**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 07**

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

Lying back on her bed, Mandy lifted her phone and took another picture. On the screen, her naked body appeared. This image was much more revealing than the last several had been. Whereas the previous pictures had been a tease, this one withheld nothing, showing her openly sprawled figure for all to see. After everything that I've done, she thought, there is no reason to feign shyness now.

Still drunk and horny from everything that had happened over the course of the evening, her heart pounded in her chest as she hit the Send button.

While she waited for Jacob's response, she scrolled up and started rereading their conversation. She could hardly believe what she was doing for her male friend. I have to do it, she rationalized. I have to make up for what I did to Sarah.

Mandy had drunkenly betrayed her best friend's trust and let slip some compromising photos. Now, she was doing whatever it took to keep those photos from spreading. However, as much as she repeated this story to herself, she knew that it was not the whole truth. In reality, this was a fantasy come to life.

But even this could not compete with her deeds from earlier in the night. She wanted desperately to tell Jacob about it. Several times, she had started typing, wishing for her dirty secret to be revealed—Mandy was bisexual and had let another woman eat her out in front of a crowd of drunken boys. However, every time she started to type, she chickened out and deleted it. Not yet, she thought. I'm not ready for that just yet.

Her phone now chimed as she received another text.

"Nice," Jacob responded. "Keep going." It was 3:00am, but sleep was the last thing on Mandy's mind.

She grabbed her left breast with one hand and pushed it upward, leaning her head forward. Her tongue barely reached her large pink nipple, and she carefully aimed the phone. Ideally, she would be taking these pictures with her superior digital camera, but this was much more convenient. Still, she missed the familiar sound of the shutter.

As she sent the photo, she leaned back on her pillow. Her fingers instinctively found their way between her legs as she remembered the way Kelly's tongue had felt only a couple of hours ago.

Once upon a time, Mandy had hardly ever masturbated. Now, she did at least once per day, usually waiting for her roommate to leave for class or fall asleep. Luckily, Mandy had the room to herself tonight. She was still warmed up from her experience at the boys' dorm, and soon she was vigorously rubbing her wet lips, teasing her clit with the tip of her finger.

I should take another picture, she thought, but her fingers would not stop their work. Biting her lip, she stifled a moan. However, she could not control herself for long, and the next whimper escaped her.

A light knock on the door shot her back to reality, and she drunkenly stumbled as she rose from the bed.

Finally, she thought. I was starting to think that he wasn't coming. Jacob lived in the same dormitory, and Mandy had practically given him an open invitation to use her as he wanted.

This is my reparation for betraying Sarah's trust, she repeated to herself. But Mandy knew the truth, and her fingers glistened with the proof.

She opened the door a crack, positioning her naked body behind it for cover—the situation gave her a sudden sense of déjà vu from weeks ago. However, much to her surprise, it was neither Jacob nor David standing in the hall. Instead, it was her neighbor, Jess.

"Hey?" Mandy was both confused and disappointed. For a second she had thought that she was going to get fucked.

"Hi," Jess responded, standing awkwardly in a pink t-shirt and powder blue pajama pants. "I hope you weren't sleeping yet... I saw that you got home a few minutes ago, so I thought I could catch you before you went to bed."

"Ummm... No." Mandy stumbled, placing a hand on the door frame to steady herself. If Jess had not already known she was drunk, it was pretty obvious now. "I was just getting ready for bed though," she lied. "I was getting dressed."

"Oh, I'm sorry Mandy. I can come back another time. I just... well, I just had a really messed up night and I was hoping to talk to someone about it. And well, you're the only one I can talk to about this kind of thing..."

"Believe me," Mandy responded. "My night was probably crazier than yours." She appreciated the relationship that she had with Jess. Despite their relatively new friendship, they confided in one another things that they feared telling anyone else. Concerned, Mandy let the door open a couple inches more so that they could talk more easily, making sure that her body was still covered. "What happened?"

"Well..." Jess looked around the empty hall and quieted her voice. "Somebody recognized me while I was at the theater... they recognized me from the concert."

"Oh, shit." Mandy was unsure what to say. She still did not know all the details of last week's incident in the campus courtyard. Jess had been stripped while crowd surfing, and things had only gotten wilder from there. Mandy was the only person that Jess had shared this story with, but it was unlikely that something like this could stay a secret forever. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Can I come in?"

"Sure... just a second." Mandy stepped away from the door, allowing it to slowly drift open as she grabbed an oversized t-shirt from her closet. Déjà vu again. Turning her back to Jess, she pulled the shirt over her head. It's strange... even after everything that I've done, it's still thrilling for her to see me naked. Picking up her panties from the floor, she clumsily stepped into them, grabbing the wall as she stumbled.

Jess came in and sat on the corner of Mandy's bed, closing the door behind her.

"Do you want something to drink?" Mandy asked, unsure whether it was a stupid question at this time in the morning.

"No, thanks."

There was an awkward silence as Mandy sat down in her chair, facing her friend. The look on her face reminded Mandy of the first time Jess had confided in her, the previous week. Finally, Mandy spoke up. "So... what happened?"

"Well..." Jess trailed off, as if she was caught off guard by the question. "I was out with my friend Robert from back home. He's in town for a few days. It was kind of a date, I guess. I've known him for a while and he's always had a crush on me." She stared at her feet as she spoke. "Anyway, so we went to see a movie and when I went out to the lobby, this guy from my English class started talking to me... and... he knew. He knew about last week, and he says that he was there. He saw me and... he says that I fucked him."

"Oh wow," Mandy wished that she was sober enough to process this. "Did you?"

"I don't know," Jess responded. "Maybe, but that's not the worst part. I had sex with him."

Mandy looked at her confused. "I thought you said you didn't know..."

"I mean that I had sex with him tonight... in the bathroom."

"Oh shit," Mandy muttered, shocked. "At the movie theatre?"

"Yeah. I mean, I didn't want to at first. He threatened to tell Robert and I panicked. But..." Jess bit her lip. "I did it. And I kind of liked it, I think. Is that seriously messed up?"

Mandy was not sure what to say. Jess' story made her somewhat jealous, do she was certainly not the best person to determine what is and is not normal. "I... I really don't know, Jess. How do you feel about it?"

"To be honest, I'm a little embarrassed. But... my heart starts beating like crazy whenever I think about it."

"I understand completely," Mandy said.

"Do you? I've never done anything like this before."

"Believe me, I understand better than you think. I..." She looked at Jess and paused. "Sometimes the same things happens to me," Mandy tried to explain. "I know that I'm doing something terrible, but I can't help myself. And I get excited just thinking about it."

Jess nodded.

Mandy decided to continue before she lost her nerve. "Just tonight, I let Kelly eat me out while a bunch of guys watched." It felt so good to say the words out loud and tell somebody.

Jess' jaw dropped. "Kelly... from downstairs?"

"Yeah..."

"I didn't know you were... a lesbian."

"I'm not—I don't think I am."

"Oh, okay. I mean, not that there's anything wrong with that if you are." Jess looked genuinely confused. "What do you mean that they watched?"

"It happened at the boys' dorm in the common room. It all happened really fast, and next thing I knew, there I was, naked on the sofa with Kelly between my legs." Mandy could hardly believe she was admitting to this so openly.

"That's crazy," Jess responded, dumbfounded. "I couldn't image doing anything like that in front of so many people." She paused, thinking. "Except... I guess I sort of did last week, but not intentionally... and not with another girl, though."

"I hope this doesn't come out wrong or anything," Mandy started, unable to control herself, "and maybe I'm just saying this because I'm drunk, but I'm actually kind of jealous of what happened to you at the concert."

"You are?"

"Yeah. I don't like to tell anyone this because it makes me sound fucked up, but I get turned on by being submissive..." she admitted, turning a bright shade of red. "And helpless. That's why I keep doing this. It's kind of messed up, but I've been letting the guys take advantage of me. That's why I gave David those pictures and why I let Kelly fuck me tonight. At first, I was in control of things, and I just let the guys think that I was helpless. And it was fun. But now... well, soon things started getting out of control and I thought I could stop it... but..."

Mandy's phone chimed, shaking her back to reality. She looked up at Jess and considered stopping. No. I want to tell her. "But I don't think I want to stop it. I keep thinking about what happened to you at the concert, and I imagine all those hands touching me."

Much to Mandy's surprise, Jess' did not look disgusted or angry, but understanding. "I think I know what you mean. I can't believe that I am telling anyone this, but ever since the concert... well, part of me has been wondering what would happen if someone recognized me. And well... I actually imagined that it might go something like what happened to tonight."

"So you wanted him to fuck you?"

"No." Jess paused. "Well, I don't know. Sort of, I guess. I mean, he threatened to show Robert some pictures of me if I didn't do it... so I guess I never even considered if I wanted to do it. I just did it. Ever since I got home, I've been trying to figure that out."

"Oh, he had pictures?" That piqued Mandy's curiosity, as incriminating photos had started her down this road as well.

"Yeah, well, I just saw one, but I know that there are some worse ones online."

"How do you feel about that?" Mandy sat back in her chair, feeling warm as she tried to imagine herself in Jess' position.

"Embarrassed. I know that someone I know is eventually going to find them."

"Is it really the end of the world if they do?"

Jess looked up, surprised. "Yes! Well... I guess not. It's just... really humiliating."

"But isn't it also kind of a turn on to know that guys are looking at you and there's nothing you can do about it?" Mandy was not holding anything back now. "Like... what if some guy you've never even met before is jerking off right now, looking at your pictures?"

"I don't know. That is kind of weird. Kind of exciting, but still weird. What if it's not a stranger? What if it's someone I know?"

