat. The chiller contained a six-pack of Vitamin Water, an affection of the rich hipsters, as well as Tic Tacs, Altoids, and Pepto Bismol - whatever it takes to impress. I pressed the start button and pulled the car around the circular driveway to the front steps. The car handled like a dream. I was also pleased to see that it had the now requisite back-up camera, GPS-mapped navigation (not that I needed it) and Satellite Radio.

I waited a good half-hour until the front door reopened. Immediately, I stepped out of the car and opened the passenger doors. And then I looked up and my jaw dropped. Three of the most beautiful women I have ever laid eyes upon walked toward me.

"Hello Ray. I'm Angela. This is Dorian and this is Rachel. First, we'll be going to Nammo's in Southampton and after that, we thought we might go out to Montauk to party a bit. What do you think?"

"Whatever you like, ladies. I'll take you wherever your heart’s desire." Dorian and Rachel got into the back and Angela got into the front. Again, I was taken by their beauty. Also, by the fact that Angela's sleeveless dress showed plenty of her small but flawless tits. Rachel was wearing a nearly transparent dress with a tiny bra and a thong, both matching the color of the dress. Dorian, in her very chic, skin-tight chemise seemed modest in comparison.

"How long will it take to get to Southampton, Ray?"

"Not long; maybe twenty minutes or so."

"Shit!" Dorian moaned. "Can you drive slow?"

Angela saw my confusion at the remark and explained, "It's a party we have to attend. It's the client and so we have to make an appearance. And I heard that this restaurant sucks."

"I wouldn't know. It's a very expensive place and not to my taste. May I ask what do you do?"

"Oh, we're fashion models out here for two weeks for a Vogue shoot. Everything is rented or leased and tonight we're not working. We want to get loose."

"Have you ever been out here before?"

"Dorian was here last year for a bathing suit shoot in Montauk but this is my first time and Rachel's, too."

"Do you like it?"

"I really don't know. We got here last night and spent most of today sleeping late and lying around the pool."

"I think that after a few days, you will really like it. The Hamptons are, for the most part, a laid back resort area with lots of expensive clothing stores specifically designed with you ladies in mind."

"I like that!" Rachel squealed.

"I have an idea. If you want to get out of Nammo's early, just discreetly beep me and I will call you back. Say that you have to leave to attend a party in Sagaponack along the ocean. Your client will be impressed and you can make your getaway. Does that sound good to you?"

They shouted at the same time, "Yes!" and "Great idea!" and "I love it!"

Angela touched my arm and I glanced over at her peeking at those lovely tits, "Ray, we'll let you be our guide tonight."

For the rest of the ride to Southampton, I was impressed by the warmth and friendliness of these women. The radio blared emo, they danced in their seats, laughed a lot and swore like sailors. And the whole time, I was completely under their spell.

After about an hour in the restaurant, Dorian beeped me. I rang them back and five minutes later, they walked out and got back into the car. Their comments included "Am I glad we're out of there." "That placed sucked!" "Can you believe 70.00 a shot for watered-down tequila?" "The spanikopita tasted like dog shit!" I just smiled as I pulled away heading back east. "Stop here!" yelled Rachel. I pulled in front of a liquor store and she ran out of the car. She returned with a bottle of Cuervo Black.

"Alright, girlfriend, let's get crazy!" Angela pulled three shot glasses stolen from Nammo's out of her purse as Dorian took a cloth napkin filled with lemon slices from hers. Rachel fished out a salt shaker. Within a few minutes, they were indeed loose.

It was a warm, sultry evening and each town seemed to have several parties going on. I drove them to SL East in East Hampton first and they hated it. "Too hipster!" Then it was to East Hampton Point. "Too stuffy!" Then out to Montauk to Surf Lodge where they seemed to enjoy the dance crowd and spent over four hours. I enjoyed the solitude by finishing the puzzle and editing a few pages before they beeped me. I pulled the car in front of the club and was greeted by Dorian.

"Ray, we need your help. Rachel and Angela are pretty wasted. They're sitting in the lobby. Can you help them?"

"Sure, Dorian. Why don't you get in the front and I'll take care of them." I walked into the lobby and found them slumped together. I got them to stand and then placed one arm around each of their waists. Slowly, I guided them to the car and with some difficulty managed to get them into the back seat. Fortunately, I was rewarded with treats. First, it was Rachel's ochre panties. Angela was a bit more difficult to seat but as I did, her legs spread and I found myself staring at a magnificent shaved snatch. Her cunt lips were damp and I caught a whiff. It was delightful. As I closed the door, Angela smiled boozily at me. She knew what I had seen and she didn't seem to mind.

"And now, ladies, back home." I slowly drove west.

"I think I'm gonna be sick," wailed Rachel.

"Just tell me when. I'll pull over and help you."

"These two can't drink, not like me," said Dorian who proceeded to produce a loud belch. I couldn't help but laugh.

A few minutes later, on the Napeague Strip, Rachel moaned again. "Ohhhh...pull over, Ray." I pulled on to the sandy roadside, quickly pulled her out of the car and held her while she threw up. I had one arm under her stomach when she slipped and I found myself holding her up by her breasts. Finally, she stopped hurling and I placed her against the car as I retrieved a couple of bottles of water and a towel. After I got her back into the car (with a wide panty-clad, camel-toed beaver shot), Angela moaned. I went around to the other side of the car and helped her out.

"I'm not going to throw up," she said, "I have to pee." Before I could get her back into the car, she lifted her dress, squatted down and did exactly that, much to my astonishment. I got her some tissues and she wiped herself while staring at me the whole time.

