**Berlin**

by**[CliteroticMags](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3545077&page=submissions)**©

My name's Magsie and, with the help of my boyfriend I'm going to tell you about one of my best adventures ever. Even though it happened a while ago, remembering it still inflames my very core.  
  
I'd settled down by myself in front of the telly one night when I was on my own and had idly started to watch a documentary about the Berlin Love Parade, because everything else seemed to be to do with football. Gradually, however, I began to get absorbed and, at the first commercial break, I started to record it. I was amazed to see masses of people walking about in public, some of them with virtually no clothes on, some in some quite elaborate fancy dress, but what appealed to me was the natural and relaxed way they were all exhibiting their sexuality.  
  
The filming was peppered with several interviews and it was obvious that all those taking part were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Indeed, one couple seemed to be getting rather aroused as the woman sat on a high stool with her husband standing by her side. The little waistcoat the wife was wearing kept parting to let her nipples peep out. Her husband was stroking her legs as they talked to the interviewer and her mini-skirt had ridden high enough up her thighs to show the bare skin above her stocking tops. She quite frankly told the interviewer that she was getting very sexually aroused and loved the idea of being watched by all the people who would see the programme. As her husband's hands stroked her stockings, her knees began to part and the camera got glimpses of her pussy. He said that he was very proud of her and relished the idea that other people found her sexy. She seemed to be having trouble breathing as she spoke.  
  
The film moved to another couple of women, one of whom was leading the other on a collar and lead. All the one being led had on was a little gauzy mini skirt and she was clearly enjoying the occasional swish of a switch across her backside which was making her whole upper body quiver with pleasure. She confessed to the camera that she loved being told what to do and that she would obey her mistress absolutely. She was standing meekly in front of her mistress as she said this and you could quite obviously discern the outline of her pussy and her very pert and erect naked titties.  
  
I had started, almost sub-consciously, to loosen the silk bathrobe I was wearing and had begun to fantasise that I was there with my boyfriend as my hands started to caress my breasts and play with my nipples. How wonderful to be there and experience the real thing, I thought. Then I got a nice surprise -- at the end of the programme I suddenly realized that it was a review of the last year's parade and that the current parade was in about 4 week's time.  
  
I sat there playing with myself, imagining how I would feel to be so daring in public in front of so many people and I must admit that recently I'd begun to dress much more sexily when going out as these fantasies grew on me. Now, however, the robe fell apart and it was in this state of high arousal that my boyfriend found me when he came in.  
  
I jumped up and gave him a big kiss, then got him a G&T and said 'come and sit down and watch a programme I've just recorded as I think you will like it' I deliberately sat opposite him so I could unobtrusively watch his expression. I was feeling so horny and the fact that I was stark naked under the robe was keeping me acutely aware of my stalky nipples and clitty.  
  
I could tell that he was enjoying the programme, in fact he was almost salivating. He said more than once or twice how much he'd have liked to have been there. This was more than I was hoping for and I prayed that he'd not miss the fact that we could still probably get to this year's show, if we really wanted to. I shyly confessed to him that I'd had fantasies about trying this sort of public exhibitionism for ages as I started to caress myself again. I'd been at the brink for so long that the instant my finger tips found my clitty I felt several climaxes and my pussy became wetter than I'd ever known it before.  
  
He looked dunbfounded as I groaned involuntarily with lust and I heard him exclaim 'look, it all starts again in about a month. How would you like to go? I'm owed a week's holiday and what better way to use it.'  
  
'Oh yes' I gasped 'please let's do it' and I frigged myself remorselessly in front of him to yet another shattering peak.  
  
Next day we fixed up a flight and 3 night's accommodation as easy as winking and then I turned my thoughts to what I'd wear at the parade. My boyfriend suggested that I should select items that could be removed easily, one by one. We eventually settled on a very light cropped cardigan with a semi see-through bikini top, a hipster mini-skirt which was buttoned up the front, some tiny, wispy transparent panties that were more a wish than a promise, a large red bead necklace and my strappy red leather shoes (my tart's trotters as HE calls them).  
  
I could hardly wait for the Friday night to arrive on which we were due to fly out. I'd put on a silky blouse and a mauve skirt with just a light bomber jacket. I'd been made to refrain from any sort of sexual activity for nearly 10 days and I was feeling unbelievably frisky. On the plane, I grabbed the window seat, leaving my boyfriend the outer seat by the gangway.   
  
