**A Gift Amongst Friends**

by[Insufficient](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1218091&page=submissions)©

I'm going to do it. This is it, Mandy thought to herself as she waited for the knock on her door. Her heart was beating like crazy, and her hands were shaking with excitement. She looked at the message on her computer screen, telling her that he would be there in a minute. It was sent over two minutes ago. He's going to know that something is up if he sees me trembling like this. She paced around the tiny university dorm room, waiting. She was glad that her roommate, Megan, was gone out for the evening so that she couldn't see Mandy's sorry state. She took a deep breath to calm herself, staring at the camera sitting on her desk. The knock at the door made her jump.  
  
"Coming!" she shouted as she leapt towards the desk. I can't do this. No way. It was stupid of me to think that I could. She quickly grabbed the camera and switched it on. Come on, come on, hurry! With a couple of button presses, she cleared the memory. She checked it once, twice, three times to make sure that the memory card was blank before she dared turn it off again.  
  
Camera in hand, she opened the door and greeted her friend Jacob. "Sorry about that, I was getting dressed," she explained with a nervous laugh.  
  
"No problem," Jacob replied, smiling. "Thanks for letting me borrow your camera for the weekend. My brother and I are taking a drive along the coast, and I don't know what is wrong with the camera I got for Christmas last year. It keeps dying on me, and it's cleared the memory on me a couple times. I guess I need a new one, but I can't afford it right now."  
  
"Yeah...Sure, no problem. Any time!" Mandy was a nervous wreck.  
"Is...is something wrong?" Jacob had been friends with Mandy for almost two years now, and he could tell something was off. She seemed to be avoiding eye contact with him.  
  
"No, of course not! It's just that, I uhh...I'm in a hurry to get ready so I can go out tonight."  
"Oh cool, where are you going?"  
  
Shit, please just leave. Mandy really didn't want to lie, but she hadn't left herself much choice. "I'm going out. I mean, I'm going to the bar. We haven't figured out which one yet."  
  
"Awesome." Normally, Jacob would have made small talk and asked about her plans, but she didn't seem talkative, and he didn't want to push the issue. Although he had expressed interest in Mandy during their freshmen year, she did not seem to feel the same way towards him. He had gotten his hopes up one evening after a drunken kiss between them, but she assured him the next day that it had just been the alcohol. That was over a year and a half ago, and he had since moved on. "Alright, well I guess I won't keep you then. Thanks again for camera. I'll have it back to you by Monday at the latest. See ya."  
  
"Bye." She quickly closed the door and sat down, glad to finally be off her trembling legs. She was disappointed in herself. She had looked forward to this evening for days and had hardly slept the night before in anticipation. I should have known that I would chicken out.  
  
It had all started almost a month ago when her other friend, David, asked to use her camera for a class project. This was nothing new for Mandy. She loved photography and she had invested in a quality camera last summer before her trip to New York. She didn't mind lending it to her friends, because she knew that money was tighter for them and a camera isn't a wise investment for someone that is thousands of dollars in debt to student loans. She also knew that her friends were trustworthy and would be careful with her belongings. So, as per usual, she agreed to lend it to David. However, and hour before he came over to pick it up, Mandy came to a shocking realization: she had left some inappropriate pictures on her memory card. She had taken some pictures for a former boyfriend. It was mostly innocent stuff, but there were a couple topless photos in here as well. Fortunately she remembered in time to delete the pictures before handing the camera off to David, but the experience had gotten her thinking...what if she hadn't remembered?  
  
The thought initially terrified her. She had considered putting a stop to her camera lending policy just in case it ever happened again, but that seemed excessive. It wasn't her friends' fault, and it would be mean of her to stop helping them out. After receiving the camera back from David, she decided that she would just have to be more careful in the future.  
  
However, she couldn't stop thinking about her close call. She sometimes imagined what would have happened if she hadn't deleted the pictures. She imagined David taking her camera home, and she imagined the expression on his face as he discovered these sexy images of her. She imagined her own embarrassment and helplessness at the realization that her friend had seen her exposed. But mostly, she imagined what David would think of her.  
  
Mandy seemed to get along better with guys than girls, even as a kid. When she moved to university last year to start her science degree, old habits returned, and she found herself making more male friends than female. It wasn't that she didn't like women. Mandy was shy, which meant that she rarely reached out to make new friends. Instead, she let people come to her.  
  
Given that she was attractive, young, and female, it was no surprise that guys were more likely to take the initiative. As a teenager, she had been taller than all of the other girls in her class, and it resulted in her feeling insecure about her appearance. Her breasts had also been slow to develop and she had always been a little wide in the hips, so for a long time, she had perceived herself as a freak. She eventually grew into her body, 5'10", 135 lbs., 34C, with hips that accentuated her round ass. Her hair was a dark brown cascade of curls that fell down just below her shoulders, and she had a slender face with a prominent nose. She knew that guys found her attractive. Nevertheless, her childhood insecurities never fully left her as she got older.  
  
Although guys had been interested in Mandy for some time, she was often unresponsive to their advances. She wasn't cold, but she rarely returned flirtations. She preferred being treated like just another guy in the group, and her male suitors typically turned into male friends. David and Jacob both fell into this category.  
  
This incident with David and the camera had woken something dormant in her though. With her past boyfriends, Mandy had always been mildly submissive, preferring to give herself up to her lover. In those instances, being powerless to another individual had always turned her on. She couldn't help but imagine David flipping through topless photos of her, seeing a whole new side to sweet, innocent, Mandy. But more importantly, she obsessed over how the whole ordeal would have been nothing but an accident, a simple error that would leave her completely vulnerable to a friend who would certainly enjoy his discovery. Like in her past role-play, she would have been a powerless victim...and that concept excited her. Time and again, she shook the thoughts from her head, reminding herself how inappropriate they were, but they would inevitably return.  
  
A week after the incident, they crept into her mind while she was in the shower. The combination of warm water, aromatic scents, and arousing thoughts left in her a relaxed state. Only half aware of her actions, she allowed a hand to find its way downward, and soon she began to pleasure herself. She was ashamed of how easily her fingers slipped inside of her, but not ashamed enough to stop herself. Minutes later, after one of the most intense orgasms that she had ever experienced, she realized that this fantasy was far from over. She was still terrified of her male friends seeing her intimate pictures, but that fear was part of the thrill. She now wished that things had happened differently—that she had forgotten the images for David to find.  
  
She could simply allow one of her male friends to see her naked. She could either have sex with one of them or email them a naked picture of herself...Both of those options were fun and exciting, but neither got her heart beating like the original fantasy. It had to seem accidental and nonconsensual. She wanted to be exposed, and she wanted to be vulnerable, but she also wanted to appear innocent and powerless. In her fantasy, control had to be removed from her hands. In her fantasy, she was oblivious, just a stupid girl that had fallen victim to her own carelessness...and that's what she wanted her voyeur to believe.  
  
The fantasy followed her night and day, and finally, it was settled. She was going to do it. She wasn't sure how or when, but that didn't matter. The fact that she planned to do it was enough for the moment.  
  
Three days ago, the opportunity presented itself when Jacob asked if he could use Mandy's camera while his brother was in town. Mandy happily agreed, and re-uploaded the same pictures that she had deleted weeks ago for David—the images that started this whole fantasy. In most of the pictures she was fully clothed, but after several images, they took a more sexual turn. In one, she was showing off a lacey bra, while in another she was lifting her skirt to show a pair of pink panties beneath. Finally, in the last images, she was opening up a zip-up hoodie to reveal that she was topless underneath. After two images of deepening cleavage, the final two images showed the hoodie fully unzipped and Mandy's perky breasts, completely exposed. Her large pink nipples stood erect as her eyes stared seductively into the camera...  
  
It was these same images that she had just deleted for a second time before Jacob had a chance to see them. Ugh, I've been waiting for this for weeks, and I chickened out! As she listened to Jacob walking away down the hall, she knew that her second chance had passed. Next time, she thought as she got up and moved back to her desk. Next time will be different. I swear.  
  
Immediately, Mandy started planning. Obviously, the pictures would need to be on the memory card the next time that somebody borrowed it. However, if the pictures were the only thing on the card, it might rouse suspicion. In contrast, if the memory card was too full or if the erotic images were buried in the middle of a large list, they might go unnoticed. After a couple of days, she decided on a plan.  
  
True to his word, Jacob gave the camera back to Mandy on Monday afternoon. The next evening, after getting back to her dorm room, she got to work. She knew that Megan had evening classes and that she'd have the room to herself for at least another hour. Mandy wanted to start the images off slow, but she needed a couple of pictures that would grab the viewer's attention. She went over to her closet and dug out her black bikini. She had bought it several years ago, while still in high school, but it was so revealing that she hadn't gotten many opportunities to wear it. She quickly changed into it and admired herself in the mirror.  
  
It certainly showed a lot of skin and would attract the eye, but it was no more scandalous than the type of pictures that teenage girls regularly posted online. Her breasts had grown in the years since she bought it, and it was tighter than she remembered. It looked like she was ready to spill out of her top at any moment. It would more than suffice for this purpose, but she didn't think that it would offer much coverage if she actually wore it to go swimming. She turned around and examined the way that the thin material complemented her ass.  
  
I can't believe that I am doing this, she thought as her heart speeded up. She picked up her camera, took aim at herself in the mirror, smiled, and clicked. She examined the picture and decided that the lighting was too dark. She opened the curtain, but it was getting dark outside and the dwindling sunlight from the window wasn't enough. She turned on the overhead light, switched on the camera's flash, and took the same photo again. The reflection of the flash blinded her for a second, but when her vision returned, she checked the camera. The photo was much better this time. It was the typical self-absorbed mirror shot that girls frequently took, but with the added sexiness of a skimpy bikini. That should catch the guys' attention. She took a few more photos in different poses, and then went back to her closet. She wanted to give the impression that the following images were from a different session.  
  
It was time to get to the crucial shots, and she decided that she wanted these pictures to contain some of the same elements as the original ones. She could have merely re-uploaded those same photos a second time, but this seemed more fun. Moreover, this would give her an opportunity to take some more risqué pictures. However, she knew that the photo shoot would have to be short, only a few photos, or else it might seem suspicious that she had forgotten it.  
  
Mandy pulled out the same zip-up hoodie that she had worn in the original photo shoot, along with the same pair of pink panties, putting both on, with nothing else. Returning to the mirror, she lifted the camera and paused in consideration. Why not? I've already come this far. She reached under her hoodie and removed the panties, leaving only the hoodie between her naked body and the camera. It was a large grey hoodie that just barely reached the bottom of her ass and had the school logo printed over her left breast. If Mandy stood upright and perfectly still, the sweater sufficiently hid all of her important bits. If she moved, it was a whole other story.  
  
She raised the camera again and snapped a photo from the waist up. In the next photo, she lowered the zipper to reveal some cleavage. She lowered it far more for the next shot, letting the zipper rest an inch below her perky breasts. With such a deep opening, it would be obvious to the viewer that she was not wearing anything underneath—even a bra. Next, she turned around, pointed the camera back, and took a full-body image of her reflection. In the image, her brown curls fell down over a second university logo printed on her back. Her long, bare legs seemed to begin where the grey wool ended. She bent over ever so slightly and took another photo. In the picture her pale butt cheeks were just barely visible below the hanging material.  
  
Now was the moment of truth. Taking a deep breath, she lowered the zipper until her breasts popped out into the open. She held the camera out at arm's length with one hand and pulled the hoodie open with the other. Click. She unzipped the hoodie completely and turned back towards the mirror.  
  
In the original photos, she hadn't dared to remove her panties, but now she stared at her completely exposed body in the mirror. She pulled the hoodie open further, making sure that nothing was hidden. She was clean shaven, and she had to admit that she looked pretty sexy right now. Even so, she was anxious about photographing her most intimate area. She considered placing a hand over her pussy and experimented with different poses. However, in the end, she let the hand drop and bared everything. Click.  
  
Every shot filled the room with a flash of light that made her feel like a model. One more angle from the front, letting the hoodie fall back over her shoulders and hang from her elbows. Click. She turned around and lifted the hoodie to expose her around ass. She lifted just a little higher so that the flower tattoo on her lower back would be visible. Click.  
  
That should be enough, she thought as she turned the camera off and walked over towards her desk. Oh fuck! It suddenly dawned on her that she had left the curtain open the whole time, even after turning on the overhead light! Mandy had been so wrapped up in the excitement that she hadn't even thought about it. She threw her arms over herself and leapt for the light switch.  
  
Once in darkness, she crept back to the window to look outside. Her room was on the fifth floor of a co-ed dorm in the middle of campus. She was up too high up for anyone to clearly see her from the ground unless she stood immediately in front of the window—but the ground level was not her concern. Her concern was the eight-story male dormitory not even forty feet across from her side of the building. Most of the facing rooms could see into Mandy's room when from her window. She scanned the rooms to see if she spotted anyone watching. She could see boys in several of the rooms, and many other rooms were dark, but it didn't seem like anyone had spotted her.  
  
Somebody must have seen me. She was so nervous that she thought she might cry. Oh god...just imagine, a bunch of strange boys watching me undress, watching me photograph myself in the nude. I bet they think I'm a huge slut that likes to be watched. Then it suddenly dawned on her. In the darkness, she reached down and discovered just how wet she was.  
  
I am a huge slut that likes to be watched, aren't I? That was the whole point. I guess it's a bonus if some boys saw me from across the courtyard. Perhaps this was even better because it had been a complete accident, like her original fantasy.  
  
She had another half hour until Megan would be home, so Mandy tore off her hoodie and threw herself onto her bed in the dark. Immediately, he hands began exploring her body. Once again, she paused, contemplating. She knew she shouldn't, but she could not shake the idea from her mind. Oh god...am I that big of a slut? No, that's too far, even for me. But the moment her finger made contact with her clitoris, all rational thought was drowned out by a resounding YES!  
  
Rational thought gave way to lust. Unable to control herself, she got up and turned the light back on. Still naked, she slowly returned to the bed and resumed her former activity. She didn't dare look out the window, else she might lose her nerve. It would be much harder for her neighbors to see her while she was sprawled out on her bed, but several rooms on the upper floors would have a clear view if anyone was paying attention.  
  
This is so wrong. What if somebody recognizes me? What if someone from one of my classes sees me? But these thoughts only fueled the fire burning insider her. Then they will see how fucking horny I am right now...  
  
One hand descended to her left breast. Her nipple was rock-hard and begging for attention. She gave it a light twist while brushing her right hand down along her tummy. The latter hand reached her satin-smooth lips. She shuddered with excitement. I need to be quick. The longer than I lay here, the more likely that someone will notice me.  
  
Both hands descended to her womanhood, allowing her to spread her lips with one hand while running a finger up and down the length of her opening. Every time her finger came into contact with her clit, Mandy let out a sharp breath.  
  
This won't take me long. With one finger still teasing her clitoris, she slipped two fingers from her other hand up into herself. I can't believe how wet this is making me. Her shame and her anxiety made her hornier. She arched her back and thrust her pelvis into the air. Her breasts bounced with every thrust. If anyone was watching, they would be getting a hell of a show. She was so close to cumming, but one final dirty thought entered her head. She tried to fight it, but she knew it was a losing battle like all the others.  
  
With two fingers still inside her, Mandy reached over and picked up the camera. At arm's length, she turned it on and held it above her, pointed down. Click. A flash filled the room as Mandy photographed herself.  
  
All these flashes must definitely be getting someone's attention. She flipped the camera over and examined the picture. She couldn't believe what she saw on the screen: her own naked body, writhing on her bed as she fingered herself. The expression on her face was a mixture of uninhibited bliss and seduction.

As she imagined her friends viewing this picture and as she fantasized about being watched from the male dorm, Mandy felt the rush of an orgasm overcome her. She bit her lip, trying to stifle her moan, but it did little to help. She arched her back again as her body tensed up. There was another click and another flash. They probably heard that all the way down the hall, she thought as she slumped back onto her sheets, exhausted.  
  
Mandy looked at her fingers, glistening with her juices. Hmm. Instinct took over and she slipped the two fingers into her mouth without a second thought, sucking, licking, and staring into the camera. Click. She had never tasted a woman before, including herself. A night of firsts. It wasn't as bad as she had imagined, and she kind of liked it. She continued sucking at her fingers as her second hand dropped the camera and returned to her pussy...  
  