I got her back into the car, passed out more bottles of water, and in the now quiet car, drove them back to Lee Avenue. As I pulled up to the front door, I calculated that I had piled up over eight hours. I was glad that it would be a good payday after all in spite of what my asshole boss said. Dorian got out first and walking tipsily, barely managed to unlock the door. Rachel was asleep so I lifted her into my arms and carried her in. I directed Angela to just sit and wait until I returned. As I carried the woman into the house, Dorian directed me to her room and followed behind. I gently laid her down on the bed.

"Help me, Ray." Dorian began to take off her fuck-me pumps and then the rest of her clothes. I held her up while she stripped her until she lay there naked, a vision of perfection. Her black hair tumbled over her shoulders. She was exquisite. Her small A-cups had lovely brown areolas and nicely pointy nipples. Naturally, being a fashion model, her pubes were bare. I just stood and stared as Dorian sponged her down.

"Come on, Ray, let's get her under the covers." As we walked out of the room, she added, "Damn, you act like you've never seen a..."

"An incredibly beautiful naked fashion model before! I don't think I ever have!"

"Okay, get it together. Let's get Angela now. When we get back into the house, I'll tip you and you can go."

"To be honest, Dorian, just being with three of the most beautiful women in the world is tip enough for me."

"Aren't you sweet?"

Getting Angela into the house was another story altogether. A bit taller and a bit larger than Rachel, she was difficult to carry. My left arm curled around her back and my hand cupped her firm tush. My right arm was slung under her knees and my hand held her long legs. I knew that she wasn't wearing panties and I was ever so careful not to touch her in any 'good' places. She moved about as I carried her and made things hard (including my dick). Several times, the fingers on my left hand gripped her ass crack and she responded by pushing her butt into them. As I carried her up the steps, she abruptly rolled a little and my right hand brushed her pussy before I quickly lifted her again. Somehow, I managed to get her into the house. She suddenly wanted to stand and so I set her down on her feet. She made some wobbly moves and I held her firm. "I'm okay," she said, "just help me to the bathroom." I helped her to the bathroom and closed the door, waiting outside.

Dorian returned and as I was saying my goodbye, we heard the shower start to run. "Oh God, let me see what she's doing!" She opened the door and we saw Angela in her clothes against the shower wall. "Ange, what are you doing?"

"I'm reviving myself, Dory." Her speech was slurred. "I feel better now. I want to go for a swim before I crash."

"I really don't think that is a good idea, Angela. I think it might be better if you just went to bed," I said it but I knew it was pointless as it rolled out of my mouth.

"Don't be a party-pooper, Ray. I'm going for a swim!" She pulled her soaking outfit over her head and dropped it on the floor. She stood in front of us completely nude except for her high heels. I considered that perhaps I was dead and in heaven. She turned and unsteadily walked toward the deck.

The sound of hacking came from Rachel's room. "Let me take care of Rachel, Ray. Please stay with Angela and keep an eye on her. See that she doesn't drown, will you?" She ran off leaving me alone with this drunk goddess, who was having trouble opening the sliding door.

"I really wish you wouldn't do this."

"I'm doing it. Don't be such a fuddy-...a fuddly-...a...ah, fuck it."

I really had no choice. I didn't want this woman to drown and I didn't want to put myself in an uncomfortable and unprofessional position. But the choice was clear. I slipped off my shirt and dropped trou. As I like to go commando in the warm months, I stood as naked as she. She walked toward the edge of the pool and jumped in. I followed her. The water was piss-warm and felt wonderful. I swam up next to her. "Are you okay, Ange?"

"Yeah, I am. The water straightened me out but now I'm tired and I want to crash. You know, you have a cute cock."

"It doesn't usually get called 'cute' but thanks. Let me help you out."

"No, I'm good. Goodnight, Ray. You're the best." And with that, she pulled herself up the ladder, waved her butt at me and walked into the house as cool as could be. I followed her out and started to dress when Dory walked out with a towel and two Bloody Marys.

"I guess I'm too late. I brought you a Bloody Mary and something to dry yourself off."

"Thanks, Dory." For some strange reason, I tried to hide myself from her and she just laughed.

"What's the point, Ray? It's nice looking. It just doesn't do anything for me."

"What does that mean?"

"That means that we're gay, Ray. Didn't you pick up on that?"

"Actually no, Dory, I didn't."

"Being naked is nothing to us. Half the time we're naked. So I'm surprised you didn't come on to any of us. Ange, she likes to tease. I surprised you didn't put the make on her."

"You know, I was trying to do my job professionally tonight. I did enjoy ogling your bodies but I must have subliminally picked up the vibe because I never once got hard. I mean look at it now - even after swimming nude with Angela - it just lays there."

"Yeah, it's nice. It reminds me of one of my strap-ons. Well, dry it off and pack it up. You still have to drive home."

I did exactly that. I quickly dried off and dressed as Dory drank her Bloody Mary. She didn't try to ignore me, it was her natural way. I got into my car and headed home with visions of nude

supermodels in my head. About halfway home, I felt my cock finally show some life and I began to rub it. It was a pleasant drive.

As soon as I got home, I stripped down and hopped into the shower where I proceeded to jerk myself with short, quick strokes. When I came and shot my jizz on the shower stall wall, it was just an okay, run-of-the-mill orgasm. That night, as I lay in my bed, I had a difficult time falling asleep. My mind could not stop the images of these magnificent creatures going down on each other.

The next morning, as I hung up my clothes from the previous night, five one-hundred dollar bills fell out of the pocket and floated to the floor. Sometimes it pays to look and not touch, wouldn't you say?

Chapter 3 will be along soon. Be prepared.