I slipped my jacket off as the plane taxied towards the runway and then the engines revved up -- but I was so revved up myself that I was already flying. Before any time at all the light came on to unfasten our seat belts. I snuggled down in the corner and chatted to my boyfriend about how excited I was, reaching for his hand and placing it on my thigh so he could feel me all a-quiver. I could tell I was getting very hot and sticky and could also feel the lovely sensuous silk of my blouse as I wriggled in my seat.  
  
But I needed a pee, so I worked my way up to the front where the toilet was and after I had relieved myself had a look in the mirror. I could see the shape of my stalky nipples so I undid a button on my blouse to reveal a bit more cleavage, then I turned my attention to the skirt. With the blouse not tucked in, I could turn down the waistband of the skirt several times over as it was very light silk, until the hem had risen well over half way up my thighs. I'd had to undo the top fastening at the waist and that enabled me to sit the skirt daringly low on my hips, but I thought it was just OK.   
  
Feeling more than slightly flushed and extremely randy I made my way back down the aisle and was flattered by the admiring glances I got as I passed along. I reached my seat and as I sat down, I surreptitiously undid another two buttons on the blouse as my bare bum made contact with the seat's fabric.  
  
My boyfriend gave me a broad grin. 'Why don't you practice for the parade by playing with yourself a bit?'   
  
He knows me too well and, anyway, I needed no further encouragement. The man on the other side of the gangway seemed to be staring intently past his wife out of the window on the opposite side of the plane, which was a bit odd as it was pitch black. Then my heart thumped as I realized that he was using the window as a mirror to watch me. A thrill ran right through me and I decided to get more daring as my hands began to explore even more for my captive audience. I'm pretty sure my boyfriend was blissfully unaware of this development and that made it even more thrilling and naughty.  
  
I undid the bottom of the blouse and pushed the skirt right down, then slipped my fingertips under the waistband's edge. You could still see most of my hand as I found the hood to my clitty which was throbbing beyond belief. That's how low the skirt now was.  
  
All the time I kept chatting to my boyfriend as if nothing was happening but I was probably talking gibberish. I knew the old chap was transfixed as I had a series of mini climaxes. I began to wonder how I was going to control the desire for a real wank, when the captain announced that we were 15 minutes from touchdown and would we please fasten up again. We may have been going for touchdown but I was still hanging at 30,000 feet and I only just managed to adjust my clothes before the stewardess came round to check the seat belts.   
  
We landed safely. With my feet firmly on the ground although my legs felt like jelly we went swiftly through customs and found a bus into town. I kept having to pinch myself as I repeatedly silently asked 'am I really going to do this?'   
  
It was quite warm and early so, before we checked into the hotel, we had a lovely evening stroll and were able to sit out and watch the world go by from a table at the front of a delightful little café as we caught up on some food. I must say I needed to catch my breath and my equilibrium as well as the food.  
  
We'd decided that on the first of our three days we'd suss out what was happening to get an idea of what went on. After a lazy breakfast we ventured out with me wearing a backless summer dress that hardly felt there. We soon got the impression that the next day was really the main one, being a Saturday, so we contented ourselves with a bit of sightseeing, some more eating out and a lot of touchy feely play -- most of it very public. Everyone seemed in festival mood and I felt very naughty. The dress I'd donned with a light, loose fit made me feel extremely sexy and it was once again making my nipples extra stalky. To make matters worse, my boyfriend couldn't seem to keep one hand off them while he caressed my bare back with the other.   
  
We met one couple who explained that they were old hands and that the next day would really be like an informal carnival where you could do whatever turned you on -- and -- with NO recriminations. That made me very excited and my randiness factor multiplied several times.  
  
The next day really did turn out bright, clear and sunny, with a promise of early summer warmth. I donned my bikini top, cardi, see through panties, skirt, shoes and the beads and we were off to find the start of the parade by about 1030. Everybody was greeting each other and quite a lot of the crowd were taking photos. Several men wanted me to pause while they snapped me, which was very flattering and I asked if I could undo my cardi.   
  
'Yes, of course' said my boyfriend, with a massive grin. The he added 'Why don't you let it start to slide off your shoulders?'   
  