When Megan got home, Mandy was in her pajamas, studying chemistry. Or, at least she had a book open in front of her. Mandy's mind was a million miles away, reliving the past hour. When all was finished, she had cum three times in front of her open window, moaning loudly in ecstasy each and every time. She wondered whether anyone saw her. She wondered whether anyone heard her. She wondered if Megan suspected anything. She thought about the photos she had taken and wondered who would be the lucky recipient. Mandy had discovered a new side of herself, and after tonight, she wasn't sure if she could control it...or if she wanted to.  
  
A week later, Mandy was sitting at home when her cell phone chimed to alert her that she received a text. She picked it up and saw a message from David.  
  
"is it okay if i borrow ur cam again this weekend for an assignment? i understand if not...sorry :("  
  
Her heart skipped a beat and a smile crept onto her face. She took a deep breath and calmed herself before hitting reply.  
  
"of course! i dont mind :) when do u want to pick it up?"  
  
Let the games begin...

**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 02**

Thursday. David had asked if he could pick up the camera on Thursday, which gave Mandy two days to prepare. The important pictures are already there, she thought to herself. I just need to take some filler photos so that they won't seem too conspicuous.  
  
It was finally going to happen. It had been almost six weeks since she almost accidentally lent David a memory card containing intimate photographs of herself, and so much had changed since then.  
  
The accident had awoken a fantasy deep within Mandy—the desire to lose control, to be vulnerable and powerless, and to "accidentally" expose herself to others. She had an uncontrollable yearning to fulfill her fantasy, but she had chickened out two weeks ago when she had gotten a chance to repeat the scenario with Jacob. She would not let her cowardice get in the way again. Not this time. These photos had been taken specifically for this purpose, and that photo shoot had been an unexpected adventure unto itself.  
  
Mandy still wasn't sure if anyone had seen her that night, but she had inadvertently discovered another outlet for her imagination. Since that night of accidental exhibition, she had intentionally left the curtains open a couple times while changing. However, she hadn't done anything nearly as daring as the events of last week...  
  
With two days to fill her memory card with pointless photos, Mandy decided to take her camera around campus. It was a warm spring day, and as an amateur photographer, Mandy had no trouble finding subjects to snap. She wasn't trying particularly hard, and a few images of trees and flowers would suffice for her purpose. She also brought the camera to her biology class and photographed her friends during the mid-class break.  
  
As was their custom during the breaks, Mandy's study group hung out in the main lobby of the lecture hall. Several of her closest friends were in the class, including Sarah, whom Mandy had known since middle school. The two girls had been roommates in their frosh year, but this year, Sarah had chosen to get a single room, leaving Mandy to share a double with a stranger. It worked out for the best, because that is how Mandy and Megan had met. Still, Mandy sometimes missed living with her childhood friend.  
  
The rest of the study group was made up of Mandy and Sarah's mutual friends, David, Jacob, Mike, Stephanie, and Miri. The group was accustomed to Mandy's love of photography, so it was nothing out of the ordinary for her to bring her camera to class.  
  
"Let me take a picture of you and Sarah," Mike offered after Mandy had photographed him and Stephanie.  
  
Mandy hesitated. The camera in her hand contained naked photos of herself—photos of her writhing on her bed, finger fucking herself, and licking her own juices. The most personal photographs she had ever taken were on that camera at this very moment, and her heart skipped a beat as her male friend asked her to hand it over...  
  
...but she did hand it over. She watched intently as Mike lifted the camera and pointed. Her eyes were locked on his hands. She tried to act normal, posing for the photo with her close friend, but she could not concentrate. Mike was only a few button presses away from seeing photographic evidence of Mandy's most private moments, from seeing his friend and classmate naked and degrading herself in the comfort of her own bed. If only he knew.  
  
The flash blinded her, and she was brought back to reality. The camera passed around the group several more times as friends took pictures with one another and goofed off like they normally did.  
  
"Can I get a copy of those pictures when you get a chance?" Sarah asked politely. David and Miri asked if she could do the same for them, and the others gradually agreed.  
  
"Sure, no problem," Mandy replied. "I'll upload them and send them sometime soon." Hmm, that gives me an idea. "David, you can just download them off the memory card when you borrow the camera, right?"  
  
"Yeah, no problem."  
  
She tried to hide her grin as her plans came together. "Okay, cool. I forget what else is on the card. I haven't cleared it in months. I think those pub crawl pictures from last term might be on there, but I forget," she lied. She had removed those images weeks ago. "Just go through there and see if there's anything you want." The double meaning was a joke that only she could get, but that was okay. He will definitely look through the pictures now, and I can play dumb if he says anything. I just wish I could be there when he finds the gift I've left for him.  
  
The break was just about over, so the students gathered their things and headed back towards class.  
  
That night, Mandy was sitting around her dorm room with Jacob, Megan, and Megan's boyfriend, Alex. Mandy had actually known Alex ever since they went to elementary school together, and for the most part, she did not like him—a fact she kept from Megan.  
  
Even as a child, he acted like a spoiled brat. When he grew up, he became an arrogant pervert, and he treated other people like shit. He constantly objectified women, and his jokes and derogatory comments often left Mandy and Sarah feeling uncomfortable. He was a relatively handsome man, tall and fit, with dark hair, and well groomed, but Mandy had known him long enough to see through his appearance.  
  
Up until recently, the last time she had spoken to him had been at their high school prom. He had bumped into her on the dance floor and looked her over approvingly. "Hey, Mandy! You're looking pretty hot tonight!" He had shouted over the music with a drunken slur. "I'll have to keep an eye out for you tonight at the after party. After you've had a few drinks, I bet that dress will slip right off!"  
  
Needless to say, she had steered clear of him at the party and had even gotten a friend to keep watch over her. Mandy had been so happy that she would never have to see him again after that night...until two months ago when Megan brought her new boyfriend home. The shock had been like a punch to the gut.  
  
What could Megan possibly see in him? She was so incredibly out of his league. At 5'6", 140 lbs., and with enormous 36D breasts, Megan was a bombshell. She had light blue eyes, perfect cheek bones, and layered auburn hair that just barely reached her shoulders. She looked like a model, even on a bad day. When Mandy first met her after they had been assigned a room together, she had been jealous. Now she wondered how Alex had ever managed to get with a girl like her.  
  
She didn't know him in high school. She doesn't realize what a jerk he is yet, but she will eventually see it. She has too. Mandy had tried to broach the subject a couple of times, but it was no use. Nobody likes being told that they're dating a jerk, whether it's true or not. Mandy decided to hold her tongue and just wait it out. She would simply have to try and avoid him as much as possible.  
  
Unfortunately, tonight he was unavoidable. When Mandy came back to the dorm room from dinner, Megan and Alex were making out on Megan's bed. Megan insisted that they stop with Mandy there, though Alex didn't see the need. In order to quell the awkwardness, Mandy quickly texted Jacob and invited him up to visit. Once he arrived, the four of them sat around, talking about movies, sports, and classes. Mandy learned that Alex was enrolled in the business program at her school, not that she particularly cared. She also learned that he was still close friends with Tom and Nick, a couple of other assholes from high school that she would have sooner forgotten.  
  
Around midnight, Jacob got up to leave, explaining that he had class in the morning. After he left, Alex whispered something into Megan's ear. Her eyes opened wide and she playfully hit him on the shoulder, laughing. "No! We're not going to do it with her in the room."  
  
Alex seemed visibly annoyed by her response. He did a poor job of keeping his disappointment to himself, and Mandy could clearly read the frustration in his face. He declared that he might as well go home then, grabbed his bag, and left after a cold "goodbye."  
  
What a child. How can she not see that he is a dick? The two girls talked for a bit longer and soon went to bed. Tomorrow would be a big day for Mandy, and she didn't expect to get much sleep.  
  
Several times throughout the night, she quietly touched herself under the safety of her sheets while Megan snored loudly. You've become such a slutty girl, she told herself as she licked one of her fingers clean—something she had never done before last week. Is there anything you won't do?  
  
That last question gave her a devilish idea. At night, Mandy usually slept in just a pair of panties and a loose fitting t-shirt. Tonight was no different. She looked over at Megan to make sure she was still in a deep sleep. Underneath her sheets, Mandy tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slowly slipped them down her thighs. Carefully, she pushed them down, past her knees, until they rested around her ankles. She removed them completely, held them out alongside her bed, and let them drop to the floor. Next, she reached back under the sheets and hooked her fingers under the hem of her shirt. The material slipped up over her tummy, along her breasts, and across her shoulders. The shirt found its place on the floor along with her panties.  
  
Mandy paused again to examine Megan. Her snoring had subsided and she was now breathing lightly. Mandy softened her voice into the lowest audible whisper that she could. "Megan? Are you awake?"  
  
The only response was soft breathing. Butterflies filled her tummy as Mandy slowly pulled her sheet down, exposing her naked body to the darkness of the room. She felt the light friction of the material sliding along her swollen nipples until the sheets fell away and she felt cool air on her breasts. Still, the sheet kept sliding, along her stomach, past her smoothly shaven lips, down her thighs, until she could lightly kick it aside with her foot. The two girls frequently changed together, but they rarely stripped down past their underwear. As far as she could remember, this was the first time that Mandy had been completely naked in the same room as Megan.  
  
She slipped out of bed and moved silently towards the window.  
  
A few people were still walking around campus, appearing and disappearing into the darkness as they passed under streetlights along the walkways. In the boys' dorm across the courtyard, several rooms were still lit. In a couple windows, Mandy could see the silhouettes of students sitting at desks. She leaned forward until her nipples made contact with the window. The cold glass sent a chill through her body, but she made no effort to move away. She knew that it was unlikely that anyone would see her in the dark, but the risk of standing so close to the window was exciting nonetheless. It was a strange sensation to watch people going about their lives while standing in the nude.  
  
Mandy turned away from the window and looked over towards Megan. Her roommate was lying on her back with her sheets pulled down to her waist. She was wearing a grey tank top, and her huge breasts stood out prominently as they rose and fell with each breath. In the faint light from the window, Mandy examined the ample cleavage that showed through her deep neckline. She could just barely make out where Megan's nipples poked against the fabric.  
  
I wonder what they look like, she wondered. The thought caught her off-guard. Although she had been occasionally curious about what it would be like to be with another woman, she had never really looked at another women as a sexual object...  
  
What the fuck am I doing? She stepped back. She's my friend and my roommate.  
  
She snuck back towards her bed, but she could not take her eyes off the sleeping beauty. Once again giving into temptation, she pleasured herself then and there, naked on her own bed, no more than six feet away from Megan. As she approached her climax, Mandy rolled over onto her stomach and muffled her moans into a pillow.  
  
Exhausted, she immediately fell asleep.  
  
In her dream, Mandy was at her biology class, surrounded by her classmates. Everybody was talking about their most recent assignment, but Mandy was afraid because she hadn't finished it. She knew her professor would be disappointed if he found out, so she tried to hide in the back of the classroom. Despite her efforts, everyone was staring at her.  
  
Looking down, she was shocked to learn that she was wearing only a towel. She turned back up towards her classmates, who were all cramped into her tiny dorm room. I didn't invite you guys here. It must have been Megan. It's too crowded in here, and I'm going to be in trouble. She wanted to tell them that they had to leave, but her voice was gone.  
  
Looking back towards the window and over the courtyard, Mandy had a wicked thought. With her back to her classmates, she loosened the towel. Pretend you didn't see them or they'll think you're a slut. Eyes followed her everywhere. From across the courtyard, her friends watched her from the windows of the boys' dormitory. As the towel dropped to the floor, cameras flashed all around her.  
  
I have to get to the shower. I'm going to be late for class. Hands forcefully grabbed at her bare buttocks and would not allow her to move. She struggled, but it was no use. The more I show them, the more they want. A stream of hot water poured over her naked body as Mandy suddenly found herself in the shower. She could still feel her classmates' hands, but she didn't see them anywhere. Am I still being watched? It didn't really matter—they had already seen everything.  
  
She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensation as the hands roamed across her entire body, soaping and scrubbing her head to toe before finally merging into a single pair. She opened her eyes and found Megan in the shower with her, naked. Megan stood behind Mandy with her arms around her body and her hands gently caressing Mandy's breasts. She is so beautiful. The two naked girls embraced as the room filled with a fury of camera flashes. I want to kiss her and I don't care who sees it. But as her lips touched her roommate, Mandy was flung onto her bed.  
  
After you've had a few drinks, I bet that dress will slip right off... A voice echoed in her head. She got to her knees and looked up at Alex standing above her. She tried to get up but he pushed her down. She tried a second time, and he pushed her again. Why is he so mean to me? But she knew exactly what he wanted. She reached up and unbuckled his pants, pulling out his throbbing cock. She took him into her mouth and sucked him in shame while her classmates looked on.  
  
Suddenly, he pushed her down onto the bed again. She tried to get up but a myriad of hands held her down. No, please don't. But her voice was nowhere to be found...or perhaps the words were a lie. She wiggled to escape, but the hands would not let go. They knew. They all knew. She thrashed and fought, but the hands held her steady as Alex forced himself inside of her, and she could feel his cum filling her womanhood. The only sound to pass her lips was a cry of pleasure. They all know.  
  
She woke suddenly. What the fuck was that?!  
  
Her head was flooded with emotions and her sheets were soaked with sweat. As she tried to shake the disturbing thoughts from her mind, the morning sunlight peeked through the curtains and onto her glistening skin. I'm naked. She looked over at her shirt and panties, strewn across the floor, and the events of last night came back to her. She looked over towards Megan's empty bed, neatly made, and panic set in. Oh shit, did she see me lying here naked or was I under the sheets? Ugh, this could get really awkward when she gets home from class.  
  
However, the panic soon gave way to anxious excitement. It reminded her of last week's photo shoot, when she had realized that she had left the curtains open. The uncertainty of whether she had been seen, whether she had been exposed, brought a smirk to her face as she got out of bed.  
  
She had been living with Megan for almost seven months, and never until last night had she ever thought of her sexually. But now she remembered the way that Megan's top had clung to her body as she slept. Mandy tried to imagine what Megan would think if she had seen her naked. Would she be shocked? Would she like what she saw? Mandy couldn't remember Megan ever showing any sign that she was interested in women. But I never showed any sign before last night either...  
  
Still naked, Mandy wandered around the room in a daze, eventually focusing enough to get ready. She peeked through the curtains at the busy walkways below. Do it. Nobody is looking.  
  
She allowed herself to open the curtains slightly, knowing that if anyone bothered to look up, they might get a partial view of her. But as far as she could tell, nobody noticed.  
  
Mandy had a quick shower that morning. The dream was still vivid in her memory and she wasn't sure whether she should be worried about Megan. She's pretty easy-going. She probably wouldn't bring it up even if she did see me.  
  
She decided not to attend her biology tutorial that morning and instead went for lunch. Having slept in much later than usual, it was almost noon by the time she was finished getting ready and left her room.  
  
What did the dream mean? She wondered as she walked through campus. The last part had particularly frightened her. In her dream, she did nothing to stop Alex from taking her. The details were fading from her memory with every waking minute, but it seemed like she had wanted him to fuck her in the dream. No, that can't be right. But the more that she replayed it in her mind, the more that she felt butterflies in her stomach. I was weak and he took control of me. The ambivalent thrill reminded Mandy of her first close call with David and the camera.  
  
Oh, right! David is picking up the camera today! After such an eventful morning, she had completely forgotten about it. Mandy wondered if she should perhaps call off her elaborate plan for a second time after everything that had happened. The thought weighed heavily on her mind while she ate lunch at the meal hall. She seemed to be headed down a dangerous path, and she wasn't sure where it would take her. Maybe the dream was a warning. However, when she got back to her dorm room and found David's message asking when he should come by for the camera, her excitement returned and doubts faded away.  
  
Megan would be home any minute, but she usually went out with her friends on Thursday nights, leaving Mandy with the room to herself.  
  
"can u stop by tonite? im busy most of the day."  
  
It felt like an eternity as she paced the room, waiting for his reply. Minutes later, her phone chimed. "sure no prob. see u at 9ish?"  
  
It was already 1:00pm, and she dreaded the thought of waiting eight more hours. I waited a month and a half...I can wait a few more hours.  
  