"So what?" Mandy slurred, leaning forward again in her chair. "Who cares if you know them? It only matters if you let it. I think it's even hotter if I know the guy." As if on cue, her phone chimed again.

Mandy picked it up and examined her two new messages from Jacob. "Are you still there?" he texted. "Or did you fall asleep?"

"im here" she texted back. "im here with jess."

Looking back up at her friend, she smiled. "See?" She asked, gesturing towards her phone. "I'm sending some pictures right now to one of the guys. That's what I was doing when you knocked on the door."

"Naked pictures?"

"Yeah," Mandy answered as her phone chimed again. She looked down at another text from Jacob.

"Oh yeah? ;)" He asked suggestively.

Mandy laughed. "not like that!" She texted back. Looking up at Jess, she said "He thinks we're fooling around."

Jess turned a bright shade of red. "Do you want me to go? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt anything. I just saw that you were home, and..."

"No, it's okay. I'm glad that you came over and told me what happened. I like talking to you about all of the fucked up stuff I do. And now that I'm sort of drunk, this is the best time to get it off my chest."

"Are we..." Jess hesitated. "I mean, do you think that we're normal?"

"I really don't know. Probably not."

"Yeah..." Jess looked at her feet as Mandy's phoned chimed again.

"She should do a couple of pictures too," Jacob texted.

Mandy burst out laughing. That'll be the day, she thought.

"What's so funny?" Jess asked.

"Oh, nothing. Jacob wanted me to take a picture of you."

Jess sat upright and turned slightly towards Mandy. "Umm, well I'm in my pajamas, but sure, I guess you can."

Mandy thought she might fall out of her chair as she giggled uncontrollably. "Umm, that's not the kind of picture that he meant."

Jess looked back at her, confused. In seconds, her eyes widened as it dawned on her what Mandy meant. Her face immediately turned a bright shade of red. "Oh my god! He wants to see me naked?!"

"Well, no duh. Just about every guy you met today probably wanted to see you naked. They're guys. They're usually just polite enough not to ask." Mandy smiled. "Usually, but not always..."

"No way! I... I can't do that. How could I look him in the eye again the next time I see him?"

"It's no big deal. I sent him this..." Mandy picked up her phone and opened her photo gallery to the last photo she sent. "And we're still friends. No big deal."

Jess peeked at the screen, slowly leaning over until she could see the image fully. "Oh my god," She said in a hushed voice as she looked at Mandy's naked body on the screen. "He saw that? You're either brave or dumb." Her voice was noticeably shaken.

"Probably more dumb," Mandy replied as she admired her picture. "But you don't have to do anything like that if you don't want to. I mean, you don't have to do anything. He was just joking—he knows you wouldn't do it."

"I don't know." Jess seemed hesitant, but Mandy was surprised that she was even considering it. "How do I know he won't show anybody?"

"You don't," Mandy said quickly. "For me, that is part of the fun, but you're not me."

Jess stared at her own feet. "I guess I could do just one. I'm not getting naked though."

Mandy was shocked. "Really? Okay, yeah, just do whatever you are comfortable with. You don't have to do it though. It was just a joke. He knows you're shy..."

"I know. I want to do it. I bet it'll surprise him."

"Alright."

"Let's do this before I chicken out." Jess reached down to the bottom of her shirt. "Are you ready?"

Mandy switched her phone to camera mode and held it up. "Ready."

"One. Two. Three..." Jess pulled her shirt up to her neck, revealing a small pair of breasts, adorned with tiny pink nipples.

Mandy stared past her phone and felt a familiar stirring between her legs. She is so fucking cute.

"Did you get it?" Jess asked.

"Umm..." Mandy hesitated, shaking herself back to reality. "Yeah, just a second." Frantically, she took several pictures, temporarily forgetting her years of photography experience and losing herself in the moment. "Okay, yeah, I think I got it."

Jess quickly pulled her shirt back into place and placed her arms nervously across her chest. "Is it... does it look stupid?"

"No, of course not. It's perfect." Mandy quickly returned to the photo gallery, bringing up the image. "Do you want to see it?"

"No, I trust you. Just send it."

"Are you sure? I don't have to." Mandy had not felt this anxious since her own first photos. It was like experiencing that moment again vicariously through her friend. Even as she spoke, she could not help herself. The photo was already sent to Jacob.

Jess shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

Shit, Mandy thought. She is having doubts.

"I mean... I want to..." Jess started. She paused a while before continuing. "I just don't know if I will regret it."

"Maybe." Mandy was not sure what to say. She hoped franticly that she had not betrayed another friend. "It seems like you want to do it though."

"Yeah..."

The phone chimed. "Holy shit!" Jacob was obviously surprised. "Is she drunk or something?"

"nope," Mandy responded, followed with a winking face. She looked up at her friend and they exchanged a long glance. Does she know? She knows. She must know. Oh god, I am too drunk for this right now.

Another chime from her phone. "Ha! Nice. Get her to do another one."

"Is he... did he..." Jess trailed off.

"He wants another one," Mandy replied meekly. There was no point in lying after everything that they had shared.

Jess turned a bright shade of red. "Oh my god! You showed him. He's seen... me."

"I'm so sorry!" Mandy slurred. "I thought you wanted me to."

Jess got up. "No, it's okay. I did want you to. I guess I just didn't think that you really would for some reason."

"I hope you're not mad."

"No, I'm not." She looked at Mandy. "I'm really not. I'm just... new to this."

Mandy looked up at her but said nothing.

"I don't think I am ready for another one though," Jess continued with an awkward laugh. "I can't believe he has seen my boobs. It's just so... I don't know... weird. I think I know why you do it though... my heart is pounding. I feel like I'm floating. Plus, it's nice to take a consensual photo after all of those concert ones that are floating around the internet."

"Are they bad?"

"Oh god, they're really bad. Luckily, you can't see my face very well in most of them. But there are a couple..."

Can I see them? Mandy wanted to ask the question so badly. It had been on the tip of her tongue for days, but even now, she knew it was inappropriate. Instead, she would have to find them herself. "Well, for what it's worth, I think you just made Jacob's day."

That made Jess chuckle. "Well, that was pretty tame compared to what you've been showing him."

"Yeah, but I think the guys have wanted to see you naked for a while."

"Really?" Jess was genuinely surprised. "I had no idea."

The girls laughed at her innocent naivety, and Mandy looked over at the clock. "Fuck, it's late."

"Yeah, I should go."

Their goodbyes were more awkward than usual as Jess slowly made her way to the door. As it closed behind her, Mandy locked it.

What a fucked up night.

It was surprisingly easy to find the photos of last week's concert. Message boards were flooded with them. Most were blurry or taken at a distance, but some were shockingly detailed. Mandy felt a pang of guilt as she masturbated to images of her friend's ordeal. She ignored multiple texts as she brought herself to orgasm, imagining herself in those images, getting fucked by a group of strangers.

She did not remember falling asleep in her chair, but at some point during the night, she awoke and forced herself from the chair to the bed. She slept soundly, but her dreams were far less coherent than usual, and she could not remember them later.

The morning found her groggy and with a pounding headache. Delicately, she eased out of bed and wrapped herself in a towel. This was going to be a long day, and she planned to relax after the last two nights that she had experienced. Exams were coming up, and she really needed to study if she wanted to maintain any of her scholarships for the following year.

Her phone sat on the desk, flashing from several unread messages. Hesitantly, she picked it up.

"Ha! Nice. Get her to do another one." That was the last message she had seen last night. She scrolled down. "Did you trick her or something? No way that's Jess." The next message was marked several minutes later. "Still there?" The last message gave Mandy pause. "Nobody will believe it."

Uh oh.

Frantically, Mandy typed. "you better not show that to anyone." This was not good.

Minutes passed as she paced around the room, wrapped in nothing but a towel. Every second felt like an hour, but still no response.

Fuck! I can't wait all day. Grabbing her soap and shampoo, she headed down the hall towards the showers.

Tired and hung over, the warm water felt especially relaxing against her skin. For a moment, she forgot about Jacob and Jess. She forgot about Kelly and the boys' dorm. She forgot about upcoming exams, and even her headache seemed to disappear. I think I might even go for a run today.

The droplets washed away the sins of the previous night, and as she turned off the water, the situation before her looked entirely new. Things were falling apart around her, and all she had to do was stop. It was her game—it had always been her game—and she had always been the one with the power to stop it.

I'm going to sort this out before it gets worse. After all, Jacob and David will respect my wishes. They've had a crush on me for months, and they wouldn't risk losing our friendship. Mike is a pushover and will do whatever they do. They got free pictures of me and Sarah, and I let them fuck me. They have no right to ask for more.

The plan was starting to come together. She was far out of Andrew's league, and he would get the hint if she actively avoided him. Kelly had gotten what she wanted last night, and Mandy only needed to avoid her for another few days before they parted ways for the summer.

She might be the hardest part to give up. Mandy was not sure that she could simply forget about her newly discovered bisexuality. Having grown up in a relatively small town, she did not know many other likeminded women. As she quickly dried off, Mandy remembered the way that Kelly had expertly licked her pussy. Nobody had ever made her cum so hard before. Maybe I won't rid myself of Kelly entirely...

The most glaring loose end would be the guys from the male dormitory. Most of them were strangers, but several would recognize her, and rumor of her identity would spread. All she could do was hope that nothing came of it. It was an end-of-the-semester party at a boys' dorm... those things always get wild. I can't be the first girl to get naked in there, and I won't be the last. If I wait a few days, some other crazy shit will happen, and they will forget about me.

Jess...

