**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 05**

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

Mandy 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?"  
  
Without a word and with a smile, Sarah reached up and undid the top two buttons of her shirt. The material parted, creating a deep neckline and allowing a peek at her modest cleavage. Mandy found her in the viewfinder. Click.  
  
She took several more photos of her best friend. Mandy still could not believe what was happening. Weeks ago, she could never have imagined herself in this position, taking sexy photos of Sarah for a guy that Mandy hardly even knew.  
  
But so much had changed in the past several weeks. Mandy was practically a whole new person with new desires that she was still in the process of understanding. She had never possessed so much sexual energy, she had never dreamt of so many dark fantasies, she had never been attracted to another woman...  
  
Now, she struggled to maintain a cool semblance of professionalism as she stood behind her camera. I am just doing this as a favor to Sarah, she told herself. That is all. Click. And she has clearly been drinking...  
  
"Lean over onto the pillow," Mandy instructed. Sarah did as she was told, laying on her side, allowing the opening of her shirt to inch further.  
  
Mandy absolutely loved the imagined power that she had over her model. Sarah had told her that she wanted Mandy's direction for the photo shoot. However, Mandy was still unsure exactly what type of photos Sarah was looking for, so she needed to tip-toe carefully.  
  
The room filled with flashes as the girls took picture after picture. Mandy had made sure to close the curtains for this occasion—something she had completely forgotten weeks ago, during her own more personal self-photography session.  
  
Mandy stared at Sarah's shirt, the question dancing on the tip of her tongue. Should I ask? She certainly wanted to, but she also knew that things could get weird if she overstepped her boundaries.  
  
Sarah stared back at her, never losing her smirk. "More buttons?"  
  
You read my mind, she thought to herself. "Yeah, I think that would work." She stopped, biting her bottom lip. "That is, if you want to. Just let me know if you want to stop or if you have the pictures that you wanted."  
  
"No, it's okay. I planned on showing a bit more. What's the point if I don't show him a little skin?"  
  
She was referring to Eric, the reason that this photo session was happening in the first place. Sarah had been seeing Eric on and off for the past couple of months, and now she had decided that she wanted to surprise him with some fun pictures. Mandy could only surmise what that meant.  
  
Sarah undid two more buttons, and as the second one popped open, a white lace bra revealed itself, just barely creeping out from the confines of her yellow shirt.  
  
Mandy lowered herself so that she was directly across from the bed. She loved the way that the lacy garment stayed mostly hidden from this angle, offering no more than an innocent tease of what lay beneath. Several clicks followed.  
  
She allowed the model to do most of the work for her, as Sarah stared seductively into the camera. It was difficult for Mandy to mentally remove herself from the situation. Sarah's eyes burned into her own, and Mandy felt butterflies. No, she reminded herself, she is looking into the camera...not at me. Still, the thought was impossible to shake.  
  
Mandy slowly raised the camera and moved around towards the head of the bed, allowing a gradually more revealing perspective of her friend's neckline.  
  
She took two more photos and stared through her lens, deciding where to go next.  
  
Mandy felt flustered, and her mind raced with ideas. She was also starting to feel warm, and while she stopped to think, she unconsciously lowered a hand to the collar of her own shirt, playing with the fabric between her fingers.  
  
To her surprise, Sarah began mimicking the motion, apparently interpreting it as a non-verbal direction. Mandy watched as Sarah pulled the shirt open, carefully displaying more of the bra beneath. Click.  
  
Mandy struggled to hold the camera steady with one hand while she stretched the neckline of her shirt farther away from her body with the other. Sarah followed her lead, opening the shirt even further for the camera. Click.  
  
Mandy traced a finger down along her collar, waiting for Sarah to do the same. She stopped when Sarah's finger rested on the next clasped button. The room was silent, save for the sound of the camera's shutter. Sarah undid the button slowly.  
  
Is she teasing me, or it this simply to give me ample time for the shots?  
  
"How about you stand up?" Mandy asked, deciding that she could not limit the entire photo shoot to a single position. Not that Eric will complain either way, she thought. But she had secretly decided that this was not entirely for him. This is my shoot, and I'm going to get as much out of it as I can.  
  
"Sure," Sarah agreed without hesitation. As she sat up, she adjusted her shirt, but left the buttons open as they were. "Where do you want me?"  
  
So many places. "Over here," Mandy answered, gesturing towards the entryway. "Lean back against the door and face me." She waited while her friend complied. "Now do what you were doing on the bed."  
  
Mandy photographed Sarah as she once again reached up and pulled her shirt open. Her bra was now quite visible, the soft material cupping her small, perky, B-cup breasts. Sarah used her other hand to undo the remaining buttons, pausing after each one and waiting for Mandy to nod her approval to continue.  
  
Once fully open, Mandy stopped a moment to admire Sarah's thin figure. She was such a tiny thing, beautiful and delicate. Her flat tummy and slender waist clearly indicated that she knew how to keep in shape. Whereas Mandy was naturally gifted with wide hips and a prominent C-cup chest, Sarah's body contained fewer curves.  
  
They had been best friends since middle school and had seen each other naked many times over the years. Time and again, both girls were constantly jealous of the other's beauty.  
  
"Move over by the dresser," Mandy decided. "There is more room and more light over there."  
  
Still playfully tugging at the sides of her open shirt, Sarah obeyed. "How am I doing so far?"  
  
Mandy moved around, trying to find the best angle. "Great. Eric is going to love these. It's a shame that I can't put them in my portfolio. They would add some real range."  
  
Sarah giggled and Mandy almost detected a hint of a blush—something that she rarely saw from her friend. "Well, we'll see. I don't mind if you use the...innocent ones."  
  
"How about you slip the shirt down over your shoulders?" Mandy asked, switching back into director mode.  
  
"Like this?" Sarah pulled the shirt complete open and pushed the material back so that it exposed her bra completely.  
  
"Just like that." Click. "Now let it hang down from your elbows." Mandy savored every moment, expecting to wake and learn that this had all been a dream.  
  
Although Mandy had practiced amateur photography for years, she had never done anything like this before with a model. She was impressed with how well the pictures were turning out. Perhaps she would need to consider working part time as a photographer to help pay for university.  
  
Sarah stood before her with her top now practically removed. "Should I just take it off the rest of the way?" she asked, predicting Mandy's next direction.  
  
"Sure, you can just set it over here," Mandy instructed, gesturing towards her chair. She watched Sarah move, enjoying how closely their bodies came as her friend passed by. "Wait, stop right like that."  
  
Sarah was positioned right in front of Mandy, half bent at the waist as she was poised to carefully place her shirt over the back of the chair. Mandy moved around for a better view. With her body leaning forward, Sarah's bra fell forward in such a way that Mandy could look down and see a gap between the material and her flesh. Her perky breasts hung freely so that the nipple was partly visible on her right breast.  
  
She looked up at Mandy, confused. It was a natural pose, and her exposure looked genuinely accidental.  
  
Mandy raised the camera, but she was unable to push the button. Something seemed wrong.  
  
"I..." she started. "Do you want me to take a picture like this? I think Eric will like it."  
  
Sarah's bewilderment lingered for several seconds, before she looked down and realized what Mandy was seeing. "It's your call. I'm half-drunk."  
  
Mandy did not need any more convincing, and she quickly snapped another picture. She photographed as Sara put the shirt down and returned to the dresser.  
  
"Put your hands on your hips and turn your body a bit to the right," Mandy said, experimenting with different poses. Next, she had Sara unbutton her denim shorts and lower the zipper slightly.  
  
"Do you want me to take them off?" Sarah asked after several more positions alongside the dresser. She seemed to be really getting into it, and Mandy was happy to have such an eager model. After weeks of playing the submissive role, it was fun to put someone else in that position for a change.  
  
"Not yet. Turn around and put your hands on the dresser." Mandy watched as Sarah turned and bent over to do as she was told. She pushed her small butt towards the camera, giving Mandy some amazing shots of her ass and her bare legs that came all the way up to the base of her cut-offs. Now here comes to the moment of truth, Mandy thought. She knew that this could bring everything to a screeching halt, but she could not restrain herself any longer. "Now reach back and slowly unhook your bra..." A second after it came out, she chickened out and backpedalled a little. "I mean...that is, you can if you want."  
  
Sarah ignored the last sentence, and reached behind her back. Still standing behind her, Mandy frantically captured image after image of her friend unclasping the modest bit of clothing that still remained from the waist up.  
  
The straps fell aside and a raised arm was the only thing still holding the garment to her chest. She started to turn around, but Mandy interrupted her. "Don't turn around yet, but move over a little bit to the left."  
  
Sarah stepped over in front of the large mirror that hung over the dresser.  
  
"Now," Mandy continued, "look back over your shoulder at me and slowly let the bra fall."  
  
Looking cute as always, Sarah looked back at the camera and bit her lower lip. She closed one eye, as if winking at the recipient of this photo. However, Mandy's eyes were glued to the mirror. Sarah seemed oblivious that as she let the bra fall away from her body, a reflection of her bare chest was framed in the mirror before her. Her small perky breasts gave a small bounce as they popped into the open, and Mandy filled the room with flashes as she greedily photographed Sarah in all her beauty.  
  
Mandy was in the zone, blind to everything except the breasts in the mirror and the small dark nipples that adorned them. She had seen them so many times before, but never like this, and never with the appreciation that she now possessed.  
  
Without direction, Sarah slowly turned around to face Mandy. Click. She is so beautiful, Mandy thought, putting the camera down for a moment to enjoy the sight of her topless friend.  
  
Just as she was about to return to her work, something caught her eye. In the mirror behind Sarah, she could see part of her own reflection—half of her face and the left side of her body extended from the frame's edge.  
  
"Shit," Mandy muttered under her breath.  
  
"What? What's wrong?" Sarah looked concerned, raising an arm to cover her exposed chest.  
  
"Just a second." Mandy pressed a button and began reviewing the last pictures she had taken. Fuck. She continued back to the first pictures by the dresser. What a stupid, rookie mistake. "Shit, you can see my reflection in the mirror for all of these pictures. Sorry, I can't believe that I missed that." She was so embarrassed; these were such great pictures, and she had ruined them.  
  
Sarah stared back at her confused. "And? What's the big deal?"  
  
"I...well, they look really unprofessional," Mandy admitted, ashamed.  
  
Sarah burst out laughing. "Oh my god, are you serious? I'm not paying for a fancy studio or anything...I just want someone to take pictures for me!" She looked Mandy in the eyes. "Don't get me wrong, you're doing a great job so far. Can I see?"  
  
She stepped over next to Mandy, who held out the camera for her to inspect. Mandy swallowed as she stared at Sarah's breasts, only inches from her own arm. Her mouth was dry, and she could not bring herself to speak.  
  
On the camera's small screen, Sarah stood in front of the dresser with her shirt wide open. In the mirror behind her, the girls could clearly see Mandy's elbow and her hip. In the next several photos, you could see part of her hair.  
  
The following photos showed Sarah putting the shirt down on the chair, looking down into her bra. They looked accidental, exactly as Mandy had intended, though she felt mildly embarrassed for their voyeuristic nature. As she looked at them, Sarah giggled, but said nothing.  
  
I don't know if that's a good sign or a bad sign, Mandy thought.  
  
The remaining photos showed Sarah back in front of the dresser, and Mandy cringed as she looked at herself, much more prominently reflected in the mirror. She was so focused on Sarah's body that she had obviously failed to pay attention.  
  
They stood in silence for a moment before Sarah finally spoke. "You know what? I actually really like it, and so will Eric. I mean, I know it was an accident, but it's like...it puts another girl in the picture, which is pretty hot. That's pretty much every guy's fantasy, isn't it?"  
  
It was true.  
  
"Yeah, I guess..." Mandy trailed off. "So you don't want to redo them?"  
  
"Shit, no. In fact, you should move over a little bit more so that you can really see your reflection."  
  
It was a fun idea that Mandy had never really considered. These were supposed to be Sarah's pictures, but she could not argue with her logic. It was kinky, and the idea of making it look unintentional sent shivers up Mandy's spine.  
  
"Sure, why not."  
  
The girls got back into their positions, and Mandy shuffled over so that her face was now centered in the mirror, hanging behind Sarah's back. Her friend, meanwhile, leaned back and placed both hands on the dresser's surface, pushing her small bare breasts out towards the camera.  
  
Mandy raised the camera and spent the next several minutes photographing her topless friend in various enticing poses.  
  
Sarah was the first to speak up. "You know...I don't know if this is too weird for you, but...if we're going to do some pictures with you in them, we should make things more interesting. You should take off your shirt too."  
  
"What?"  
  
"I mean, if it's just part of your reflection in the mirror and you can hardly see anything anyway, you should lose the shirt. It's no big deal if Eric sees your bra, is it?"  
  
"No, I guess not." This was an unusual suggestion for Sarah to make, but strangely, it did not bother Mandy in the slightest. Just a month ago, she had been a normal girl, sweet and innocent. She was by no means a virgin, but she did not consider herself to have an unusual obsession with sex.  
  
Since then, she had certainly fallen headfirst down a slippery slope of questionable decisions. She had exposed herself to her neighbors in the boys' dormitory, she had given David a nice collection of personal photographs under the guise of an accident, and she had fucked her neighbor, Andrew, from down the hall. Compared to all of that, flashing her bra in a couple of pictures seemed like child's play.  
  
Even so...this was for Eric, and although they were not quite a couple yet, it was quite clear that Sarah was interested in him. It seemed wrong for Mandy to tease him in any way. Then again, this was Sarah's idea...and it was a rather fun idea at that.  
  
Mandy set the camera down on the bed. A little tease can't hurt, and if Sarah is okay with it...  
  
Mandy grabbed the hem of her tank top, peeled it up over her shoulders, and tossed it to the floor. She looked in the mirror and saw herself, standing nervously in her yellow bra and khaki shorts. I can't believe this is happening.  
  
Picking up her camera, she continued where she had left off, taking note of her scantily clad reflection, hiding its face behind the lens. Meanwhile, Sarah took the initiative and began pushing her shorts down over her hips.  
  
"Looks like you don't need my instructions anymore," Mandy said.  
  
Sarah stopped, shorts midway down her thighs. "Oh sorry...did you want me to wait?"  
  
"No, no, I was just joking."  
  
That smile...  
  
Mandy's heart melted. She was really starting to get into this in a way that she had never experienced before as a photographer. In fact, this was starting to feel more reminiscent of her own time as a model, in this room, only a few weeks ago. Even so, she thought that she must have misheard the next words that came out of Sarah's mouth as she kicked her shorts aside, now standing in nothing but a lace pair of panty briefs.  
  
"You should lose the bra too. That'll really make him wonder what we were up to."  
  
Mandy's jaw dropped. "Are you serious? You want me to show Eric my boobs?"  
  
"Not if you don't want to. I was actually thinking that you could keep your arms over them so you wouldn't really be showing anything."  
  
"I don't know..." Mandy knew that this was a bad idea, and she knew that she would regret it. However, she also remembered the thrill of giving up power and handing over the last batch of photos to David. She looked wistfully at the beautiful sight before her and knew that this was what she wanted.  
  