Megan soon arrived home, and that provided a temporary distraction.  
  
"Hey!" Mandy greeted, nervously.  
  
"Hey, what's up?"  
  
"Just got back from lunch. You eat yet?"  
  
"Yeah, I grabbed a sandwich on the way home from class."  
  
"Cool." Mandy's stomach twisted in knots as she tried desperately to read Megan's body language. Is she acting strange? Does she look like she saw me naked? Would she even act differently if that were the case? Maybe she was awake the whole time and saw me masturbating. Would that be such a bad thing? She tried not to think about it, but the questions bombarded her mind. "Do you have plans for tonight?" Mandy asked, trying her best to be nonchalant.

"I'll probably go downtown with Kelly and her roommate. They are thinking of going to Pipers', and I'm off tomorrow, so I'll probably be out late." The Shady Piper was a pub downtown, popular with the local students, and one of Megan's favorite hangouts. "What about you?"  
  
"Not sure. David is supposed to come over to pick up my camera tonight, but after that I'll wait and see." After that, I don't really care. The important thing was that Megan would be gone out.  
  
"Well, you're welcome to come with us if you want, but I know Piper's isn't really your favorite spot." It was true. Although The Shady Piper was a nice quiet place for a drink, Mandy preferred to go somewhere that she could dance.  
  
"Thanks, but I'll probably pass," Mandy replied politely. She didn't detect anything out of the ordinary with Megan. Maybe I was worried for nothing. I was probably hidden under the sheets, and she was probably so busy getting ready for class that she wouldn't have even noticed. "Anyway, I better go or I'll be late for class." With that, Mandy grabbed her books and left.  
  
The three hour psychology class dragged on forever. Mandy was grateful that the professor posted most of his notes online, because she hardly heard a word that he said that day. Her mind was elsewhere, thinking of cameras and windows...and Megan. I wonder what it's like to be with a woman. Is it really better than a guy, like everyone says? Now those would be some great pictures to give to the guys...  
  
Part of her was worried that the current pictures weren't as sexy as she hoped. Maybe David would laugh at them or think she was a loser for taking them. No, of course he won't. You've seen the way that he looks at you. This will be the greatest day of his life.  
  
The professor mentioned something about the research participation assignment that she needed to complete for the course, but Mandy wasn't really listening. Whatever, I'll just ask Sarah about it later. She looked at the clock in the corner. Will this class ever end? She couldn't recall the last time that she had felt this impatient.  
  
Finally, 5:00pm came and class was over. As Mandy was getting up to go, Sarah stopped her to ask if she wanted to go out drinking later that night. Unlike Megan, Mandy did have class on Fridays, but not until the afternoon. "I don't know," Mandy hastily replied as she tossed her books into her bag. "Call me later—I'm busy until after 10." But before Sarah could get in another word, Mandy was up and out the door.  
  
The rest of her afternoon dragged on. She got home and hung out with Megan for a while. As the two girls discussed upcoming exams, Mandy decided that things were cool with her roommate. Either she didn't see me, or she didn't care. It was a reassuring thought, but it didn't change Mandy's newfound interest in Megan...or, at the very least, Megan's body. Whatever, I have bigger things to focus on. Just a few more hours until David arrives.  
  
Mandy was sitting at her desk, staring up at the camera on her shelf when her phone chimed. Sarah was letting her know that several of her friends would be going to The LoRider around 10pm if she was interested. She wanted to know if they should stop by to get her before they left.  
  
Ugh, 10pm? By the time David leaves, that would only give me like half an hour to shower and get ready. Unless...  
  
"yes come by after 10," she texted back to Sarah. Mandy would almost certainly be hyped up this evening and the alcohol and dancing might be exactly what she needed.  
  
Mandy and Megan went to dinner together and sat with several of their other friends from the dorm. The meal hall was serving spaghetti and meat balls, but Mandy was too excited to eat much. Megan and Kelly talked about their plans for the evening, while Francis complained about an upcoming paper for his political science class. Katrina talked about a volunteer position that she was taking in her research lab, and Mandy tried to sound interested, but her mind was elsewhere. Her eyes were constantly on the clock.  
  
Around 7pm, they all said their goodbyes and went back to their dorm rooms.  
  
After a bit of cleaning up, Megan began getting ready for her night out with Kelly. The Piper wasn't exactly a fancy spot, so it didn't require any dressing up. Still, Mandy tried not to stare too obviously when her roommate went over to the closet to change shirts. She watched from behind as Megan pulled her t-shirt off and threw it in the pile of dirty clothes at the foot of her bed.  
  
Her skin was not quite as pale as Mandy's, but she was definitely not a tanned girl. She stood in front of the closet for a moment in her purple bra while she contemplated what to wear. Mandy took the moment to admire her perfect skin and her perfect figure. Megan had several tattoos, and now Mandy could see the skull and flowers on her bare left shoulder and the band of thorns and daggers on her right arm. Although she couldn't see it now, Mandy knew that Megan also had a mermaid under her jeans on her left thigh.  
  
The yellow tank top that Megan chose to put on still showed off a lot of skin, including both of her upper-body tattoos. After a light addition of make-up, she grabbed her things and left to get Kelly.  
  
I finally have the place to myself. Mandy looked at the clock. She still had 45 minutes left to get ready. She picked up the camera and began flipping through the pictures. She tried to imagine that it was her first time looking at them. She tried to imagine that she was looking at someone else. She tried to imagine that she had just stumbled upon these pictures by accident.  
  
The girl in these pictures looks like a total slut. Satisfied, she put the camera back down and began circling the small room impatiently. She opened up the curtains and looked at the boys' dorm across the courtyard. I wonder if anyone is staring back at me.  
  
Her mind drifted back to the night of her photo shoot. She tried to guess which dorm rooms would have had the clearest view. Her eyes were drawn to one room on the floor above her own where a group of boys were sitting close to the window. It looked like a couple of them were looking back at her, but it was hard to tell in the low light.  
  
It was getting dark outside, and with her overhead light on, Mandy's silhouette would be quite prominent in the window. Do it, a voice urged inside of her. Undress for them like you did last week. Expose yourself to them and give them another show to remember.  
  
She bit her lip and resisted the temptation, stepping away from the window instead. With only 30 minutes left until David was supposed to arrive, she began putting her plan into action.  
  
"hey dave," she texted, "text me when ur on ur way here. i might be getting reddy to go out and want to make sure im here"  
  
After David responded that it wouldn't be a problem, Mandy grabbed her towel and headed for the shower...  
  
Half an hour had passed and she was back in her room when she heard a knock at the door. She looked through the peephole, and sure enough, David stood out in the hall, alone.  
  
"Oh shit," Mandy said loudly, hoping for her voice to carry into the hall. Got to make him think he caught me unprepared. "Just give me a second."  
  
"Do you want me to come back?" David's muffled voice replied through the door. He had several other friends in the building, so Mandy knew it wouldn't have been much trouble for him to waste a few minutes.  
  
"No, it's okay. Just give me a second." A moment later, she unlocked the door and opened it a crack. Mandy leaned her face into the opening, with her body positioned behind the door. "Hey, sorry about that," she greeted him. "I just got out of the shower and haven't gotten dressed yet." She leaned a little further and to tease him with a glimpse of her bare shoulder. "I'm in a towel, so I won't be inviting you in," she explained with a laugh.  
  
"That's okay. Sorry if I came at a bad time."  
  
"No, it's not your fault. I'm just running late." She ran her fingers through her wet hair, pushing it back behind her ear. She felt vulnerable behind the door, even though she knew that nothing was exposed. "Sarah and I are going to The LoRider later. You wanna come?" I think Jacob and Ashley are going. Mike will probably go if you and Jacob do."  
  
"Yeah, maybe. Give me a call when you guys are heading down."  
  
"Sure. Just wait here while I get the camera," Mandy instructed as she closed the door... but she did not close it completely. She had lived in this dorm for nearly a year, and she knew that the doors in most rooms had a tendency of drifting open if they were not shut completely. Her room was no exception.  
  
She turned her back on the door and walked over towards her desk to fetch the camera. Her mind flooded with images of the door slowly creeping open behind her, but she could not check to be certain. That would ruin her plan. She imagined David watching innocently from the hallway while she sauntered around in her towel, oblivious.  
  
Don't hesitate or he'll know it was planned. She got to her desk and pretended to search for the camera, all the while keeping her back on the door. She wondered whether it had opened at all. The sound of her neighbor's music seemed to be getting gradually louder, suggesting that her plan had worked, but she wasn't sure. Perhaps her act was all for nothing.  
  
Still, she continued with her pretend search. As she bent over to look in one of her drawers, she could feel her terry cloth wrapping rise along her thighs ever so slightly. She could feel the cool air on her buttocks as her ass cheeks peeked out from below the towel. But as quickly as the peek came, it disappeared as she stood back up and began searching the upper shelves.  
  
By now, she figured that the door must have drifted at least halfway open, leaving her completely unobstructed.  
  
Mandy spotted the camera on the top shelf. She reached one arm up high to grab it and set her other hand on her desk to steady herself. This should be a good view. Her body stretched outwards as she leaned forward on her toes. Once again, she felt the towel rise, farther than before. She felt the material rise at least midway up her ass as she reached out as far as she could. She took in a deep breath as butterflies spread throughout her stomach. She was exposing herself to her friend, and as far as he knew, she was oblivious.  
  
As her body stretched, she felt the towel loosen around her chest. Part of her wanted it to fall. She wanted him to see her completely exposed and vulnerable, but she thought better of it. He will see everything once he gets the camera, she reminded herself.  
  
The familiar sound of her neighbor's door closing made her jump as her fingers clasped the camera. As she stepped back from the desk, Mandy felt her left foot catch on her chair.  
  
It all happened in an instant. She stumbled back, certain that she would fall to the floor. Her left hand clung instinctively to her expensive camera while the right arm swung desperately for something to grab.  
  
Her body started to fall just as her right arm found her roommate's desk behind her, and she slammed into it instead. The sudden motion caused her towel to unravel as she tried to regain her balance.  
  
She felt like a helpless observer as the loose cloth slipped down her body. Time seemed to slow down as she felt the friction of the towel falling loosely over her breasts. Her left arm pulled in quickly, frantically hoping to catch it.  
  
However, her attempt was too late. Her right breast slipped out first, followed quickly by the left. Without her breasts to hold it up, the towel fell to her feet unhindered.  
  
Naked, lying back over Megan's desk, Mandy took a moment to catch her breath. She wasn't hurt, but the fall had knocked the wind out of her. That certainly wasn't part of the plan. She looked over towards the door and saw that it was wide open. Staring back at her from the hall were David and her neighbor from two doors down, Andrew.  
  
"Are you okay?" David asked, sounding genuinely concerned, but Mandy could see that he wasn't looking at her eyes.  
  
Andrew watched silently from behind. Mandy had only ever spoken to him a few times, and he made no effort to hide his gaze. She could feel their eyes drinking in her bare flesh.  
  
Mandy jumped from the desk and bent over to pick up the towel. Her face turned a bright shade of red as she tried desperately to cover herself with her arms and turn her body away from the boys' hungry eyes. "Oh my god," she cried, humiliated. She fumbled with the towel and held the loose garment to her chest in a vain attempt to hide her body. "I can't believe that just happened!" She had played the scenario over a million times in her mind, but this hadn't gone as planned at all.  
  
With an arm pressed across her chest and an elbow held down to pin the towel in the place, Mandy fumbled her way towards the door and the speechless boys. Her left breast still hung exposed as she forcefully shoved the camera into David's hand.  
  
"Here, take it. I'll call you later about the LoRider." She didn't wait for a response as she closed the door in his face. This time she made sure that it was closed completely, locking it to be safe. Her back was a bit sore from the tumble, but otherwise Mandy was merely shaken.  
  
With her privacy restored, she let the towel drop and headed towards the mirror. There was a small red mark where she had hit the desk, but she doubted it was bad enough to leave a bruise. She also checked Megan's desk to make sure that she hadn't broken anything during her tumble. Luckily, the computer tower was stored under the desk and the monitor was pushed back out of harm's way.  
  
With that taken care of, she gave herself a moment to finally exhale. Fuck! What a fucking disaster! It must have only lasted a few seconds, and their view would have been limited from the side, but she had not meant to show David so much, and she definitely hadn't expected for Andrew to walk by.  
  
And now David had the camera with the naked pictures as well. That had been the plan all along, hadn't it? Now those pictures are going to look pretty suspicious. It's either going to look like I did it on purpose or like I'm some vapid clumsy slut. But isn't that what I wanted?  
  
Why did I give him those pictures? It was such a stupid mistake to do this. She considered calling him and asking him to bring the camera back, but then she would need to come up with an explanation. Her heart pounded in her chest as she tried to find an escape from her situation.  
  
She thought about the way that David and Andrew had been staring at her, lying there naked and vulnerable. Why do you keep fighting it? You're defeated because that's what you wanted. You even hesitated for a moment before you covered yourself up. Don't think they didn't notice that. She looked at the closed curtains and remembered the same feeling she had felt last week: exposed...humiliated...degraded...and excited.  
  
It's not like you're hurting anything. It's your body and you can show it off if you want to. She tried to rationalize her behavior as some sort of feminine empowerment, but that seemed like a stretch.  
  
Mandy walked over to the window, still naked, and peaked through the curtains. It was quite dark out now, and the group of boys was still hanging out in the dorm room across the courtyard. Most other rooms were dark.  
  
You're turning yourself into a slut and letting guys use you. Is that really what you want? Again, she remembered her dream from the previous night. Her fantasy was speeding out of control. This had all started because she thought the idea of an accidental flash might be exciting. Now she was exposing herself on a regular basis, and she wasn't even sure of how many people had witnessed her acts of exhibitionism. Moreover, she was worried about where this path might lead her. The more I show them, the more they want. The words echoed in her head. I need to stop this.  
  
She stared out the window, wondering how she would put things back to normal. David was probably going to be jerking off to her photos before the evening was out, she would need to face her neighbor again at some point in the hallway, and the boys across the courtyard were probably watching her window regularly, waiting for her next show.  
  
A shiver ran down her spine as the latter thought lingered in her mind. It's either going to look like I did it on purpose or like I'm some vapid clumsy slut.  
  
Fuck it, she thought as she flung the curtains open. I want to play the vapid clumsy slut for just a little bit longer.

**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 03**

Mandy stared up at the ceiling, in a daze. I can't believe I just did that again, she thought as she regained her composure.  
  
Beads of sweat rolled down her bare breasts as they rose and fell with each exhausted breath. Naked, she lay sprawled on her bed in a tangled mess of sheets and pillows. Her fingers glistened with a combination of her own juices and saliva. She leaned her head back and glanced over towards the window and its open curtains.  
  
She felt like she was dreaming again. Her eyes turned towards the clock, and she struggled to focus on the numbers. 9:37 PM. It had already been forty minutes since David had come knocking on her door, but it felt like only seconds ago.  
  
In what seemed like a blink of the eye, she had exposed herself to David and Andrew, and she was most likely exposed to a bunch of boys across the courtyard at this very moment. The first two had been accidental, but her current situation was the result of a moment's weakness—for the second time in the past two weeks, she had pleasured herself by an open window without so much as looking to see who was watching.  
  
And on top of all that, David was now in possession of Mandy's camera, loaded with highly intimate pictures of her herself. Part of her recognized the gravity of the situation, but she pushed that part aside. Instead, she focused on the high she felt as adrenaline coursed through her body.  
  
Hot and breathing heavy, she licked her lips. I could really go for a drink right now. She lifted a tired arm and glided a hand down her sweaty thigh. So much for that shower I just took, she thought with a smirk.  
  
In about 20 minutes, she was supposed to meet Sarah for a night out at The LoRider, their favorite club. That hardly gave her enough time to dress and put on her makeup. She got up from the bed and ignored the open curtains. I better hurry if I need another shower.  
  
Mandy grabbed her towel from the floor and wrapped it around her body. Normally, she would get fully dressed when walking to and from the showers, but there was no time. And besides, it seemed silly to worry about it now. After spending the last half hour masturbating by an open window, walking twenty feet down a dormitory hall in a towel was pretty insignificant.  
  
She opened the door a crack and peeked out in both directions to make sure that Andrew wasn't there. After what had just happened, she certainly wasn't ready to face him again. With the coast clear, she held the towel tightly to her body and quickly made her way to the private shower room in her wing of the dorm.  
  