Mandy felt bad. Although she had not started Jess down this road, she had certainly done her part to keep her on this track. Their shared secrets had been the basis of their friendship, but Mandy was sure that they would endure. I shouldn't have sent that photo of her last night... but she's a big girl, and she can make decisions for herself. She knew what she was doing. After what happened at the concert and at the movie theater, that photo would be the least of Jess' concerns.

Only partly dried, Mandy wrapped herself in the towel and grabbed her things. Her wet hair clung to the bare skin of her shoulders, and she walked confidently down the hall towards her room. In her mind, she started going over the message that she would send to the guys.

Stepping into her room, she almost did not notice the figure standing in front of her desk. Startled, she nearly dropped the basket of shower supplies from her hand.

Alex looked up at her and smirked.

Mandy was not amused. "Oh, fuck! You scared the shit out of me! What the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm here for Megan," he responded curtly.

"She's not here." Mandy put the toiletries on her dresser and clutched her towel firmly. Of all people, he was probably the last person she wanted to see right now. Considering the way that he had treated her since elementary school, she was never happy to see him. However, for the sake of her friendship with her roommate, Mandy had always tried to be civil. I really just can't deal with him right now...

"Yeah, I know," he replied. "She's staying at my place for a couple of days. But she had a meeting with her study group, and she asked me to pick up a couple of things for her." With his left hand, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys that Mandy recognized as Megan's.

"Well, she could have told me. What if I was naked in here?"

"I wouldn't have minded." His grin widened. When all he got in return was a glare, he continued. "Don't be so dramatic. I knocked before I came in. You weren't here."

Mandy was getting annoyed. "Fine, whatever. Just get what you need so that I can get dressed." She paused for a second. "What could you possibly need from my desk?"

"Nothing. But you should really put a password on your laptop. You had this right up in the open." He turned the monitor towards her.

Mandy stared at the screen, mouth open in shock. There was Jess, naked, on all fours in the dirt, while someone fucked her from behind. Her face looked up at the camera, but she hardly seemed aware of it. Her hair and cheeks glistened with multiple loads of cum. These were the photos that Mandy had fallen asleep to last night, apparently still open in her internet browser.

"What the fuck?!" Anger resonated in her voice, but she tried to maintain her volume so as not to draw the attention of her neighbors. "Get off my fucking computer! Who said you could invade my privacy?"

He ignored her. "I can't believe it was her. I can't believe it was that mousy girl from down the hall. Jessica? Someone told me it was her, but I didn't believe them. She's the one everyone is talking about."

"Get off my computer!" Mandy repeated. She was furious. The nerve of this guy!

"But then again," he continued, "I also didn't believe the rumors I heard about you at first."

Her heart skipped a beat, but she refused to show weakness. "Get out of my room, Alex." The back her mind was filled with panic. "I don't know what rumors you heard, and I don't care. Just go." Her eyes remained on the monitor. Poor Jess, what have I done? If she was dressed, she would have stormed over there and pushed him from the computer. But in her current dress, Mandy felt vulnerable and kept her distance.

Alex did not move. "I thought maybe it was a mistake. You acted pretty uptight in high school, and there was no way that you were strutting around naked for the neighbors..."

Whatever patience remained was now gone, and Mandy was ready to explode. That's it! I have been nice to this asshole for way too long. "Listen, go fuck yourself and—"

He interrupted, continuing to ignore her. "But then I heard you masturbating in here the other night when you thought you were alone. And now I've came across this..." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a cell phone, swiping at its screen. "And well, I guess maybe you are more of a slut than I thought."

Mandy froze. Oh fuck, fuck, fuck! The guys' dorm? Have the pictures already gotten out? She burned with anger at the comment, but fear paralyzed her. She watched him as he looked at the phone, occasionally swiping his thumb across the screen. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. She simply stared, helplessly as he continued to admire whatever he had found.

She could not be certain how much time had passed before he finally looked up and acknowledged her. "Sorry, what were you saying? Yeah, I should get going. I know some friends back home that would love to see these."

"Fuck you!" She finally mustered some courage, though she feared it may be too little, too late. "Don't you dare send those to anyone!"

"Hmm..." He continued to swipe and tap at his phone. "You could at least say 'please.'"

"No, I won't. They're not your pictures to share."

"Maybe not, but I would still appreciate it. Otherwise my finger might slip, and these might get sent to Nick and Tom. From there? Who knows where they might go."

Mandy knew exactly where they would go: her entire graduating class, at the very least. "Okay, fine! PLEASE, don't send those." I need to defuse this quickly. "I was drunk last night, and I didn't mean for those pictures to get out. Please delete them."

"That's better." For a moment, he lowered the phone and looked at her instead. "Why don't you tell me exactly what happened."

"I'd really rather not."

"Like you said, you were drunk. Not a big deal. I would just like some context for what I am seeing here."

"Please, just delete them."

He stared at her, then turned his eyes back towards the phone, silent.

"Okay, fine. I was really drunk at guys' dorm and got naked in the common room." She could feel her face turning a bright shade of red as she dodged his gaze. He has the pictures, so what difference does it make? Worse than her embarrassment was the familiar feeling of butterflies starting to flutter in her stomach. Please no, not now...

He smiled. "Well, I will have to ask the guys about that. This is the first I've heard about it. No, this is what I was asking about..." He raised the phone and slowly walked towards Mandy so that she could see the image. On the screen was Sarah topless and in her panties with Mandy's topless reflection in the mirror.

Shit! "Where did you get that?!"

"Doesn't really matter."

Fuck! Was it Jacob or David? Or, maybe Mike? They all knew that Mandy hated Alex, and she could not believe that one of them would betray her like this. "Please, just delete them. We were just joking around and I didn't mean for those pictures to get out."

"I'm not deleting them. You've always acted like you're better than me, and now you're upset because your secret is going to get out. Do your parents know that you're a lesbian?"

"I'm not a lesbian! I've been with lots of guys!" I can't believe I just said that.

"Whatever you say. Not for me to decide," he said as he started to walk past her and towards the door.

"What do you want?" She asked desperately. Even as she asked the question, a warm sensation passed through her body. I'm not even drunk. What is wrong with me?

Alex stopped next to her. Although he was only a couple of inches taller than Mandy, she felt tiny beside him now. He seemed large and powerful, and she felt small and weak. It was like one of her many fantasies, but she tried to fight it. It's Alex... he's an arrogant prick and I hate him.

Her body tensed as his hand reached out and easily undid the knot holding her towel in place, but she did not stop him. Her arms still held the garment in place, but she did not resist as he took her wrists and moved them aside. Instead, she simply watched as the towel slipped from her body and dropped to the floor.

"I knew you would be shaven..." he commented as he looked over her exposed body.

Ignoring the comment, Mandy shivered as the cool air embraced her wet skin. Goosebumps spread across her naked body, and her large pink nipples hardened under Alex's gaze. She wanted to turn away, to cover herself, but she was afraid.

However, it was not Alex that frightened her. She feared that if she tried to escape, her own body would no longer obey. She feared that her lust had become so untamed that even now it possessed her. Still worse, she feared that she might be more aroused because it was Alex who controlled her. For years, he had represented everything that Mandy found unappealing. He was arrogant, loud, and treated women like they were little more than objects. The fact that he was mildly handsome somehow only made her hate him more.

For the past several weeks, Mandy had fantasized about being used. She had fantasized about being treated like an object. Almost everything that she had done over the past couple of weeks had been directed towards putting her in a vulnerable position to someone else...

Now, as Alex's hands came up and firmly took hold of her breasts, Mandy fixated on all the times he had been mean to her or made an inappropriate comment. She remembered what he had said to her on their prom night. I'll have to keep an eye out for you tonight at the after party. After you've had a few drinks, I bet that dress will slip right off...

Well, here she was now. She was completely sober, and the towel had most certainly slipped off.

"Mmmph," she whimpered as he pinched her left nipple. She tilted her head back and moaned as he leaned forward and took her large, perky breast into his mouth. Oh god, it feels so good. His tongue flicked and his teeth bit at her tender nipple. Meanwhile, his free hand descended between her legs and cupped her womanhood.

"Wow," he paused, allowing a finger to slip easily between her wet folds. "You definitely wanted this."

Embarrassed, she tried to push away. "Fuck you." She stopped with a gasp as his finger pushed its way inside of her.

"Oh, don't pretend you aren't loving this," he mocked.

Slowly, he began to work is finger in a circular motion, pressing upward and sending tingles of pleasure up her spine. She felt like a puppet, writhing uncontrollably on his right hand while his left hand helped itself to the rest of her body as it pleased. He groped at her naked body for some time before grabbing a handful of her hair and giving it a gentle tug.

Never had she felt so embarrassed to orgasm as she did now, cumming hard into the palm of his hand. As her quivers subsided and his finger retreated, her weakened legs gave way and she dropped to her knees. She knew what was coming, and there was no point resisting. I am long past the point of turning back.

She watched as he undid his belt and unzipped his pants.

Damn it, why does he need to be well-endowed too?!

Mandy had always rationalized that Alex's ego must be overcompensating for a small dick. But as she gazed at the hardening shaft inches from her face, she realized that was not the case.

Hesitantly, she reached a hand up and wrapped her fingers around him, beginning to stroke.

"Oh, come on, you can do better than that," he quipped as he grabbed her head and pulled her face towards his cock. Its head brushed against her cheek before she opened her lips and allowed him entry.

He wasted no time as he pulled her head downward, forcing his growing dick into the warm moist chasm of her mouth. As he reached his full size, Mandy's mouth felt stretched to its limits. Still, she began sucking him enthusiastically, tracing the underside of his shaft with her tongue as it slid back and forth.