I did and I began to feel increasingly wicked. The skirt hardly fitted on my hips -- it was less than 12" from waist to hem just skimming over my mound. The sun was beginning to feel quite warm and I took the cardi off and put it in the carrier my boyfriend had brought. My breasts were almost popping out of the top (almost as far as his eyeballs. His face was priceless).   
  
As we strolled I held on loosely to my fella's wrist so his hand kept brushing my thigh. I kept making him stop to kiss me and he could tell how much I was enjoying myself as I got more and more passionate. The orgasm embargo was having the desired effect and my body felt as taut as a piano string. The crowds would clap and shout as we kissed and I kept whispering to him how much I wanted him and how close I was to climaxing. In fact I begged him constantly for some release.  
  
'If you're really feeling abandoned' he replied 'why don't you play with your breasts for me? I'm sure all those cameramen would appreciate it too and I'd be so proud of you.'   
  
I started to stroke them through the bikini material and, glancing down, could see my nipples making a bid for freedom. Suddenly, I went goose pimply all over as I realized he was gently tugging at the bows across my back and at my neck. He let the ties stay in place half undone and the top became very loose indeed as I sauntered along.   
  
'I'm going to be exposed' I gasped.   
  
Before I could catch my breath I heard him say 'God, you are gorgeous' and he plucked the top right off me.   
  
I felt an intense rush of wetness between my legs. The only saving grace was that there were already some others who were flashing their boobs. It was so intoxicating to walk along, so openly for the first time, completely naked from the waist up. I flounced along exaggerating the sway of my hips and really flaunted myself at anyone who wanted me to pose for them even as I implored him to touch my boobies whilst he kissed my neck and shoulders.   
  
After a little while longer he asked me if I'd like to take the skirt off as well. By now I was feeling so drunk with the lustful atmosphere that I did so with no hesitation giving everybody a twirl as he added it to the contents of our bag.  
  
Several guys came forward with cameras and asked if he would let me be snapped with them so he asked me if I would be willing. I confessed I'd really love to if it would make him even more proud of me. After I'd stood side by side with two or three of them I had a sudden urge to become very bold, putting my arm round the next one, then, with a giggle, inviting him to cup my boob in his hand for his mate's camera. Being touched in public by complete strangers was beyond my wildest fantasies and soon a growing group had gathered round who all wanted a turn. It was all rather polite but I felt so horny and fortunate to have such a generous boyfriend. I wished it could go on and on and I must also confess I had begun to wish they would start touching some other very throbby parts of me but we moved on down the street.  
  
In a bit, we came across several street cafes and picked one to stop at for a much needed cooling glass of wine. I so wanted something to slow me down but, in the event, I drank the wine rather too fast and almost immediately another one appeared.  
  
I could sense the added glow of the alcohol and when another full glass materialized we twigged that they were being given to us by the proprietor because of all our followers who were now propping up the bar too. By the time I'd drained my fourth glass I was feeling quite tipsy but in such a good mood and so uninhibited that I went up and kissed the owner lightly on the cheek, trembling all over as my boobs brushed against his shirt.   
  
My boyfriend got him to stand behind me with his hands on the front of my hips as he took several photos for the album. I put my hands over this guy's and I was severely tempted to draw them together over my pussy as his erection nestled hotly in my bum crack. Feeling even more sexy and wanton, I held out my hand and led my fella back to re-join the parade.   
  
Having been so excited by the effect it had had on me, I was now longing to be touched up again and I started playing with my teats, telling my boyfriend all the things I'd like to be done to me while he watched.   
  
'Why don't you ease your panties down a bit?' he suggested as he caught me rubbing my hand over my mound. I slipped both fingers in under the elastic and pushed a bit.   
  
'Like this?' I asked, holding the panties away from my pussy so I could see it in the gap.   
  
As I did this, I felt his hand sliding my panties off my bottom and I shivered yet again with delight. 'please play with my breasts as we walk' I begged. I got such a rush as he put his hand round me and began to caress me. Glancing down, I could see the tip of the trim little Mohican haircut I'd given my pussy peeping out from my panties. I was enjoying this all so much but my boyfriend wanted a pee so we stopped at the next café/bar and off he went while I settled outside.  
  
The sun was lovely and warm and a number of other girls in the parade were beginning to shed most of their clothes too. I watched them go past as I sipped an iced drink a waiter had brought. When my b/f returned he sat down opposite me and started urging me to play more blatantly with myself.   
  