Fingers shaking, she reached back with one hand. She fumbled with the clasp of her bra for a few seconds before she felt it spring loose, dropping to the floor.  
  
Her face felt warm and she felt light-headed. Her large breasts swayed with each turn of her body, and her large pink nipples instinctively hardened in response to their exposure. The two girls stood topless with nothing but a camera and a few feet of distance between them.  
  
It was easy for Mandy to position her elbows so that they rested in front of her chest. The difficult part proved to be holding the camera steady with her trembling hands. After some time, she started to calm down and managed to take several pictures that were not blurry.  
  
Sarah turned around and bent over the dresser again, peeling her panties down a couple of inches, giving a peek of the small firm ass hiding underneath.  
  
Mouth practically watering, Mandy got more bold as well. When Sarah wasn't looking, she let her arms drop aside for several shots, giving a largely unobstructed view of her own breasts in the mirror, smirking as she took the shot. I bet Eric will enjoy that for sure.  
  
"Am I still doing good?" Sarah asked, pulling her panties back into place and turning around to face her photographer.  
  
"Absolutely," Mandy responded, unsure what else to say.  
  
"Those pictures that you took for David...did you go this far?"  
  
"Umm," Mandy hesitated. She rarely kept secrets from Sarah, and she had already confided in her about her exploits with David...however, she had always remained purposefully vague about the contents of the pictures. Sarah only knew that they contained nudity. "Yeah...I went a little further than this..."

"Holy shit, really? You're a brave girl!" Sarah laughed, causing her small tits to jiggle slightly. "Do you still have them?"  
  
Mandy knew that she should lie, but she could not bring herself to do so. If it was anyone else, perhaps. "Yeah, I copied them to my computer before I gave them to him."  
  
"Let me see! Maybe they will inspire me!"  
  
"I don't know, they're pretty private," Mandy said, shyly. That was certainly an understatement.  
  
"Oh, come on, I've already seen everything a million times. Don't be such a chicken."  
  
Sarah always had a way of egging Mandy on, and it had gotten the two of them in trouble a few times over a years. Never anything serious, of course, but she had dragged Mandy into more than their share of childhood pranks.  
  
I guess I can just show the first few—the ones before I started fingering myself.  
  
Mandy set the camera down and walked over to her computer to log in. She started to reach for her shirt, but Sarah stopped her, assuring her that she wanted to do a few more photos. Mandy certainly was not going to argue. She only hoped that Sarah could not discern how excited this whole affair had left her.  
  
She started browsing through files and directories. She had hidden these pictures deep in the recesses of her hard drive as a security measure.  
  
A flash suddenly filled the room. Startled, Mandy turned to find Sarah playing with the camera. She was holding it out at arm's length, taking pictures of herself.  
  
Mandy returned to her search. Another flash occurred. She turned again, this time finding the camera pointed in her direction. A third flash blinded her. She laughed, trying to shake the blindness from her eyes. Sarah had a playful personality, and apparently their state of undress had little effect on that.  
  
Ignoring the next flash, Mandy found the folder that she was looking for. Inside, there over a dozen thumbnail images that she had taken for her teasing game with David. "Here," she signaled. "I will show you a couple, but I don't think you want to see the other ones."  
  
Sarah came over and leaned in close to her friend so that the two topless girls were facing the monitor together. Before Mandy could react, Sarah held the camera out and took a picture of the two girls together.  
  
Too late, Mandy shot her hands up in front of her chest, laughing all the while. "Oh my god, stop that!" She waited until Sarah set the camera on the desk before she continued. She forced herself to focus on the computer rather than the stunning girl standing next to her in nothing but a pair of sheer panties.  
  
On the screen before them was an image of Mandy in her skimpy black bikini. Sarah had certainly seen that suit before, though Mandy did not wear it regularly anymore. Her large breasts strained against the thin material in the photo.  
  
"Oh wow," Sarah exclaimed. "You got straight to the point, didn't you?"  
  
You have no idea, Mandy thought. The next photo was brighter, and the girls could clearly see the outline of Mandy's nipples poking through the dark fabric.  
  
Mandy clicked to the next photo, in which she was covered by her large grey university hoodie, with subsequent images showing more skin and implying that there was nothing on under the sweater. Mandy hesitated as she finally moved to the first photo of the opened hoodie, revealing her round, perky breasts.  
  
"I can't believe you gave these too him!" Sarah sounded almost as excited as Mandy was, though Mandy suspected it was for different reasons.  
  
"Yeah, it was pretty crazy...I should stop here though."  
  
"What? Aw, come on. It can't be that bad." Sarah reached for the mouse, and Mandy did nothing to stop her.  
  
Mandy's eyes moved from Sarah's fingers to the screen, where a new image appeared. It showed Mandy with her hoodie completely open and her body fully exposed. There was nothing new to be seen for the girls. Sarah had seen Mandy change many times over the years, and both girls were shaven. Still, Mandy felt quite embarrassed as she watched her best friend staring at her own naked figure, vulnerable and defenseless on the computer screen.  
  
Sarah said nothing, but clicked through two more pictures of Mandy, showing both her front and back side.  
  
"It gets really bad after this one..." Mandy warned, but Sarah did not acknowledge her warning. Mandy watched quietly as Sarah entered into the extremely private photos—the ones that Mandy had not planned to take...the ones that were taken in the heat of the moment, after giving way to lust.  
  
There is no way that she will ever be able to look at me the same again, Mandy thought as she stared at a picture of herself, naked, writhing, and with two fingers inserted deep into her own pussy.  
  
The two girls said nothing as the picture show continued. On the screen, Mandy's face turned to one of complete ecstasy. Her body was tensed up and her back was arched upwards. It was clear that this photo had captured her fully engulfed in the midst of a furious orgasm.  
  
The final image was one that always gave Mandy a shiver, no matter how many times she saw it. It showed Mandy, obviously still recovering from the events of the previous photo. She stared deep into the camera and, in turn, it looked like she was staring at the two girls in front of the computer. Her gaze was one of pure pleasure and indifference as she sucked on the same fingers that recently occupied the crevices of her womanhood.  
  
Sarah's finger lingered on the button for some time before she finally moved on, returning to the beginning of the set.  
  
The mood in the room had gotten more serious, and Mandy started to panic, desperate to lighten the mood. "Yeah, don't worry, I don't expect you to do any of that."  
  
Sarah smiled, but Mandy detected that there was something beneath the gesture—some deep thought going on, hidden behind her eyes. "Okay, good. I...I don't know if I am ready for that just yet. I mean...wow...you gave him all of these pictures?"  
  
"Yeah, it was kind of stupid in hindsight."  
  
"No, no..." Sarah moved back to the last photo. "They're just very...graphic. I thought they were, well, not that."  
  
Mandy's nipples stiffened from the combination of arousal and embarrassment. Finally, Sarah closed the image browser and turned back to her friend.  
  
"So..." she started hesitantly, "did you want to take any more or do you want to call it a night?"  
  
Mandy was shocked. "I can take more if you want."  
  
"Sure, maybe just a few more for fun."  
  
Just for fun. The words echoed in Mandy's head. What does that mean?  
  
Sarah stood upright and grabbed the camera once more, shuffling it around in her hands. "Can I take a couple?" she asked, biting her lower lip.  
  
"Yeah, go ahead."  
  
Sarah raised the camera and snapped a picture of Mandy, still topless in her chair.  
  
"Woah!" Mandy exclaimed, covering herself as best as she could. "I didn't think you meant of me," she said, emphasizing the last word.  
  
"Oh, come on. I want to try and take a couple. You can give them to David, if you want—"  
  
"I'm not giving any more pictures to David," Mandy interrupted.  
  
"Well, you can do whatever you want with them. Don't worry, they will be tame compared to those," Sarah responded, motioning towards the computer.  
  
Slowly, Mandy lowered her arms. Lust dominated over logic. It was a terrible idea for Mandy to allow more pictures. God only knows what I will do with them the next time I am feeling horny. However, the thought of trading roles with Sarah was one that she could not turn down. Mandy already felt like Sarah had the upper hand after watching her shameful picture show. Now, Mandy was handing the camera over in addition to the control.  
  
"Go over by the dresser," Sarah instructed.  
  
Mandy did as she was told, burning with excitement. She turned off the part of her brain warning her to stop, and she allowed the situation to consume her. The camera flashes brought pleasant memories of her last photo shoot. Thoughts of who she was with and what she was doing faded. All that remained was desire.  
  
"You might as well take off your shorts so that we will match," Sarah suggested.  
  
It was no suggestion in Mandy's mind. She gladly unbuttoned her shorts and lowered the zipper, feeling an instant thrill with each click of the shutter.  
  
"Turn around," Sarah directed.  
  
Mandy did not speak—there was no need to, no reason to.  
  
She turned and slipped her shorts down, revealing a pink thong that left little to the imagination. Many guys had praised Mandy's firm, round ass over the years, and she frequently wore sexy underwear that complemented her figure. As her shorts fell to the floor, Mandy kicked them aside with Sarah's.  
  
Facing the dresser and staring into the mirror, Mandy watched Sarah's reflection behind her, photographing her exposed butt, complete with her flowery tramp stamp tattoo. She used to hate that tattoo, regretting it within months of getting it. It represented a failed youthful attempt of rebellion. However, now she was starting to appreciate the suggestive message that it conveyed. Although she would never admit it to anyone, the thought of being seen as a slut was kind of arousing to Mandy.  
  
"Hold still for a second," Sarah said. "I am zooming in on that butt."  
  
Mandy laughed, but she did as she was told. She modeled for Sarah for several more shots.  
  
She waited desperately for Sarah to give the direction that she was hoping for, but it never came. This is it, she thought. She either doesn't want to say it or she can't.  
  
Mandy hoped that it was the latter as she tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her thong and slipped it off, leaving her completely nude.  
  
Sarah hesitated for a second, unsure if she was supposed to photograph this. However, after a moment's pause, she raised the camera and continued.  
  
Now Mandy felt awkward, unsure what to do with her hands or which way to stand to maintain the delicate balance between sensuality and vulgarity. She decided to angle each of her poses so that the majority of her pubic area was hidden. At one point, she even sat down on her roommate's bed, spreading her legs for the camera, but delicately positioning a hand over her smoothly shaved mound.  
  
"Your turn," Mandy said as she stepped over and retrieved her camera.  
  
"Fine," Sarah said with a defeated shrug. Without any pause or tease, she pushed her panties to the floor and stepped out of them while Mandy appreciated the view. "I really shouldn't have drank before I came over here."  
  
"Let's get a picture together," Mandy said, testing the waters as she moved in closer to her naked friend. Receiving no objections, she cuddled her body against Sarah's.  
  
The girls turned their backs towards the mirror, and Mandy took a picture of their reflection, each with a hand cupping the other's bare ass cheek.  
  
She is so warm and soft, Mandy thought as she snuggled closer. And she smells so good.  
  
Mandy stood over half a foot taller than her co-model, and her large breasts were practically sitting on Sarah's shoulders. She held the camera out at arm's length and wrapped her free hand around Sarah's waist. Both girls smiled as Mandy filled the room with another blinding flash.  
  
"I might just have to show that one to Eric too!" Sarah said loudly, giggling.  
  
"Ha! Yeah right!" Mandy joked. "I'm sure he would love that one!"  
  
"And this one." Sarah stood up on her tippy toes and leaned into Mandy, resting a hand on her hip for balance. She gave Mandy a soft peck on the cheek, causing a flood of emotions in the already confused girl. Sarah's lips remained on Mandy for several seconds, until Mandy realized that she was waiting for a picture.  
  
Click.  
  
Before Sarah could pull away, Mandy turned, meeting Sarah's lips with her own.  
  
Sarah flinched for an instant, but soon relaxed and returned the kiss. Mandy's tongue slipped into her open mouth and found Sarah's. At that instant, she had a feeling of déjà vu, but the thought disappeared, overshadowed by the physical sensation of her friend's mouth.  
  
After several seconds of this, Sarah tried to pull away. However, Mandy held her firmly and pressed into her, refusing to let her go. The kiss was awkward, but grew more passionate as their bodies leaned against the dresser.  
  
Mandy pushed Sarah down onto the nearest bed, which happened to belong to her roommate.  
  
"What are you doing?" Sarah asked, short of breath.  
  
Mandy ignored the question and climbed onto the bed, lying next to her friend. Putting the camera down, she began kissing Sarah again, this time receiving no resistance.  
  
Feeling bold, Mandy allowed a single hand to stray upwards, finding its way to Sarah's left breast.  
  
It's so warm and soft, she thought, wrapping her fingers firmly around its small curves. She had never touched another woman's breasts before, and she suspected that this was what it must feel like for teenage boys for their first time: terrifying, surreal, and wonderful.  
  
She traced her fingers lower, never yielding on her kiss. Blindly, her hand found Sarah's thigh, and she caressed it, pushing her leg to the side and following it contours upward.  
  
Mandy just about fainted when she realized that she was cupping her best friend's bare pussy. What am I doing? She thought. However, that did not stop her from exploring her destination, stroking the smooth skin of Sarah's outer lips.  
  
She's so wet...then again, so am I.  
  
Mandy pulled her face away and immediately began kissing along Sarah's neck.  
  
"Mandy, I don't know..."  
  
Mandy did not stop, her lips wrapping around Sarah's tiny nipple.  
  
"Don't..." Her friend trailed off, barely audible. She let out a low moan.  
  
Still kissing her friend's chest, Mandy wiggled a single finger between the wet folds of Sarah's lips.  
  
"Please..." Sarah whimpered, but her protests faded as Mandy's finger parted her moist slit and began tracing her flesh.  
  
"You should get a picture of this," Mandy whispered playfully as she kissed the skin around her friend's breasts.  
  
Sarah did not respond, but reached an arm out, blindly searching for the camera by touch. She found it and held it, capturing two pictures of Mandy face, her mouth wrapped around Sarah's nipple.  
  
Mandy's lips continued their trek southward, eventually catching up to her fingers. She gently kissed Sarah's thighs, trying to remember how she had wound up in this situation.  
  
Sarah tried to close her legs, but Mandy held them still, moving her face towards her friends shaved pussy. Mandy heard several more clicks of the camera before Sarah put it down.  
  
"We really should stop," Sarah said meekly.  
  
Disappointed, Mandy lifted her head. "Are you sure?"  
  
"Yeah..."  
  
Still burning with lust, Mandy pulled away from her friend and placed a hand between her own legs. "Wow," she said meekly, staring at her glistening fingers. I really wanted this. Sarah said nothing.  
  
Frustrated and defeated, Mandy placed her head on her friend's chest. So Close. She sighed.  
  
The girls did not move for several minutes, both trying to piece together what had just happened. Reality started setting in immediately for Mandy.  
  
What have I done? She panicked. She had been fantasizing about something like this for weeks, but she wondered what this fantasy would cost her. She looked over her friend's naked breasts, rising and falling with each breath. Her small dark nipples were pointed towards the ceiling. I don't want this moment to end, Mandy thought as the girls cuddled. And I really don't want to think about when she sobers up.  
  