Mandy closed her eyes and tried to fight her gag reflex as he fucked her mouth. When she opened them again, she looked up to find Alex's phone pointed down at her.

She knew immediately from experience that he was taking a picture.

"Mmmhmmmph. Mmmph," she tried to argue, but his free hand held the back of her head steady. No more pictures! She wanted to scream it.

"Don't worry, I am just sending it to Tom and Nick. They would love to see this."

"Mmmph!" Mandy pushed herself away. "No way! No fucking way you are sending that to them!" She tried to get up, but a hand on her shoulder held her in place. Instead, she tried to cover herself with her arms.

"Well, how about this, then? I either send them this," he said, gesturing towards her. "Or I send them the photos of you and Sarah. There are some pretty good ones in there. You know Nick has had a crush on her since middle school, right?"

"No! Leave Sarah out of this! Please!"

"Okay then." He stepped back and lifted the phone again. "Your call."

She felt so weak. I can't let Sarah get dragged further into my mess. This has all been my fault.

Slowly, Mandy lowered her arms and looked up at the phone. Secretly, she was relieved that the decision was made for her. Instinctively, from weeks of taking similar photos, she pushed her chest outward and gave a pouty look. They are going to see me anyway. I might as well look my best.

Alex tapped at the phone several times. "There, sent."

Mandy felt light headed as the reality of the situation started to sink in. However, the moment was short-lived as Alex lifted and guided her towards the bed—her own bed. She complied, lying down on her back and opening her legs for him. Never in a million years could she have ever foreseen this moment, spreading herself, welcoming her childhood antagonist to fuck her like a cheap slut.

He climbed over her and paused, staring down happily at his conquest.

"You've wanted this for a long time, haven't you?" he tormented as he guided the head of his cock against her wet opening.

She said nothing and instead tried his hips forward.

He resisted. "You've wanted me to fuck you since high school. Just admit it."

"Fuck off," she growled, trying to push her own hips towards him. Still, his shaft did little more than tease the entrance of her hungry pussy.

"Just say it. Get it off your chest. You were a total slut and you wanted me to fuck you."

Fuck! "I'm a worthless slut. Please, just fuck me," she begged. She cried out as he thrust himself into her, and she gasped with each subsequent push. "Oh god..." She whimpered between breaths. "Oh god... yes... fuck... oh fuck... mmm fuck me like the slut that I am."

"I knew you were a whore," he whispered in her ear. "Getting fucked is what you live for, isn't it?"

"Mmmm... Yeah, that's all I'm good for... ughh... yeah, don't stop..." He is bringing out the worst in me, she thought. However, at this moment, she did not care. All she wanted was to lose herself in the moment as his cock plunged into her. His demeaning dirty talk only worked her up more.

"Admit it, you wanted me to send that picture to the guys."

"Mmmm, no, but I'm glad that you did."

"I know. Want me to send the ones with Sarah?"

"No!"

"But you'll be glad if I do?"

Her voice caught in her throat. The only sound to escape her was another moan as Alex slowed his pace and reached into his pocket. Oh my god, no!

"I'll take that as a yes." He continued to fuck her steadily as he began typing.

She said nothing, but watched as he finished the message and looked to her one last time for opposition. Receiving none, his finger clicked Send and he returned his attention to Mandy.

The humiliation had an immediate effect on her. "Oh my god! Fuck, I'm going to cum!" she exclaimed. "Ahh, fuck!" Her head fell back and her body tensed up as another orgasm overtook her.

Alex grabbed each of her ankles and spread her legs wide, allowing himself deeper entry. Mandy's breasts began to strike her chin as her whole body rocked back and forth with each forceful thrust. Her entire body was splayed for his enjoyment, and she loved every minute of it. Before long a third orgasm swelled within her, and she cried out once more.

There is no way that the neighbors aren't hearing this...

Finally, when Mandy felt that her body could take no more, Alex increased his speed and pushed even deeper. Mandy knew it was coming. She wanted to feel her cunt filled with his seed, to feel his warmth fill her womb.

To her surprise, he pulled out and climbed over her so that his legs straddled her chest. His cock hovered above her face, and he began stroking it. She wanted it back inside of her, but this somehow seemed more fitting, more degrading.

The first shot of cum flew into her hair, leaving a trail across her cheek. The next one caught her below the left eye. Taking aim, he directed the remainder towards her lips, which she hungrily opened. His semen filled her mouth and ran down her neck, but she did not dare move until his load was fully spent.

"Don't swallow it yet," he instructed, and she did not dare disobey.

Lying back, face and mouth coated with cum, she watched as he lifted the phone again.

"I'm going to send this to the boys," he informed her.

She said nothing. He's not asking, and I'm not arguing.

With her moment of shame immortalized and sent to his friends, he got down from the bed and zipped his pants back up. Looking at her, still naked and sprawled on the bed, he smiled.

"I guess I'll see you around," he said, walking towards the door.

Finally, Mandy swallowed his load. "What about Megan?" It was a stupid question. He's not going to tell her, and I'm definitely not going to tell her.

"What about her? She's going back home next week, so we're pretty much done after that. You, on the other hand... I'll see you over the summer," he said, amused. "Should be fun."

"I'm not doing this again," she said defiantly.

He laughed as he opened the door. "Sure, whatever you say." He took a step and paused as his phone vibrated. Taking it out and looking at the screen one last time, he snickered. "Oh, by the way, Nick says you have nice tits." The door closed behind him.

Mandy stared up at the ceiling for several minutes as her adrenaline slowly wore off. She licked her lips, suddenly disgusted with herself. She had hit a new low, and there was no way to turn back now. Her weeks of playful fantasies had finally caught up with her, and she did not know what was in store for her.

Resigned to her fate, she got up and picked her towel up off the floor.

I guess I should get another shower.

**A Gift Amongst Friends Ch. 08**

Mandy stared at her bedroom wall, focusing on a single point just to the right of her window. She tried not to look outside, although she could see the patio lights on at her neighbor's house.

She had gotten home from university just three weeks ago, and it was still strange being back in her own room. Things were certainly quieter here than on campus, and yet Mandy seemed to have a knack for finding excitement, whether she wanted it or not.

Despite the patio lights, the remainder of the neighbor's house was dark. She could never admit it, but part of her hoped that he was there, watching her. Her neighbor, Arthur McCrae, had lived next door for as long as she could remember. He had watched her grow up, and as a child she used to play in his backyard. He had even been her math teacher when she in the third grade. Now, staring at the wall, she tried to push the thought from her mind.

Instead, she focused on the sensation of the cock buried within her. On her hands and knees, she felt a deep thrust from behind as Nick grunted, filling her with his warm seed.

She remained motionless as his pumping subsided and he withdrew himself from her pussy. It did not take long before Tom took his place, slipping his shaft into her wet opening with ease. She tried to fight the oncoming orgasm, but as Tom grabbed her hips and began to fuck her, she knew it was futile.

"Don't stop," she cried. "Fuck me harder."

"I will if you say it," Tom replied, slowing his thrusts.

"Please," Mandy whimpered.

"Say it," he repeated.

Mandy moaned. "I'm a slut, and I want your cum inside me."

Tom's grip tightened, and he pulled her hips back forcefully, causing her to gasp. "What are you?"

The words escaped her between short breaths. "I'm a slut..."

"What are you?"

Mandy looked up at Nick and his cell phone. "A dirty slut." She did not even care that he was recording her. This is nothing that they haven't already recorded, she thought.

"Say it louder," Tom ordered.

"I'm a fucking slut!" If Arthur is home, then he probably heard that. Luckily, her own house was empty aside from herself and the two boys.

Satisfied with her complete submission, Tom pushed her down into her pillows and buried himself deep into her womanhood.

"Fuck!" She screamed in ecstasy as her body shook with pleasure. She barely even noticed when another load of semen erupted inside her.

Minutes later, the boys were dressed and gone, but Mandy did not move.

She could still hardly believe how her life had unfolded over the past month. Not so long ago, she had been a relatively conservative girl—certainly not a virgin, but nothing like this. Now she had fucked more guys this month than she had throughout the rest of her life. However, she felt no shame or regret.

Ever since Alex found out about her secret life, things had changed. She had fucked him there in her dorm room, and even worse, she had allowed him to share the intimate photos of her and Sarah with his friends. As far as Mandy knew, it was just Nick and Tom that had seen them so far, but she certainly did not trust them to keep it a secret.

The moment Alex had left her dorm room, she knew she had gone too far. She had crossed a line she thought she would never cross, and she promised herself it would never happen again.

But it did. And after making the same promise, it happened again.

Once exams were finished and she was home for the summer, she convinced herself that it was over. However, she caved again with a couple of days of unpacking. There was something about Alex's complete indifference towards her that sparked her newfound desire to be objectified.

And soon thereafter, Alex shared her with his friends. It was utterly humiliating the first time that she was asked to undress in front of Nick and Tom, but she did as she was told. The whole ordeal had gotten her so excited that, to this day, she still thought of it each night as she masturbated.

It did not take long before the boys had learned all of her dark fantasies and secrets. She had unwillingly told them everything about her love of being exposed, her love of being vulnerable, her bisexual curiosity, and everything that Jess had confided in her.

They took full advantage of her weakness, and now Mandy rarely went a day without seeing at least one of the three boys.

But her favorite was always Alex.

Nick and Tom were always eager to oblige her desire to be used, and she loved the way they talked down to her during sex. Every time that they called her a slut, it sent a shiver down her spine—and made her resent her body's sexual response.