As my fingertips traced over my gossamer panties in the warm sunshine, I began to get very worked up indeed. I held his gaze and basked in the way I was turning him on too. 'Don't forget your pussy' he grinned. Sitting there in full view of the customers and the parade how could I, I thought and my hands started to explore under the edge of the skimpy covering. His eyes were glinting with lust and he licked his lips as I eased them down a bit more and began to stroke myself gently.  
  
In a little while just as I felt a wave of pleasure begin to take over my senses he said 'Would you like to get rid of them completely and just tie the necklace round your waist?'   
  
My heart thumped with excitement at the thought. 'Oh, yes please' I implored 'I'd love to'.   
  
With that he leant forward and helped me do up the necklace around my hips. It was long enough for a double length to dangle down the front over my swollen labia.   
  
Then he barked 'raise your hips' and quick as a flash (ha ha) he'd whipped my knickers right off and I was left with the beads falling down the line of my engorged slit.   
  
I opened my knees a few inches and the beads bumped tantalizingly against my pussy. I don't know which was more red -- the beads or what they were rubbing.   
  
'Watch me' I groaned as I rubbed the beads on my clitty.   
  
My hips began to move as I pressed a little harder. I smiled at a couple of guys walking past and they waved back.   
  
I couldn't stop. 'I need to come' I gasped 'please may I come?'   
  
But he said 'Not yet' as he finished his wine, raised me to my feet as he took my hand and led me back to the roadway once more. The beads swaying between my legs were producing ever increasing marvelous feelings of lust and my clitty was aching beyond belief to be touched, rubbed and squeezed. I posed for several people with cameras as my b/f guided my hand onto my honey pot.   
  
Then a chap with a video camera started walking alongside us. My b/f stepped back a pace, then opened his arms towards me as if to say be our guest  
  
I turned to hold onto my b/f's wrist whilst I ran my free hand through my hair, toyed with my neck, then ran my hands over my breasts.   
  
'Go for it' he said.   
  
I slowed right down so he could walk backwards in front of us whilst filming. This was such a massive turn on. The beads were still swinging between my thighs and I was swaying my hips to accentuate their effect as I acted the slutty vamp. I let my hand descend over my stomach and into my groin area. I smiled at my boyfriend. My pussy felt drenched.   
  
'I never imagined how much doing this in public would turn me on' I confessed. The finger-pads of my free hand were tracing lightly over my mound, mingling with the beads. I touched, then pressed, them onto my clitty.  
  
An orgasm exploded through me without warning and I almost stumbled to a halt whilst it surged all over my trembling body. I told my boyfriend what had just happened and his look of concern turned into a lovely kiss which sent a little aftershock through me again.   
  
'I really am so proud of you today' he confided, 'you really are blossoming as my sexy lady.'   
  
I was thrilled. My pussy felt so wet and swollen and I began to stroke my neck again, working down over my body. The video man came over and asked me if I'd touch myself between the legs some more as he hadn't been prepared for what had just happened. I asked him what he meant.   
  
'Why don't you start very slowly and tease the camera while you snuggle up to your boyfriend?' he suggested.   
  
We both sort of nodded and he got in position some yards ahead of us, giving us a quick thumbs-up. I gave my clitty a surreptitious little squeeze and my fingers came away soaked.  
  
Looking straight at the camera, I licked and sucked them very suggestively, then rubbed the moisture over my stalky nipples. I could feel the beads even more now as my love lips and clit were so engorged and the anticipation of my next wank was making me tingle and tremble all over. I reached down and teased my mound, wetting my lips with my tongue as I gave my b/f a friendly nip on his ear lobe.   
  
Then I turned my attention back to the camera. My fingertips touched my clitty and withdrew. I gave my b/f another little hug and rubbed my boobies on his arm, pushing my pussy against the back of his hand as I held onto his wrist. Then, moving away from him, I turned towards the camera, arched my back and pressed the beads against my clit.

I glanced round and saw that a whole group of people were following us and I nervously returned their smiles. Women as well as men!

**Berlin Pt. 02**

*BERLIN The flashing gets bolder*  
I'm at the Love Parade in Berlin. Part 1 of this story was all about getting me there; I'm now making sure I've arrived in style!  
  