She must have fallen asleep, because the next thing that Mandy remembered was being rolled over. According to the clock on the desk, it was 10:23pm.  
  
She opened her eyes and watched Sarah getting dressed. What should I say? Nothing seemed appropriate, so instead she simply watched.  
  
It was Sarah who finally spoke up as she buttoned her shirt. "That was..." She struggled to find the appropriate word. "Fun. Thanks again for doing this for me. The pictures, I mean."  
  
"No problem. I'm sure that Eric will love them."  
  
"Yeah." She paused. "I have a flash drive to upload them onto."  
  
Mandy rose from the bed. She suddenly felt embarrassed by her nudity and grabbed her panties from the floor and her hoodie from the closet. She sat at the computer and uploaded the photos from camera to her computer.  
  
"Do you want all of them?" She asked, plugging in the flash drive.  
  
"Sure."  
  
It only took a minute to copy the photos to the storage device. Once they were finished, Sarah moved to the door. She stumbled a little as she put on her shoes. The girls said their farewells, and soon, Mandy was alone again.  
  
She looked over the full set of pictures again, still unconvinced that any of this was real. It was all just a dream, and soon I will wake up. If it was a dream, it was certainly one of the best ones that she had ever had. But even so, why did she feel like she had done something wrong? Is it because I've never been with a girl before, or is it because I tried to take advantage of my best friend?  
  
After straightening out her roommate's sheets and taking a quick shower, Mandy returned to her room and got ready for bed. She was still horny, and the temptation to visit Andrew or open her curtains ate away at the back of her mind. However, sleep took hold of her before she was able to make a decision.  
  
Her alarm woke her the next morning for the last day of this semester's classes. The first thing she did was check her computer to see if the evidence of her previous evening had disappeared during the night. It really did happen, she realized.  
  
She went to her biology class as per usual and returned to her dorm for lunch. Mandy had completely forgotten about that evening's toga party until some of her friends brought it up. Apparently David and Jacob were now on the fence about it and were considering going.  
  
This should be interesting.  
  
She returned to her room before her afternoon chemistry class and quickly masturbated again to the previous evening's photos.  
  
One thing was certain—for better or for worse, tonight would be interesting.  
  
Her heart pounded after chemistry, when she found a text message from Sarah awaiting her.  
  
"Hey. Wanna meet up at your place before the party?"  
  
Mandy took a breath. "Yeah, come over whenever you want. I still need to figure out how to make a toga."  
  
"Sure. I will put mine on there. Ashley too. Don't wanna walk across campus with it lol."  
  
Apparently, we are just pretending that nothing happened last night. Whether that was a good thing or a bad thing, Mandy was not certain.  
  
The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully. With classes finished and exams over a week away, Mandy took the opportunity to go out and do some shopping.  
  
After picking up some essentials, she took a walk through the mall. She did not have a pair of white strapless shoes that would go well with tonight's costume.  
  
Finding a cheap pair that would do the trick, she got to thinking and wandered over to the lingerie shop down the hall.  
  
"Hey," she texted Sarah, "do bra straps show in a toga? Do I need a strapless?" The only strapless bra that she currently owned was black and would almost certainly show through the bed sheet that she planned to wear.  
  
"Yeah they show," her friend replied. "Im not wearing one."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"They almost always show on the sides the way I tie them. Easier to go without."  
  
Mandy stopped to think for a while. "Alright, thanks."  
  
Perusing the aisles for another couple of minutes, she decided to trust her friend. Instead, she decided to pick up a new pair of red panties to replace the ones that she had left in Andrew's room two weeks ago. They had been her favorite pair, both for their color and for the way that they accentuated the shape of her ass. She eventually found a red lace thong that pleased her, and she then made her way back to campus for dinner.

As expected, Katrina had ultimately decided to pass on the party. David and Jacob still expressed some interest in attending, but said that it would not be until later in the evening, if at all.  
  
After dinner, Mandy did a load of laundry while she waited for her friends to arrive.  
  
Ah, what the hell, she thought, as she folded her garments from the dryer. Alone in her room, she undressed from the waist down and changed into the newly bought thong. Still without pants, she grabbed her bed sheet and held it up in front of her waist.  
  
She could just barely make out the red color through the sheet, but it was subtle. A couple of guys might notice, but that would be no big deal. Compared to the previous flashing and teasing that she had done, this would be considerably tame.  
  
Soon after replacing her pants, Sarah texted to indicate that she and Ashley had arrived.  
  
Mandy went downstairs to let them in, and the three girls returned to her room. It was only 7:30pm and they still had almost two hours before they planned to arrive at the party. Mandy had some vodka and juice in her fridge, and she started pouring drinks.  
  
The girls groaned as Ashley pulled a bottle of tequila from her bag and announced that there would be shots before they went anywhere.  
  
After two mixed drinks and two shots, a half hour of joking and teasing had passed, and the girls started undressing to change into their outfits.  
  
Mandy and Ashley had each gone with thongs, whereas Sarah was wearing briefs, as per usual. Mandy had never seen Ashley topless before, and she tried not to stare. Her breasts were larger than Mandy's with large pale nipples.  
  
No wonder she gets so many guys.  
  
Her eyes moved cautiously to Sarah, and the girls exchanged a quick eye contact before each looked away. Mandy hoped that the awkwardness was merely her imagination. Still, she stole several more peeks at her topless friends before they grabbed their sheets and began draping them around their bodies.  
  
Apparently, Mandy was the only one who had never worn a toga before, so she listened dully as her friends bickered over the best way to tie them. Sarah liked to leave a larger gap in the side of hers, below the shoulder, to show more skin, whereas Ashley liked to leave more slack in the knot over the shoulder to show off more cleavage.  
  
"Sure," Sarah agreed, "that works well for you two because you actually have boobs. If I tie it like that and lean over, you will see everything down to my bellybutton!"  
  
The girls all laughed, and Mandy watched her two friends tie their own sheets around one shoulder. She tried to compromise between the two different styles as best as she could, attempting to wrap the sheet four times before she was finally happy with the final product. She tied a knot over her left shoulder and adjusted the material in the mirror. The material hung around her knees, slightly higher than it did for her friends. This was not surprising, considering that she was much taller than both of them.  
  
"How is this?" She asked.  
  
"Looks good," Ashley responded. Sarah agreed.  
  
Mandy watched Ashley reached up under her own sheet. Much to her surprise, Ashley's panties emerged around her ankles. She picked them up and stuffed them into her bag.  
  
"It's more fun this way," she said with a smirk.  
  
Mandy looked over at Sarah. "Are you...?"  
  
Sarah shook her head. "Nah, I don't think so. I'm going to be drinking a lot, and that's not something I want to forget about."  
  
"That's half the fun," Ashley responded.  
  
Mandy decided to leave her underwear on, and the girls each poured another shot. Satisfied that their outfits were ready, the girls opened their dorm room and began socializing with other neighbors that were celebrating in the halls in their wing of the dorm. Each room had its own music playing, making the hallways a bewildering fusion of rock and dance music.  
  
David stopped by briefly and shared a drink with the girls before disappearing to find Jacob and Mike.  
  
Around 9:10pm, Andrew walked by and saw the girls sitting around Mandy's room. He popped his head in and said hello.  
  
"Hey," Mandy responded coldly, trying to avoid eye contact. None of her friends knew about her visits to his room, and she desperately hoped that it would stay that way.  
  
Despite her unsociable response, he stepped into the room and joined the girls for a moment. "What are you ladies up to this evening?"  
  
"Heading over next door," Sarah answered, oblivious to the awkwardness in the room. "The guys are having a toga party."  
  
"Oh, cool," Andrew responded. "Well, your outfits look great."  
  
"Thanks!" Ashley shouted excitedly. "Hey, you want a shot?" She asked, holding out the tequila bottle.  
  
Andrew laughed and paused. As far as Mandy could tell, he was a largely reclusive guy, and he seemed like a fish out of water around all of these drunken girls. "Maybe another time." There was an awkward pause. "Alright," he continued, "I guess I should get going. Nice to meet you girls." His eyes scanned the room before zeroing in on his neighbor. "See you around, Mandy."  
  
Once they heard his door close down the hall, Ashley and Sarah burst out laughing. Eventually, Mandy joined in.  
  
"That was weird," Sarah said.  
  
You have no idea, Mandy thought. "Yeah."  
  
"He seems cute," Ashley decided.  
  
"He seems creepy," Sarah responded.  
  
Mandy remained noticeably quiet, and the other girls let the topic go.  
  
The girls each took one more shot for the road, and Ashley decided to finish off the bottle with one final shot. Throats still burning, they got up and gathered their things together. Her friends decided that they would simply leave their bags in Mandy's room and retrieve them another day.  
  
Mandy did not realize how much she had drank until she stood up and tried to put her shoes on.  
  
Her first steps were shaky, but Mandy found her footing midway to the elevator. By the time the doors closed, she was starting to feel clearer-headed.  
  
The lights were already on in the courtyard between the dormitories. The air was cool, but the approach of summer was noticeable. Mandy ignored the cool breeze that blew at her bare legs, and in less than a minute, the girls had reached the entrance to the boys' dorm.  
  
Sarah buzzed Eric's room, and soon he was at the door to let the girls in. To Mandy's surprise, he was still wearing a t-shirt and jeans.  
  
After a brief greeting, they made their way upstairs. He looked at Mandy and smiled several times during their walk. She had nearly forgotten about the teasing pictures she had taken in front of the mirror. Oh god, Did Sarah actually show him those ones? What about the ones where I flashed the camera? Surely Sarah knew that those ones were just joking around.  
  
"Aren't you getting changed into a toga?" Sarah asked Eric as they headed towards the common room on the sixth floor. Music blasted down the halls and could be heard halfway across the floor.  
  
"Nah, I'm going to stay like this. Most of the guys aren't wearing them. It's mostly for the women. Don't worry, some guys are wearing them too, though."  
  
To Eric's credit, over half of the crowd was wearing togas as the girls stepped into the large social room. Nearly all of the other women in the room were wrapped in white and colored sheets, whereas only one out of every three guys had donned the costume.  
  
If she had been more sober, she might have felt embarrassed, but in her current state, Mandy pushed issue from her mind.  
  
"Help yourself to the booze," Eric offered, gesturing towards a pair of folding tables in the corner, heavily stocked with an assortment of hard liquors. As another guest opened the fridge, Mandy saw that it too was fully loaded with beer, with two more cases sitting on the adjacent counter. "I'm getting a beer," he said, turning towards Sarah. "Want anything?"  
  
"I'm good for now."  
  
"Ah, come on," he insisted. "Don't tell me you're taking it easy tonight."  
  
She laughed. "Alright, fine. Surprise me."  
  
Eric looked at Mandy once again and smile before he turned and walked away.  
  
"I'm going to get a rum and coke," Ashley announced excitedly.  
  
"Can you get me one as well?" Mandy asked. "Please?"  
  
Ashley nodded and bounced away gleefully.  
  
Mandy stepped close to Sarah and hesitated. There isn't really any way to tiptoe around this, is there? "So...did Eric like the pictures?" She spoke in a hushed voice, drowned out by the loud music.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Did Eric like the pictures?" Slightly intoxicated, she had trouble gauging her own volume. She tried to choose her words carefully as she watched the crowd around her.  
  
"Oh, yeah, of course he did!" Sarah laughed and stumbled slightly, steadying herself on Mandy's shoulder. "I sent them as soon as I got home."  
  
"Oh, awesome..." Mandy trailed off. "So...which ones did you send him?"  
  
Sarah looked confused by the question. "All of them. Why?"  
  
"All of them?" Mandy asked, trying to mask her panic. Had she maybe misheard?  
  
"Yeah, of course I sent them all. I looked them over at home, and they all looked great."  
  
Mandy froze, wide-eyed. She didn't know what to say. "I...I...just didn't think you were going to send them all. Those last ones..."  
  
"Sarah laughed and hushed her voice as much as she could over the noise around her. "Yeah, I wasn't sure about sending those ones at first, but when I told Eric about them, he made me. He wouldn't accept no for an answer."  
  
"Oh..." Mandy could feel her face burning as she blushed. What did I expect? She asked herself. Did I forget why I was taking her pictures in the first place? She wanted sexy photos for Eric, and that's what I gave her. It had seemed so fun and harmless to flash the camera last night, but now that the adrenaline was gone, she was having second thoughts.  
  
What could she say? The pictures were already sent, and it was her own fault for being so reckless at the time.  
  
"Yeah, he loved them. He said that you should submit them to an art gallery or something," Sarah continued. She beamed with pride, obviously enjoying the compliment. "Well, the first few, that is...I don't want you showing off the naked ones."  
  
Mandy forced a smile. This wasn't the end of the world. So what if another person had seen her nude? That's partly what she had wanted last night... And besides, she was glad that Sarah was so pleased with the photos. If Sarah gave her consent, Mandy would be happy to include a few of the more innocent shots from that set to her portfolio.  
  
Before Mandy could ask any more questions, Eric returned with a beer and two glasses. Blushing, Mandy tried to avoid eye contact with him. However, he stared back at her in a way that made her both excited and uncomfortable.  
  
"Here you go, ladies. I got Mandy a drink as well. The guys can't bear to see a girl empty handed at our parties."  
  
The girls accepted their drinks. "What is it?" Mandy asked while Sarah was already taking a sip.  
  
"It's a secret recipe," Eric replied with a smile. "It's strong," he continued when he saw the grimace on Sarah's face.  
  
Mandy tried a sip. It was definitely strong. She could recognize the taste of vodka and a light citrus flavor, but the rest was a mystery to her. It wasn't bad. It might have been more difficult to drink if she hadn't just had tequila shots beforehand. After tequila, this seemed to go down smooth by comparison.  
  
She thanked Eric, and the three of them walked around, chatting with Eric's friends. Some of the guys looked slightly familiar from Mandy's courses, but most she did not recognize. Even so, she felt like many of the eyes in the room were locked onto her and Sarah.  
  
Is it just the alcohol...or do they know who I am?  
  
They found Ashley in the hallway, already flirting with a pair of guys. When she saw the other girls approaching, she excitedly introduced them. "Oh, here they are! These are my friends, Sarah and Mandy. Mandy lives in the dorm next door." Ashley turned towards her friends. "This is Chris... and..." She trailed off, her speech slurred.  
  
"Brian," one of the guys continued.  
  
"And Brian! Of course!" She put her hand on his shoulder. "I remembered! I wouldn't forget a couple of cute guys like you."  
  
The other guy—presumably Chris—gave Mandy a long look. "You live over next door? What floor are you on?"  
  
Mandy paused. Oh shit. "Why?"  
  
Before the guy could answer, Ashley interrupted. "She lives on the fifth floor."  
  
Fuck! Ashley was completely oblivious to what she had done. Mandy tried to change the subject and asked the guys about what they were studying, but she did not pay attention to their responses. As soon as it seemed polite to do so, she excused herself from the conversation to find the washroom.  
  