The warm water felt wonderful as it ran over her body, but Mandy did not have time to enjoy it. After a quick rinse, she dried off and made her way back to her room.  
  
The lights were off and it was pitch black as Mandy closed the door behind her. After a moment, her eyes adjusted to the pale moonlight that poured in through the uncovered window.  
  
Curiosity finally got the better of Mandy as she tip-toed her way past the beds and desks, towards the source of light. The only sound she heard was the pounding of her own heart, and as she swallowed, she remembered how dry her mouth was. She took a deep breath and looked outside.  
  
On the lit walkways below, several students walked to and fro. It was still relatively early on a Thursday evening, and the campus had no shortage of young people looking for a good time. Across the courtyard, several rooms were lit up in the boys' dormitory. The lower floors looked sparsely populated with a few students at their desks.  
  
Mandy's eyes drifted upwards until she was looking directly across from her own room. She froze in panic.  
  
Staring back at her were three young guys! She stumbled back from the window and nearly fell for a second time. Two windows over, she saw two more guys, sitting casually and staring in her direction. She held the towel tightly to her body as she stared back at these boys.  
  
They can't see me in the dark, she reminded herself. Her eyes continued scanning the adjacent building and found two more rooms with audiences. I guess they're hoping that the show isn't over yet. In all, she counted thirteen guys that seemed to be waiting for her. From her distance, she could not make out the faces of her voyeurs, nor could she be certain how long they had been watching.  
  
I wonder if I know any of them... It seemed unlikely. Her university was quite large and Mandy mostly hung around with people from her own dorm. As far as she could remember, she didn't know a single person who lived in the boys' dorm. They could be in some of my classes, but from this distance, they couldn't recognize me, she assured herself.  
  
She looked over at her clock. 9:51 PM. Shit, I'm running late.  
  
She hovered by the window a moment, deciding on her next move. Finally, she left the curtains as they were and snuck back towards her door. I don't have time to give them another show, but I guess it couldn't hurt to let them watch me get ready—not after what I've already done for them.  
  
Mandy's heart fluttered at the thought of all those boys waiting for her. She flicked on the overhead light and pretended to have just returned from her shower, still ignorant of her voyeurs. She walked over to her closet and stood there a moment with a hand grasping the towel. It's so much harder doing this now that I've seen them, she thought as she loosened the knot that held her wrap in place. If you hesitate, they will know that you are on to them, reminded a voice in her head. Just drop it and get ready.  
  
A second later, the towel was on the floor around her feet. Mandy kicked it aside and pulled out a red thong from her top drawer. Sorry guys. No time to make this sexy, she thought as she stepped into the flimsy lace garment and slid it up her thighs. It was one of her favorite pairs of underwear, and she loved the way it accentuated the shape of her ass. Next, she found the matching red bra and put it on.  
  
Although she was no longer naked, Mandy still felt quite naughty as she walked around the tiny dorm room in her sexiest underwear, watched by an audience. She quickly got to work putting on her makeup.  
  
It was 9:58 PM when she heard a knock at the door. Damn. Not ready yet.  
  
"Who is it?" Mandy called out as she carefully penciled in her eyeliner. She already knew the answer, but the question bought her enough time to finish the job.  
  
"It's me," replied Sarah's muffled voice through the door.  
  
"Is it just you?"  
  
"Yeah, why?"  
  
"Just a second." Still only half-dressed, Mandy walked over to the door and peered through the peephole. She saw Sarah standing in the hall in a black and white striped blouse and khaki shorts.  
  
Mandy had known Sarah for years, and the two girls were very close. They had similar personalities, both outgoing and open to new experiences. However, while the two girls used to joke about being long-lost twins, they looked almost nothing alike.  
  
At 5'3", Sarah was much shorter than her friend, and her body was much thinner than Mandy's curvy frame. Weighing only 108 lbs., Sarah was often the envy of her female friends. Although her breasts were smaller than Mandy's, Sarah's tiny frame made the B-cups look larger than they really were. Her straight black hair fell just short of Mandy's curls, and her cute mousey appearance often hid the adventurous spirit within her.  
  
Just like she had done when David visited, Mandy positioned herself behind the door as she unlocked it and opened it a crack. "Hey," she greeted as she looked carefully down the hall. "I'm running late—I'm not even dressed yet. Come wait inside, and I should be ready in a couple minutes."  
  
"Sure, no problem. I still have to text Ashley anyway."  
  
Throughout their long friendship, Mandy and Sarah had dressed and undressed in front of each other hundreds of times. Mandy thought nothing of it as she allowed her friend into the room and quickly locked the door behind her.  
  
She returned to her mirror to finish up her makeup while Sarah sat on the bed that Mandy had recently made a mess of.  
  
"Mandy... umm... your curtains are open..."  
  
Mandy froze, eyes glued to her reflection, not daring to look at her friend. Fuck. She had completely forgotten about the window while she was getting ready, and she had not intended to get caught in the act of exhibitionism. She swallowed hard as she searched for words. "Are they?" She stammered. "Shit. I, ugh, I didn't even notice."  
  
There was an awkward pause as the two girls sat silently. Mandy did not budge from her chair, keeping her back to her friend. "Oh well... I doubt anyone can see in here."  
  
"I don't know," Sarah interrupted as she rose up from the bed and began walking towards the window. "There are a bunch of guys over there and they—"  
  
"No, don't look at them!" Mandy cried, spinning quickly in her chair.  
  
Sarah stopped dead in her tracks and turned back towards Mandy. She looked confused by Mandy's unexpected reaction.  
  
"I don't want them to know that we've seen them..." Mandy explained, biting her lip. Should I tell her, she wondered. Sarah and Mandy knew so much about each other. If there was anyone that Mandy could tell about her recent adventures without judgment, it was Sarah. It would be nice to tell someone...  
  
However, Mandy didn't have to say anything. She could see the gears working in Sarah's mind. Sarah's expression changed from confusion to surprise, and her mouth dropped open. "Oh my god! You knew, didn't you?! Are you crazy?!" Her voice did not sound harsh or critical. Mandy thought it sounded more like amusement. "Who is over there? I can't believe you're strutting around in a thong! You're insane!"  
  
"I..." Mandy was speechless. Just tell her. She already knows. It's not like she's never done anything crazy. Soon after she had turned 18, Sarah had confessed to Mandy about a party where she had gotten drunk and given a blowjob to a couple of guys, both of whom were friends of her boyfriend-of-the-time. Sarah can be pretty wild too. She won't judge. "I..." She struggled to find the words. "I... uh, well, yeah... I guess I might have done it on purpose... to have a little fun with the neighbors."  
  
Sarah responded with a giggle. "Oh my god! Is this all they've seen, or have you shown them more?" she asked, glancing at Mandy's current attire. "How long have you been doing this? Who is over there?"  
  
The questions were frantic, and Mandy struggled to keep up. "Well, I... ugh, I don't know who is over there... and... no, it's not the first time." She took a deep breath and began telling Sarah the whole story. It will feel good to get this off my chest. Mandy decided to leave out a few unnecessary details such as her confusing new interest in women. She noticed Sarah's expression turn to utter shock as she described the events that had just transpired with David.  
  
"David?... You mean... David-David? You gave him nude pictures of yourself?"  
  
"Yeah, I don't know what I was thinking." Mandy was blushing so badly that she couldn't look Sarah in the eyes.  
  
"I'm sure it will be fine," Sarah reassured. "Can I tell you a secret?" She did not wait for Mandy's response. "I used to flash strangers online. Like, you know those video chat websites where you talk to random strangers? Last year, while we were still living together, I used to go on there sometimes... and..." She paused, ashamed of her sinful acts. "...and... I would... undress for them."  
  
"Really?" Mandy was somewhat surprised by Sarah's sudden confession. Maybe I'm not so fucked up after all.  
  
"Yeah... mostly for guys..." She trailed off midsentence, interrupting one thought with another. "But those were always strangers. Never anything this crazy! Oh my god, they're still watching us right now. It's so creepy. You don't mind your neighbors watching you walk around in your underwear?"  
  
"Well... it's kind of scary... but I guess that's what makes it fun... if that makes any sense."  
  
"Yeah, it totally does." Sarah paused as her phone chimed, quickly checking her text and putting it away. "Ashley says she will meet us here in about 20 minutes. Honestly though, I'm not judging you at all. I just never thought... that you would, you know... I guess I never thought you had it in you!"  
  
Mandy couldn't help but laugh. "Yeah, neither did I!" She looked herself over in the mirror and decided that her makeup looked good enough for the club. "I don't know what I am going to do about David though... I invited him out tonight. I'm going to have to talk to him!"  
  
"Don't worry about it. He thinks it was an accident, right? Just stick to that story if he brings it up... which he probably won't. No offense to David, but he's kind of a wuss. He's probably more anxious about talking to you than you are about him!"  
  
"Yeah, I guess..." Mandy got up and moved to her closet. "What should I wear?" For a moment, it was like they were living together again, talking about boys and sex, and getting ready for a night out on the town. Except that now they were being watched.  
  
"I don't know... do you still have that cute black gown that you used to love?"  
  
Mandy perused her closet. "No, I think I lent that to Kristen the last time I was home. What about this?" she asked, pulling out a blue strapless dress. "Too nice?"  
  
"Yeah, a little too nice for LoRider. We have some time to kill. Just try something on."  
  
Mandy pulled out multiple tops, skirts, and shorts, trying on different combinations. "I'll go with the black skirt," she decided, referring to the short skirt she had tried on two outfits ago. She retrieved the garment and quickly slipped back into it. "Which shirt goes best with this?"  
  
"Hmm, whatever happened to that light blue tube top?"  
  
"I think it's right..." Mandy turned back towards the closet and dug through piles of clothes. "Here." She started to hold it up and stopped. "Oh wait... I... umm... I can't wear a bra with this..."  
  
"Then don't."  
  
There was an awkward silence as the girls looked at each other. Mandy gestured subtly towards the window. Sarah smiled and nodded.  
  
She wants to see me to do it. She wants to see me flash the neighbors.  
  
Mandy tossed the top onto her bed. She took a deep breath and reached behind her back. Her fingers trembled as she fumbled with the hooks of her bra, but she stood her ground, facing her friend and the window. Once unfastened, she let the straps slip over her shoulders, and the bra dropped to the floor.  
  
It's so weird to be doing this with her in the room. But strangely, it was comforting to have a friend to share her darkest secrets with and to know that she wouldn't be judged. Standing there topless, Mandy thought she saw something unexpected in Sarah's eyes. Surprise? Excitement? ...Lust? Her large pink nipples hardened under the gaze of her best friend, but Mandy tried to chalk it up to the boys.  
  
"What's so funny?" Sarah asked when she saw the smile on Mandy's lips.  
  
"Oh, nothing. I just can't believe that I'm doing this again." She laughed, cupping her bare breasts. "But you know, we still have some time to waste until Ashley gets here. I have a couple of outfits you could try on... you know, to see if there's anything you want to borrow."  
  
Sarah froze, caught off guard by Mandy's proposition. "I don't know... I haven't really done anything like that in a while." Her eyes flickered towards the window and back to Mandy's topless body. "Are you sure we don't know anybody over there?"  
  
"I don't think so. Maybe a couple of random guys from class, but nobody that would recognize us." She wants to do it. I know she does.  
  
"Are they still watching?"  
  
Mandy's eyes stayed locked onto Sarah, but her focus shifted to the window in her peripheral vision and the silhouettes in the distance. "Yeah, of course they are."  
  
"I don't know..." Sarah shifted nervously in her seat. Silently, she reached down and began playing with the hem of her top.  
  
Mandy stopped breathing and watched silently. She felt a tingle course through her body as she waited for her friend to undress. She's going to do it. For a moment, Mandy forgot about her own toplessness. Her attention was focused on the girl before her—and on her hands in particular. She stared and waited for the moment of truth. Is this how the guys feel when they are watching me?  
  
It all happened quickly and seemed like a blur in Mandy's mind. One moment, Sarah was seated on the bed, still indecisive. The next moment, she was standing and her top was off, thrown to the bed. There she stood in her khaki shorts and a pale orange bra. "Just the top though. The shorts are staying on."  
  
The two girls had undressed in front of each other countless times, but this felt different. Mandy stared at the hint of cleavage between Sarah's small breasts, and something stirred deep inside her. No, not her too... The feeling wasn't quite as strong as it had been with Megan, but it was unmistakable. Mandy was definitely becoming aroused as she watched her best friend undress.  
  
Mandy watched as Sarah reached back and unclasped her bra. The garment hung loose for what seemed like an eternity before slipping gracefully over Sarah's shoulders.  
  
They're so perky, Mandy thought as she admired Sarah's bare chest. Sarah's breasts were not as large or round as Mandy's, but they had a beautiful conical shape to them, topped off by small dark nipples that seemed to point in Mandy's direction. The flesh of her tits was noticeably paler than the rest of her body, with subtle tan lines suggesting that she had gotten some sun recently.  
  
Mandy froze as Sarah began moving closer. Her body involuntarily tensed up, awaiting contact, while her eyes never left Sarah's breasts. Her body yearned to be touched. No, I shouldn't. "Sarah..." She protested softly.  
  
"What?" Sarah asked as she walked past Mandy and began digging through her closet.  
  
Mandy's face turned a bright shade of red as her mind jolted back to reality. "Nothing." Wow, that could have been embarrassing. She allowed herself to relax as she watched Sarah search through her clothes. Her adrenaline had been running high for most of the day and she was horny as hell. Given the chance, she would have likely fucked Sarah then and there.  
  
Mandy remembered that she was still naked from the waist up. She picked up her tube top and slipped it on while Sarah tried on several tops. Each time Sarah removed a shirt, Mandy tried not to stare at her little tits as they shook from side to side. All the while, Sarah made no attempt to hide herself from boys across the courtyard.  
  
Finally, Sarah's phone chimed to inform the girls that Ashley was arriving downstairs. Keeping a straight face, she changed back to her black and white blouse, and they both grabbed their cash and ID. Once in the hallway, the girls began laughing uncontrollably.  
  
"Oh my god! I can't believe I just did that," Sarah exclaimed. "My heart is beating like crazy!"  
  
The girls met Ashley downstairs as they stepped off the elevator. Soon, they were all in a cab, on their way to The LoRider.  
  
Ashley was dressed more provocatively than the other girls, which was no surprise. The neckline of her top dipped between her braless breasts, showing off a large amount of skin, while her miniskirt rose a little higher than Mandy's.

As the only blonde in the group, the other girls frequently joked that Ashley was their unofficial ditz. Mandy often suspected that the jokes were not so far from the truth. Mandy got along with Ashley well enough, but it was mostly their mutual friendship with Sarah that brought the two girls together. Compared to Mandy, Ashley was more of a stereotypical undergrad—partying, fucking, and neglecting her classes.  
  
While the girls occasionally flirted with guys at the bar, Ashley was far more likely than the others to go home with someone on any given night. Mandy didn't judge her for it—how could she, given her own behavior over the last couple of weeks? She did often wonder why Ashley was in university at all, considering that she rarely attended class. But Mandy pushed those thoughts from her mind as the girls exited from the car.  
  
They made their way inside, ordered drinks, and scanned the crowd for their male friends.  
  
As expected, Mike and Jacob were already there, seated in their usual corner table. Mandy's heart sank when she saw David sitting with them. Sarah grabbed her arm and playfully tugged her towards the table.  
  
"Hey!" Mike was the first to notice the girls approaching. "What's up?"  
  
"Why do you guys come out here if you're just going to sit in the corner?" Ashley joked as the girls sat down with their drinks.  
  
"I don't dance until I'm drunk," Jacob explained. "I'm halfway there."  
  
Mandy glanced over at David and noticed him looking back her way. She smiled and looked away. Oh, this is going to be a long night, she thought as she took another large sip of her rum and coke.  
  
However, after a couple of drinks, things started to loosen up. Mandy felt progressively less awkward as the alcohol took hold, and she began talking to David as if nothing had happened. It made her happy to know that she hadn't necessarily ruined the friendship, as she had feared. He thinks it was all a big accident. I just need to show him that it wasn't a big deal.  
  
Before long, an hour had passed. "I want to dance now!" Sarah blurted out, interrupting the conversation.  
  