My hand was now rubbing my clitty quite vigorously and I could feel my swollen love lips respond. I sank two fingers into my pussy and felt the walls of my vagina gripping hold of them. Rubbing the wetness I'd released all over my little man I started to ramp up the action. I tried to pace myself but that didn't stop three massive orgasms in quick succession. I wondered if the crowd knew what was happening but I was sure the guy with the video would.   
  
'I can't carry on anymore' I panted 'because I need you to fuck me so much.'   
  
My boyfriend hugged me, then guided me through the crowds, holding me up on legs that would hardly support me as I continued to masturbate frantically. I was crying with frustration as he stopped at the edge of the road and helped me slip on my top and skirt (he wouldn't give me back my panties).   
  
As I stood there still catching my breath the video guy came up to thank us. 'If you'd give me an address, I'll send you a full copy of everything I shot in a week or two' he said 'that was the most exciting thing I've ever filmed - you are a natural and the camera loves you too. I will definitely enjoy looking at it whenever I feel a bit down, but it will only be for my own use. I'm just an amateur and a bit of a voyeur, so I hope you like the results when you get them.'  
  
We found our way quite quickly somehow back to our hotel and after a shower had a much needed meal in the bistro then I asked if we could go back to our room. It had quite a large balcony which overlooked the street. My b/f lay down on the sun lounger and I sat astride him. As we chatted about the day's events and each new experience I started to get very wet again. So did he ha ha as he still refused to give me back my panties.   
  
I unzipped his trousers like the sex maniac that he'd released in me and grabbed his cock and slid it right up my hungry cunt. I could see the crowds still milling about through the balcony railings and this just increased my excitement. I also found I could control how far he penetrated me and began to ride him harder and harder. That triggered a series of massive orgasms in me that lasted for ages and ages until I fell exhausted and contented across his chest. I must have fallen asleep as I lay there because I vaguely felt him lift me inside and into bed. I cuddled against him as he stroked me tenderly and I drifted into a deep sleep, feeling all warm and secure.  
  
We still watch the video film from time to time and guess what we do then.  
  
Next day, being Sunday, we had a bit of a lie in. As I sprawled on the bed, I could feel the warmth of the sunlight streaming in through the balcony French window. I moved the sheet from me and, as I stretched spread-eagled on top of the covers, my b/f's head popped round the corner of the window frame. 'I thought I heard you move at last; breakfast is served ma'am.'   
  
I slipped on a short silky robe and joined him on the balcony where he's somehow got orange juice, croissants, cereals, bacon, fresh coffee and a big bunch of flowers all out there without waking me.  
  
We lingered over breakfast, discussing what we'd do for the rest of the day. 'Why don't we spend the rest of the morning here, have an early lunch and then go to the park where I've been told they have all sorts of activities - it's still all part of the Love Festival and is supposed to be even more than yesterday - according to the hotel porter.'   
  
I shivered and went all goose pimply, remembering how naughty I'd been. 'And I've found a leaflet of a multi-plex cinema that's showing all sorts of erotic films' I responded 'could we go and try that as well?'  
  
That all seemed settled so as we'd finished eating, I asked him if he'd like me to give him a shower. I get very turned on being his servant girl. I just love washing him and then kissing everywhere til his cum spurts all over my face and body. I let the robe fall open as he watched me. I could hear the movement of people and vehicles in the street below and shifted my seat closer to the railings so I could look down as I touched myself. What a change has come over me I thought. I'd never have been this daring just 48 hours ago. It felt so good it was making me writhe with joy. I half closed my eyes, squinting at the cars going back and forth so I hadn't noticed him go and fetch my special clitty vibrator til he touched my thigh.  
  
When I saw it, I was very naughty and held my pussy open, imploring him to turn it on and put the tip on my soaking little man. 'This is what team work's all about' I panted. 'You make me such a wicked Magsie - it's glorious' I gasped. He slipped a finger into my pussy and then rubbed my juices all round the rim of my other hole. It felt exquisite, as he probed it, then gently entered it til he had one finger sunk deep into each entrance. Entrance? More like entranced I'd say. The hot sun, the noise of the people, the gentle breeze and double digits - I was in heaven.   
  