Locking the door behind her, she splashed a little cold water on her cheeks and examined herself in the mirror. She looked good in her toga, but it was obvious that she was not wearing a bra. With each movement, her breasts swung freely within the thin white sheet.  
  
She leaned forward and noticed that the material hung loosely around her neck, falling away from her body and revealing an ample amount of cleavage.  
  
How many guys out there have already seen me naked? She wondered. Apparently Eric had, and she was not sure how she felt about that. Several more had certainly seen her through the window, and with any luck, none of them recognized her now.  
  
I should leave right now, she told herself. However, she knew that she would not do it. She had promised Sarah that she would come, and several drinks had numbed her embarrassment and replaced it with a sense of excitement. She knew the feeling all too well.  
  
I don't know most of these guys, and I will never see most of them again. The school year was coming to an end, and there was no harm in spending an innocent night with the unaware audience of her exhibitionism. Several of these guys had probably masturbated to her open window on multiple occasions, and sent a tingle down Mandy's spine. Maybe it would be fun to hang around and try to guess which ones might recognize her...  
  
With shaking hands, she untied the knot around her shoulder and added more slack to the material across her chest. After two failed attempts, she finally secured the knot and re-examined herself.  
  
Leaning forward, the sheet fell much lower this time. In the mirror, she saw the reflection of her large breasts, hanging unobstructed. Much better, she decided. After finishing up in the washroom, she returned to the party and found her friends.  
  
Just as Eric had described, Mandy never found herself empty handed, and throughout the evening, both strangers and new friends gladly offered her drinks. At one point throughout the evening, she stepped to the common room's window and peered outside. Apparently the building overlooked her own, and she tried to guess which of the dark windows were her own.  
  
She found Jess' window, and inside she found her friend, lying in bed with a book. She was dressed in a t-shirt and shorts, but somehow Mandy felt like she was doing something wrong by secretly watching her friend from afar. Even so, she glanced several more times before walking away to socialize.  
  
At first, she was a little put off by how aggressively the guys at the party flirted with her—she was used to more subtlety from the boys she had known growing up. However, after the volume of alcohol that she had consumed, she loved the attention.  
  
She danced with a couple of different guys on the makeshift dance floor, allowing their arms around her waist, but playfully pushing them away if a hand strayed too low.  
  
After a couple of hours of hanging out, Sarah and Eric disappeared.  
  
Mandy sat on the floor against the wall with Ashley and some other people. There was one other toga-clad girl and several guys. She remembered Chris and Brian, but she did not catch the rest of their names. The room was a swell of noise and confusion as far as Mandy was concerned, and she struggled to focus on the ongoing conversation.  
  
She looked around the room and everything seemed to be swaying. Fuck... I drank way too much. She leaned forward, looking for Sarah, then remembered her newly loosened toga. Blushing, she looked up to find several guys smiling down at her.  
  
Mandy smiled back and tried to keep the walls from spinning.  
  
"What about you?"  
  
Huh?  
  
"Sorry, I didn't catch your name."  
  
"She's Mandy," Ashley's voice said loudly over the music.  
  
The sound of her name brought her back to reality.  
  
"What about you, Mandy?" The man across from her repeated. He had dark hair and was handsome.  
  
"What about me?" Mandy asked with more slur in her speech than she intended.  
  
"Have you ever kissed a girl before?"  
  
"Hmm?" The question caught her off guard and she tried desperately to focus.  
  
"You've kissed a girl before, right?" He was quite friendly and patiently repeated himself.  
  
"Yeah... once..." She admitted openly, without hesitation.  
  
Several of the guys voiced their approval and Mandy bit her lip, trying to hide her smile.  
  
Ashley seemed genuinely shocked. "No way! Really? I would have never guessed that from you." She placed extra emphasis on the word "you."  
  
"I think Ashley's jealous," Brian joked.  
  
"Damn right I am," Ashley joked.  
  
Before Mandy knew what was happening, Ashley was on top of her, pushing her down to the floor. It took several seconds for Mandy to recognize that they were kissing and Ashley's tongue was in her mouth. Everything was happening too fast.  
  
She'll do anything to be the center of attention. Mandy knew that Ashley was just putting on a show for the guys, but that did not mean that she could not enjoy it.  
  
There was an eruption of cheers from the guys, which only drew greater numbers to their audience.  
  
Mandy started to panic and tried to push her attacker away. But Ashley was persistent, and soon the girls were wrestling on the floor with a circle of people around them. Mandy wanted to escape, but she could not help but giggle uncontrollably.  
  
"Please!" She begged, but Ashley would not relent. Looking forward, she could see down her friend's toga at her large breasts swaying violently with each erratic motion. She could feel her own breasts moving between her loose toga and she feared that she might soon spill out in front of these guys if they did not stop. "Stop it!" She pleaded, but her drunken laughter undermined her attempt to be serious.  
  
Desperate, she grabbed the hem of Ashley's toga and pulled it upward.  
  
Ashley shrieked with laughter as her bare ass was presented to the enthusiastic crowd. She leapt aside, trying to cover herself. Mandy had completely forgotten that she wasn't wearing any underwear.  
  
The two girls climbed to their feet, laughing wildly and rearranging their outfits.  
  
Mandy blushed as the guys applauded their short show. She slipped away in search of Sarah.  
  
She politely accepted another drink, but she sipped this one slowly, knowing that she was coming up on the end of the evening. She walked around, talking briefly to different people. Jacob and David had finally arrived, and she asked them if they had seen Sarah.  
  
"No, but there's Eric over there," Jacob pointed.  
  
Mandy stumbled over. "Hey Eric, have you seen Sarah?"  
  
"Yeah, she's up in my room. She was pretty drunk and needed to lie down. I think she is out for the night."  
  
"Oh, okay..."  
  
"Those pictures you took were really great."  
  
She froze. With all that she had drank, that had slipped her mind again. She did not know what to say. "Yeah... Sarah was a great model. It was all her idea."  
  
"Yeah, you both did a great job. But she said that most of them were your idea."  
  
Mandy turned a bright shade of red. "Well, I don't know about that..."

"And it was great that you got into them too."  
  
Her face was burning and she said nothing.  
  
"Has anyone else seen them?"  
  
"No," she answered meekly.  
  
He nodded approvingly.  
  
Mandy was cut off before she could respond. She heard a cry behind her. Turning, she saw Ashley laughing and shouting something about payback.  
  
Everything happened in an instant, and yet it seemed to pass in slow motion. Mandy watched herself, as though she was outside of her own body.  
  
One moment, she was talking to Eric. The next moment, Ashley had a tight grip on her toga. The loose knot that she had drunkenly tied in the washroom slipped undone with no resistance. The material slipped carelessly from her shoulders and fell to a pile around her feet.  
  
Mandy looked down at her bare breasts, still in shock. She looked down at the bright red lace of her newly purchased thong. She looked up at Eric's stunned face, his wide eyes locked onto her chest. She looked at the dozens of other people, standing around and staring at her.  
  
She was a deer in the headlights, standing in front of a room of people in nothing about her flimsy panties. Her initial shock finally subsided, and she shrieked, throwing herself at the sheet on the floor. She grabbed it clung it to herself as the room exploded with excitement. There were cheers, cat calls, and demands for Mandy to seek revenge in kind.  
  
She ignored them all and wrapped the sheet around her body the best that she could before bolting out of the common room towards the washroom.  
  
The cheers followed her down the hall. From within the washroom, she could hear several of the guys waiting excitedly for her to come back out.  
  
She could feel her heart beating through her chest, and she took deep breaths. Staring at her reflection in the mirror, she slowly unwrapped the sheet from her body.  
  
She felt light headed as she looked at her almost-naked figure. This is what they saw. Her large breasts hung completely exposed, and the small patch of red lace over her pussy did not leave much to the imagination. Turning her body, her round ass cheeks were easily visible, separated only by the thin red string of her thong.  
  
She did not know what to do. What could she do? They had already seen her, and nothing could change that. She tried to think straight, but she could not move beyond the image of all those eyes on her body. It was burned into her brain.  
  
It was the same feeling that she had felt when she had exposed herself before...  
  
She dipped a hand into the waistband of her panties. When it emerged, her fingers were wet.  
  
Her mind was flooded with emotions. She wanted to run away and never look back. She wanted to get back at Ashley, knowing that her friend was completely naked under her sheet. She wanted to return to the common room and get fucked by every guy in there, like the whore that she was.  
  
One clear thought emerged through the noise in her head. I need to get out of here.  
  
She secured her toga, this time making sure to tie the knot tightly. Taking a deep breath, she unlocked and opened the door.  
  
Three guys stood to greet her. Two of them were unfamiliar, and the third she had seen before in her psychology course. They received her eagerly, inviting her to join them back in the common room. The one that she recognized invited her back to his room.  
  
"Thanks guys, but I should really get going." She tried to appear steady and in control, but despite her best efforts, she stumbled head first into the chest of one of the strangers. He gladly caught her and helped her recover her balance. "Thanks..." She blinked several times, trying to regain control.  
  
In her moment of hesitation, several hands found their way to her body. One began cupping at her breast through her garment, while another began to trail its way up her leg, past her knee, and below her sheet.  
  
No, don't do this. She fought her body's desires and pushed the boys' hands away. "Sorry guys, I need to go. Maybe another time."  
  
The boys groaned and pleaded for her to stay, but she pressed on down the hall, using the wall to support her unsteady steps.  
  
On her way to the elevator, she found David and Jacob in the hall. They gave her a concerned look.  
  
"What happened? Where did you go?" Jacob asked.  
  
"You didn't see?" She responded.  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"Ashley...she..." Mandy trailed off. "Never mind. It doesn't matter. It's kind of embarrassing. I'm going home now. Can you guys walk me to the door? I don't really trust these guys..." She looked towards the crowd that had followed her. She could not be sure that they would not follow her once she left the party, or what they would do if they did.  
  
...Or what she would do.  
  
"Yeah! Of course!" David said with a smile.  
  
"Sure, we were thinking of leaving anyway," Jacob agreed. "We really just came because we said we would. This isn't really our thing."  
  
Mandy poked her head into the common room one last time before leaving to see where Ashley had gone. She saw her friend on one of the sofas in the corner, making out with one of the guys she had met that night. Chris? Or was it Brian? It did not matter. One of his hands had disappeared into Ashley's toga and it was obvious that she was not leaving any time soon.  
  
As Mandy was turning to go, she head Eric's voice.  
  
"Mandy!" She turned and he looked at her with a huge smile. "You're going? That's too bad. I think you just became the most popular girl here." He laughed.  
  
"I can't believe she did that," Mandy responded, unsure how to react. "Anyway, I have to go."  
  
"Alright," he continued. "Well, thanks for coming! And thanks again for taking those pictures. They were hot. I will have to talk Sarah into doing some more."  
  
Mandy smirked. Would that be a good thing or a bad thing, she wondered, recalling the events of the previous evening. "I don't know. We'll see.  
  
They said their goodbyes, and Mandy, David, and Jacob left the party for the quiet reprieve of the elevator. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the wall to counteract the motion's effect on her balance.  
  
As they began their descent, Jacob broke the silence first.  
  
"So what did Ashley do? Some of the guys said that you were naked."  
  
"No... just, never mind." She answered firmly. "It doesn't matter. I wasn't naked" They didn't see it. That is one relief.  
  
This time it was David who spoke up. "What did Eric mean about the pictures?"  
  
Mandy froze. Of all people, she did not want to talk to David about these pictures. She still got horny every time she thought about the game that she had played with him, and she could not get pulled back into it. It was particularly important to choose her words carefully with Jacob there. Her mind faltered. "Hmm?"  
  
"He said you had taken some hot pictures?"  
  
What do I say? I certainly can't tell them the whole truth. She bit her lip. "Sarah wanted to model some photos for him. She asked me to take them." She wanted to leave it at that, but he kept pushing the issue.  
  
"Oh awesome. I didn't know that Sarah did modeling. How did they turn out?"  
  
"Great. I might add some to my portfolio." Please let it go.  
  
"Cool. Can we see them?" He asked the question so quickly and so directly that it caught her off guard.  
  
"What? No, of course not. They were private shots for Eric. I can't show them to you." She was surprised that he had been so bold as to ask.  
  
He looked confused. "But you said you were going to add them to your portfolio. They can't be that private."  
  
She tried to think before she spoke. "Well, I might add some." She emphasized the last word. "The first ones are pretty innocent. Just normal modeling..."  
  
"...And the other ones?" Jacob asked, his interest evidently piqued.  
  
Mandy stopped to think again. "Just some more personal pics. Nothing dirty," she lied.  
  
The elevator reached the ground floor and the three friends stepped outside, beginning their short trek across the courtyard.  
  
"Well," David offered, "then just show us the portfolio ones."  
  
"Hmm." Mandy did not know what to do. Sarah had practically given her permission to show off a few of the innocent shots. It did not really make sense to deny their own friends something that she would probably post online eventually. However, something about it felt wrong.  
  
Mandy stumbled again. Fortunately, Jacob caught her before she hit the pavement.  
  
"And besides," David persuaded, "it looks like you need help getting back to your room anyway. You can just show us quickly and it will only take a second."  
  
"Fine, but you are only seeing the first two or three. I still haven't talked to her to see which ones she likes."  
  
"Deal."  
  
They entered the coed dorm and rode the elevator to the fifth floor. It was almost 1:00am, and the hallways were silent as they made their way towards Mandy's room. Several times she grabbed one of her friends' arms to steady herself.  
  
Finally, she opened her door and dropped herself into her chair, glad to be back in her own personal space. Her friends were frequent visitors, and they quickly made themselves at home, searching her fridge for drinks. They found a bottle of vodka and mixed themselves a drink.  
  
"Oh sure, just help yourselves," she joked tiredly. She knew the routine. Her friends helped themselves to her alcohol, and she did the same at their places.  
  
She closed her eyes, but she could still feel everything moving around her. I am going to sleep away half of tomorrow, she decided.  
  
"It's warm in here," Jacob said, walking around the room aimlessly. He stepped over to the window and threw open the curtain in order to slip the window open an inch.  
  
Sitting next to the window, the air felt nice, and Mandy allowed her head to tilt back in her seat. She turned to look outside.  
  
Not many of the rooms were lit up at the boys' dorm, but she could clearly see the ongoing party in the common room where she had just been. Her eyes could not focus on the silhouettes within. However, if anyone was currently looking in her direction, there could be no doubt about who she was, as she was still dressed in her party attire. Pretty much any guy at that party would recognize her now.  
  
Her mind wandered back what had just happened in that room...the eyes that had seen her...the fear that she had felt. Her exhibitionism had almost always been distant, separate from her voyeurs in some way. This was the first time that she had felt genuinely vulnerable and afraid for her safety.  
  
That should have taught her a lesson. It should have showed her the slippery slope that she was on. Instead, it left her wanting more. Deep down, she knew that she should close the curtain, as she should have so many times before. Instead, she turned back towards her computer.  
  