"Yes!" Ashley agreed. "Let's go!"  
  
"You girls go ahead. I'm going to get another drink first," Jacob said as he got up from the table. Mike decided to do the same.  
  
Mandy was feeling pretty drunk by now, and she told the girls that she would join them on the dance floor after she finished her current drink. Sarah gave her a devilish grin as she and Ashley got up, leaving only Mandy and David at the table.  
  
The two of them sat quietly, exchanging occasional glances. The music in the club was blasting, but somehow the silence at their table was deafening. A full minute passed, but it felt like eternity. The longer you wait, the harder it will be. Do it while you're drunk. Do it now. David set down his empty glass and started to rise from his seat. Do it now, before you miss your chance!  
  
"Hey, David?" She shouted over the music.  
  
He gave her a friendly smile as he sat back down. "Yeah?"  
  
Her mouth felt dry as she tried to remember how to speak. "Well... ummm, about earlier..." She noticed his eyes go wide at her mention of the night's events. She could no longer look him in the eyes, so her gaze lowered to the empty glasses on the table. "Well... I just wanted to apologize for... ummm... I guess I don't know what I'm apologizing for. I was in a hurry, and things happened really fast, and uhh... well, it was an accident."  
  
David let out an awkward chuckle. "Oh, god, why are you apologizing? It was just an accident, like you said. If anything, I feel like I somehow did something wrong." He laughed again. He was obviously uncomfortable as he tried to find the appropriate response.  
  
"You didn't. I'm just a klutz, and well... that was pretty embarrassing." Although she was acting, her blush was sincere. The alcohol was leaving her jumbled, but the combination of liqueur and loud music was stirring up conflicting emotions.  
  
"It's no big deal. Let's just pretend it didn't happen." He gave her another friendly smile as he once again started to rise from his seat.  
  
"Wait!" She grabbed his arm without thought, and quickly let go as he sat back down. Physical contact was not such a good idea after what had happened earlier. Okay, maybe I should have done this a couple of drinks ago. "There's something else... and... well... I don't really know how to say this." That was no lie. The words hung on the tip of her tongue, but they felt like a foreign language, making no sense.  
  
He stared at her, confused. "What's up?"  
  
Now it was her turn to chuckle nervously. "I... uhh... well, I think I might have... maybe... ummm... left some... inappropriate pictures on my memory card. By accident. The one that I lent you. And, well... have you used the camera since I gave it to you?"  
  
David's face remained perplexed. "No, I dropped it off at home before I met with Mike. What do you mean by 'inappropriate pictures'?"  
  
"Well... there's some pictures that I took for Keith while we were still together, and... I don't think I ever cleared the memory card since then." Mandy's friends were all familiar with her former boyfriend, Keith, and she knew that no further explanation was necessary. But I want to see the expression on his face. "There are a couple pictures of me... undressing." She knew that she should stop, but the way that his eyes lit up ignited something inside of her—something that was becoming all too familiar lately. "And...there are a few photos of me naked... and... doing things to myself."  
  
"Woah..." Even over the loud music, Mandy could hear him.  
  
"Yeah... so this is really, really embarrassing. I don't know for sure if the pictures are still on there... but I don't remember deleting them. Just to be safe, can you clear the memory before you use the camera? And obviously, don't look at any of the pictures! Just delete them all to be safe. Can you do that, please?" She intentionally made her plea sound desperate. After all, it was her obsession with helplessness that got her into this mess.  
  
"Yeah, sure... no problem..." He answered far too quickly, without hesitation.  
  
"I can trust you?"  
  
"Of course you can!"  
  
He's lying. Even in her intoxicated state, it was obvious. But that's what I wanted, isn't it? On the one hand, it was unsettling how easily her male friend would lie to take advantage of her. On the other hand, this was exactly what she spent her nights fantasizing about. She was incrementally shifting more and more power out of her own hands and abandoning control of the situation. Let him think he has the upper hand while I play dumb.  
  
"Thanks David, I really appreciate it! I owe you, big time! Just make sure that you don't mention it to anybody, okay?"  
  
"Sure, I promise." He gave her one more look as he got up from the table, but this look was different. She had revealed a whole new part of herself to him this evening—both figuratively and literally—and she knew that it could never be undone.  
  
As he turned to meet the guys at the bar, Mandy felt like she could finally exhale. That wasn't nearly as bad as I expected. He had taken the bait, and she had maintained her appearance of innocence. He would be checking those pictures the moment he got home, she had no doubt.  
  
She got up from her chair on shaky legs. The familiar rush of excitement was becoming as addictive as any drug. She awkwardly made her way through the crowd towards Sarah and Ashley on the dance floor.  
  
Sarah shot her an inquisitive look, and Mandy smiled.  
  
Ashley hardly noticed the silent exchange as she slowly inched her way towards a stranger on the dance floor.  
  
Their male friends joined them for a while before returning to their table. It was the same routine every week: The boys were only there to be with the girls, but they didn't have much interest in dancing. Instead, the girls quickly found themselves surrounded by another group of college guys, eager to make their move on these seemingly easy targets.  
  
The guys hung around for the rest of the night, buying the girls drinks and never straying too far. Mandy couldn't remember any of their names. She thought the one hitting on her was named Shane, but she couldn't be certain.  
  
Before long, it was closing time and each girl was hearing similar offers.  
  
"My roommate is gone for the weekend. You should come over and we'd have the place to ourselves."  
  
After everything that had happened today, Mandy would have loved to go home with her suitor, but a part of her still retained control. You have class tomorrow, and you just met him, said a voice in the back of her mind.  
  
Giving it as much thought as she could muster, she and Sarah eventually broke themselves free of the guys and hailed a cab.  
  
"Is Ashley coming?" Mandy asked as she opened the car door.  
  
The two girls turned back and saw Ashley walking away with several guys they had just met. "Umm... I guess not." Once upon a time, the girls would have gone after her and brought her home, but now they knew her well enough to let her make her own decisions.  
  
Mandy and Sarah said their goodbyes to Mike, Jacob, and David, and got into the cab.  
  
Mandy's head was spinning as the car began moving. She had completely lost track of her drink count once the boys had started buying for her.  
  
"So?" Sarah exclaimed.  
  
"So what?"  
  
"What happened with David? What did you say?"  
  
Mandy had such a good time on the dance floor that she had nearly forgotten about David. Even now, she struggled to remember the exact details of their conversation, the events clouded by a wall of mixed drinks and tequila shots. She remembered talking to him and mentioning the pictures... "I told him it was an accident."  
  
"Has he looked at the pictures yet?" Sarah seemed to have an endless supply of questions.  
  
"No, I don't think so." Mandy didn't like having this conversation in the back of a taxi cab. She turned to look at the driver's reflection in the rearview mirror, but his eyes were still on the road in front of him.  
  
"What did you tell him?"  
  
"I... uhh... I think I said that I forgot to delete them." She looked at the driver a second time, starting to wonder if maybe it had been a mistake to let Sarah in on her secret.  
  
"I wonder if he'll believe that once he sees them."  
  
"I don't know. I hope so." Please, Mandy thought. Please change the subject.  
  
"I bet he'll show them to the other guys."  
  
"No way! He wouldn't do that, would he?" Mandy had been so focused on David's reaction that she had hardly considered the risk of the photos spreading.  
  
"I don't know... if I was a guy and I found naked pictures of you, I probably would!"  
  
"Shh!" Mandy looked again and saw the driver looking back at her. She turned a bright shade of red, but fortunately it was too dark for him to see that.  
  
"What?! He doesn't know you. Who cares if he hears? Actually, maybe he can help." Sarah leaned forward in her seat. "Hey," she said to the driver. "If you found naked pictures of Mandy, would you show them to your friends or would you keep them to yourself?"  
  
Mandy was shocked. She couldn't believe that Sarah had just done that.  
  
Several seconds of silence passed, and it seemed like the driver might be ignoring them. Finally, he responded. "Is your friend here Mandy?"  
  
"Yeah," Sarah answered. "Let's say you received naked photos of this girl..."  
  
"Well, that is an interesting thought. How did I receive these photos?"  
  
"She gave them to you."  
  
"She just gave them to me?"  
  
"Well," Sarah looked over at Mandy's dropped jaw, then back at the driver. "She gave them to you by 'accident'." She made quotation mark gestures with her fingers as she spoke the last word.  
  
The driver laughed at Sarah's explanation. He looked Mandy over in the mirror. "Well, I think that would be my lucky day."  
  
"Oh, you have no idea! I've seen her naked before," Sarah explained. "You would not be disappointed! But would you share the pictures with your friends?"  
  
Mandy wanted to curl up in her seat and die as she listened to these two talk about her as if she wasn't even there. Please drive faster. She desperately wanted this cab ride to end, but she knew that Sarah's stop was first.  
  
Then I'll be alone with him, and that will be even worse. The thought of being alone with him actually frightened Mandy. Now he knows that I'm a slut. Will he try and take advantage of me? Her drunken mind imagined him taking her home and fucking her in her helpless state. Her heart fluttered at the thought.  
  
"Hmm," the driver seemed to be giving this joke question some serious thought. "I think I would respect the young woman enough to keep them to myself."  
  
"What a gentleman!" Sarah burst out laughing. "In that case, Mandy, let's give him a copy of the pictures too!"  
  
That was as much humiliation as Mandy could bear. She began giggling uncontrollably. "Oh my god, shut up!"  
  
She threw herself at Sarah, trying to place a hand over her mouth to silence her. Shrieks and playful cries erupted in the back seat during their ensuing struggle. In an attempt to free herself, Sarah began pinching and tickling Mandy's sides. Mandy shrieked and released Sarah's face, instead grabbing her wrists. Mandy was stronger than Sarah and had no problem pulling the attacking hands away from her sides. Sarah wriggled frantically as Mandy pushed her arms back behind her.  
  
Mandy's mind was spinning from the alcohol, her adrenaline was pumping, and her body was pressed into Sarah's as they wrestled. It all happened so quickly and without thought. Before she had time to realize what she was doing, Mandy's lips were suddenly on her friend. Instinct took over as her mouth found its pair.  
  
Sarah's lips parted, as if by reflex, and returned Mandy's kiss. Tongues danced as the girls' wrestling turned into an embrace. Mandy leaned closer, practically lying on top of her friend as they drunkenly made out in the back of the taxi cab.  
  
Her friend's mouth tasted heavenly, her skin felt soft, and her warmth was inviting. The whole affair lasted no more than several seconds, but Mandy never wanted the moment to end. Thoughts of who she was and what she was doing disappeared as she focused on the sweet sensation of her drunken friend's lips.  
  
Sarah was the first to pull away.  
  
No, please, Mandy thought. Please come back...  
  
"Woah, girl!" Sarah cried. "How much did you drink?"  
  
Shaken back to reality, Mandy sprung back into her own seat. "Oh my god! I'm so sorry! I don't know what came over me." She was so embarrassed that she thought she might cry. Fuck! Fuck Fuck! Why did I do that?! She's my best friend.  
  
"It's okay, I just..." Sarah trailed off. The pause left a sickness in Mandy's stomach. Suddenly, Sarah began laughing so hard Mandy feared she might asphyxiate. "Wow...I was not expecting that!"  
  
"I don't know what happened... I... I think I drank too much."  
  
"Ha! I'd say."  
  
What can I say to fix this? Mandy searched for the words or actions to undo what had just happened, but she was still at a loss as the car pulled up to Sarah's dorm.  
  
"See you tomorrow! You better sober up before class!" Sarah said as she opened the door and stepped out onto the lit walkway. The breeze pushed her hair into her face as she turned back to Mandy and smiled.  
  
"I will," Mandy replied meekly. "Bye."  
  
The door slammed shut, and Mandy watched Sarah walk towards the building's entrance as the car pulled away. She brushed it off as if nothing had happened.  
  
The knot in Mandy's stomach would not loosen. Her own dormitory was several minutes away. She looked up and saw the driver's reflection staring back at her. She felt so small. He had seen everything, she assumed. She expected him to say something, but the two of them sat in silence for the rest of the trip. Mandy stared out the window as the floating lights passed her by. The world was spinning too quickly and she took deep breaths, trying to compose herself.  
  
Finally, the car pulled up to her building and she paid the driver.  
  
"Can you get to your room okay?" The driver asked out the window as Mandy stumbled towards the door.  
  
"Yes," she answered abruptly. It was a lie. "Yes, I'm fine... thanks." She was not fine and the walk was difficult, but she did not want this stranger escorting her back to her bedroom.  
  
The car didn't move as she fumbled for her keys. Only when she got inside and closed the door behind her did she see the headlights pull away.  
  
Finally, she thought as she waited for the elevator. I'm home safe. She still wasn't sure what had come over her in the car with Sarah, but perhaps a good night's sleep would help put it behind her. She did kiss me back, so it's not like it was entirely my fault.  
  
The elevator door opened and Mandy stepped inside. She pressed the button for the fifth floor and leaned back against the wall, closing her eyes.  
  
She opened them again as the elevator stopped. This isn't my floor. The lounge was on the second floor, so she assumed it was merely students on their way back to their rooms.  
  
Mandy gasped when the door opened and Andrew was there, facing her. Only a few hours ago, she had accidentally exposed herself to him. He smiled as he looked up and saw her.  
  
Andrew stepped into the elevator along with another boy that Mandy recognized, but she did not know his name. The elevator stopped again on the third floor, and the second boy exited.  
  
Mandy swallowed hard as the door closed and she was confined to this small space with Andrew.  
  
Once alone, he broke the silence. "Went out tonight?"  
  
"Yeah," Mandy muttered. She could hardly find her voice. "Went to LoRider."  
  
"Cool. I prefer The Shady Piper, myself."  
  
It seems like everyone does. "Yeah, Piper is good too."  
  
Mandy felt uneasy as Andrew looked her over. She had not meant to drop her towel in front of him earlier, but she certainly had nobody to blame but herself. This is what I get for trying to tease David. Her tube top and skirt suddenly felt a little too revealing, and every inch of exposed skin made her feel more vulnerable. Mandy was starting to wish that she had dressed a little more conservatively.  
  
Meanwhile, the motion of the elevator was not helping her balance at all. She felt like she was on a boat, swaying with each wave, while the world around her stood still. She felt like she has on a carnival ride, guessing which way was up and which way was forward.  
  
She looked over and saw Andrew still staring back at her. He's picturing me naked right now. I know he is, because I helped him do it.  
  
The elevator stopped and the door opened.  
  
Mandy had barely cleared the doors when her sense of balance began to give way. Gradually, she started leaning towards the left until she had to steady herself on the wall. She hadn't been this drunk in months.  
  
An arm suddenly appeared around her waist. Oh no, please. All that escaped her lips was an unintelligible mumble.  
  
"Here, let me help you." She felt her own arm lifted and placed over a shoulder as she was slowly helped down the hall.  
  
As she watched the doors passing her by, Mandy's thoughts drifted back to the earlier events of the evening. She clearly relived the experience of her towel dropping to the floor and the shock of seeing Andrew in the hall, staring at her. She remembered the look in his eyes as she had desperately tried to shield herself from his gaze. She remembered her fear and her powerlessness. She remembered the chills she had felt and the way her heart had raced.  
  
As her weight began to slump in his grasp, her top pulled upward. The garment moved by only a couple of inches, revealing a small sliver of Mandy's midsection. She thought nothing of it until she felt Andrew's hand slip under the material to rest on her bare waist.

Under any other circumstances, she would consider it an innocent gesture, but now it shot shivers up her spine. The warmth of his skin against hers transported her back to the taxi cab, embracing Sarah. Mandy felt flush, as she usually did after drinking so much. She muttered something about being warm as she tightened the grip around her guide's shoulders.  
  
She watched silently as her door passed by and the two kept walking.  
  
"I have some Tylenol in my room. That'll help with the hangover," Andrew explained.  
  
Don't do this, she told herself. Turn around and go to bed before you do something stupid. She kept walking. When they reached his room, he opened the door and guided her in. He sat her down on the bed while he fetched a bottle of water from his mini-fridge and a bottle of acetaminophen from his desk. "Here you go."  
  
Mandy gladly accepted the water and took two tablets. She drank half the bottle and passed it back to Andrew.  
  