However, Alex seemed constantly bored of Mandy from the moment they first fucked. He talked to her as though he was doing her a favor with his time, and that she should be grateful. It was the same shitty behavior she had seen from him throughout high school. It was one of the many reasons she had hated him for so many years. And now, ironically, she wanted desperately to keep him interested.

I am such a fucking idiot, she told herself after every meeting with him. But logic and self-respect got lost in the wake of each fiery orgasm. After only a few days apart, a part of her actually looked forward to seeing him.

No... Don't you fucking dare show anything but hatred for him. He is blackmailing you. That's all this is.

After several minutes, Mandy came back to reality and sat up in her bed. As she stood up, she could feel Tom and Nick's semen running down her thigh. Grabbing a pair of panties from the floor, she wiped the mess before it reached her knee.

I should probably clean up before mom gets home. Mandy's mother had gone out with some friends for the night. Her parents had recently divorced before she moved away to university, and it was strange being home without her dad there.

Standing up, she grabbed a shirt and pair of pajamas bottoms. Dressed, she headed out to the living room and watched television. Several minutes later, through the window she saw a pair of headlights pulling into Arthur's driveway. I guess he missed the show.

Later that evening, she greeted her mother as she got home, and Mandy went to bed soon after.

In her dreams, she was back in the boys' dorm. Everything was always the same—Sarah's face was buried between her legs. It used to be Kelly, but over time the female figure had become her best friend. Once it had even been Megan, but it was always one of the major figures in Mandy's newfound bisexuality.

Laying back on the sofa, legs spread wide, Mandy stared back at a room full of her best friends and professors. She wanted to hide, to cover herself, to beg for forgiveness. Instead, she threw her head back and ran her fingers through Sarah's hair.

Someone was cupping her breasts and she could not be certain if it was her own hand or one from the crowd.

Across the room, Jess was bent over the table, getting fucked by a faceless stranger. In her dreams, Jess never looked Mandy in the eyes. I'm so sorry, Mandy thought. I let your secret out to the wrong people.

Sarah's tongue was burning within her, and just as she was about to orgasm, she woke, breathing heavily. In the dark, her hand found its way to her clit, and she finished what the dream had started before falling back asleep.

The next two days passed uneventfully. Each time Mandy saw Arthur in the driveway, she wondered what he would think if he learned what type of woman she had grown up to become.

Saturday afternoon, as Mandy cleaned up the dishes from lunch, her mother came downstairs and recommended that they go see a movie.

"Yeah, sure thing, mom." It had been ages since the two of them had gone to the movies together. When her parents were together, it had frequently been way for the two to bond outside the house. Now that she was home from university, Mandy had been looking for a chance to spend some time with her mother.

The two girls decided on a thriller movie that was receiving strong reviews, and they made plans to see the early show after dinner.

At the theater, Mandy recognized a few people that she had gone to school with. As she waited in line for concessions, she thought of the story that Jess had told her. Mandy imagined one of her male friends confronting her here and now about the slutty things she had done. She imagined him threatening to reveal her secret unless she sucked him off in the washroom...

Oh god, she thought, shaking her head. What is wrong with me? Mom is just in the other room.

She took out her phone and began typing. "Are we fucking tonight?" Her messages to Alex were never flowery. In the beginning, he was the one that would contact her with a time and place to meet. Now, it seemed like she was usually the one to prompt him.

Popcorn in hand, she returned to the theater in time for the coming attractions. As the movie started and the lights dimmed, her brain switched gears and for a couple of hours, she was her old self.

As she exited the cinema and got into the car, she checked her phone again to find a message waiting. "No," Alex had responded. "I'm busy."

He seems to be busy a lot lately. She hated herself for feeling a pang of jealousy.

She cooled her frustration before replying. "Okay fine."

As her mother drove, she almost seemed to read Mandy's mind. "Do you have any plans tonight with your friends?"

"No, it looks like I'm staying in tonight."

"Oh okay," her mother replied. "I think I am going out for a couple of drinks with Judy, so I hope you don't mind having the place to yourself again for the night."

"No, of course not, mom. Do you want me to pick you up later?"

"No, that's okay. I don't want to keep you up if we are out late. I can take a cab."

"Alright, if you're sure. I don't mind."

Her mother assured her it was fine, and soon after they got home, Judy arrived to pick her up.

"Have fun!" Mandy said as her mother went out the door. She was a little jealous that her own mother had something planned for the evening while she was stuck at home. She looked at the clock. Only 9:37pm. I guess I can watch another movie or something.

A loud noise outside got her attention, but she thought little of it. A few minutes later, she heard what sounded like laughter.

Getting up, she moved over to the living room window overlooking the front yard. The street was empty. The sun had gone down, but there was still enough light to scan the immediate area. She could not find the source of the noise, but as she looked at the neighbor's yard, she noticed three additional cars parked in the driveway and on the side of the street. I guess Arthur has guests over, she thought.

Arthur was the same age as Mandy's parents, and they had even gone to school together. They shared many of the same friends, so Mandy knew many of his regular visitors. Some of them were fellow teachers, and some worked with her mother.

They were being particularly loud this evening, but it did not really bother her. It sounded like they were in his backyard, and she decided to step outside and say hello. Perhaps they would even quiet down a little on their own if they knew she was home. Still wearing the tank top and shorts that she wore to the movie, she put on her sandals and stepped out the patio door.

Her backyard was not huge, but she walked unnoticed until she stepped up to the fence separating the yards. Standing on her tippy toes, she looked over. Sitting in the patio chairs, she saw Arthur and four other male figures. In the fading twilight, she recognized Douglas Matthews, her high school gym teacher, Garrett Richards, her high school principle, and two men, Paul and Ian, that worked at her mother's agency.

"Hi there, Mandy! Long time, no see." Paul was the first to notice her.

Mandy had known most of these men since she was young, and they greeted her happily as she looked over the fence. Soon, they were all asking her about what she was doing now.

She could tell from their slurred speech and from the number of empty bottles that they were clearly drinking.

"Mandy," Arthur said, "You should come over and join us for a while. These guys haven't seen you in ages, and you're old enough now to have a beer with the guys."

Mandy let out a small laugh, thinking he was joking.

"No really. You're all alone over there, right? Come on over for a while. It'll be fine." The other guys agreed.

"Umm..." she hesitated. "Yeah, I guess I might come over for a bit." Is this really a good idea when they're all drunk? For a moment, she thought about this group of older, intoxicated guys. She knew what they could be like when they were drinking. "But give me a few minutes," she continued. "I just got home, and I could really use a shower first."

"Yeah, sure. We'll either be out here or inside."

Mandy smiled and turned back towards the house. Once inside, she considered going back to her movie. They're all half-drunk and wouldn't even notice if I never went over. She paused in front of the stairs, biting her lip. Then again, it is a group of five older guys and I'm a young woman, she thought.

Mandy was not narcissistic, but she was not stupid either—she knew that men enjoyed her company, and her mother's coworkers had even flirted with her in the past. However, aside from Arthur, she had not seen her former teacher and principle since graduation.

It is kind of strange for them to see me now as a woman, finished high school. She had always been so quiet in her younger years. Always a straight 'A' student, she stayed out of trouble for the most part.

But now...

Mandy felt like she was floating as she moved up the stairs, towards her bedroom. She could still hear the guys through her open window as she entered the room. However, the night air went dead silent as reached down and grabbed her shirt, pulling it over her head and tossing it to the floor. I guess they can see me. So long as she stayed in the center her room, Arthur's backyard would offer a limited view from her waist up.

Still acting oblivious, she unbuttoned and unzipped her shorts, pushing them to the floor and kicking them aside. She felt numb and she could hardly breathe, standing in front of these men in her underwear. It was not one of her fancier sets, but her breasts always looked a full size larger crammed into the pink material. Although she knew that they could not see her matching thong, it still felt sexy to be so exposed.

Turning her back towards her hidden audience, she reached behind her back and unceremoniously unhooked the bra, letting it drop. It all had to look natural, like a woman quickly getting ready for a shower, unaware of the open window.

Taking a deep breath, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her thong and slid it over her thighs. Even if they could not see it, she exaggerated her movements to make it obvious what she was doing.

Naked, with her back to the window, she hesitated for a moment, realizing that she had no actual plan. She was only acting instinctively, and only now was she stopping to consider if this was a good idea.

Resigned to her fate, she turned, giving a brief glimpse of her breasts as she wheeled towards the door and proceeded to the washroom, out of sight.

Turning on the water, she had to stop and sit for a moment. Her hands and legs were shaking so hard that she thought she might faint. She had known most of those men since she was a child, and now she had just flashed them as casually as she had done for the boys' dormitory just a few weeks earlier.

Calming her nerves, she stepped under the water. I certainly can't go over there now, she thought. How could I possibly look them in the eyes?

She washed and shaved as quickly as possible, wishing desperately that she could sneak outside and hear what they were saying about her at this moment. Did they like what they saw? She had not even considered the possibility that these older men may not be interested in seeing their friends' and their neighbor's daughter undressed.

No, she decided. I have known these guys long enough to know better than that. They are quintessential dirty old men, making lewd comments and sexual jokes on a regular basis. They would not balk at the opportunity to see a naked young woman.

Within minutes, the water was off, and Mandy wrapped herself in a towel. She was not sure she could make the walk back to her room, but by now her body was accustomed to acting on its own. In a way, it made the whole experience easier to simply remove her own agency from the equation.

Back in the center of her room, the towel hit the floor, and for a few seconds, she stood with her side towards the window. It was not a clear view of her breasts, but she knew that they would certainly get an eyeful, including some quick glimpses of her large pink nipples.

