**A Very Naked Interview**

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And there I was, wondering how I had ended up sitting completely naked between two fully clothed men, with a camera pointed straight at me. My cheeks burning red, and that place between my legs on fire. At the time I was covering myself, shielding my most intimate parts from view.

"Okay, is everybody ready?" The interviewer had said.

The man on my left, Mark leaned over and whispered into my ear, "You need to stop covering yourself and act natural now." He said, before leaning back and smiling.

Slowly, I uncovered myself to the room. My b-cup breasts bobbled slightly as I revealed them. I placed both hands on my lap, acting natural, but retaining what little dignity I could by shielding my kitty from view.

"Okay, three, two..." The man pointed a finger and the interviewer started.

"Hello, I'm John Richards and I'm here with Tom, Mark, and the very lovely and naked Sarah." He began, talking directly to the camera, before turning his attention to us. "So, Tom, mind explaining to us just why Sarah is sitting here naked with us?"

"Certainly," Tom began, "today Sarah is trying her hand at public exhibitionism."

"And Sarah, is this your first time?" The interview asked, pointing his mic toward me.

My mouth was dry, and my heart was racing, "Yes." I managed to muster.

"Well you seem pretty relaxed considering that this is your first time naked in public. How do you feel?" He asked.

How do I feel? I feel ashamed. I feel embarrassed. I feel completely humiliated. I've practically been forced into this. I don't even want to be here. Before I could come up with a real answer though, Mark interjected.

"I'm sure you know how she feels John." Mark said beaming, "And I'm sure you would much prefer her to show you how she feels, I mean just look at those headlights." He said, motioning my small pink nipples which were standing at full attention, out there for all to see. I almost heard the camera as it zoomed in on them.

"I'm sure everybody would love to see how she feels." John said with a large smile, "Wouldn't you?" He asked the camera.

"Well I'm sure Sarah would be more than happy to show you how she feels, wouldn't you Sarah?" Tom replied.

"Yes Sarah, why don't you show us just how wet you are down there." Mark said, grinning smugly.

No matter how embarrassed I was, how ashamed, how humiliated, I couldn't deny how my body was betraying me. I was still burning down there. A silence took the room, as everybody awaited my big reveal. I resigned and moved my hands away, and without going through the embarrassment of being asked to open wider, or anything, I spread my legs as wide as I could. Until each leg hung over each side of the chair. My kitty was gaping, dripping my juices onto the chair beaneath, I could feel each drop, as the cool air from the room caressed my now very exposed intimate parts. Again I could almost hear the camera zoom in as I opened my legs, I could only imagine the footage the crew were getting, the sight that the viewers at home would eventually get once the footage aired.

Without even being asked, I put my hands on each side of my kitty and pulled it apart, revealing any last little details that were being hidden within. I knew I was wet, but didn't realise just how wet. I could barely get a proper grip at first, my fingers slid across my skin, heavily lubricated. At first, one of my fingers brushed lightly across my now exposed clitoris, and I almost came right there. I let out a quick gasp, and immediately wondered if the camera had caught it.

"See, I told you she would be more than happy to show you." Mark said, after a short pause to admire the view I was giving.

"Well Sarah, you certainly seem to be enjoying yourself." The interview said, trying to remain calm and collected under the circumstances.

I just smiled awkwardly, still holding myself open.

"Would you like a shot from the back John?" Tom asked, "Sarah would be more than happy to oblige."

Does Sarah have any say in this? I thought. Without even waiting for John's reply though, already knowing his answer, I let go of my kitty and stood up. I turned around, letting the camera see the last of my intimate parts. I then proceeded to bend over and lean on the chair, I opened my legs just a little bit. I then opened them wide and leaned down as far as I could, I couldn't stop myself though from reaching back and running a finger down my exposed kitty from behind. I now had no dignity left, there was no more to save, therefore I now had nothing to lose. This footage would forever be out there, readily available at any time.

I turned around and sat back down.

"Thank you Sarah, I'm sure everybody enjoyed that at home, I know I did." The interviewer said smiling.

"Well, thank you all for watching, I very big thank you to Mark, Tom, and of course the very beautiful, very naked Sarah..."

As the interviewer was finishing up, I couldn't stand it anymore, my kitty was burning, begging to be touched, begging for some relief. It had now become slightly red and swollen, thanks to my very intimate display before. As I sat there, I fought against the urge, just a few more minutes and I could relieve myself in private. Of course, things don't always go as planned. I hadn't realised until Mark had happily announced to me and Tom after the interview was over, but I had been subconsciously gyrating slightly against the chair I was on. Which of course didn't help the heavy state of arousal I was in. Just before the interview was officially over, while the cameras were still rolling I might add, I reached the peak. I could no longer hold it, I was about to orgasm. I was about to cum in front of everybody in the room, and god knows how many people at home.

Realising this, I could do nothing more than just let it happen. Instead though, I couldn't stop myself from reaching down with my right hand, and reaching up with my left. While my left hand vigorously caressed each of my breasts, pulling and tweaking each of my nipples. My right hand pumped away at my kitty, and I thrusted my hips forward against my fingers. The room was silent during this act, the interviewer had been quieted. I quickly reached the biggest climax I had ever experienced. My body bucked wildly, my breasts bounced uncontrollably, and I screamed. I closed my eyes and I screamed, i shouted, and gasped for air as the orgasm washed over me. Eventually I opened my eyes, as I lay in my chair, my legs were like jelly. My chest was coated with droplets of sweat, my legs were spread open wide, my kitty was red and swollen, still dripping, and my breasts were heaving in time with my chest as I took deep breaths. My eyes locked with the camera lens, and my face flushed a deep crimson, which spread to my chest.

"I'm John Richards, and that is how you end an interview, keep it locked on this channel. Goodnight."

And with that the interview was over.