"For now, don't tell Sarah that I showed these to you," Mandy instructed as she searched through her files. "Just in case she changed her mind."  
  
"Sure, of course," Jacob responded. "So what are the ones that you're holding back?"  
  
Mandy was starting to regret telling them so much. "Nothing. Just some private photos for Eric."  
  
"Did she get naked?" The guys were standing behind her now, and she had questions coming from both directions.  
  
She paused, and she feared that her hesitation may have inadvertently answered his question. "No... nothing like that."  
  
They eased off the questions, but she suspected that they had seen through her lie. She kept her eyes forward, not daring to look at either of them directly.  
  
Her mouse pointer rested next to the folder containing the pictures in question. She had hidden them in the same directory that contained her own private photos from last month. The two folders sat side by side, a growing testament to Mandy's secret life.  
  
"Okay guys," she said, "turn around for a second. The thumbnail images might show something I'm not supposed to."  
  
There were several groans and sighs from behind her. She looked back, and they reluctantly turned their heads away. Looking back at the computer, she double clicked on the folder.  
  
Inside, dozens of image files awaited her. Within a second, the thumbnail images loaded and she could see miniscule images of Sarah. They were difficult to see at this size. However, one thing was certain: as the pictures, progressed, there was definitely more skin to be seen in the images.  
  
Mandy's heart sped up. I shouldn't have opened this with them in the room. I should have moved a few safe pictures into a separate folder.  
  
Ignoring her nagging thoughts, she quickly opened the first image. It was a photo of Sarah leaning back on the bed, wearing her yellow button-up shirt and a pair of denim cut-off shorts. This one was certainly safe. Mandy knew that there were at least a dozen relatively safe pictures.  
  
"Okay, guys..."  
  
She looked back and saw that they were already looking intently at the screen.  
  
"Oh, cool," David said, rather unenthusiastically. Mandy suspected that they were hoping for something more.  
  
Pausing for each one, Mandy moved through the next couple of pictures. They were all shots of Sarah in similar poses. They were cute, but not overtly sexual. Even so, there was always a subtle hint of something more in her eyes that still gave Mandy chills.  
  
It was obvious in the next one that something was different. The top two buttons were unfastened in Sarah's shirt, and the guys obviously took notice.  
  
Several similar pictures followed, including Sarah lying down on the bed, giving a slightly more suggestive angle towards her open shirt. Still, nothing vulgar, and certainly less than the guys would see if Sarah was wearing one of her many low cut tops.  
  
Mandy paused at the next photo. Several more buttons were undone, and this was the first picture where she could see a small sliver of Sarah's white bra.  
  
"Nice!" Jacob exclaimed excitedly. David agreed.  
  
"I should probably stop here..." Mandy said. From the lack of confidence in her voice, it sounded more like an idea than a decision. The guys pounced on her uncertainty.  
  
"Nah, it's fine. This is nothing," David assured her. "This is much, much less than we would even see at the beach. The way that you built it up, I thought the pictures got way riskier than that."  
  
If only you knew. "Yeah," she conceded. "I guess I can show a couple more."  
  
The guys looked at each other and smiled.  
  
With alcohol clouding her judgment, she clicked through more shots. Picture after picture showed Sarah's shirt opening ever more, showing more of the white lace bra beneath. For a short time, Mandy almost forgot that the guys were there. Her mind was absorbed in the shots, on Sarah's body. Each picture brought her closer to the beautiful treasure beneath those clothes.  
  
Mandy shook herself back to reality. On the screen before her, Sarah had removed her shirt entirely and was standing in her bra and shorts. Oh god! I shouldn't have gone this far.  
  
She turned to face the guys, but they were glued to the monitor.  
  
"Okay guys, that's all I can show you.  
  
"Aww, come on," David protested. "They're really good! Just a couple more."  
  
"I can't..." Mandy bit her lip.  
  
"Please?" He continued. "We won't tell."  
  
"I... I don't know..." She slowly weakened in the pressure of her mixed desires. The boys were not the only ones getting turned on. "Maybe one more."  
  
One more turned into two more and so on, until they reached the picture of Sarah bent at the waist, offering a partial view inside the cup of her bra. What am I doing? Mandy felt a pang of guilt, but she could not help herself. The image lingered on the screen for a long time. She could not bring herself to close it, nor could she move on to the next shot. This was wrong.  
  
The next shot appeared, similar to the last. Stop, Mandy begged herself.  
  
On the screen, in slow motion, Sarah turned her back to the camera and unfastened her bra.  
  
Mandy tried to stop, but the show continued.  
  
The bra dropped, and in the mirror, Sarah's small tits appeared.  
  
What have I done? Mandy tried to pull her hand away from the mouse, but her body would not respond. She was glued in place.  
  
Pictures moved more quickly on the screen. Sarah was topless now, and they had reached the point where Mandy had begun participating as well. In the mirror, she had removed her shirt and was standing in her bra, her face still obscured by the camera. Sarah's shorts were gone now, and she was in nothing but her panties.  
  
Mandy shook in her chair. She was horny, but she did not understand what was coming over her. She was long past the point of return, and she should not be showing any of these pictures. This was a huge mistake.  
  
She looked at her hand, and her heart skipped a beat. David's hand was over her own, holding it in place. His index finger was placed over her own, and he continued clicking through the images. How long has he...  
  
On the monitor, the girls continued to undress, and the guys let out a small cheer when Mandy's breasts appeared on the screen.  
  
She turned her head and looked at David, then at Jacob. Neither of the guys acknowledged her glance. I should stop this. He shouldn't be doing this. I have to stop this. She was betraying her best friend's trust. She was allowing herself to be degraded. And she knew that the pictures only got worse from here. Still, she sat quietly and watched everything unfold before her.  
  
These were the pictures that Sarah had taken of the two girls at the desk. They were close up shots of the two topless girls, both separate and together.  
  
Mandy felt her stomach sinking as a hand slowly crawled its way to her large breasts. In her mind, she begged for it to stop, but she remained fixed on the monitor. Perhaps she could ignore it, pretend that she had not noticed it. In her intoxicated state, she feared she was helpless to escape the situation.  
  
Interpreting her inaction as consent, the hand pulled Mandy back in her chair, slipping below the folds of her toga and grabbing at the warm flesh beneath.  
  
Mandy took in a sharp breath, but otherwise she remained motionless. She closed her eyes as a second hand found its way under her clothing. She wondered if maybe she had passed out long ago and all of this was a dream. It was the only explanation that her mind would allow.  
  
"Oh shit, Mandy..." a male voice rang through her head.  
  
She opened her eyes again, groggy. On the screen before her, she saw her own image, nude. Here it comes, Mandy thought, unable to stop it.  
  
They were coming up on the last photos. The hands on Mandy's breasts were getting bolder, grabbing more roughly and playing with her hardening nipples. She was putty, ready to be molded to their wishes...and the boys knew it.  
  
Soon, the moment of dread arrived, and Mandy stared at the images of herself, sucking on her best friend's breasts, finger inside of her best friend's moist cunt. In her chair, Mandy meekly looked back at the guys.  
  
It felt surreal as Jacob lifted her gently out of her chair. He guided her to the dresser and turned her towards the mirror. "I had no idea she was so much fun," he said to David. He spoke as though she was not even there. Lifting her toga to her waist, he cupped her panty clad crotch in his hand. She squirmed beneath his fingers, but otherwise she offered no resistance.  
  
"You should see the other pictures that she gave me a few weeks ago," David responded, taking a seat in Mandy's vacant chair.  
  
Mandy wanted to disappear as her secret was revealed. She wanted to yell at them to leave her room. However, she knew that they were not done with her, and more than anything, she trembled with excitement at the thought of what might happen. She was drunk, afraid, and horny.  
  
"Seriously?!" Jacob asked, amazed. "Do you have them?"

"Not with me. They're on my computer."  
  
I guess he didn't delete them after all. And why should he? He already knows that I'm a slut...  
  
"Aww man, you will have to show them to me later."  
  
"Sure. Actually..." David paused. "She might have those pictures on here too." He looked at Mandy, awaiting a response. She merely nodded, keeping her eyes on the floor. It did not take him long to find the pictures in the next folder.  
  
Soon, the two guys were ogling Mandy's other photographs, leaving the final image on the monitor. It depicted Mandy sucking on her own fingers after fingering herself to an intense orgasm. "This one is my favorite," David announced proudly.  
  
Mandy looked into her own eyes on the screen. The real me. Now they know, and my secret is out.  
  
She felt the knot around her shoulder go loose as Jacob untied it, and for the second time that evening, her toga dropped to the floor around her feet. The boys stared at her body without reservation.  
  
She looked out the open window towards the boys' dorm. She knew that they could see what was happening if they bothered to look, but it did not seem to matter anymore. She was defeated. Her spirit was broken, and in her mind, she this was exactly what she deserved.  
  
"Come on, man," Jacob insisted. "Aren't you doing this?"  
  
"Yeah, just a second." David turned back towards the computer.  
  
Mandy was guided down to the floor. She needed no further instructions. On her knees, she obediently waited. Jacob did not need any more incentive. He quickly unzipped his pants and pulled out his hardening manhood, and Mandy opened her mouth.  
  
They're making me do this, she told herself, trying to maintain a semblance of pride. I don't have a choice. She repeated the last line over and over again as she hungrily sucked down her friend's cock.  
  
She looked over at David, who was still seated at her computer. On the screen before him, Mandy could see her email application open. He's sending himself the pictures. She tried to pull herself away to say something, but a pair of hands on the back of her head kept her mouth occupied.  
  
Her head bobbed freely. She felt like such an object.  
  
"There," David exclaimed, rising from the seat. "I sent them to you, me, and Mike."  
  
Mike?! Mandy thought. This was starting to get way out of hand.  
  
The two guys pulled her to her feet so that she stood in the center of the room. She squinted as she peered across the courtyard. There were several figures in the far window now, but she could not be certain if anyone was watching. She felt her thong being pulled down as she stared at the neighboring building.  
  
Naked, she stood patiently as her two male friends explored her body with their hands. A hand pushed her to the bed. She crawled on her hands and knees as the guys encircled her. A hand gently took hold of her chin and guided her into place.  
  
Turning her head, she found David's erect cock waiting for her. It was not quite as large as Jacob's, but she gladly accept it without second thoughts. Behind her, she could feel her hips being pulled into position. Her legs were separated and she gasped as a hand stroked her wide open pussy.  
  
"Oh man," Jacob said, excitedly. "She is so fucking wet. She's loving this."  
  
She let out a soft moan in response. There was no point hiding it anymore. She was horny and wanted to get fucked.  
  
She quickly got her wish as she felt something warm pressing against her moist opening. With a single thrust, Jacob was deep inside of her. A muffled cry slipped out around the dick in her mouth. The guys took no time building a rhythmic momentum.  
  
She was no longer herself; she was an object for them to use however they wanted. David's hands forced her head deeper with each push. Her body bounced back and forth between these two sexually charged men. She felt like she was being squished between their bodies, but she did not fight it. She bucked her hips back in tempo with their movement, allowing Jacob deeper entry into her tight pussy.  
  
His hands squeezed her butt cheeks roughly. Under any other circumstances, she might have found it painful, but now it sent her into a frenzy.  
  
Several times, she tried to turn her head to look towards the window, but David had a handful of her hair, holding her firmly in place, refusing to release her. Even if she wanted to, she was helpless to stop them at this point. I don't want to stop.  
  
The alcohol was a double edged sword, dulling her physical senses, but also allowing her to disconnect action from consequence. Without inhibition, she relished in her sexuality and her ability to incite lust from her male friends. She was a slut, and her absolute submission allowed her to temporarily escape her own responsibility, heightening the experience.  
  
The sensation of her young body getting fucked from both ends was like nothing she had ever felt before. Mandy had fantasized about having sex with multiple guys at once, but she never thought that it would happen. If anything, she had assumed that a threesome with a man and another woman would be more likely.  
  
Both of these friends had shown an interest in Mandy in the relatively short time that she had known them, and she had repeatedly spurned their advances. Now, she gave them full access to her body, giving them exactly what they had wanted.  
  
Only a couple of months ago, she had been a sweet, innocent girl, only mildly interest in sex. Weeks ago, exhibitionism had been enough to keep her sexually charged. Now, she wanted to be owned, dominated. How did I become like this?  
  
Mandy panted heavily as Jacob fucked her pussy without remorse .She had been with a few guys in the past, but never had anyone been this forceful with her body. She nearly lost her balance several times, falling forward, forcing David deeper into her throat and causing her to gag.  
  
This experience continued for several minutes. Her muffled moans betrayed her lust as her body soaked in a plethora of sensual overload.  
  
Without warning, her mouth was flooded with warm semen. It splashed the back of her throat, causing her to cough. However, the hands on the back of her head held her steady, leaving her no choice but to swallow the intruding substance as best as she could. The remainder dribbled down her chin.  
  
With one last deep thrust and a grunt, David finished shooting his load, and retreated himself from her dripping lips.  
  
"Fuck man, that was good," he muttered, leaving the bed and fastening his belt.  
  
Jacob turned Mandy over so that she rested on her back.  
  
She could not bear to look him in the eyes, so she tilted her head back, leaving her staring out the window. Jacob spread her legs and continued where he had left off, plunging into her. As she tried to focus on the boy's dorm, the image shook violently with each thrust.  
  
She was not sure that she could take much more. "Mmmm...harder..." She had almost forgotten that she had a voice. She repeated the word. "Harder!"  
  
Her knuckles turned white as she clenched the bed sheets for dear life. She could feel her breasts swaying rhythmically, and the bed banged loudly against the wall of her small dorm room.  
  
"Fuck me harder!" She screamed, crying with ecstasy when Jacob took hold of her hips and pulled her weight back into him. She turned her head and tried to hide her face in the adjacent pillow. The soft surface did little to muffle her screams as she came.  
  
Her body shook and her pussy tightened around Jacob's cock. On cue, she felt him erupt inside of her womb. She slowly worked her body back and forth, milking him until the very last drop.  
  
As Jacob pulled himself from her wet opening, she thought that she might faint. With great effort, she was able to roll over and raise herself to a kneeling position.  
  
Completely spent, she struggled to support her own weight. Looking down, she saw that her pillow was a mess of saliva and whatever remains of David's cum had remained on face. Still naked, she fell back onto the bed and curled up in a ball with her back towards her friends and the window.  
  
She did not recall falling asleep, but all night, she dreamt of getting fucked over and over again. When she woke, it was morning. She was surprised to find that things were exactly as she had left them—she was naked on top of her sheets, her bedroom light was on, her curtains were open, and...  
  
Her head did a double take. The door isn't even locked. David and Jacob had apparently disappeared when they were finished without thinking of it.  
  
So anyone could have come in here last night while I was passed out. That was a terrifying thought, even for Mandy. However, she knew that it was extremely unlikely. She tried to push the idea from her mind.  
  
Instead, she focused on what she could remember. If her scattered memories left any doubt about last night's events, her nudity and the soreness between her legs confirmed what she already knew. The fucking that she recalled was far too vivid in her mind to have been imagined.  
  