She looked around, realizing she had never seen the inside of his room before. It was a typical single-occupant room—small and clustered. The walls were covered with movie posters and the floor was cluttered with books and clothes. Mandy leaned back on the bed, causing the room to spin all the more violently.  
  
"You look really warm," Andrew said as he got up and opened the window. A light breeze entered the room and washed over Mandy's sweaty body. "Is that any better?" He asked as he sat on the bed, next to her.  
  
"A little." She closed her eyes.  
  
His hand is on my shoulder. She didn't notice it happen, but she was suddenly aware of a hand lightly stroking her left arm. I shouldn't let this happen... but it feels so good. Maybe just a little while longer.  
  
She lay motionless as a second hand landed on her right shoulder.  
  
The hands rubbed her arms for some time before Mandy felt them moving inward, over her collar bone. She held her breath as his fingers slipped over her chest and took hold of her top. "Here, let me help you with this," he offered, waiting for her response.  
  
She gave none, and she quickly felt the material of her shirt tugged downward, allowing her large breasts to spring free.  
  
No, not again, she thought, bringing her arms in to cover herself. However, her arms would not budge. Is he holding them down or am I just that drunk? Or maybe I'm just that slutty...  
  
She had to admit, the cool air felt amazing as it blew over her bare breasts. A mild embarrassment swelled within her as she felt her nipples hardening, but still she did not move. Soon, she felt a pair of hands exploring her exposed flesh. A moan escaped her lips as her hardened nipple was pinched between a thumb and forefinger.  
  
"Mmmm." She bit her lip. She had been waiting for this all day—not with Andrew, of course. She had been waiting for a release for all of this built up lust. Megan, Sarah... even David would have sufficed. But never in a million years would she have pictured herself with Andrew. All month, she had fantasized about being taken, used, and even humiliated, and now she found herself in that very situation as her neighbor freely groped at her helpless body.  
  
Stop this now, she told herself, but her words fell on deaf ears.  
  
Mandy lost track of time. She was still aware of her surroundings, but it all felt surreal to her, like an out of body experience.  
  
The hands disappeared, and the cool breeze swept over her again. She felt like she could fall asleep. However, a beeping noise caused her to stir. She opened her eyes and saw Andrew on his cell phone. Is he texting someone or... Another beep brought her to her senses. Ashamed, she tried to cover herself.  
  
"No, don't. Just lie back the way that you were," he instructed. His voice was not bossy, but it was assertive.  
  
Mandy did as she was told, placing her arms down at her sides. She heard another beep. Defeated, she relaxed on the soft bed sheets.  
  
She was only half aware when her skirt was lifted and pooled around her waist, along with her top. A pair of thumbs slipped under the waistband of her red panties, and Mandy vaguely remembered lifting her hips to ease their removal. The next moment was a blur of beeping noises and hands all over her.  
  
Mandy was glad that she had shaved earlier that evening as she felt fingers trace her most intimate areas. Events started to blur in her mind as she gave her body up to her neighbor.  
  
She did clearly remember the sensation of his head pressing into her swollen lips. Please, stop this, she wanted to shout, but instead she let out a moan. No, please, she thought, but her legs spread further to allow him easier entry. No, No, No...  
  
"Yes..." the word escaped her lips, and she could not bring it back.  
  
She bucked her hips as his shaft entered her.  
  
Mandy was ashamed of how easily he forced himself into her wet slit. She squirmed from side to side, making a token gesture of resistance. He grabbed her hips and held her steady as he pushed himself deep inside of her.  
  
Her breasts began to sway rhythmically in time with each of his thrusts and her breaths quickened. Several minutes passed, but time ceased to exist. A force was swelling inside of Mandy. After hours of teasing and arousal, she yearned desperately for the coming orgasm. She could feel it approaching, something unlike anything she had ever felt before...  
  
But suddenly the cock was pulled from her and the swelling force began to recede. Fuck me, the words were on the tip of her tongue. Fuck me like the slut that I am. However, as she opened her mouth to speak, a familiar object greeted her. The swollen head pushed forward, slipping between her parted lips with ease. A hand on her cheek guided her head towards the source of the intrusion. She offered no resistance as the cock slipped into her mouth.  
  
Mandy had never sucked a dick immediately after it had been inside of her, but the familiar taste of her womanhood drove her wild. She ignored the beeping noises as she hungrily focused on the task before her. Even drunk, Mandy knew the job instinctively. She slid her lips over the shaft while her tongue caressed the tip of him. Her head bobbed back and forth, partly by her own will, and partly forced by the hand on the back of her head.  
  
She had no choice but to swallow the first shot of cum as he pushed himself deep into her throat. The second shot was more forceful, and as he pulled himself from her mouth, it landed on her lips and nose, leaving a trail down her cheek. Mandy opened her eyes in time to see the remainder of his load erupt on her bare chest.  
  
For the second time this evening, she stared up at the ceiling, in a daze. Déjà vu—I can't believe I just did that, she thought as she closed her eyes again. I... just let him fuck me. I let him bring me back to his room and use me.  
  
Goosebumps spread across her body as the breeze from the window swept over her beads of sweat. I let him do all that, and he didn't even make me cum. Mandy's right hand descended to folds of her womanhood, while the left cupped at her breast. I have to do everything myself.  
  
She could feel Andrew's semen trailing down her face and body as she shamelessly began to play with herself.  
  
Beep.  
  
She opened her eyes and saw him standing directly over her, cell phone in hand. His cock still hung inches from her face, slowly shrinking. Another beep followed as she stared into the lens of the device. She closed her eyes and tried to ignore him, tried to focus on everything she had done this evening.  
  
Beep.  
  
She bit her lip and worked vigorously at her clitoris. This was going to be much bigger than the orgasm she had gotten in front of her open window. Never had she needed release as badly as she did right now.  
  
Beep.  
  
God damn it! I need to get out of here. She stopped what she was doing and sat up.  
  
"I should go," she mumbled. She did not bother trying to cover herself as her tits hung out in the open.  
  
"Yeah, no problem. I hope you're feeling better." Andrew continued to snap photos as he watched Mandy pull her skirt back down into place.  
  
"Yeah, I am." She actually was feeling a little better, she noticed as she stood up. She had regained enough of her balance to walk, and that was exactly what she needed right now.  
  
"Good. Well, I'll see you around... and thanks." Andrew spoke nonchalantly as he walked over and opened the door. Once her top was back over her chest, she stepped out into the hall.  
  
"No problem. Any time." She couldn't believe the words that were coming out of her mouth. As she turned to correct herself, the door closed in her face and clicked locked. Any time?! Any fucking time?! What is wrong with me? She was so mad at herself that she considered pounding on his door. In the end, she decided there was nothing to gain and gave up.  
  
She turned to find a girl staring back at her. Jess. That is her name, Mandy remembered. She lived down the hall—a skinny little frosh girl that Mandy only talked to occasionally. Mandy often suspected that she was a virgin. Currently, she seemed to be on her way back from the washroom when she saw Mandy leave Andrew's room. Jess' face was an expression of utter shock.  
  
Mandy looked down and saw one of her nipples still poking out from her top. She tugged her garment to cover it, and noticed several semen stains on the material. She licked her lip and tasted more of the seed on her face. Her hair was tousled, and she swayed as she stood, still highly intoxicated. Even after everything that had happened tonight, Mandy was fully aware of how silly she must look.  
  
"Hey," Mandy greeted as she turned and walked away from the girl. At least she probably won't try and fuck me, Mandy reassured herself as she stumbled back to her own room.  
  
She replayed the events in her mind while she searched for the keys in her purse. More pictures. That's exactly what I needed right now. It wasn't enough for him to take advantage of me. He had to take pictures too.  
  
She opened the door and was greeted by darkness.  
  
But can I really blame him? I set this all up. I let it happen. He just did what pretty much any guy would do in his place.  
  
Mandy stepped into the dark room. It was late, and she heard movement in her roommate's bed. Megan must have gotten home early, she thought. She knew better than the turn the light on if Megan was already in bed. She set her purse down and stumbled through the darkness, almost tripping over her own mess of clothes in the process.  
  
She heard movement again as she saw a dark silhouette turning over under the sheets.  
  
Mandy thought back to last night's dream. She remembered dreaming of her roommate's naked figured, pressed against her own. She remembered wanting to kiss her, wanting to touch her, wanting to hold her. She remembered the feelings that her roommate had unintentionally awoken in her. She remembered watching her roommate change earlier this evening and how she could barely contain her own excitement. Butterflies returned to Mandy's stomach, just thinking about it.  
  
I hope she's still awake, Mandy thought as she pulled off her top and threw it into the corner. I want her to see this. She made no effort be silent as she drunkenly pushed her skirt down to the floor and kicked it away. Fuck the consequences. I'm too drunk for consequences. Reaching down, she realized that her panties were still on the floor of Andrew's room. It didn't matter—she would not be going back for them.  
  
Naked, she fell onto her bed and resumed what she had started in Andrew's room. A finger quickly worked its way into her moist opening, and she let out a whimper as she pinched at her left nipple.  
  
Mandy began moaning lowly as a second finger joined the first one inside of her. Over her moaning, she heard the sound of movement on the opposite bed. She squinted, trying to make out her roommate's figure in the dark. I want to see her watching me. But, all that she saw was a wall of indiscernible black shapes.  
  
She abandoned her nipple, and her left hand joined the right one between her legs. A finger slid between her lips and focused on her clit. "Yes..." she said softly. "Yes..." she repeated, a little louder, but still in a hushed voice. It would not be long now, she knew it.  
  
She threw one leg over the side of the bed, stretching herself open for her invisible voyeur. She fixated on everything that had led her to this moment... humiliation, degradation, and debasement, most of which she had instigated. She thought of David masturbating to her most private photos. She thought of the taste of Andrew's cum in her mouth. She thought of Megan, her beautiful roommate, watching Mandy finger herself at this very moment...  
  
"Mmmm... fuck me..." Mandy bit her lip and arched her back. "Oh my god! Yes!" She moaned in ecstasy as she lost complete control of her body. Her hips jerked madly to meet her intruding fingers. She gasped in time with the spasms of pleasure that pulsed within her. Finally, she collapsed, completely spent.  
  
She could hardly breathe from the combination of heat and exhaustion. It took all of her remaining strength to get up and open the window a crack, letting in the breeze. She returned to her bed and allowed the cool air to wash over her. The newly opened curtain allowed a sliver of moonlight to enter the room, landing directly on her bed and causing her naked body to shine a pale shade of blue in the otherwise dark room.  
  
It had been such a long day, and despite the unexpected twists, Mandy had to admit that she had enjoyed every second of it. She wasn't sure how she was going to face Megan in the morning, but she didn't care about that now. Who knows... maybe Megan enjoyed the show almost as much as I enjoyed giving it. She smiled at the thought as she stroked her wet fingers along her naked thighs.  
  
Her eyes closed and the world started to fade away around her. After so much excitement, sleep would be a welcomed relief...  
  
...  
  
The familiar sound of keys stirred Mandy from her slumber. Still groggy and drunk, the sound confused her. Who's trying to get in? Frightened, she grabbed the bed sheet and pulled it over her nakedness.  
  
The light from the hallway hurt her eyes as the door opened, and Mandy squinted into the brightness. She watched Megan step into the room, tiptoeing past Mandy's bed.  
  
Mandy did not understand. I thought Megan was already here. Isn't she already in bed? Didn't I just masturbate for her?  
  
As the door closed, darkness enveloped the room once again, leaving Mandy temporarily blinded. She listened as Megan moved around the room, undressing and slipping into bed. All the while, Mandy still tried to piece together what was happening.  
  
"Hey," Megan whispered from across the room.  
  
Mandy was about to respond when she was suddenly interrupted.  
  
"Hey," returned a hushed male voice.  
  
Oh no...  
  
"Sorry I'm so late," Megan continued.  
  
"It's okay, I didn't mind the wait."  
  
Oh god, no...  
  
"I didn't wake you up, did I?"  
  
"No, I was awake, waiting for you."  
  
There was a sound of movement across the room and the muffled sound of Megan's giggle. "Mmm, yeah, it feels like you were waiting for me." There was a brief pause. "Is Mandy home?"  
  
"Yeah," Alex responded. "She got home about twenty minutes ago, but she's pretty drunk. I don't think we'll wake her up."  
  
This can't be happening. Mandy felt like she was going to throw up.  
  
"Mandy?" Megan asked in a hushed voice.  
  
Mandy froze in place. She was asleep. She was dead. She was anywhere but in that bed at that very moment.  
  
There was movement and giggling in the opposite bed. Those noises soon gave way to the rhythmic squeaking of a mattress and Megan's subdued moans. In the dark, Mandy could barely make out the outline of the two figures.  
  
She wanted to scream. She had just masturbated for Alex—the asshole that used to pick on her in grade school, her roommate's current boyfriend, and the personification of everything that she hated. She felt like she could no longer breath. Of all the things I've done tonight, this is the absolute worst, she thought. If it was anyone else, it wouldn't be such a big deal, but not him!  
  
Exhaustion and alcohol finally overtook Mandy, and she fell asleep to the sound of her roommate getting fucked.

**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 04**

Mandy awoke, groggy and confused. The room felt like it was spinning, and last night's alcohol evidently still lingered in her system. She kicked her blankets aside and tried to get up.  
  
I'm naked, she realized. She looked over at her roommate's bed and thankfully found it empty. Megan must have already gone to class, she decided. Mandy was glad to have the room to herself for the moment while she pulled herself together.  
  
It was already 10:42am, and she quickly decided that her 11:00am biology class was out of the question.  
  
Crawling out of bed, she tried to recall the events of the previous evening. She remembered going to The LoRider...giving David the pictures. Her heart pulsed as she remembered the plan she had put into action. She could not remember the details of their encounter...simply that she had given him the camera along with the provocative images she had left on the memory card. I can't believe that I really did it.  
  
As she got up, she cradled her forehead in anticipation of splitting pain, but it did not come. Something about that made her feel uneasy, but she could not quite put her finger on it.  
  
"Fuck!" she shouted aloud when she saw herself in the mirror. A familiar dried substance formed a white trail across her cheek that led to a matted mess in her long hair. A similar mess stained her bare breasts.  
  
What the hell did I do last night? For a moment she panicked and feared that she might have fucked David. No, I remember leaving him at the bar...I remember a taxi ride...with Sarah...then...Andrew! She shuddered. I fucked him. Or, he fucked me.  
  
She could not remember what happened, but she had fuzzy memories of lying in Andrew's bed. Did I go there willingly? The last several weeks had left her more horny than usual...and his room was conveniently located down the hall. Oh god, did I come to him in drunken desperation?  
  
It no longer mattered. All she could do now was to shower and hope that the shame eventually washed away as well.  
  
Bits and pieces of the evening came back to her as the day went on, but nothing more than clouded images without context. She seemed to recall kissing Sarah, but she could not be certain whether that really happened, or whether it was just another of her recurring fantasies breaking through into her consciousness.  
  
When she saw Sarah at lunch, nothing seemed out of the ordinary, so Mandy decided that it must be the latter. She had always had an appreciation for female beauty, but lately things had been developing beyond that. Now, it seemed like Mandy could not go a day without thinking about her female friends in a new light. It frequently crept into her dreams and even her daydreams.  
  
The majority of these fantasies seemed to focus on Megan and Sarah, but they were growing to include other female friends and classmates. Could I be bisexual, she wondered as she stole glances at her best friend, sitting across the table from her.  
  
The question burned in her mind for the remainder of the day. She became noticeably more self-conscious of the way she looked at the girls in her afternoon chemistry class. Although she had confided her newfound love of exhibitionism with Sarah, Mandy decided to keep this bisexual curiosity a secret for now.  
  
The weekend passed quietly, and she decided that she was better off staying in until things blew over.  
  
Sunday night, Megan was gone to her boyfriends' place, and Mandy had the dorm room to herself. She tried to study for her upcoming exams and work on her final assignments, but it was impossible. She felt wired and could not calm herself.  
  
She was still afraid to face David on Monday to retrieve her camera. Would he look at her any different after seeing the surprise she had 'accidentally' left for him? Would he believe her story...that he was never meant to see those pictures? Will he think that I am a slut for taking those kind of pictures? She often wondered the same thing about herself.  
  
The details of their conversation at the bar came back to her gradually with time, but most of the evening remained a blur.  
  