Turning away from her audience, she stepped into another thong, red this time, and pulled it up. She wiggled her hips as she worked the undergarment into place.

Grabbing the same yellow tank top from before, she put it on, deciding to go braless this time. Eyeing the khaki shorts, she bit her lip, thinking. No, I can do better than that. Instead she took a blue skirt from her closet and stepped into it.

Looking at herself in the mirror, her nipples were subtly outlined in the material of her shirt, but she thought it looked like normal casualwear for the evening. The skirt fell only a few inches below her ass, much more appropriate for a nightclub than her neighbor's house. However, she liked the overall look, and considering the show they had hopefully just witnessed, she highly doubted that they would second guess her wardrobe.

Realizing that she had no pockets to put her phone, nor a bra to stuff it in, she carried it by hand.

Moments later, she was out in the backyard, but much to her surprise, as she peered over the fence, she found the neighbor's patio empty.

She hesitated, wondering if this was perhaps a second chance for her to turn back.

"Hey, Mandy! In here." The voice came from Arthur's kitchen window. There he stood, apparently waiting for her. "Come on in."

Slowly, she obliged. As she opened his patio door, she saw the group of men sitting around the kitchen table. They all greeted her again, though this time there seemed to be hesitation in their voices. As she pulled up a chair between Mr. Matthews and Mr. Richards, she casually peeked in the direction of the kitchen window.

Oh wow. The view of her bedroom window was pretty impressive from this angle. They might have seen a little more than I had anticipated.

Arthur offered Mandy a beer, and she graciously accepted, putting her phone down next to her glass. They immediately began catching up, her former teachers particularly interested in her university studies.

"A Bachelor of Science? That's great," Mr. Richards, her former principle announced. "I'm sure you're doing well. You were always an ace student, as I recall."

Mandy smiled. "Yeah, I'm doing alright." Admittedly, her grades had begun to slip a bit in the final weeks of the recent semester. With her focus elsewhere, the exam period had been particularly difficult for her. However, she did not plan to go into that right now.

Instead, she sipped at her beer, trying to read the minds of the men before her. They were all acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary, but something about their behavior was off. She caught Paul staring at her twice. Discreetly, she looked down at her chest and noticed her nipples poking against the fabric of her top. Oh god, this must be torture for them, she thought. They are all remembering what my tits look like.

After a second beer, Arthur reached into the cupboard and pulled out a bottle of Tequila, followed by six shot glasses.

The other guys let out playful groans.

"Oh shit," Ian said. "Arthur, if I come home piss drunk again tonight, Tiffany is going to kill you."

But despite their objections, they all took a glass.

Mandy hesitated. "Oh... ummm... I don't know. I probably shouldn't. Tequila never ends well for me."

"You don't have to. It's up to you. I still have lots of beer," Arthur offered. Mandy was genuinely surprised by his indifference. It was so refreshing to drink with older guys who seemed to have little to no interest in peer pressure.

"Yeah, if I'm drinking Tequila, the night is about to get out of control," she joked.

"Oh? I guess we wouldn't want that. I'd have to explain to your mother," Arthur replied with a smile.

"No, she's gone out for the night. I just don't want to embarrass myself or do anything stupid."

They all laughed and poured themselves a drink. Mandy watched them down it, followed by a second.

"So, wait a minute... " Paul said. "Mandy, you sound like you're talking from experience."

"I'd have a hard time believing that," Mr. Matthews, her former gym teacher chimed in. "You never seemed like the out of control type."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Arthur responded. "I seem to recall you and Sarah running around here like mad hares when you were young."

Mandy burst out laughing. "What?! We were like... seven! That doesn't count."

That seemed to diffuse the tension. As Arthur poured the next round of shots, she spoke up. "Actually, what the hell. One or two shots won't kill me. I've had worse." She thanked him as she took the glass, and after her previous reluctance, she now felt self-conscious as she drank. "Oh wow," she said, setting the glass down. "That is much smoother than the stuff I've had before."

"Yeah," Arthur replied, "It worth spending a bit extra for the good stuff. I can barely touch that cheap shit anymore." He seemed to stop for a moment, perhaps realizing that he had just swore in front of a former student. "... Anyway, I doubt you'll find much of this in a dorm room."

It was true. Mandy and her friends typically bought whatever was cheapest, and it was nice to drink something better. She happily accepted another shot.

Paul watched her closely as she took the second shot. "Well, there you go. I guess you'll be doing something crazy any moment now."

Mandy laughed. "Oh, just wait and see. I'm fine now, but I bet you'll find me in the morning asleep in the driveway."

The guys thought that was hilarious. After the third shot, Mandy was starting to feel the effects of the alcohol sneaking up on her. As she took her fourth shot, half of the liquid spilled onto her shirt.

"Oh, there it is," Ian joked. "Arthur, you went and got Evelyn's daughter drunk. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"No, I'm okay." She really was nowhere near drunk and drank far more than this on a regular basis. The spill was a genuine accident, unrelated to the alcohol.

They did not seem to believe her, and Mr. Matthews spoke up. "Maybe I'll get to see this 'out-of-control' Mandy, after all. I'm sure she'll be starting brawls in no time."

"I didn't mean that," she answered, despite his playful sarcasm. "I just mean that... well, never mind."

Now that really got their attention. "What, are you going to start dancing naked or something?" Paul asked. The other guys glared at him, seemingly unsure that the joke was appropriate. However, they all awkwardly laughed.

Mandy giggled. After all, as far as they were concerned, she was completely oblivious to what they had witnessed just a half hour earlier. "No, I think it would take more shots for me to do that!"

They all laughed, but Arthur quickly put another shot in front of her.

As they continued to joke, it became clear that the group really thought she was more drunk than she really was. "I'm starting to think that you made up this crazy, drunken version of you," Ian teased.

They are pretty much daring me to do something stupid, she realized. For now, she would continue to tease them. "No way, but I have to see you guys all again, and I don't need my parents hearing that I came over here and got drunk."

"Do you really think we would rat you out like that?" Arthur grinned.

"And besides, you're already drunk," Mr. Matthews added.

"Ha!" Mandy almost snorted. She was certainly starting to feel tipsy, but was still not that bad. However, she found it entertaining how they kept trying to convince her of her drunkenness. "Oh, you'll know when I'm drunk!"

"Oh?" That piqued their interest. "And how so?"

"Because I'll start telling you stuff that I would never talk about sober."

Paul took the bait. "Like what?"

She giggled. "I don't know... like sex and stuff I guess."

"Well, now you need to tell us something. You can't just leave us hanging like that."

"No way!" The combination of alcohol, adrenaline, and a captive male audience was a beginning to wear down her resistance. She was teasing them and loving every moment.

"Oh, come on." Arthur encouraged. "Tell us something that you wouldn't tell us sober. Our lips are sealed."

Mandy just smiled and shook her head.

Mr. Richards, who had been mostly silent during this exchange, finally spoke up. "You guys realize that she is just leading you on, right?" He looked her in the eye and smirked. "Maybe you do have a bit of a wild side, after all."

Mandy blushed. "Sometimes." She was not used to people seeing through her so easily. Am I that easy to read?

"Okay," Paul said, determined, "well, just tell us something and we will let it go."

She grinned widely. "Well... what do you want to know?"

"Something you would never tell us sober."

She was having so much fun. "You'll need to be more specific than that."

"Okay well..." He looked to the other guys as though he was seeking the courage to put a question out there on their behalf. "...Umm... what is the craziest thing you've ever done?"

She looked from Paul to Mr. Richards, and back again. It was a question she had expected, but she was not sure she could give the answer that she wanted. As she struggled to find the words, she could feel her face turning red. "Well... I don't know if I should tell you that."

The guys all voiced their disapproval and assured her that her secret was safe with them.

"Umm... I—" She stuttered, unusually nervous considering everything she had done recently. "I used to flash the neighbors at my dorm. I mean, I would pretend that it was an accident. I'd leave the curtains open and get changed as if I didn't know."

The guys looked to one another, but said nothing.

Mandy continued. "And I guess I probably did some crazier stuff than that, but I was pretty drunk."

Arthur poured another round of shots as Mr. Matthews finally spoke. "Wow... wish I could be your neighbor."

Mandy and Arthur looked at each other for a half second as they laughed. She took a drink and stared out the window towards her own bedroom window. "Well, accidents can happen I suppose."

"I guess that is true."

Mandy stood up and leaned over the table, towards the window. "I never realized how well you could see my room from here." As she leaned forward, she could feel her skirt lifting, coming ever closer to the lower contours of her ass.

"Careful there, Mandy," Arthur warned, light-heartedly. "Or Doug might take a look up your skirt."

Still leaning forward, she looked from Mr. Matthews to Arthur. "It's okay, I'm wearing panties." When I get home, I think I'll have to give them another show after all this teasing, she thought.

"Are you?" Mr. Matthew shamelessly leaned to the side to get a better vantage point. "It doesn't look like it."

"Yes!" She cried with a laugh. Mandy loved that they were no longer even trying to be discreet with their flirting. Once she was back in her room, she would need to up the ante. Would it be too much if I masturbated for them? Is there such thing as too much after everything that I've—

Just as she was about to sit down, she felt her skirt creeping up even farther. Startled, she turned her head to find Mr. Matthews holding the hem. She stared at him, dumbfounded.

"What? You said you were wearing panties. I just wanted to confirm." He pulled the back of the skirt up, so that it was at waist level. Her butt cheeks were now on display to the two men sitting beside her, the material of the thong nestled deeply between them.

Mandy squealed and knocked his hand away, flattening the skirt down into place. "There, are you happy now?!" She should have been mad, but she was not, and her voice sounded more amused than angry.