I teased my throbbing love button with the end of the vibro and felt my pussy and arse squeeze his fingers. I could hardly hold onto my toy it was so slippery with my cum. I was so fired up I told him I'd do anything he ever asked me to as I squirted all over his hand and dripped onto the deck of the balcony. I had a desperate urge to find his cock so I could kiss and suck it. I held it with both hands, staggered to my feet and led him to the shower. He leant against the wall with the water streaming down his body as I knelt before him and kissed and sucked him til I felt him begin to jerk.   
  
I held my mouth open and his lovely great spurts of juice splashed all over my lips and tongue as I devoured it greedily. It was the first time I'd ever swallowed it and I didn't want to waste any of him at all, I wanted it all for myself. Oh how I adore that man. I licked him clean then washed him all over and dried him gently as he did the same for me. It was a beautifully tender moment.  
  
We donned a few clothes and went and had some lunch before returning to our room so I could choose an outfit for the afternoon. As he was riffling through his suitcase I spotted a shirt of his I love to wear. It's blue cotton voile, so it's semi see-through and has a plain hem with slits up the sides over the hips so that, on me, it looks like a naughty mini-dress. 'I'll wear this, this afternoon' I said.   
  
'I don't expect you'll just wear that' he joked and that was enough of a challenge for me to accept it. For later on, I chose a skimpy cardigan in red and one of those mini beach sarongs.  
  
Off we went in the warm afternoon sun. I'd always liked borrowing my boyfriend's clothes and the shirt made me feel really sassy. He liked it too as he said they smelled of me when he wore them afterwards. The heat of the sun was already getting to me as we walked slowly through town towards the park. When we got near the entrance, I spotted an empty bench and suggested we sat there for a bit to watch all the other people who were arriving. Many of the girls were scantily dressed and some of the men didn't leave much to the imagination either, especially the ones holding hands!  
  
'I'm so in the mood' I confessed 'will you watch me if I'm a bit naughty again?' I could tell he would so I started playing with my nipples whilst I stretched out. I was a wanton cougar in heat I mused as I lifted the shirt from underneath me.  
  
'Caress my thighs' I implored, parting my legs a little bit. 'Oh yes, put you hand in the slit at the side of the shirt' I gasped - 'my clit is dying for you to rub it and squish it with your fingertips. I'm so wet, I want it now!' He put his hand on my bare hip and I felt my buttocks clench in response. 'Please go on' I urged with a groan 'nobody will see you and I want you so badly. Would it help if I made the neckline plunge? Look how hard and pokie my nipples are. Oh god, are you going to make them glisten with my love juice?'   
  
I undid several buttons and once he'd spent a few moments making my boobs all sticky and shiny I whispered in his ear 'these need to be nibbled and sucked now and excited by your tongue' I wriggled a bit and both my boobies only just stayed covered as the shirt started to slip off one shoulder. His finger tips began brushing across the patch of silky down I hadn't shaved from my mound.   
  
As we stared into each other's eyes 'Oh yes' I panted 'I'm tingling all over'   
  
'Are you really, really dying to be wanked?'   
  
'Yes please' I wailed desperately 'truly, madly, yessss'  
  
'Come on' he said in reply and he stood up, reached for my hand and helped me to my feet. 'If you are really aroused, it's time to go to the park.'   
  
I followed meekly on very unsteady legs, my breasts peeping out as we walked. Then I had to grasp his arm to keep my balance as I felt a great warm surge between my legs. As the feelings subsided a bit I became so happy and relaxed that I asked if I could undo the bottom buttons on the shirt.   
  
'Will it make you come again?' he grinned.   
  
'Yes it will' I giggled 'I didn't have the faintest idea I could possibly have so many spontaneous orgasms, but it's so thrilling with all these people around to share my exhibitionist fantasies. Thank you for allowing me to become your adoring sexy lady and giving me the courage to display myself for you'  
  
Quite by chance we found another bench that was also unoccupied and we went and sat down on it. We were just a little way up a side path but could still see all the people milling to and fro on the main area by the lake. I sank down horizontally on the bench, the outline of my mound becoming clearly defined under the thin shirt material.   
  
'Do those bottom buttons up' my b/f said 'as I want you to try something'   
  
I was a bit hesitant but I did what I was told (of course).   
  
'Now undo the button immediately over your pussy.'   
  
The buttons weren't that close together but I still didn't realize what he was intending.   
  
'You want to play with yourself, don't you' he asked.   
  
'Oh yes please, I'm feeling so wanton' I groaned.   
  
'Well' he replied, 'put both hands on your hips, push your pussy up and make a gap appear.'   
  