I need a distraction. I need something to burn up all this built up anxiety and energy. Back during high school, she would go for runs when she was upset or anxious. Everything seemed to melt away after a long jog and shower. The endorphins were like a drug.  
  
But she hadn't run in over a year, and now that seemed like a different version of herself—a distant memory. She wondered if she would even recognize that person they met in the mirror. She had new addictions now.  
  
Mandy put down her book and stepped into the hall. Still in her jean shorts and a tank top, she took three steps and stopped. Where am I going? This is wrong.  
  
Two more steps. No, turn around. Just grab your shoes and go for a late night run.  
  
It was all rhetoric, and her feet continued softly along the carpeted halls. It felt like the walls were caving in around her. Dozens of doors, but they all lead to the same destination...  
  
Andrew answered the knock, and found his prize waiting. Words were exchanged, but Mandy could not recall what they were. They did not matter. All that mattered were her intentions, which were as clear as day—she was a slave, awaiting instruction.  
  
Everything passed as a blur. Her clothing was removed. She obediently descended to her knees and opened her mouth. She could not recall how long she sucked at his cock, but she stayed on the floor until he guided her to the bed, on her hands and knees, facing the window.  
  
His thrusts were fast and awkward, and Mandy suddenly realized that the bed around her was littered with Dorito crumbs and comic books. I can't believe I am doing this again. Even so, she closed her eyes and climaxed just as Andrew pulled her hips back firmly and filled her womb with his seed.  
  
She stood in the shower for a long time afterward. Why am I doing this to myself? Was it not enough that she was teasing her friends and neighbors, but now she also needed to degrade herself completely for the loser next door? This is a slippery slope that I have been on for weeks now.  
  
But with the shame came a certain thrill. In addition to her lesbian fantasies, Mandy had recently started playing with the idea of submissiveness. Just about everything that she had done over the past couple of weeks had been done to maintain this illusion of powerlessness: 'accidentally' lending David naked photos...playing the clueless girl while the curtains are open...  
  
From Andrew's perspective, he must think that he's hit the jackpot, she considered while drying off. He probably thinks that he's the one in control of me. That could be a fun fantasy to maintain for a while. The important thing was that she remembered who was really in control. This was her game, not Andrew's. I can stop it whenever I want.  
  
Mandy slept like a baby that night. However, her anxiety returned the next morning when she realized what day it was.  
  
When she met with David, she was afraid that she might drop the camera from the sweat on her palms. They met in the hall before chemistry class. After all that she had done and all that she had shown him, a public setting seemed like a safer way to keep things simple—although she enjoyed the thrill of teasing David, she had no interest in moving things beyond that.  
  
Still, when she saw him coming, she could feel her face burning with embarrassment. She could only imagine how flush she must have looked in this brightly lit building.  
  
"Hey!" He was the first to offer a greeting.  
  
"Hi," she returned quickly. Too quickly. Calm down. Breathe. I am the one who set this up. It's no big deal.  
  
"How was your weekend?" He seemed warm, as though nothing was out of the ordinary. But still, Mandy could swear that she detected something in his eyes—something he was trying to hide.  
  
"Good," she replied. "Stayed in the whole time...pretty boring." Fucked my neighbor again, but you don't need to know that. "What about you?"  
  
"It was okay. Worked on my assignment. I didn't do much else." As he spoke, he reached into his bag and pulled out her camera.  
  
She stared at the device in a daze until she remembered to speak. "Hmm? What assignment?"  
  
He stared at her, confused, and then laughed. "Really? My kinesiology assignment? The whole reason I borrowed this?" He gestured towards his hand.  
  
"Oh, right!" She felt so embarrassed. He is going to see right through me.  
  
"Though apparently I could have kept it and you wouldn't have even noticed," he joked as he handed her the camera.  
  
She laughed unnaturally. I am in control. Just breathe. Her hand shook as she took it and placed it in her own bag.  
  
The way that he looked at her made her feel anxious. She had shown him her most private parts, her most private moments, practically giftwrapped for his enjoyment. Now, as he stared at her, she felt exposed. She felt vulnerable and helpless. She felt...excited.  
  
It is a good thing that we did this in public, she thought as she felt a warmth starting to spread between her legs. God knows where this might have led in private.  
  
They started walking towards their class when Mandy stopped abruptly. Don't ask, just keep moving. She bit her lip. No good can come from asking. "So...did you look at what was on the memory card?" She had not intended for the question to come out so straightforwardly. It almost sounded like an accusation.  
  
His eyes shot wide as if he had been caught red-handed. "What? No, of course not! I would never do that to you. You asked me not to, and I respect that."  
  
He is such a terrible liar. It was written all over his face. Mandy smiled.  
  
"Okay, good. I was worried that you might have looked," she said as they started walking again. She could see that David relaxed. He thinks I am so gullible. "They were really private pictures."  
  
Oh god, what am I doing? She was getting wrapped up in the tease again, losing herself in the moment.  
  
"Yeah, you mentioned that on Thursday. You said they were pictures of your bikini?"  
  
Mandy could hardly refrain from laughing. I don't remember mentioning the bikini...then again, I don't remember much. Even so, she suspected that he might have just given himself away. "Yeah, something like that..."  
  
Class itself passed rather uneventfully. As soon as she was alone, Mandy turned on the camera and checked the memory card. Empty. At least he kept that part of his promise, she thought with a grin.  
  
She returned to her dorm room and looked hesitantly at the window. After some thought, she decided to walk over and close the curtains.  
  
After everything that had happened, she was trying desperately to suppress her exhibitionist urges. She feared that she may have become addicted to the thrill of being seen. It seeped into her thoughts, day and night, and the mere thought of doing it again gave her goose bumps. Her encounters with Andrew and David had only added fuel to the fire. Fortunately, Megan returned home shortly thereafter, putting Mandy's temptation to rest.  
  
Mandy's encounters with David returned to normal over the course of the week. She was afraid that her secret would get loose amongst her friends—either from Sarah or from David—but nothing seemed out of the ordinary. All of this normalcy made it progressively easier for Mandy to steer clear of the window when she was alone in the evening.  
  
However, she found herself returning to Andrew's room twice more before the week's end. The second time, her true submissiveness was put to the test. She had never done anal before, nor had she ever wanted to. However, she obediently braced herself when he spread her cheeks and began to apply pressure on her virgin sphincter. Afterwards, she got dressed and returned to her room as though nothing was out of the ordinary. She felt dirtier than usual and promised herself not to let things get out of control like that again.  
  
When Friday came, Mandy decided to spend a quiet evening at home. Most of her friends were going to some big concert on campus, but Mandy was not a huge fan of anyone in the show's lineup, and she was trying to save some money. Sarah was going with Ashley, and Megan was going with Kelly, Alex, Tom, and Nick, so Mandy had the room and the night to herself.  
  
After all of the distractions of the last two weeks, she had found herself falling behind in some of her coursework. Tonight seemed like an opportunity to catch up on her psychology and biology reading assignments. Exam time was only a couple weeks away, and she could not allow her grades to drop if she intended to go to medical school—an option she had been considering since high school.  
  
Putting on plain t-shirt and a comfy pair of pajama pants, she relaxed in her bed surrounded by a pile of books and class notes.  
  
It was almost 10:30pm by the time that mental exhaustion finally took hold. After re-reading the same sentence for the third time, she gave up and pushed her books aside. She could faintly hear the roaring music coming from the campus courtyard, and she decided to slip under her sheets and turn on the television. She grabbed her laptop and wasted some time online, posting some of her non-private photos to her profile page.  
  
Some of these are pretty good, she told herself as she played with some of the color settings. Her camera was high end, and although it was almost three years old, she was still impressed by the quality of photos she was able to get with it.  
  
She was starting to nod off the sleep when her phone rang. Still in bed, she reached out and picked up the receiver from her desk.  
  
"Hello?" Mandy asked groggily. No response came. Fuck, this better not be some drunk asshole's idea of a prank. "Hello," she repeated. She was about to hang up when she finally got a response.  
  
"Hey, Mandy?"  
  
Mandy did not recognize the voice. "Yeah?"  
  
"Hey...umm...this is Jess...from down the hall. I...uhhh...I forgot my keys. Can you please come down to let me in?"  
  
Seriously?! Mandy was in no mood to go all the way downstairs to do a favor for someone that she hardly even knew. Even so, she felt somewhat bad for Jess. She didn't know the freshman girl very well, but Jess seemed a quiet type and she always seemed to be alone when Mandy saw her around the dorm. "Yeah, sure, no problem. Just give me a minute."  
  
Mandy hung up the phone and sighed. She grabbed her favorite pair of slippers and took the elevator down to the ground floor.  
  
What Mandy saw as she opened the door shocked her to her core. Standing before her in an oversized hoodie was the small, mousey girl from down the hall. However, Mandy would have never recognized her. Jess' bare legs extended from the bottom of her garment, but the true surprise was her face. Her hair was a tangled mess, her glasses were nowhere to be seen, and her face looked like it was smeared...covered in something. Is that...no, it couldn't be...oh my god, it is...  
  
"Are you okay?" Mandy asked instinctively.  
  
Jess stared at the floor. "Yeah...I...ugh...I was at the concert. I need to get back to my room."  
  
The two girls quickly headed for the elevator and stepped inside. The doors closed and it began its rise to the fifth floor.  
  
Mandy tried not to stare, and she tried desperately to understand. Who is this girl? This is not the quiet loner that I have been sharing a floor with for the last school year. Jess made no movement as the two girls stood in silence. A second glance confirmed Mandy's suspicion—there was far too much cum to have come from one, or even two, men. I have completely misjudged her.  
  
It was none of her business, but Mandy had to know. "Are you...naked under there?" she asked hesitantly.  
  
Jess' cheeks turned a bright shade of red and she nodded. "Mandy, please don't tell anyone about this."  
  
"Of course. I..." Mandy trailed off, unsure what to say. "Yeah, of course. But just out of curiosity, why did you call me?"  
  
The two girls made eye contact for the first time that Mandy could recall. "I didn't want anyone else to see me like this," Jess responded. "And I knew that you of all people wouldn't judge me."  
  
Before Mandy could respond, the elevator door opened, and her neighbor disappeared down the hall. Mandy stepped out, confused, and slowly walked back towards her room. What the fuck is she talking about?  
  
She closed her door behind her and stared across the room for a long while, trying to piece together what had just happened. I thought she was a virgin. Unless... It was always possible that Jess had been taken against her will. Though, she seemed pretty calm if that was the case.  
  
But what did she mean by that last comment? That I, of all people, wouldn't judge her. What kind of girl does she think that I am?  
  
Mandy walked over to the mirror. She remembered the reflection that she had found staring back at her a week ago—naked, used, and covered in... Wait, how does she know about that?  
  
Mandy certainly would have remembered if Jess had been present while Andrew fucked her. But the details of how she got back to her room were still fuzzy in her memory. Did I see her after? If so, who else might have seen me? She recalled that she had been naked when she woke up the next morning. Oh god, was I walking around the halls naked?  
  
No, I couldn't possibly have been that reckless, could I?  
  
Her thoughts returned to Jess, her sweet, innocent neighbor, and she smiled. It looks like I'm not the only one who has secrets. Perhaps Mandy wasn't so unusual after all, and that made her feel better about herself and the things that she had done.  
  
In fact, it looked like Jess had a far wilder night than Mandy ever had.  
  
Mandy sat down and tried to watch television, but it could not hold her focus. Her thoughts kept returning to Jess, getting fucked by multiple guys. Strangers? Friends? Maybe she had too much to drink?  
  
Her hand slipped into the waistband of her pajama pants unconsciously. She began to imagine herself in Jess' position and she realized the truth. I am jealous!  
  
Her fingers trembled as she locked the door. She threw the curtains open and looked to the neighboring boys' dormitory. Only a few windows were lit up across from her own.  
  
Still staring out into the night, Mandy reached down and peeled her t-shirt up, over her head, and threw it to the floor. I can't just stand here, she thought as she displayed her bare breasts to her anonymous voyeurs. However, her body would not respond.  
  
Resting one hand on the side of the window frame, she slipped the other below her waistband again. So wet. Pulling the hand out, she put a finger to her lips and took it into her mouth. She imagined that it was Jess' juices that she tasted, rather than her own.  
  
Get away from the window. She tried to turn away, but she could not control herself.  
  
Her hands pushed her pajama pants and panties down together until they fell around her ankles.  
  
Mandy imagined Jess, held down and fucked at a crowded concert. She imagined herself there with her. Meanwhile, her own her fingers glided down over her smoothly shaven lips.

Her body tensed up as a single finger slipped between the folds of her womanhood. A soft moan escaped her lips.  
  
There came a sound from the door as someone tried turning the knob.  
  
Oh, fuck! Mandy was thankful that she had remembered to lock the door.  
  
She could hear keys rattling as she darted towards the floor to grab the pants at her feet. She nearly tripped over them as she pulled upwards and moved back towards her bed. The material bunched around her knees as she tugged desperately. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!  
  
She finally slipped the pants into place as she heard the click of the door unlocking.  
  
Still topless, she reached for her shirt, tossing it back and forth, looking for the opening. She found it just as the door handle turned and the door started to open.  
  
"Just a second!" Mandy shouted, turning her back towards the door. But it was too late.  
  
As it swung open, she pulled the shirt up over her head. With her bare back exposed, she struggled for a couple of seconds to pull it down over her arms and into place.  
  
"Oh fuck, sorry!" Her roommate exclaimed from behind her. "I didn't know you were changing!"  
  
Mandy's heart sank as she turned around. Him. Standing behind Megan was Alex. He looked back at her with smile. It's okay, he didn't see anything...just my back...maybe the side of my breast. The reassurance did nothing to help the nausea forming in her stomach. He saw way more skin than he should have. "It's okay," she responded with all the fake sincerity she could muster. "No harm done."  
  
"Nice tattoo," Alex said gleefully. He obviously meant the flowers on Mandy's lower back.  
  
"Thanks," she responded coldly, adjusting her shirt. She felt self-conscious of the fact that she was not wearing a bra underneath.  
  
"Yeah," Megan interjected. "I was thinking of getting another tattoo sometime soon, but I was thinking of getting something on my leg or the side of my waist."  
  
"Aww, you don't think you would look good with a tramp stamp?" Alex joked, turning to his girlfriend. "A cute little slutty tattoo right here?" He poked Megan's lower back.  
  
Mandy knew the jab was really meant for her. She looked down and noticed that her nipples were poking out against the material of her t-shirt. Her arms instinctively wanted to raise across her chest, but she refrained, afraid that it might draw more attention to her embarrassing situation.  
  
"Of course I would!" Megan responded confidently. "But it's a little too girly for me. It looks good on Mandy though!" There was an awkward silence before Megan changed the subject. "Oh! Speaking of slutty things, did you hear what happened at the concert?"  
  
Mandy shook her head.  
  
"Apparently there was some wild stuff going on in the back of the crowd. We didn't see it, but Tom and Nick said there were two or three naked girls and they started giving out blowjobs or something like that.  
  
Mandy's eyes widened. Jess!? Holy fuck...  
  
"Yeah, I didn't believe it at first either," Megan continued. "But some other people were talking about it on the way back. They said that some guys started fucking them right there, in the audience."  
  
"Yeah, it was pretty wild from what I heard," Alex explained. "Nick and Tom said they got a pretty good view of the whole thing...lucky bastards." He laughed.  
  
Megan playfully hit him in the chest. "Yeah? And I bet a look is all they got?"  
  
Oh god Jess, what did you do?  
  
"Hey," he responded. "I wouldn't blame them! Good music and a free blowjob! Some guys were saying that they were pretty hot, but nobody knows who they are yet."  
  
"Well, too bad for you. I'm the only naked girl you get to see tonight!" Megan laughed as she walked over to her dresser and started taking off her jewelry. "Oh, and I guess you saw Mandy when we came in, but that doesn't count!" She laughed at her own joke, oblivious to the look that Alex gave Mandy and oblivious to how red Mandy turned in response.  
  
Megan grabbed a few things from her drawers and Mandy tuned out the rest of their conversation. Soon, the two intruders were gone again to spend the evening at Alex's.  
  
Mandy turned off the light and crawled into bed. She stared at the ceiling for a long time, deep in thought before finally drifting off to sleep.  
  