After everything that had happened, she wondered what was in store for her. Lying in bed, staring at the sun's rays creeping against the far wall, she figured that her days of playing innocent were probably at an end. Nothing will be the same now, she knew. Everyone will know who I really am.  
  
She thought about this as the sunlight slowly crawled across her room. Suddenly, she heard the sound of someone outside of her door. A hand instinctively shot to her sheets, ready to cover herself, but she paused. With only a moment until the door opened, her mind was overwhelmed with conflicting reactions. Her body was in a state of fight or flight.  
  
There was no more time to think about this. The door handle began to turn.  
  
Hand shaking, Mandy released the sheet and closed her eyes. Naked, sprawled across the top of her sheets, she was asleep. Nothing will be the same now.

**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 06**

The door handle began to turn.  
  
Hand shaking, Mandy released the blanket and closed her eyes. Naked, sprawled across the top of her sheets, she pretended to sleep. Nothing will be the same now, she thought.  
  
She tried to lay motionless as the door opened, but it was difficult to fight her body's instinctive urge to hide itself. Terror filled her mind as she heard the door creak softly and felt the presence of another in the room. There was an immediate silence as the intruder evidently spotted her.  
  
"Oh fuck..." She heard Megan whisper by the door at the foot of the bed.  
  
Mandy felt relieved to know that it was just her roommate coming home. Her newly discovered attraction towards women had begun with feelings towards Megan. The thought of now exposing herself to her roommate got her heart racing.  
  
Is she still looking? Mandy wondered. I wonder if she likes what she sees, and—  
  
"Oh shit!" exclaimed another hushed female voice, surprising Mandy. "Looks like your roommate had a wild night."  
  
Mandy wanted desperately to open her eyes, but she could not.  
  
After a brief panic, she recognized the voice as Kelly. Kelly was one of Megan's close friends that lived in the same dormitory. Mandy did not know her very well, but they saw each other frequently in the hallways and in the meal hall.  
  
"Yeah," Megan responded, "I don't think I even want to know. I'm just going to grab my books and then we can get going."  
  
For a short time, the only sound was Megan moving around the room. Mandy tried to mask her anxiety, not knowing what was happening around her.  
  
"You know," Kelly began, "she has a pretty nice looking pussy."  
  
Mandy feared that she may have flinched at the comment. I had no idea Kelly was a lesbian. In retrospect, it was not that surprising. Although she had a small frame and a cute face, Kelly's short hair and boyish personality should have been a dead giveaway. All Mandy could do was try not to blush as this girl examined her naked body like a piece of meat. She was on her side, and without looking, it was hard to tell just how much of her shaven womanhood might be showing.  
  
"Oh god," Megan laughed quietly. "You pervert. I guess I wouldn't know."  
  
"Well, she does. Looks like I will have to get to know your roommate a little better."  
  
"Good luck with that. I don't think she's into girls."  
  
"We'll see," Kelly answered confidently. "What's her name, again? Amanda?"  
  
"Mandy."  
  
"Right, Mandy..." Kelly repeated.  
  
Mandy listened to the girls moving around the room. Megan seemed to be taking forever to gather her things, and Mandy could not tell where Kelly was. Finally, she heard the door open and close again. Soon after, she heard the sound of keys and the click of the door locking.  
  
Carefully, she opened one eye. With the coast clear, she slowly got up.  
  
It seemed like she should have been embarrassed to be exposed like that to Megan and a girl that she hardly knew. However, after everything that she had done over the past month, embarrassment and shame hardly registered in her mind. If anything, they had become triggers for her arousal.  
  
Wrapping herself in a towel, she headed down the hall towards the showers. She had long passed the point of caring who saw her so modestly dressed in the hallways. Modesty was a distant friend from a past life, long forgotten.  
  
As she washed away the events of last night, she thought about what Kelly had said.  
  
To her knowledge, Mandy had never been lusted after by another woman before. And while Kelly was not exactly the type of girl that Mandy had been daydreaming about, it turned Mandy on for another woman to talk about her so crudely.  
  
She looked at me like an object...just like the guys do.  
  
The more that Mandy thought about it, the cuter that Kelly seemed. Her short blonde hair barely reached below her ears on the sides, but her long pointed bangs were dyed a deep shade of blue and hung down alongside her right eye. She had a small frame, but she was athletic—rumor had it that she regularly attended kickboxing. Although Mandy had often found her masculine temperament off-putting, in this new context it seemed almost sexy.  
  
Up until now, Mandy had almost exclusively fantasized about her close friends, Megan and Sarah. However, when it came down to it, any woman could fulfil her bisexual curiosity. Wouldn't it make more sense to experiment with an actual lesbian?  
  
Mandy dried off and returned to her room. After getting dressed, she started her computer and found her image folder still open from the previous evening. In another window, she found her email application.  
  
Message Sent, she read the words displayed across the screen. Sure enough, David, Jacob, and Mike were all listed as recipients. So he really did send those pictures. After some hesitation, her finger finally clicked on the message in her outbox.  
  
The message inside was brief, but it froze Mandy to her core. "Hey mike this is david. take a look at these pics! mandy and sarah naked. Im serious. Jake and I are with mandy now. she fuckin wants it man. text you later."  
  
Shaking, she closed the browser and turned off her computer. Part of her wanted to avoid the guys as much as possible. There were only another couple of weeks until exams were done and she would be going home for the summer. It would be easy enough to avoid David, but Jacob and Mike live in the same building. It would be harder to avoid them...if only it was that simple.  
  
Things had gotten out of hand last night, even for her, and she was afraid of how quickly this would spread through her circle of friends. This was a fire that needed to be extinguished before it escalated.  
  
Furthermore, this was not just about Mandy anymore. The events of last night were still hazy, but one thing was clear: the guys had acquired the private photos that she had taken for Sarah...the photos that showed both girls in a very exposed and very compromising position. Mandy felt guilty for the betrayal of her best friend, but she also felt a nervous excitement. She tried to examine the situation objectively, trying to push emotions from her mind.  
  
I can't let her get dragged into this, Mandy knew. At the very least, she needed to ensure that the Sarah was left out of this. This had all been a big mistake, and the guys needed to delete those pictures before somebody else saw them.  
  
But Mandy was afraid to make the first contact. After how easily she had put out last night, the boys might expect for her to be a different person now. She had accidentally shown them another side of herself, and she was not sure what would come of it.  
  
It took some time before she worked up the courage to send Jacob and David each a text. She copied and pasted the same message to each guy.  
  
"Hey...last nite was kinda crazy. i was really drunk. can we please pretend nothing happened? and I seriously need u to delete sarahs pics please? u shouldnt have copied those. thanks!"  
  
She tried to keep the email polite, but made it clear that the guys needed to delete any pictures of Sarah. It could not be interpreted as a joke, and she could not appear weak.  
  
For Mike, she sent a much simpler message. "The guys stole those pics without permission and sent them to u. I seriously need u to delete them. thanks."  
  
Several minutes passed before she received her first response from Jacob. "Don't worry, we won't show them to anyone ;)"  
  
Mandy paused. That's not good enough, she thought. Maybe if they were only pictures of herself, but that was not the case. She typed back frantically.  
  
"Seriously. I need u to delete them."  
  
A long pause followed before her phone chimed.  
  
"Do I get anything in return if I do?"  
  
Shit. This was not going well. It was clear that she would not win this easily.  
  
"Fine u can keep the pics of just me. delete the ones with sarah" she conceded.  
  
Fuck, I'm already giving them ground. So much for not showing weakness.  
  
"Anything else?"  
  
Mandy was fuming. She could not believe that her own friend was doing this to her. What should I expect though? Last night, she had been putty in his and David's hands, doing whatever they wanted. Of course they would expect no less from her now.  
  
This is all my fault. She should never have let things get so out hand. Up until now, she had always convinced herself that despite all of her slip ups, she was still ultimately the one in control of what was happening. Now, she was starting to wonder if that was still the case, or if it had ever been the case. Should she bite the bullet for her friend and allow herself to be used like this?  
  
Shamefully, the prospect was not without its own thrill. However, Mandy felt like her head was spinning and she could no longer tell right from wrong.  
  
"Let me think about it," she finally answered.  
  
"Ok"  
  
She put the phone down and exhaled. She needed to put some time between herself and last night before she could think about it clearly. For the time being, she trusted the guys to keep the secret to themselves. She did not immediately hear back from either David or Mike, but she knew without doubt that the boys were communicating with each other. Buying time with one of them would equate to buying time with the others.  
  
At least, I hope so...  
  
With classes finished, there was little to do until exams begun. Mandy spent most of the afternoon in her dorm room. Her goal was to study and catch up on material that she had fallen behind on. However, she could not seem to focus, and instead she regularly found herself watching television to keep her mind occupied.  
  
Around 3:00pm, she received a text from Sarah, asking what she was doing tonight.  
  
"Not much," Mandy responded. "Probably studying. u?"  
  
"I dunno... might go out with eric and sum of the guys. u should come."  
  
That did not sound like a good idea to Mandy after everything that had happened at last night's toga party. "I dunno sarah... I dont think i should go out again tonite. still recovering from last nite."  
  
No need to go into details, Mandy thought. Sarah had not been around for Mandy's most humiliating moments, and she was not sure if her friend had heard any stories.  
  
"I wont be there late. its supposed to be more chill than lasnite. theyre heading to the piper"  
  
Mandy bit her lip. This seemed like a really terrible idea, but that was part of the allure. The Shady Piper was a pretty relaxed bar, dark, and usually had a live band on the weekends—an easy place to go relatively unnoticed. However, she had accidentally flashed a large number of guys at the party last night, and it was unlikely that any of them had forgotten her. "I dont think so..." she texted.  
  
"Please."  
  
Mandy felt a pang of guilt as she remembered betraying her best friend's trust with the photos. Even though Sarah was unaware of it, Mandy felt like she owed her big time.  
  
It is a public place after all... it should be pretty safe.  
  
"Maybe," she responded. "Yah, ok." She immediately wished that she had stopped to give it more thought.  
  
"Ok," Sarah answered. Something seemed unusual to Mandy. Her best friend did not seem like her usual boisterous self. Maybe she is just busy...or hung over.  
  
"Are you coming here first?" Mandy asked.  
  
"I don't think so. i think im going earlier with Eric."  
  
Great, Mandy thought. I get to awkwardly go over there myself.  
  
Feeling desperate, Mandy knocked on Jess' door to see if she wanted to go with her to the Piper later. Much to Mandy's surprise, Jess informed her that she already had plans—a date.  
  
Defeated, Mandy returned to her studies and an uneventful afternoon. When dinner came, she decided to avoid her male friends by eating at the meal hall across campus. It was a short-term tactic, but for now, she had enough to think about.  
  
After dinner, Mandy spent an unusually large amount of time deciding what to wear. She could not wear anything too revealing after the show that she had already given, else the guys would assume she was a slut. How ironic, if after all of the games I've played this month, last night's accidental exposure is what gets me labeled as a slut.  
  
However, try as she might, she could not convince herself to wear anything too conservative for an evening at the bar. It would just seem too unusual, she told herself. Better to act as if nothing happened.  
  
After scrutinizing everything in her closet and checking twice to confirm that her curtains were securely shut, she settled on a purple tank top and a pair of black Lycra leggings. She chose a matching black bra and thong, the latter of which had a pair of red lips printed across the crotch—a previously innocuous image that had recently taken a devilish turn since Mandy's newfound interest in women.  
  
Staring at herself in the mirror, she loved the way that the spandex material showcased her butt. The choice of a thong also minimized the appearance of panty lines. However, she hesitated as she looked at her bare shoulders.  
  
Self-consciousness got the better of her, and she grabbed her hoodie to wear over her top. She rationalized that she could always take it off later if she felt warm or overdressed.  
  
It was almost 9:30pm by the time that Mandy exited the cab and stepped into The Shady Piper. As expected, there was a band on the small stage near the entrance playing an acoustic set. The tables were largely full of college students, talking over the background music as Mandy waded through the crowd, searching for her friend.  
  
In the far corner, a hand shot up that caught her eye. Looking down, she saw Sarah, waving her down from a booth against the wall. Seated next to her was Eric, and they seemed to be surrounded by a bunch of figures that Mandy did not recognize from a distance. As she came closer, she found that the group had pushed three tables together, and there were currently eleven of them crowded around the four empty pitchers on the center of the tables.  
  
Aside from Sarah, there were two other unfamiliar young women. One gave Mandy a long look as she approached the table before returning to her conversation. Of the eight guys, Mandy recognized a few other than Eric. She vaguely remembered Chris and Brian from the party, along with a couple of other familiar faces.  
  
Each guy she recognized filled her with a sense of dread, as she could not recall who had seen her toga fall last night. Except for Eric. Eric had definitely seen her in nothing but her panties last night, and now he was the first after Sarah to recognize and greet Mandy enthusiastically. Others turned in their chairs to look up at her and followed suit.  
  
I don't know if they remember me or if they are just happy to have another girl at the table, she thought, pulling a chair up to the far corner.  
  
She and Eric exchanged eye contact for several seconds, and Mandy immediately suspected that this was a bad idea. He had seen much more than just her drunken incident last night. Sarah had given him the whole set of photos that the two girls had taken together, and those were far more embarrassing than a brief flash of her tits.  
  
Even so, she sat and tried to fake interest in the guys' passionate discussion of a movie she had never seen. Slowly, the awkwardness decreased, and after three double rum and Cokes, Mandy was feeling brave enough to start talking loudly across the table to Sarah.  
  
The guys also took notice of her increased sociability. The boy to her left, a younger looking guy that she did not recognize, seemed particularly interested in her life story. He asked numerous questions about her major, her courses, where she was from, and if she liked such-and-such bands and movies. Meanwhile, on the right of her sat Chris, who was funnier and more charming than Mandy remembered. He had a tendency to turn everything into a dirty joke, and after each one, he seemed to give Mandy a quick look and a smile.  
  
More people began to arrive as the evening progressed, and soon, members of the group were branching off into other nearby tables.  
  
Scanning the bar, Mandy's eyes stopped two tables over. At first she thought she was seeing things in the low light, but surely enough, there was Kelly, seated with a couple of the guys from the boys' dorm.  
  
You know, she has a pretty nice looking pussy. Kelly's words from that morning echoed in Mandy's head. She remembered the crude tone that Kelly had used and the tingle that she had felt as she lay helpless and exposed in her bed.  
  
Mandy stared at Kelly from afar, unable to break her gaze. Kelly did not seem to notice her, and Mandy felt that was probably for the best. The number of people that had seen her naked was skyrocketing over the past weeks, and she could hardly manage it all.  
  
She was startled from her gaze when Sarah dropped into the seat next to her. "Hey," she greeted again, now that the two girls could hear each other clearly. "Sorry about that. I didn't mean for you to get stuck here at the end."  
  
"It's okay," Mandy replied with a smile. It had seemed like an annoyance several drinks ago, but now it felt pretty unimportant. Even her anxious embarrassment was starting to subside.  
  