"Very."

Mandy quickly sat back down before he could think of pushing his luck again.

"So was she wearing any?" Paul asked. "We couldn't see over here."

"Not really," Mr. Matthew answered with a smirk.

"What?!" Mandy was confused. "Yes I was... I mean, yes I am. It's a thong."

"Well, it's your word against Doug's."

Ian spoke up, catching the direction that the conversation was going. "I guess you're going to have to prove it."

"What?! No way!" She could feel her nipples hardening beneath the thin material of her top. Oh shit, she thought as her body began to betray her. The alcohol was finally hitting her all at once. Beneath the bright kitchen lights, there was no way that they would not notice.

"Just a quick peek."

She hesitated, caught between the wants of her heart and her brain. They noticed her hesitation, and the other guys began to immediately cheer her on. So much for peer pressure, she thought. It suddenly dawned on her that perhaps she was drunk after all. It's not like I haven't already flashed them. Is this really that bad? Trying to feign cool indifference, she asked, "What do I get if I do?"

Ian laughed. "The satisfaction of proving Doug wrong."

The silence that followed lasted for only a few seconds, but Mandy felt the weight of it on her shoulders. We all want the same thing, she realized. I don't know why I'm even trying to fight it.

Pushing her chair back, she stood and turned. With her back to the audience, she reached behind and took the bottom of her skirt in both hands. Before giving herself a chance to rethink her actions, she lifted the skirt. Even with her back to them, she could feel all of their eyes on her mostly exposed ass.

"There, see? Underwear. Doug is just a liar," she said, proud of her victory. Dropping the skirt, she turned back towards the men. It felt strange to refer to her former teacher by his first name.

Ian spoke again. "I believe you, but they don't leave much to the imagination now, do they. What is the front like?"

Without a word, Doug grabbed the skirt a second time and lifted it entirely, exposing her from the waist down. This time, the men were treated to a view of her panty-clad crotch. Although the thong provided ample coverage in the front compared to the rear, it was still startling to have nothing but a thin layer of red lace between this group of men and her most private region.

Again, she squealed and knocked the skirt from his hands. Again, she knew that she should have been angry, but she could not hold back from a fit of giggling.

She needed to cool down. The warm night, the alcohol, and the excitement were starting to get to her, and the more that she perspired, the more her tank top would cling to her skin. "I'm going to the washroom," she announced. "You guys are getting way too hands-on." The words would have sounded condemning if not for the huge grin across her face.

"Do you want us to stop?" Paul asked.

Mandy did not answer, but merely looked back and stuck her tongue out at the group before exiting the kitchen into the living room. On her right was the stairs, and on her left was a small downstairs washroom.

Finally alone, she splashed some cold water on her face and took a quick pee. After taking a moment to catch her breath, she stared at the mirror and wondered if she could go back out there. They've seen a whole new side of you tonight, she told her reflection. How are you going to proceed from here?

Taking a deep breath, she slipped her hands under her skirt and took hold of her thong by the waistband. Slowly, she slipped it down her thighs until it passed her knees and dropped of its own accord.

Leaving it on the floor where it landed, she left the washroom and took her seat in the kitchen.

"Mandy," Paul said immediately as she sat, "we were having a debate while you were gone."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. You proved you're wearing panties. But you never mentioned a bra."

Holy fuck. Is this really happening? The words caught in her throat as she tried to speak. "I... I'm not."

"That's what I said," Paul answered enthusiastically. "Arthur didn't believe me". He waited a moment before moving on to his obvious next question. "Can you be a good sport and settle it for good?"

"I'm not wearing one," she repeated, sheepishly.

"Yeah, I know. But can you prove Arthur wrong for me? I'd really appreciate it."

She could not believe how forward these guys had become in the last hour. "How?" At the very least, I'm going to make him say it.

"Well, I guess the most definitive way would be to give us a quick look."

"So... lift my shirt?"

"I was actually going to suggest taking it off."

"No way! This is all you get." As she spoke, Mandy grabbed the bottom on her shirt with one hand. She slowly lifted it, revealing her toned midsection. Just as the shirt reached the bottom of her breasts, she stopped. The pale flesh of her young breasts peeked out from under the yellow material. With each breath, she could feel her globes pushing out from under their cover, trying to break free.

Within a split second, she brought her other arm up across her chest just as she gave the top a firm yank, spilling her ample chest. Looking down, her nipples were mostly covered, with her large pink areolas just barely protruding from the modest cover provided by the arm.

All eyes were locked on her, as every man in the room waited to see her next move. To their disappointment, she dropped the shirt and slipped it back over her body. "There. No bra."

"That doesn't count," Paul argued. "But that's okay. No need to do anything you don't want to do."

So now it's up to me, is it? "Alright, well in that case..." In a single gesture, she grabbed the shirt and gave it a lift, revealing her breasts for less than second before covering herself again. The guys let out a celebratory cry that reminded her of someone scoring a winning goal. It momentarily brought her back to her night in the boys' dormitory, with Kelly...

"Much better," Ian said, vocalizing the obvious consensus of the group.

"Good," Mandy said, trying to suppress her body's desires. "Now, let's talk about something other than my boobs."

"I don't know if I can," Mr. Matthews admitted with a laugh.

They tried for a short while, but sexual themes and jokes kept slipping back into the conversation. The guys were interested in hearing about more of Mandy's experience at university. She finally relented, telling the story of the toga party and losing her gown in front of the large crowd.

"That must have been scary," Mr. Richards responded, "being exposed in front of a bunch of horny college boys."

"A little, but it was all in good fun."

"I like your idea of fun," Ian said, looking her in the eyes with a smirk.

"Me too," she said, returning the gesture.

Her heart was pounding, and she was not sure how much longer she could tease them like this before she came from the thrill alone. Biting her lower lip, she stood and leaned over the table again, looking out towards the window. She leaned farther this time, resting her elbows on the surface.

"I guess I should probably go soon," she lied. "I think I might have left the TV on—"

With only a chuckle as warning, she felt the back of her skirt being pulled up again. "Oh shit," Mr. Matthews muttered, seeing her bare ass exposed this time.

"What is it?" The other guys asked, almost in unison.

Mr. Matthews and Mr. Richards grinned at one another and grabbed each side of the skirt, raising it. Mandy squealed again in response and pressed both hands across the front to hold it in place. They continued to playfully tug, lifting the back higher and putting more strain on the front. She worried that the material might rip, but she could only laugh as they wrestled.

Her ass was now fully exposed to the two men behind her, and she tried to lean forward to keep a tight grip on her garment. Trying to maintain her footing, she spread her stance wider and locked her elbows to her sides.

"Nice try, guys!" She bragged, as it finally seemed like they were easing their efforts. Suddenly, a hand slipped up between her thighs and came to rest over her bare crotch. Surprised, a gasp was the only sound she could muster.

She released the skirt and grabbed the invading hand. She intended to pull it away, but something stopped her. A realization sparked in the back of her mind. If you don't stop this, you are writing them a blank cheque to do as they please.

As she started to stand upright, another hand on her back held her steady. Her head raced with thoughts. Now is your last chance to say something. This is a line that you never even imagined crossing before—your parents' friends. It's degrading, this and opens you up to all kinds of collateral damage that you haven't even considered. Stop it now.

Mandy loosened her grip and placed her hands flat on the table. Spreading her legs wider apart, the hand now explored her unhindered. A finger immediately slipped between the folds of her aroused lips and into her moist cunt. She drew a sharp breath and pushed her hips back.

"Oh, fuck," Arthur exclaimed from across the table as he stared at his young neighbor.

Mandy looked up at him, but coherent words refused to escape her lips.

"I knew she was getting flirty," Paul said in awe, "but I had no idea she was so horny."

"Oh, you have no idea," Mr. Matthew announced from behind her. "She is dripping wet back here."

Well, at least I know whose hand is inside me now, she thought. His finger was now stretching her hungry opening and pushing deeper inside of her body.

Ian smiled at her but spoke to the remainder of the group. "Who would have thought Travis' little girl would turn out to be such a friendly young woman? I wonder who she picked that up from."

They were talking about her as if she was not even there. However, even if she had wanted to defend herself, her attention was focused on the force building between her legs. She put her weight on the table, afraid that her knees would give way.

Mr. Matthews responded to her body tensing up by curling his finger with each push. Mandy cried out as an orgasm came crashing through her. Her pussy tightened around the assaulting finger, trying to hold him in place as he pulled out.

"Well, it looks like she wants it pretty bad," Mr. Richards spoke behind her. "I can't say 'no' to a pussy like that."

Defeated, Mandy waited for the inevitable. A pair of hands grabbed her by the hips, and she readied herself. Already well lubricated, his cock entered her in a single thrust, with little resistance. She tried to hold her breath, but a groan escaped her as he began to slowly fuck her.

The other guys were still seated, watching this unfold. This is who I am to them now, she thought. It doesn't matter what ever happens after this. I could be a doctor... a successful CEO... or even a politician, but to these men, I will always be this girl, bent over a kitchen table, getting fucked by a man twice my age as his best friends watch. To these men, I will always be who I am tonight.

"Here..." He said. Mandy was pulled from the table as Mr. Richards sat in his chair. She followed, sitting back on his lap, facing towards the group. She could no longer bury her face in the table—she was now forced to stare back at her audience.

She needed no coaxing to begin lifting her body and pushing herself back into his. With each push, she could feel his cock driving farther inside her. With his left hand, he reached around and pulled up the front of her skirt. With her legs spread wide over his, her shaven pussy was now finally on display, wrapped around his cock, and she could no longer fake modesty.