The dream was one that she had dreamt several times before. She showered with her roommate while her friends and classmates looked on. Hands held her naked body to the bed, but she did not want to fight them.  
  
She opened her eyes, unsure whether she had heard a noise. The room was lit up from the sunlight pouring through the open curtains. Morning already? For a moment, she could not be sure if she was still dreaming.  
  
Silence.  
  
Her heavy eyelids started to close of their own will until she heard the noise again—a light knock at the door.  
  
She rose and slowly made her way toward the source of the noise.  
  
Looking through the peephole of her door, she decided that she must indeed still be asleep. Even so, she slowly opened the door to find Jess looking back at her. Or, more accurately, her neighbor stared at the floor before her feet. She shot occasional glances at Mandy's eyes before returning her gaze to a fixed spot in the carpet between the two girls.  
  
"Hey..." Mandy greeted with hesitation. Although Jess was cleaned up now, in a conservative shirt and jeans, Mandy could not forget the completely different girl that she had met the previous night. It's like night and day.  
  
"Hi Mandy." She paused. "I know this is...unusual, but...well, I was wondering if you wanted to...uh...I mean, do you want to do something later? That is, get a coffee or something?" She hardly gave Mandy a chance to respond before interjecting. "I mean, it's okay if not. I just thought maybe you might want to."  
  
Something about this girl made Mandy feel warm and fuzzy inside. She was so quiet...so shy. Undeniably cute, in her own way. What could she have possibly gotten herself into last night? Did she have a dark side, or did she just get in over her head? Either way, Mandy decided that she wanted to get to know her better...even if this invitation was highly unusual. "Yeah, sure. What time is it now?"  
  
"I think it's almost 11:30." Jess stopped for a second, and her eyes shot wide. "Oh god, did I wake you up? I am so sorry." Mandy thought for a second that this small mouse might run back to her hole in fright.  
  
"No, no," She lied. "I've been up for a while. Just haven't really gotten out of bed." She looked back into her room, then back at Jess. "I'd be up for coffee this afternoon. How about I come get you at 2?"  
  
They agreed on the time and then parted ways, leaving Mandy to get dressed and grab lunch. Should I pretend that last night never happened, or should I ask, she wondered as she grabbed a pair of jeans from the closet and put on a relatively modest t-shirt.  
  
When the time came, the two girls made small talk on the walk to the elevator. Mandy learned that Jess was indeed a freshman and had not settled on a major yet, but she was leaning towards English with a minor in History. Mandy told about the small town nearby, where she had grown up.  
  
As they stepped outside, the conversation died down noticeably. They walked through campus and passed the courtyard, where volunteers were still cleaning up from the previous evening's concert. Mandy looked over at Jess, who looked straight ahead without so much as glancing at the venue.  
  
As they left the campus, the conversation picked up again. Soon, they had walked a block to a nearby café.  
  
Jess ordered a chai tea, and Mandy ordered a cappuccino. The two girls found a quiet table in the corner.  
  
A quiet awkwardness started to settle in again. Mandy was starting to learn that she did not, in fact, have all that much in common with Jess, other than a shared love of reading.  
  
An itch bore at the back of Mandy's mind. I have to know. It's the reason we are here, and I have to know.  
  
"So," Mandy tiptoed. "You were at the show last night?"  
  
Jess stared intently at her mug. She had obviously known that this was coming. She only nodded in reply.  
  
Mandy looked around and leaned forward. "What happened?" she asked in a hushed voice.  
  
Jess turned the mug clockwise, then back. She bit her lip, and Mandy thought she might have gone mute. Finally, she whispered back, "I...I don't really know." She took a drink and thought for a moment. "I was with my friend, crowd surfing, and then...then, the next thing I know, I am fighting for my clothes."  
  
"Your friend?"  
  
"Raven," Jess answered. Mandy was pretty sure she knew the girl. She seemed like an uptight sort. "We got separated though," Jess continued. She took another drink. "The next thing I know...they are...well, you know."  
  
Mandy nodded in response.  
  
"And the worst part is, I thought I would feel worse about it...after." She looked at Mandy and then quickly corrected herself. "Oh god, I mean...I don't want you to think that I am...like that. I just...I've never done anything like that before."  
  
"It's okay. I'm not judging you," Mandy reassured. "So...you...went along with it?"  
  
"Not at first. I was scared. I couldn't see and everyone was stealing my clothes. I was helpless—It was terrifying. But...after a while...have you ever wondered what it would be like to just...stop thinking for minute and just go with the flow? After a while, I sort of lost track of what was happening, and yeah...I guess I sort of went along with it. Oh god, I hope you don't think I'm a slut."  
  
"No, no, of course not." Keep going. Please, keep going. Mandy tried to mask her own excitement as she listened to Jess' story.  
  
"I don't really know what happened after that. I was passed around, and they...used me. Oh, and I lost my phone and wallet."  
  
There was a silence as the two girls stared forward, each waiting for the other to speak. Mandy finally spoke up first. "Just out of curiosity...why are you telling me this?"  
  
"I...I haven't told anyone else yet, but I felt like I had to tell someone. I can't talk to my friends about it. I can't tell Raven. She's..."  
  
"...judgemental," Mandy completed the thought.  
  
"Yeah," Jess sighed. "I thought, well, you already saw me last night. I figured I could trust you not to tell anyone...or to judge me."  
  
There it is again. "You said that last night too. Don't get me wrong, I'm not judging. But what did you mean by that?"  
  
"Well, umm, I don't know if you remember this, but last week I was in the hall, and I saw you coming out of Andrew's room..."  
  
Mandy nodded, blushing. "Sorry about that. I didn't mean for you to see me...and I guess I didn't mean to be there either. I was pretty drunk that night."  
  
"Yeah, I could tell. Are you guys dating? I've seen you over there a couple of times."  
  
"No, definitely not." Mandy felt a little uncomfortable. Jess obviously remembered that evening better than she did, and she wasn't entirely sure how much her neighbor had seen. She decided to steer the conversation back towards last night. "Well, I'm glad that you opened up to me. So...how do you...feel about what happened last night?"  
  
"Honestly?" Jess paused. "I don't even know. It was humiliating...degrading. I feel ashamed. I think some of my classmates might have seen me. But...I don't know...it actually wasn't that bad. I know, that's a fucked up thing to say, but...it was...just sort of exhilarating." She looked up at Mandy to gauge her response. "Maybe I am just messed up."  
  
"No, you're not. I..." Mandy wanted to open up to her new friend, but she was not ready just yet. "I understand." What you are describing is pretty much my nightly fantasy, she thought, but she held her tongue. "It sounds scary, but it also sounds sort of thrilling."  
  
"Yeah," Jess replied, obviously ashamed of her confession.  
  
Maybe we have more in common than I thought...  
  
Jess shifted the conversation back towards school, and Mandy respected her desire to change the subject. They talked about upcoming exams. With only a week left to classes, both girls were in the final stretch for term papers and assignments.  
  
About an hour after their arrival, the girls walked back to their dorm and went their separate ways.  
  
The next several days passed rather uneventfully, and Mandy slowly tried to integrate Jess into her own group of friends. Jess' shyness made the transition difficult, but within days she was eating lunch with the group on a semi-regular basis.  
  
As promised, Mandy kept Jess' secret to herself, but many times she was tempted to reveal it simply to show everyone that Jess was not as boring as she first appeared.  
  
Thursday afternoon, Mandy and Katrina were waiting for their final Psychology class to begin. As they sat, chatting about exams, Mandy received a text message from Sarah.  
  
"toga party tomorrow. cool?"  
  
With classes ending soon, the girls received almost-daily invitations to parties, both on and off campus. Most of them sounded relatively lame to Mandy, but Sarah insisted that she wanted to go to this particular toga party at the boys' dorm. Mandy was not usually interested in these types of parties, and she was especially wary of stepping foot in the boys' dorm—they were, after all, her neighbors, and some of the main benefactors of her recent bout of exhibitionism.  
  
However, Sarah was adamant. There was a boy that she had started seeing from the dorm, and she wanted to solidify their relationship before summer separated them for four months. She assured Mandy that nobody would recognize them, and she reminded Mandy that she had flashed them too.  
  
Believe me, Mandy thought, I showed them much more.  
  
For all intents and purposes, Sarah was telling Mandy that they were going rather than asking her. Mandy had said that she would think about it. Now, Sarah was texting for confirmation.  
  
"yeah sure," Mandy texted back, yielding once again to her best friend.  
  
"awsum. i will meet u after ur class. gotta favor to ask u," Sarah responded.  
  
Great, Mandy thought. Another favor.  
  
Sure enough, Sarah was waiting in the hall for her after class. Katrina waved to Sarah and went on to her next class down the hall.  
  
"Hey, what's up?" Mandy greeted. Although she was worried about tomorrow night's party, she certainly was not angry with her friend. Sarah had done her hundreds of favors over the years, and Mandy was not the type to turn down a friendly request.  
  
"Hi. Not much. Are you busy tonight?"  
  
"No, I don't think so," Mandy responded. "Why?"  
  
"I mean, are you going to be around?" Sarah clarified.  
  
"Yeah, why?"  
  
"Well, you know Eric?"  
  
Well, I don't really 'know' him, Mandy thought. I just know she likes him and he is the main reason we are going to the party tomorrow. Sarah had gone out with Eric a couple of times, but Mandy had not heard anything about him in the past couple of weeks, so she thought that maybe it had been over.  
  
"Well," Sarah continued, "we've been flirting a lot lately, and I thought it might be fun to send him a few pictures..."  
  
Mandy almost snorted with laughter. She knew her friend well enough to know what type of pictures she meant. "Oh my god, are you serious? You just met him!"  
  
"No, we've known each other for a couple of months. I just think it would be a fun way to show him...that I am interested."  
  
Mandy knew that she was certainly in no position to judge, considering that she had recently exposed herself to friends, neighbors, and complete strangers. "Sure," she answered with a laugh. "You can come by and borrow the camera any time. You know that."  
  
"I don't just want to borrow it, though. I was hoping...that you could take a couple of them."  
  
Mandy was stunned.  
  
"I know you're a great photographer," Sarah continued. "And I know that I can trust you to keep it to yourself...plus, you sorta already have experience with these kinds of pictures."  
  
Mandy looked around to make sure that nobody was listening, but everyone in the hallway seemed to be going about their own business unaware—or indifferent—to the girls' conversation. "I don't know what to say," she trailed off. Am I dreaming? This seemed exactly like the sort of surreal situation that occurred on an almost-nightly basis between her eyelids as she slept. She struggled to hide the lump in her throat and the flutter that coursed through her body. "Yeah...I can take some pictures...if that's what you want."  
  
Mandy had used friends as models before in her photography, but never like this. The thought of her beautiful best friend, in any sort of compromising position set her imagination ablaze. She tried to calm herself. I'm sure she just plans to take some sexy tease photos. Provocative poses. Nothing too risky. Even so, the thought of expanding her own skillset as a photographer was exciting in its own right.  
  
"Thanks," Sarah responded. "I was thinking of doing it tonight, if that's okay. That way I can send them to him before the party tomorrow. I think my roommate's going to be gone out later, so we can probably do it at my place, but I will text you later."  
  
"Sure, I was just going to study tonight. Just text me to keep me posted."  
  
"No problem, and thanks again."  
  
The girls said their farewells and parted ways. Mandy returned to her dorm room and dropped off her stuff. She closed the door and stared at her camera.  
  
I can't believe this is happening, she thought. A large share of her recent fantasies had involved Sarah, and now things seemed to be going in Mandy's favor.  
  
She had not felt this excited and anxious since the night that she gave David the naked photos of herself—the same evening when she may or may not have kissed Sarah. Two weeks had passed, and Mandy still could not tell if she had imagined that kiss or not. The thought of it still gave her butterflies.  
  
She went to dinner, but she hardly ate. Some of her friends were discussing the toga party. None of her male friends were interested in going, and it did not seem like many of the girls would be attending either. So far, the list included Mandy, Sarah, and Ashley. Katrina had expressed some mild interest, but Mandy knew her well enough to be skeptical. She would be cute in a toga, Mandy thought, but she would never go out in public in one.  
  
Mandy had also asked Jess if she was interested, but her newest friend quickly turned down the offer. After everything that had happened last week, and given her shyness, Mandy could understand why.  
  
She returned to her room and played with her camera for some time, pondering ideas for the photo shoot. What type of pictures will she want? What type of lighting will look best? In spite of her own personal excitement, Mandy was still something of a photographer and needed to retain some semblance of professionalism.  
  
At 6:30, she received the text from her friend. Mandy's heart sank.  
  
"Hey," Sarah texted, "my roommate is here after all. might need to reschedule :("  
  
"aww, that sucks," Mandy responded. She tried to mask the extent of her disappointment. Sarah lived in another coed dorm a few minutes away, and her roommate's schedule was pretty inconsistent from what Mandy had gathered.  
  
"yeah I know. i wanted to get these done tonight."  
  
Me too, Mandy thought with a sigh. Wait a second... She had an idea. "why not just come here?" She texted. "megan is gone for the nite. im here alone." Please! Please! Please! She stared at her phone, waiting for a response. A minute passed that seemed like the longest minute of her life. She almost abandoned hope when the phone chimed.  
  
"sure! just need to pack some stuff. u good in an hour?"  
  
"yes. see u then." Mandy thought she might pass out. How was she possibly going to do this? She had never taken these sorts of photographs before...professionally, that is. What if Sarah is expecting some professional-level photos? She had never seen the private ones that Mandy had taken of herself—they were definitely more amateur than her usual work.

Mandy started panicking, moving lamps around, testing different light combinations and different settings on the camera itself. The lighting in these rooms is terrible. She started creating plans and contingency plans.  
  
If she's wearing bright colors, these lights are fine. If dark, we can use those ones. If she's on the bed, these lamps can move here. If she is showing more skin...her mind carried that last image forward, and she had to shake her head to focus.  
  
Meanwhile, she also cleaned things up a little. If her room was going to be used as a backdrop for these pictures, she wanted it to be as unobtrusive as possible. Megan's side in particular was a mess, and Mandy did the best she could to push some of her belongings into the closet.  
  
With another half hour remaining until Sarah would arrive, Mandy started second guessing her own appearance, even though she was just the photographer. This was practically a fantasy come true for her, and she wanted to look her best.  
  
Obviously, she couldn't dress up or that would seem unusual. A tank top and shorts would be fine, but she opted for a little touch up on her hair a makeup—subtle, not something that would draw attention, but a definite improvement over her going-to-class look.  
  
Finally, Sarah arrived. Four minutes early, Mandy noticed, as though the small detail carried any significance.  
  
Her friend was still dressed in the yellow sleeveless button-up shirt and denim cut-off shorts that she had been wearing that afternoon. They stepped into the dorm room and Mandy locked the door behind them.  
  
Sarah sat on the edge of the bed. She seemed more bubbly than usual. Excited...possibly even a little intoxicated.  
  
Maybe I'm not the only one that is anxious about this, Mandy thought. She started explaining her ideas and plans to Sarah, probing her for input and asking about more technical points.  
  
"Whoa, slow down!" Sarah responded, blank faced. "I don't know about any of that stuff. I'll just trust you with that. This doesn't need to be anything fancy. I just suck at taking pictures and figured I would fuck this up! Also, I thought it would be more fun for someone else to do it," she giggled.  
  
Inside, Mandy breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, okay, sure."  
  
"I don't know what I'm doing, so just tell me what you want me to do," Sarah said, slipping her shoes off and kicking them by the door.  
  
That sentence was music to Mandy's ears, and she briefly let her imagination push that idea to several destinations. Coming back to reality, she grabbed the camera and stood across from Sarah, centering her friend in the viewfinder. She backed up another step and repeated the procedure.  
  
"Okay," she instructed, "well, lean back a little bit. Move your arm there and look over here." The first photo did not look right, so Mandy snapped another. Perfect. "Now move back a little bit more, but leave your legs hanging over the edge. Just like that." Click.  
  
Mandy had taken photos of her friends on many occasions, and she already knew that Sarah was very photogenic. Her energy and smile always translated very well to film, and this was no exception. She took several more photos of her friend on the bed in various innocent poses.  
  
She swallowed hard and for a moment wondered if she could get the next words out. "Alright...how about you undo the first couple of buttons?"