"Well, I appreciate you coming." Sarah slurred the last two words a little. No surprise, considering the number of times the guys filled her glass from the last pitcher. "It was kind of awkward before you got here."  
  
I'm sure it was more awkward after I got here. "Why is that?"  
  
"Long story..." Sarah trailed off. "Remind me tomorrow and I'll tell you about it."  
  
"Okay..."  
  
Sarah could sense Mandy's confusion, and she leaned in close. "Let's just say that... things got a little crazy in Eric's room last night." She paused. "...With his roommate there."  
  
Mandy was shocked—and somewhat relieved—to hear that she was not the only one that had experienced a wild night. However, Sarah would say no more about it, and Mandy allowed the topic to drop for now.  
  
The two girls talked for a while, and Mandy tried to gauge if Sarah had heard anything about what had happened at the party, or after. If Sarah knew, she gave no indication, which set Mandy's mind at ease. It sounds like she has her own stuff to worry about.  
  
Their conversation did not last long before Sarah disappeared to find Eric, leaving Mandy alone once more with the boys.  
  
She looked at her phone to get the time—11:04pm. She had been at the bar for only an hour and a half, but Mandy was already starting to think of possible excuses to leave.  
  
Just as her fifth drink was finished and Mandy was getting ready to flag the waitress for her bill, someone pulled up a seat next to her.  
  
"Hey!" Kelly greeted as she sat down.  
  
"Hi," Mandy returned, almost dumbstruck from the surprise.  
  
"You're Megan's roommate... Amanda, right?"  
  
"Mandy."  
  
"Right! Mandy, sorry!"  
  
"No problem," Mandy replied. "People call me that all the time. I'm used to it."  
  
"What's up? I didn't know that you knew these guys," Kelly inquired warmly, leaning in to talk above the noise of the bar.  
  
"I don't really. I'm here with a friend who knows them. Not really sure where she went." Mandy scanned the bar from her seat. "Is Megan here too?"  
  
"No, I think she's with Alex."

Sounds about right, Mandy thought.  
  
"I was about to order another pitcher," Kelly started. "Do you want to split one?"  
  
Mandy shifted in her seat. "Uh, I don't know. I was actually thinking of going soon."  
  
"Don't go yet. We've lived in the same residence for almost a year and I don't think we've ever said more than two words to each other."  
  
That was not entirely true. They had spoken a few times in the meal hall and when Kelly came over to see Megan, but it was true that the two girls hardly knew each other.  
  
"Come on," Kelly insisted. "Just stay for one more pitcher."  
  
"Umm..." Mandy hesitated.  
  
Some of the other guys at the table took notice of their conversation.  
  
"What?" Chris asked. "You're not leaving already, are you?"  
  
A couple of other guys agreed that it was too early to leave.  
  
Mandy caved in to the peer pressure. "Okay, I guess I can stay for one more pitcher."  
  
Kelly ordered a local ale and returned her attention to Mandy. "So Megan said that you are into photography?"  
  
Mandy was thankful for the darkness of the bar as she blushed at the question. While photography had once been nothing but an innocent hobby for her, it had taken a more sexual turn over the past couple of months. However, there was no need to get into that. "Yes..." she replied. "A little bit."  
  
"That's pretty awesome." Kelly replied enthusiastically. "I've been doing it for a couple of years now and I've taken a couple of classes. I've really been into painting though lately."  
  
Mandy looked up at the girl next to her. Kelly had on very minimal makeup compared to Mandy, but still she had an undeniable beauty to her. Her charisma owned the room, and Mandy almost felt intimidated by her. Mandy tried to hold eye contact as they spoke, but she frequently found herself looking away.  
  
The beer arrived, and Kelly poured them each a glass.  
  
"I would love to try painting," Mandy said, taking a large drink to calm her nerves. "I will have to check out some of your work some time."  
  
"And I will have to do the same with your pictures."  
  
Mandy felt a tingle of butterflies in her stomach as she imagined showing Kelly some of her more recent work. Then again, she already saw me naked. "Oh, I've hardly touched the camera since school started," she lied.  
  
"Well you should get back into it. Have you ever done any modeling?"  
  
"A little..." Mandy had done a bit of modeling back in high school, but the admission felt dirty in light of her most recent time in front of the camera.  
  
"You should model for me some time. You're definitely built for it," Kelly said with a smirk, scanning Mandy in her chair.  
  
Mandy's face turned red again. Guys complimented her all the time, but she was not used to being flirted with by another woman. "Maybe..." She felt warm, but she could not tell if it was Kelly or the alcohol.  
  
The girls talked for a while longer, ordering a second pitcher when their first one quickly emptied. Mandy learned that Kelly was from Toronto, a long way from home. As Mandy had suspected, Kelly was heavily athletic, apparently kickboxing at least once per week and a former rugby player back in high school.  
  
Mandy could hardly imagine this tiny girl on the rugby field.  
  
Kelly revealed that she played bass in a local band as well.  
  
"Oh wow!" Mandy was impressed. "That's so cool! I wish I could play something."  
  
Oh god, she thought afterward. I am starting to sound like a giddy schoolgirl.  
  
"Yeah, I've been playing music for a while," Kelly responded, nonchalant. "I used to take piano lessons when I was a kid. I guess I've just developed some pretty nimble fingers." She leaned in closer on the last words, and Mandy almost trembled at the innuendo.  
  
She suddenly realized how closely they were sitting. How long have our legs been touching under the table? Mandy became self-conscious of the way their bodies leaned together as they spoke.  
  
Looking around the bar, she looked for Sarah. It had been half an hour since she last saw her friend. Mandy was worried what Sarah might think if she saw her best friend flirting with a girl. Will she judge me if she thinks I'm a lesbian? Mandy did not want any rumors to get started, especially while she herself was still not sure on her own feelings.  
  
Looking around the table, she feared that even talking to Kelly in front of the guys might be taking too big of a risk.  
  
Chris noticed her confused look. "Something wrong?"  
  
"No..." She stammered. "Have you seen Sarah? Or Eric?"  
  
"No," he replied. "Haven't seen them in a while. They might have left already."  
  
Seriously? Mandy thought, mildly frustrated. She ditched me for a second night in a row?  
  
"Everything okay?" Kelly asked.  
  
"Yeah..." Mandy trailed off. "I just... I can't believe she didn't even say bye."  
  
"Aww, don't worry about it," Kelly reassured. "Something may have come up."  
  
"Yeah..."  
  
"So just stay here with us. Your friend might come back.  
  
"I guess."  
  
Kelly could read the concern in Mandy's voice. "Is she your girlfriend or something?"  
  
Mandy was caught off guard by the question. "Sarah? Oh god, no. She's just a friend."  
  
"Oh, okay." Kelly smiled, thinking to herself before speaking. "So you're not with her?"  
  
"What? No, she's my best friend," Mandy answered defensively. The night with the camera doesn't count, she told herself. We stopped before anything happened.  
  
"Okay." Kelly paused again. "Have you ever been with another woman?"  
  
"No," Mandy responded quickly. Around the table, a couple of guys stole glances at the two girls before casually looking away. She realized that Kelly was deliberately steering the conversation, and it had attracted some attention.  
  
"Have you ever considered it?"  
  
Wow, she works fast. It reminded Mandy of being hit on by a guy—direct and lacking in subtlety. Choose your words carefully.  
  
"I... I don't know," she answered hesitantly.  
  
"It's okay, I won't tell."  
  
Under the table, Mandy felt Kelly's hand on her thigh. Instinctively, she tensed up and grabbed it with her own hand.  
  
"I..." Her hand firmly grasped Kelly's as she thought about her next words. Kelly's thumb broke free and gently stroked the back of Mandy's fingers. She lowered her voice. "I don't know. I guess I've thought about it."  
  
Kelly smiled a wicked smile. Wrenching her hand free, she returned it to Mandy's thigh. Leaning close, she whispered so low that Mandy could hardly hear her. "Well, how about you try it later? I will eat your pussy so well that you won't ever want me to stop."  
  
Mandy turned a bright shade of red that must have been visible, even in the dim lighting of the bar. This was all happening too quickly. Her body wanted to be touched, but something about this felt wrong. Unfortunately, she was growing accustomed to doing the wrong thing. "I..." She was speechless. "I... don't know. I mean, I... maybe."  
  
She melted in her seat as Kelly's hand slowly rubbed her thigh. "It's okay," Kelly whispered. "No pressure. I was just getting the vibe from you. If you're not interested..."  
  
"I am." Even Mandy was surprised how effortlessly the words escaped her. "I mean... I think I am."  
  
Oh god, what am I getting into? I don't even know her.  
  
There seemed to be a stir around the table that woke Mandy from her trance. People were settling their bills and collecting their things.  
  
Kelly looked over at the crowd, disappointed. "You guys aren't already leaving, are you?"  
  
Some guy across the table answered back. "We're just going back to the dorm. Chris says that there is still a load of liquor from last night."  
  
That's no surprise, Mandy thought. There had been countless bottles when she left the party, and with the semester almost over, every remaining night would be a party at the boys' dorm.  
  
He continued, "Come on, you girls are coming too. We're all cabbing back."  
  
Even after all she had drank, that sounded like poor judgment to Mandy. She decided that she would split a cab with the group and most likely return to her own residence.  
  
"To be continued, I guess." Kelly said, turning back towards Mandy.  
  
The girls started fishing for their wallets, only to be stopped by the same guy. "Don't worry about it ladies," he explained. "The guys already settled the tab. Your drinks are on us."  
  
"Oh," Mandy paused, surprised. "You didn't have to do that. Thank you."  
  
"Thanks," Kelly echoed.  
  
"Don't worry about it," he answered as they all rose from the table. "It's our tradition. Girls don't pay for drinks at our table."  
  
I don't know if that's chivalry or sexism... Mandy stumbled as she got out of her chair. And I am getting too drunk to think about it.  
  
As they stepped outside, they moved towards a group of nearby cabs, parked and waiting for late-night fares. Several guys hopped into the first cab.  
  
Mandy felt a hand around her wrist, and she obediently followed as Kelly pulled her to another taxi. She was led into the back seat and soon found herself positioned between Kelly and Chris. She thought that she might pass out as Chris talked to the driver.  
  
She felt a hand on her lap, but it hardly registered in her mind.  
  
"Hey, I remember you."  
  
Hmm?  
  
"From last week, wasn't it?" The voice continued.  
  
Mandy opened her eyes. The driver's eyes were framed in the rear-view mirror, staring back at her warmly. "What?" She asked, unsure if it was even him that had spoken.  
  
"Didn't I drive you and another girl from the bars last week?"  
  
"Maybe..." Mandy was confused. "I don't remember."  
  
"I could have sworn it was you. Hard to forget a couple of pretty girls getting crazy back there. Doesn't happen too often, I can tell you that."  
  
Mandy had no idea what he was talking about. "I think you are confusing me with..." She trailed off as some faint memory brushed against her consciousness. Sarah? "Oh..."  
  
Kelly and Chris both looked at her.  
  
"Oh, really?" Kelly exclaimed, stretching out the last word playfully. Her hand tightened on Mandy's leg.  
  
"It's not what it sounds like," Mandy blurted out uncontrollably. "Sarah and I just kissed!" She could not believe that she had so openly admitted that to two people that she hardly knew. "We were drunk," she continued. Why can't I stop talking?  
  
"Well that's interesting," Chris said to himself, smiling.  
  
"I'll say!" Kelly seemed highly excited. "Here I've been flirting with you and thinking that I was doing well. I didn't realize I was behind the curve."  
  
Mandy bit her lip, desperately trying to keep herself silent.  
  
"Well, in that case, I am at least going to catch up." Kelly leaned over and grabbed Mandy by the shoulder, placing her other hand behind her head. They kissed passionately, and Mandy returned the gesture instinctively before she even knew what was happening.  
  
Kelly's tongue was forceful, quickly exploring Mandy's mouth. Her bangs tickled Mandy's cheek as the two girls embraced in the tight space of the back seat.  
  
She smells so good and her skin is so soft. Coherent thoughts melted away, and all that Mandy could understand were her physical senses. She was firmly held in this kiss for some time, but it was impossible to tell how long.  
  
Kelly's lips pulled away, kissing Mandy's cheek and continuing down her neck. Mandy leaned back in her seat and wondered if this was really happening.  
  
It occurred so quickly that Mandy could not stop it.  
  
Kelly's hand found its way to Mandy's right breast. Taking a firm grip of the unzipped hoodie and the tank top below, she gave a quick tug, pulling the garments to the side and partially exposing Mandy's black bra. Kelly's fingers slipped into the bra's right cup, and Mandy gasped as she felt the hand cupping her bare breast.  
  
She wanted to resist, but her body would not comply. She was putty in her seat as her drunken mind processed the lips on her neck and the attention that her chest was receiving. She could only sit still and observe as Kelly gave the bra cup another forceful tug, exposing Mandy's right breast.  
  
The two girls exchanged eye contact as Kelly's lips found their way to Mandy's large pink nipple. A soft moan escaped Mandy as she felt a tongue delicately tracing her areola and lightly flicking her hardening nipple.  
  
She looked over at Chris who stared back at her. She looked forward and found the cab driver paying more attention to his rear view mirror than to the road in front of him.  
  
Kelly pulled away and planted her lips back onto Mandy's, kissing her passionately.  
  
We shouldn't be doing this here. We should...  
  
Mandy inhaled suddenly as she felt another pair of lips encircle her bare nipple. Reaching blindly, her hand found its way to the back of Chris' head pulling his face closer to her chest. The party in backseat was quickly getting out of hand, but not a soul in the car wanted for it to stop.  
  
This seemed to only last for seconds, but as Mandy opened her eyes, she realized that the car was parked outside of the university dorms.  
  
How long was I sitting here?  
  
"Mandy, come on!"  
  
The seats beside her were empty, and the door on her left side was open. Outside, Kelly stood, waiting. In front of her, the driver was turned in his seat, looking back at the waking girl in his cab.  
  
"You going to be okay?" He asked with a smile.  
  
Mandy looked down to see that her breast was still hanging out. "Yeah," she said, readjusting her top. "I'm good."  
  
"Hopefully I'll see you again," he replied. "I work the night shifts a lot."  
  
Mandy mumbled a reply. Slowly, she climbed from the car.  
  
Things seemed to pass in a daze as Kelly and Chris walked her to the boys' dorm. She looked at her own residence across the courtyard. I really should go home, she thought. However, she said nothing, and soon the group was in the elevator.  
  
They made their way to the sixth floor, in the same common room where the toga party had been held the previous night. The room was much less crowded than it had been last night, but a small, lively group was congregated on the sofas.  
  
The girls received a pleasant greeting from the awaiting guys as they entered. Mandy was a little surprised. She thought that maybe Sarah would be here. In fact, there were no other girls—she and Kelly were the only ones.  
  
The girls quickly found a seat in one of the corner sofas, and like last night, the boys were more than happy to prepare them each a drink.  
  