Arthur quietly got up from the table and left the room. Mandy was starting to think that he had gone to relieve himself when he returned with a camcorder. Turning it on, he pointed it at the scene before him. "You don't mind, do you?"

Still unable to speak, she could only moan in short breaths as she shook her head no.

Mr. Richards' right hand slipped under her shirt and took a handful of her breast. He squeezed her and pinched her nipple between his finger and thumb, sending bolts of pleasure through her. Soon after, he lifted her shirt, spilling her large breasts out into view. There was no hiding them now, as his hands explored every inch of her exposed skin.

Mandy closed her eyes. She imagined she was back in her principal's office, shirt pushed up to her armpits, skirt bunched up around her waist, riding the principal at his desk. Mandy, the innocent, quiet girl that nobody second-guessed, was letting the schoolmaster use her body as he pleased.

She lifted her arms as Ian stepped forward and allowed her shirt to be removed. Now topless, she leaned back in Mr. Richards' lap, enjoying the sensation of her figure being groped by someone other than Alex and his friends. It always felt more thrilling for somebody to enjoy her body for the first time—even when she was offering herself like a complete slut, it made her feel like a goddess to be pawed and fondled with such reverence.

"Is he going to cum in her?" Arthur asked, recording the whole scene.

"You're fucking right I am," answered the voice behind her in between grunts. He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her down firmly. She could feel his cock pulsing as burst after burst of his seed erupted within her.

Once he was fully spent, she climbed off, somewhat unsteady from the combination of alcohol and adrenaline. Looking around the table at the other men, she knew she was far from finished here.

Ian and Paul were the next to step up, standing in front of her and behind her, respectively. She lost track of whose hand belonged to whom as they touched her body. They moved slowly, delicately, obviously still uncertain if their actions were appropriate.

Mandy decided to remove all doubt, wrapping her slender fingers around the bulge in Ian's pants. "I bet you've wanted this for a while now, haven't you?" She asked, unzipping him and taking his growing dick into her bare hands. She dropped to her knees and looked up at him with a grin. "I certainly have."

The last part was not necessarily true, but she was now in the middle of a performance, and she had a character to maintain.

"Mmmm," Ian moaned as she wrapped her mouth around him, lingering for a moment to let him savor the sensation.

Beside her, Paul was taking out his own cock, rubbing it until she took him in her free hand. This was not the first time she had pleasured two men at once. Only a few months ago, the thought of a threesome had been nothing more than an occasional guilty fantasy. Now it seemed like a common occurrence.

Stroking both men, she moved her mouth from one to the other, running her tongue around the head of each. She enjoyed giving head, as it gave her an opportunity to showcase her skill and sensuality. Nothing shows a man how horny you are like enthusiastically sucking his dick.

"Oh, man..." Ian whispered between breaths. After a few short minutes, his cum filled Mandy's mouth, and she swallowed it hungrily, pulling every last drop from him before turning her attention fully towards Paul.

Placing his hands on the back of her head, he pulled her rhythmically, fucking her face. He stared down at his conquest. "You grew up to be a nice little cocksucker, didn't you?"

"Mmmhmm," she answered as best as she could. She wrapped her fingers around his balls and gently caressed them as he quickened the pace.

"Here it comes," he announced, taking a handful of her hair and pulling her head back. His other hands wrapped around his dick and stroked it violently. Mandy opened her mouth wide and looked up at him. The first shot of cum formed a trail across her face, landing in her hair. The next two were directed at her forehead, and she could feel it running down her face as she caught the remaining drops in her mouth.

"Oh god, yes!" she exclaimed.

"Jesus Christ, Paul! Careful you don't get that shit all over my kitchen!" Arthur joked, causing the men to all laugh.

Barely able to open her eyes, Mandy felt a hand pull her back to her feet. She obliged, leaning forward over the table.

Another cock entered her pussy, pushing her body hard into the wooden surface. As she was fucked from behind, the semen on her face slowly trickled down towards her mouth. She was not even certain who was fucking her for several minutes, until she heard her former gym teacher's distinct voice. "Mandy, this isn't the first time I've seen you naked."

"Mmm?" She could not speak, only whimper as he thrusted himself into her. She assumed he was referring to the window, only an hour ago.

"That's right," he continued, slowing his pace. "Last year, when you were trying out for the swim team. You were the last one out of the pool to go get showered. I made sure everyone else was gone, and I snuck in around the corner. It was just you and that friend of yours... what's her name?"

"Sarah..." Mandy answered, shocked. She wanted to be angry, but she was too lost in the moment to feel anything but lust.

"Yeah, Sarah." His pace seemed to quicken at the sound of her name. "You two girls were the only ones left. You were both in the shower, and you didn't hear me, so I watched for a good thirty seconds. Fuck, if I had known what type of girl you are, I would have fucked you right then and there."

What type of girl I am...

Mandy tried to remember the day in particular. She tried to remember a time that it was just her and Sarah in the shower. I would have been so much more innocent then. I would have freaked out if I knew that Mr. Matthews was watching. But now...

The thought of him hiding in the shadows, watching her and Sarah wash their naked, eighteen-year old bodies drove her crazy with passion. She pushed her body back to meet his thrusts. "I knew you were there," she lied.

"Oh yeah? And you just let me watch?"

"Mmmhmm. Did you enjoy it?"

She jumped as she felt his finger tracing the crevice of her butt crack. It slid between her cheeks and circled her sphincter. The tickling sensation sent shivers through her body. "Of course. Did Sarah know too?"

Mandy gasped as the finger pushed gently, stretching the tight opening and entering her. She had done anal sex twice before, but never had anyone put something in her ass while her pussy was getting fucked. The additional stimulation was almost more than she could handle. She never wanted this moment to end, and her role play only pushed her further. "Yes..."

"Nice... Do you girls ever fool around?"

"Mmmhmm." It was bending the truth, but Mandy was in another world now, blurring the line between fantasy and reality. Both she and Mr. Matthews wanted the same thing, and she was willing to do anything to achieve it.

The other guys made some comments about her revelation, but she could not hear them—she was focused on the cock buried within her. Mr. Matthews pulled himself from her pussy and removed his finger, leaving Mandy whimpering for more. "Turn around," he instructed.

As she turned to face him, he pulled her skirt down over her hips, dropping it to the floor. He pushed her back onto the table and grabbed each of her ankles, spreading her legs wide. Completely open and defenceless, he pressed the head of his dick against her ass. His finger had helped to loosen her up, but she still winced as he forced his manhood into her tight hole.

It took a few seconds for the discomfort to pass, and waves of pleasure shot through her body with each thrust. She moaned loudly. This is so dirty. My former gym teacher, who is apparently a creepy voyeur, is fucking me in the ass. I am giving them everything... everything that they want.

However, there was still one thing that she had left to offer. Lying prone, she reached her arm back behind her head, fishing blindly. Finding the phone by touch, she unlocked it and opened up her picture gallery.

Staring back at her was every erotic photo she had taken over the past two months. Everything, including the ones from her camera, were conveniently stored in one folder. On rare occasions, she had opened them on the bus or waiting in line, secretly hoping that somebody would notice them over her shoulder. Now, they were entirely at her disposal.

Saying nothing, she offered the phone to the man inside her. Confused, he accepted, staring dumbfounded at the screen. His eyes shot wide as he realized what he was looking at.

"What is it?" Paul asked.

"It's her and Sarah... naked."

The guys explored her photos diligently while Mr. Matthews continued to fuck Mandy with increased energy. They even snapped several more photos of her sprawled on her back, legs spread wide with a dick in her ass.

She came twice more before she could finally feel him tensing inside of her. Finally, he came, filling her last opening with his cum as he ogled her best friend's body on Mandy's phone.

Exhausted and unable to move, Mandy watched as Mr. Matthews pulled out and her neighbor stepped between her legs and looked over his prize. Here I am, she thought. All yours at last.

He wasted no time with foreplay, and Mandy moaned as he entered her tender womanhood. This was a man that she had known and trusted as long as she could remember. When they were younger, she and Sarah would joke about how handsome he was, and when they first learned about sex, they had childishly dared one another to sleep with him.

She was his friends' daughter, and now she was naked on his kitchen table, being served to him for his every want and desire.

Her body bounced with each powerful thrust, and her breasts sprang wildly. She took her nipples between her forefingers and thumbs, twisting them softly, wanting him to watch her debase herself. I'm not sure if I can possibly debase myself any more than this. My face and thighs are dripping with semen.

Two of the other guys disappeared into the next room with Mandy's phone, but she barely took notice. Probably copying my gallery onto Arthur's computer, she figured. It's not like I could stop them if I wanted to.

Arthur placed her ankles on his shoulders, allowing him deeper entry into her enraptured body. She arched her back and let out a cry as she climaxed once again. Thank god mom isn't home.

Her muscles tightened around Arthur's cock, and he grabbed her hips. He pulled her body firmly against his, and she could feel his warm cum coating her womb.

Exhaling, she waited for him to finish. Quietly, she lowered herself from the table and picked up her clothes. For the first time since all of this started, Mandy felt awkward and somewhat ashamed, getting dressed in silence while the men watched.

"Leaving already?" Paul asked, stepping back into the room and placing her phone on the table.

"Yeah..." She said meekly, staring at the floor in nothing but her socks and skirt. "I should go home and get another shower."

"Just stay a bit longer," he assured her, putting an arm around her shoulder. "Arthur's got a perfectly good shower here, don't you Art?"

Slowly, Mandy followed into the living room and towards the stairs. She felt her skirt being lowered to the ground as she approached the top. Leaving it behind, she stepped obediently into the bedroom. "...Maybe just a little longer."