I did so and could see the little strip of hairs I'd trimmed so neatly.   
  
'Now keep the pressure on with the base of your right hand but let your fingers rest in the gap.'   
  
I felt my silken bush beneath my fingertips and began, idly, to comb it. Clenching and unclenching my buttocks, I began to sense the moisture begin to gather. Then I felt him touch my forearm. He pulled it gently away leaving my pussy exposed again.   
  
'Not so fast' he ordered, 'I want to enjoy watching you wank so close to all these people.'   
  
I was trembling quite violently with frustrated lust as, eventually, he let my hand return. My fingers re-found my clitty, which was so erect it was standing up proud between my smooth, swollen love lips. I gave it a quick little squeeze before he pulled my hand away again. It was so tantalizing and had the effect of making me even more frustrated.   
  
'Take your hands away for a moment - there's some people coming this way' he said.   
  
I let them drop - the one nearest him coming to rest on his thigh.   
  
'It was just the sight of how ravished and ravishingly beautiful you are looking and the way they all seemed to be admiring you,' he said 'that made my cock feel as if it was going to jump out of my trousers. I'm so lucky that you want to do this.'   
  
Almost before they had got past, he guided my hand back into my lap, then leant over and gave me a lovely deep kiss as his own fingers wandered down my cleavage and began to explore.   
  
'Would you like to undo a couple more buttons?'   
  
I needed no prompting and wished I dared to just let the whole shirt fall open.   
  
'I'm so wet yet again - look - ' and I slipped one finger over my clit, into my slit then withdrew it and showed him a long strand of cum which sparkled in the sunshine. 'drenched, flooded, awash, swimming with lust' I giggled as I licked it salaciously and the added saliva made my fingers even wetter. As I put them back in the gap in the shirt they seemed to slip and slide of their own accord, back and forth, round and round on my clitty. The fact that he was making me do this so slowly was driving me wild and I could tell that there was a massive climax rapidly building up.   
  
I wanted him to see the real me now I was convinced he wanted to as well. 'Please let me be a really naughty lady' I implored 'you know I like being your sexy lady and I know you'll always look after me' So saying, I pushed my fingers in harder, deeper and faster. My words were coming out in a series of little gasps.   
  
'Come on' he said standing up and breaking my rhythm 'it's time to move on a bit.'   
  
'Not yet' I pleaded clutching at his sleeve, but he very gently but firmly pulled me to my feet - put his arm round my waist and propelled me towards the main path.  
  
'If you're good I'll let you come properly later' he told me 'but at the moment I want you to feel as well as look, desperately aroused as we begin to mingle with the crowds.'   
  
Some of the girls were exposing their boobs like thay do at the Mardi Gras events in the USA, so I let my tits with their stalky nipples jut out of the shirt - undoing it past my navel. My fella pulled it off one shoulder, moving his hand from my waist to my upper arm and then right round so he was casually fondling my boob. I had a wave of tiny orgasms as he did this. As I bounced along the shirt slipped off my other shoulder and, glancing down, I saw my trim little bush peeping out.   
  
I told him this and his reaction was 'OMG that's so sexy' which made me glow with pleasure as he let the shirt even further down my arms by just holding me round the waist again. I laughed with joy. What a buzz this was.  
  
The crowds seemed equally divided between those taking an active part and the bystanders. Then we noticed someone waving to us and I realized that it was the chap from yesterday with the video camera.   
  
'I'm so glad I spotted you' he shouted above the din. 'I've brought a copy of the film I made yesterday - I think you'll like it.' He rummaged in his bag and handed it over. 'Come over here in the shade and I'll show you on the camera screen what it looks like.'   
  
We paused whilst he set it up then he said a bit apprehensively 'if you enjoy it please will you let me be your "official" photographer today?'   
  
I'd pulled my shirt onto my shoulders again as I stood, open-mouthed, looking at the screen with my b/f peering over my shoulder. As the film started playing I caught glimpses of us walking along. He'd cleverly given the impression of the crowds but the camera kept homing in on me.   
  
'I didn't realize how naughty I was being' I exclaimed.   
  
My b/f, who was breathing hard on my neck,, whispered 'No you naughty little minx - I think I'm going to have to give you a good spanking.' I automatically clutched my bum but he didn't move. 'Later' he growled and I shivered from head to toe. I could now feel his erection bumping against said bum cheeks and I pushed into it as I held his hands and drew them round my hips into my groin area.  
  