Mandy recognized some of these faces from the bar and some from last night, but others were unfamiliar. The guys showed the girls disproportionate attention, but Kelly placed an arm over Mandy's shoulder, marking her territory.  
  
Instead, the guys eased on the flirting and watched as the two girls gradually became more intimate.  
  
Talking turned into laughing, which turned into touching. Before Mandy knew what was happening, they were laying side by side, making out again as they had in the cab. Their bodies were in full embrace, and their audience was starting to grow.  
  
Many of the guys watched attentively, while a few hurried to carry the news across the floor. Soon, more stragglers emerged to enjoy the show.  
  
Ignore them, Mandy told herself as she passionately opened her mouth to receive Kelly's kiss. However, it became increasingly difficult to ignore the cheers that arose as Kelly's hand groped Mandy's spandex-clad ass.  
  
Kelly gently bit Mandy's lower lip as she climbed atop her prey.  
  
Mandy could only lay helpless as events seem to transpire outside the realm of her control. It's so warm in here. It came as a relief when the hoodie was removed, leaving her in the purple tank top and black leggings.  
  
Kelly's hands explored her body freely. One arm wrapped around Mandy's waist as the fingers crept under her shirt, tracing the small of her back. Mandy squirmed as the fingers tickled her, but she remained focused on the tactile sensations of her mouth. Alcohol and hormones pumped through her veins, and the world around her gradually disappeared. Nothing existed, nothing mattered outside of the sofa.  
  
Kelly's hands moved higher, and Mandy jumped as she felt the snap of her bra open and the garment go loose. She opened her eyes and saw Kelly looking back at her. She is so beautiful.  
  
Both hands came to her waist, and she felt her shirt being slowly peeled away. She knew it was wrong, but her mind was distracted by the lips within the contours of her neck. Her midsection was now exposed, but Mandy was elsewhere.  
  
Only as her shirt lifted higher, uncovering her loosened black bra, did Mandy momentarily snap back to reality. She tried to reach down and stop it, but Kelly brushed her hands aside. Mandy obediently sat back and halted her struggle. Perhaps it was the look in Kelly's eyes, or perhaps it was the alcohol, but for some reason, Mandy trusted Kelly and yearned to put her fate in her hands. Perhaps she would regret it later, but for now that seemed irrelevant.  
  
The audience let out a triumphant roar as Mandy's naked breasts spilled out into the open.  
  
Mandy wanted to cover herself, but she knew it was pointless—Kelly would not allow it. Instead, she closed her eyes and allowed her head to fall back against the cushioned armrest. Her shirt and bra were awkwardly bunched under her armpits. She gladly helped as they were both guided up over her shoulders, and tossed to the floor.  
  
Her eyes remained tightly shut, insulating her from her surroundings. However, she let out a dull whimper as she felt Kelly's lips wrap around her tender nipple for the second time that evening.  
  
"Oh shit, this is awesome," came a male voice in the crowd.  
  
No shit, Mandy thought, now positioned on her back. She savored several minutes of attention to her breasts. She no longer cared who was watching, and she eagerly lifted her butt from the sofa and kicked off her shoes to allow her tight leggings to be removed.  
  
Kelly leaned back, admiring her conquest.  
  
Mandy's eyes were now open, and she felt vulnerable. She was left in nothing but her black panties and a pair of white socks, pinned below this physically imposing beauty for the entertainment of countless spectators. She was afraid. This was the culmination of multiple fantasies wrapped up into one unbelievable moment.  
  
Several phones were out, capturing photographic and video evidence of her debauchery, but Mandy was somewhere else. She thought that she might reach orgasm just from the look that Kelly gave her. It was a look of possession, of uninhibited lust.  
  
Kelly had already figured out what type of girl Mandy was, and she was more than happy to indulge her.  
  
Her eyes locked onto the red lips printed on Mandy's thong, and she smirked. "Is that an invitation?"  
  
Mandy bit her lip, but gave no response, assuming it was a rhetorical question.  
  
"Well then..." Kelly slipped a hand into the waistband of the black thong, quickly finding her way to its destination.  
  
Mandy gasped as a finger slipped easily inside of her wet opening.  
  
This was so dirty...so disgusting. She was getting fingered in front of a bunch of strangers in a boys' dorm. What have I become? Andrew, Sarah, David, Jacob...and now this. There was not much time to think about it before Kelly stirred her back to the present.  
  
Kelly was lowering herself to the floor, kneeling in front of Mandy and removing her socks. She looked up at Mandy, giving her an opportunity to protest. But both girls knew what was coming.  
  
The panties travelled over her hips and down her thighs, but Mandy kept her legs together, attempting to maintain what small semblance of pride remained. The last of her clothing dropped to the floor, and Kelly took one of her knees in each hand.

Forcefully, she opened Mandy's legs, exposing her bare pussy to the crowd of onlookers. Her shaven lips were splayed open, partially exposing her most intimate parts. It no longer mattered. There's no going back now. She had performed so many innocent shows for the boys of this dorm in front of her window. Last night she had even flashed them in this very room. But this was the first time that she could not feign innocence.  
  
I'm drunk, Mandy told herself. Surely, they know that I'm drunk. This isn't the real me.  
  
She tensed up as Kelly's tongue slipped between her lips. This is really happening...this isn't a dream.  
  
"Mmmm, I've wanted to get my tongue in here all night," Kelly proclaimed proudly from between Mandy's thighs, her fingers tracing the contours of Mandy's labia. "Am I really the first woman you've been with?"  
  
Mandy opened her eyes and looked at all of the faces watching, all of the phones and cameras pointed in her direction. A deep shade of red spread across her cheeks and down her neck. Kelly was purposefully embarrassing her. "Mmmhmm," she quietly responded.  
  
That got the boys in a loud frenzy, some shouting accusations of lying, others telling Kelly to go easy on her.  
  
Kelly smiled. "Good." With that, she buried her face between Mandy legs and began furiously licking her clit.  
  
"Oh fuck!" Mandy moaned in surprise and pleasure, placing a hand on Kelly's shoulder and another on Kelly's head. Her legs were quivering and for a moment she lost her breath. She had never been eaten like this before—not even close. Kelly's tongue found all of the right places, her mouth took possession of Mandy's womanhood.  
  
The stimulation was almost too much, and Mandy's body instinctively tried to retreat into the cushions of the sofa. However, Kelly was relentless, slipping her fingers deep into Mandy as she continued to pleasure her orally.  
  
"Oh..." Mandy whimpered loudly between each sharp breath. She raised a hand to her own breast. Her nipples were still tender from the attention that Kelly had given them, but she did not care. She firmly pinched her pink nipple, rolling it between her fingers. "Oh god, oh fuck! I'm going to cum..."  
  
She spread her legs wide, allowing Kelly unhindered access to her eager cunt. This was it. This was what she had been wanting since her first dream about Megan. She had heard that women ate pussy better than men, but she could never have imagined the difference. Her body tensed up, unable to take any more.  
  
Her cries of ecstasy would have been heard down the halls, except that everyone was already crammed into this room. She screamed involuntarily as a massive spasm flowed through her body. She thought she might faint as her vision began to darken.  
  
However, Kelly did not ease up, continuing to vigorously lick at Mandy's slit. Inside, Mandy could feel Kelly's fingers massaging her still sensitive G-spot.  
  
"Please...no more." Mandy pleaded. The lower half of her body felt like it would explode, and for a moment she was sincerely afraid that she might pee herself.  
  
Kelly ignored her requests, and with her free hand, she firmly held Mandy's legs apart, even as they tried to close.  
  
"Oh god, fuck...fuck!" Mandy cried a second time, holding nothing back. Her hand gripped the sofa cushion so tightly that she feared it might tear. Her body shook and her legs fell limp to the floor.  
  
She looked around her and slowly processed her surroundings. There were now over two dozen people in the room, and the audience now included another girl. She looked somewhat familiar, but Mandy could not place her in her current state of mind.  
  
Mandy looked down. Her chest glistened with sweat, and between her legs, Kelly gently licked at her labia, cleaning up any remaining mess from their performance. She took a deep breath and sat up, leaning forward to kiss Kelly.  
  
It was certainly not the first time that Mandy has tasted her own juices, but tasting them from another woman's mouth was a whole other experience.  
  
She reached down, taking a hold of Kelly's shirt, but Kelly pushed her hand away.  
  
"Not here," she said softly to Mandy. "Grab your clothes."  
  
Mandy fell back into the sofa on her first attempt to rise. Her legs were like rubber, and she felt numb from the waist down. Her exhaustion, combined with the alcohol, took its toll on her balance. Finally, taking hold of the armrest, she leaned over, grabbed the pile of clothes on the floor, and stood upright.  
  
Before she could get dressed, Kelly grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her out into the halls. There was no time to process the situation. The next thing that Mandy remembered was the small washroom she had used last night. Her back was pushed against the door, and Kelly was kissing her deeply.  
  
It did not take long for Kelly to slip out of her t-shirt and to undo her jeans. Underneath, she wore a sky blue bra and a pair of black boyshorts. In one deft movement, she unsnapped the bra, and it fell to the floor.  
  
Her breasts were small, but perky. They reminded Mandy of Sarah, but Kelly's nipples were larger and more prominent.  
  
Kelly grabbed the back of Mandy's head and pulled her face forward. Mandy opened her mouth and hungrily sucked Kelly's tits, trying to mimic the attention that Kelly had previously shown to her own breasts.  
  
"Mmmm, suck it harder."  
  
Mandy did as she was told. I am nothing if not obedient.  
  
Meanwhile, Kelly pushed her panties to the floor and backed herself up against the sink. Hopping up onto the small counter, she spread her legs and Mandy knew exactly what was expected of her.  
  
"I don't really know what I'm doing," she said, kneeling down in front of her new friend. Before her, a small dark patch of pubic hair framed Kelly's awaiting pussy. Her swollen lips gleamed from excitement. Mandy looked up at Kelly, suddenly ashamed of her own inexperience.  
  
"Don't worry about it," Kelly reassured. "Just get in there and don't be afraid to use your tongue."  
  
Mandy leaned forward, but paused. "I'm...I'm just not sure if..."  
  
"Oh, fuck..." Kelly interrupted, rolling her eyes. She took hold of Mandy's head and pulled her face between her legs. "Just get in there."  
  
The first things that Mandy processed was the way that the pubic hair tickled her nose. Next, she felt the moisture that now enveloped her lips. The aroma that filled her nostrils was intoxicating, and her fear transformed into a restored sense of lust.  
  
She thought about everything that had just happened—I was just undressed and eaten out in front of a group of strangers. And now, after being paraded naked from the scene of the crime, her face was buried deep in the pussy of someone that could hardly remember her name.  
  
This is either the best or the worst night of my life.  
  
Sticking out her tongue, Mandy began gently licking. She did not know what she was doing, but soon, her head was moving in a nodding motion, lapping her tongue along Kelly's lips and between them.  
  
Kelly said nothing, but her body language suggested that Mandy was off to a good start. Every time that her tongue passed over her clit, Mandy could feel Kelly's body tense up slightly. This feedback became her guide as Mandy increased her speed.  
  
Soon, Kelly's breathing quickened and Mandy's chin was slick with saliva and juices. Although she had never done this before, Mandy knew that she was getting close.  
  
Within a minute, Kelly was softly moaning as she ran her fingers through Mandy's hair.  
  
Exhausted and naked, both girls collapsed.  
  
It felt like the room was spinning. Mandy closed her eyes and fell back against the wall. The porcelain tiles of the floor were cold against her bare skin, but she could not muster the energy to do anything about it.  
  
"That was...amazing," she muttered between breaths.  
  
"I knew you would be licking my pussy by the end of the night," Kelly said, looking down on Mandy. "I could just tell from the moment I laid eyes on you."  
  
What does she mean by that?  
  
Kelly dropped down from the counter and started getting dressed as she continued talking. "It's too bad I didn't do this sooner. If I had known, I would have been stopping by your room all year for a casual fuck. Oh well." As she put on the last of her clothes, she turned to Mandy, still on the floor. "Tell Megan I said hi."  
  
Mandy opened her eyes and suddenly realized that she was alone in the small washroom. The door was halfway open, but Mandy could not reach it to shut it, nor could she bring herself to get up. Down the hall, she could hear music playing and people talking.  
  
Grabbing her hoodie off the floor, she reached into the pocket and pulled out her phone.  
  
This is a terrible idea. I should not be doing this while drunk. Her thumbs moved of their own volition as she typed the message for Jacob.  
  
"I will do whatever u guys want if u delete the pics."  
  
She sat with her thumb over the send button. Better judgment lost, and the message was sent.  
  
Again, Mandy tried to get up, and again, her body failed her. I need to stop drinking so much, and now I need to figure out how to get home.  
  
As she stared up at the ceiling, it felt like the floor below her was swaying. Closing her eyes for a moment to rest, the world slowly drifted away as sleep took hold.  
  
Her dreams were vivid. Mandy dreamt that she was writing her final exam, but there had been a mix up and she was given the wrong exam. Terrified, she stared at the page before her, but it was like another language—pure gibberish. She wanted to bring the mistake to the invigilator's attention, but she was naked under her desk and was afraid that he might notice.  
  
She looked around, paranoid that one of her classmates would catch her. Without warning, there was a presence behind her, and she was being pulled back in her chair. No please, I'm naked.  
  
A hand cupped around each of Mandy's breasts, and the next thing that she knew, she was lying on her back. In front of the class, she was getting fucked on the cold desk. All she could think of was the exam and how she was going to fail if she did not get back to it. Even so, she spread her legs and began to moan.  
  
She woke up and looked at her phone. 2:47am. Realizing that she was naked, it did not take long to recall the events that had brought her to this place. With great effort, she put on her clothes and slowly rose from the floor on unsteady feet. After a moment of difficulty, she found her footing and made her way quietly down the hall. The last thing that she wanted was to be seen again after all that she had done.  
  
As she slipped into the elevator, the door closed, and she felt like she could finally breathe easy.  
  
The walk across the courtyard felt long, but it gave her time to reflect on what had just happened. Part of her wanted to crawl into a hole and die, another part wanted something else entirely.  
  
She considered stopping by Kelly's room, although she was not entirely sure where it was. She also considered paying Andrew another visit down the hall.  
  
Instead, she returned to her own room. Thankfully, Megan was gone out, Mandy had the room to herself. Her bed had never felt as comfortable as it did just now.  
  
She was just about to fall asleep again when her phone chimed with a response from Jacob.  
  
"Oh yeah? Prove it," he texted. "Take a pic and send it to me."  
  
Mandy took off her hoodie and tossed it aside. Leaning on her side, she held the phone out at arm's length and took a photo.  
  
The picture was nothing special. Her hair was something of a mess and her tank top showed off a moderate amount of cleavage. She knew that she could do better, but she was too drunk to care at this point.  
  
Soon after she sent it, she received another message.  
  
"You look warm. You should make yourself more comfortable."  
  
"Whatever you want," she responded. Taking off her shirt, she took a similar photo in her bra. "Better?"  
  
"Keep going..."