Turning to the video chap he said 'there's no doubt you ought to record the rest of our day' and all I could do was utter a strangled yes please. So, the three of us went on our way again back into the sunshine. I kept the shirt where it was for a bit. As we walked, we both took turns in working the shirt off me in stages until it was like before. I was so wound up that I'd gone beyond the point of no return. I undid the last buttons and let some eager fellow from the crowd put his arm round me while one of his mates took a series of photos. This encouraged three or four others to come forward and it gave me the opportunity to touch and show off my boobies and pussy. Each time I surreptitiously stroked my clit I felt an electric shock surge through me. I gave my b/f a quizzical look but he signed consent so I encouraged them to caress my breasts and play with my nipples. I couldn't believe how horny it made me.   
  
When we got close together again he said quietly 'there's a girl over there - don't look now - who can't take her eyes off you and she looks really lovely.'   
  
I glanced over discretely. There she was, wearing a tiny pair of silky shorts and several bead necklaces. I grinned at her and she edged shyly closer fingering her beads. When she got close enough I drew her to me with my arm loosely round her waist as I chatted to her to find out her name. I still don't know what made me do it. Perhaps it was all the pheromones in the air! Intoxicating everyone.  
  
It turned out that this was the first event like this that she'd ever come to as well. Her friend had dared her to copy my naughtiness so she thought she'd break the ice by talking to me. We got on famously immediately as I enthused about all the things I'd been getting up to and how I seemed to have let my sexual genie out of the bottle in less than 48 hours.   
  
Then I had a wicked thought. 'have you ever kissed another woman?' I probed.   
  
'No' she said.   
  
'Neither have I,' I replied 'but what would you say if I asked to kiss you as you look so gorgeous?'   
  
'I don't know' was her response.   
  
'Don't be shy' I said 'I can see from your nipples that you're probably quite excited.' She blushed a deep crimson. 'If we don't like it we can just stop.'   
  
'OK then' she said a bit uncertainly and we almost forgot to breathe as our lips got closer and closer until they touched.   
  
The sensation was pure magic and very soon we were into a full French kiss. She was so soft and yielding. I drew away quite out of breath. 'Wow that was so different but so much nicer that I'd ever imagined.'   
  
'Let's see if we can find a nice spot to sit down together.'   
  
'OK' she said.  
  
I felt so happy, walking along with one arm round her and the other around my fella, whilst her friend trotted along with Mr. Video. We found out that she and I lived only about 30 miles apart and we promised to exchange addresses and phone numbers. The chemistry was electric between all three of us. Soon, we came across another of the little side paths and, exploring it, found a sunny patch of grass, slightly elevated on one side.  
  
We all flopped down, even the chap who had the vid-cam. My new girlfriend couldn't seem to keep her hands off me and I lay back whilst she caressed and fondled me. My body was responding in no uncertain terms to her ministrations. My b/f was lying propped up on one elbow watching us with a look of sheer delight on his face. I started guiding her hands to my boobs and pussy until my desires became very urgent to be satiated. It was so, so public, so, so naughty and erotic and so fantastic. I jumped as her fingers found my clitty and I held my love lips apart as I thrust my hips up urging her to abuse me.  
  
Suddenly, I felt her lean over and her tongue starting flicking across my tummy and down to my clitty making exquisite little forays along my pussy. I started to moan how good it was and kept begging her for more. I grabbed her hair with both hands and rubbed myself against her mouth. I heard myself half shout that I was coming and wave upon wave of delight shook me to my very core. Yes, yes, yes I was shouting 'more - deeper- faster - yessss.' My climax took ages and ages and as it began to die down I sank back exhausted onto the ground. I was so satisfied that I could hardly move. I held out my hands and drew her down close to me and fell into a deep contented sleep in her arms.  
  
There were more fun and games but nothing as exciting as had already happened and, anyway, the video chap had left us so there was no further visual record although he hadn't forgotten to write down our address.

I've been watching the second DVD he sent us with a lovely letter of thanks as I've been recalling all this and it's helped me to relive so vividly those two days. I don't expect it even remotely crossed your minds but both my hands have been busy and one of them as well as both my boobs and torso are really drenched. Thank you for reading, I now need a new little nap!!