**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

by[saltyboy69](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5672828&page=submissions)©

Cassadee's Coming of Age part 3  
  
Friday night  
  
Cassadee's smile faded as her heart skipped a beat. She had forgotten about this part. Suddenly her confidence vanished, and she was once again a frightened little girl. Subconsciously, she positioned her arms to cover her nudity.  
  
"Cassadee has agreed to give us a special show tonight. One that will far surpass everything that has come before. She has decided that she wants to truly open herself to you—heart, mind and body. Cassadee will be ending her performances tonight by sharing with all of us the most intimate, most private thing a young girl can do by herself. She pretended to do it during the last song, but Cassadee is now prepared to go all the way." A dancer brought out a chair and set it at center stage with the pole directly behind it.  
  
"Cassadee," said Tom, turning toward her. "Are you ready to give us this most precious and beautiful gift, by allowing us to watch you masturbate, talking us through your technique and sharing with us that ultimate ecstatic moment of female orgasm?"  
  
Holy shit holy shit holy shit! What could she do? How could she refuse? She had signed up for this in a moment of impulse. It had been in the back of her mind all along, but she had put off thinking about it until this moment. She couldn't back out. She would look like a total fool and she would never be able to face her friends or neighbors again. Her mind raced, trying to think of any possible way to escape this. But there was no escape. She was here right now, in the spotlight. She had to give Tom an answer. Cassadee swallowed the lump in her throat and spoke into the microphone.  
  
"Yes, Tom, I think I am," she said with a quavering voice.  
  
"All right, ladies and gentlemen! You heard our guest of honor. I will ask you all to give Cassadee absolute silence for this part. The experience will be ruined if there is talking or noise in the background. Additionally, please silence your phones. We don't want any sudden ringtones to ruin the moment either. Now, Cassadee, have a seat right here and we can begin as soon as you are ready."  
  
Cassadee sat on the chair with her legs pressed together and her arms covering her breasts. She was hyper-aware of everything—her nudity, the stares of the audience, the silence as they waited for her to begin. Goosebumps covered her whole body and she shivered, suddenly feeling cold.  
  
She watched as some people who didn't have a good sightline, moved as quickly and quietly as they could, standing around the center stage in the middle of the club. Everyone was now mostly in front of her. The silence was deafening after the constant din of loud music and cheering. She could actually hear her heartbeat in her head.  
  
Seeing no way out, and needing for this to be over, Cassadee spread her knees and scooted her butt forward so she was barely sitting on the edge of the chair.  
  
"W-well," she stammered nervously, "when I'm at home in bed, which is where this usually happens..."  
  
There was a light spattering of nervous laughter, which quieted down quickly.  
  
"...I've normally been thinking about something that turns me on and makes me...umm...wet..." She pulled herself apart with her left hand and touched her opening with the fingers of her right. She had thought that the anxiety of the situation would have dried her up, but nope. She was as wet as ever. Dipping her fingertips inside of her, she drew them away, stretching a viscous web of sticky fluid between them and her vulva. "As you can see, I'm really wet right now." Numerous heads nodded as they watched.  
  
Without thinking, she brought her fingers up to her nose to sample her scent, then stuck them in her mouth, tasting her arousal. Her eyes widened. She hadn't actually meant to do that in front of them. But she saw the effect it was having. Some guys were rubbing their crotches through their pants while a few of the girls were biting their lips or touching the arm of the guy they were with.  
  
Cassadee had a sudden realization that she had power over this entire room. That sent her libido into overdrive. She felt a spontaneous release of lubrication that ran out of her pussy, dripped down the edge of the chair and pooled on the floor in front of her in a long, unbroken string. But instead of feeling embarrassed, she felt empowered. This was what pleasure was all about—feeling it and giving it. She was truly ready to give these people the gift of herself.  
  
Running her first two fingers over her opening and dragging the slippery fluid up through her folds, coating her nub, she said, "I use my juices to lubricate my clit."  
  
This was met by a couple soft moans.  
  
"I run my fingers between my labia and dip them inside me." She demonstrated exactly what she was describing by massaging up and down a few times, then sticking two fingers inside her entrance, up to the last knuckles. "I don't know if this is weird," she explained with some trepidation, "but I like the smell and taste of my wet pussy and I usually lick my fingers more than once." Again, she sucked her fingers clean of the sticky lubrication.  
  
More moans could be heard throughout the room and she smiled. She glanced at her parents. Her dad's face was red, and his eyes were transfixed on what she was doing between her legs. Her mother blushed as she caught Cassadee's stare, then nodded and smiled as if to tell her to keep going. Ben Davidson, Tina Gleason, Jeff Stewart, and Sara Deming, along with many other friends from school were all watching intently, feasting their eyes on her graphic display of self-pleasure. Stu Delevan, Lester Camden, and other people she knew from around town were watching also. And Connor MacLochlan, or "Mr. McLovely" as he was known around school, looked at her with lust in his eyes, his wife seated right next to him. He was her teacher, and the years-long recipient of an obsessive crush, at least on her part. She stared into his eyes and she could tell he was turned on. He winked at her. This is for you, Mr. McLovely, she thought to herself as she prepared to give herself an orgasm in front of him and the rest of the assembled spectators.  
  
"Then, when I'm really turned on, like I am now," she said, biting her lip shyly, "I begin to circle my clit with my finger."  
  
Cassadee showed them how she massaged her little button, moving her finger around and around, then across the top, eliciting a gasp from herself.  
  
"My clit is really sensitive, so I don't rub directly on it right away. I tease it and get it worked up to the point that I can stand more pressure on it. It feels really good to stimulate it, but it's too sensitive at first."  
  
She continued to massage around her clit, dipping her finger back into her entrance for more lubrication and repeating the movement.  
  
Cassadee suddenly realized that she was actually doing it. This had been a private act that caused her anxiety and embarrassment as recently as today at school, when Jennifer Ramirez had called her out on it, and this evening at home, with her mom knowing what she was doing. And now she was masturbating in front of a group of about 300 people—family, friends, and strangers. This wasn't a dream or a fantasy. It was real life. Cassadee was naked, her legs were spread, and she was in the process of pleasuring herself to orgasm in front of a huge crowd. The thought made her pussy gush again, and she quickly scooped up the fluid with her fingertips, sticking them in her mouth.  
  
Her left hand wandered to her chest. "I also like to play with my breasts. My areolae are puffy, which I find fascinating, and my nipples are very sensitive. It doesn't take much contact to stimulate them. When I pinch them it feels incredible, like someone is sucking on them while I am masturbating."  
  
Everyone was riveted on her performance. She decided not to hold back any longer.  
  
Cassadee spread her legs even wider and jammed two fingers inside herself, pumping quickly. The squelching sounds coming from her wet pussy were just adding to her arousal. "Ungh...I like to fuck myself with my...fingers too. Unnngh. I usually...picture someone having...unh...sex with me...while I do it." Her eyes involuntarily glanced at Mr. McLovely and when he caught her look, she knew that he had received her message—Cassadee Ellison thought about Connor MacLochlan when she masturbated. He smiled and nodded.  
  
No longer was she nervous or ashamed about her attraction to him. He obviously knew she had a crush on him. It was apparent. And she was masturbating in front of him. What was left to be ashamed of now?  
  
She withdrew her fingers from her passage and began to rub faster. "Uh...uh...this is when I usually speed up...around my clit...because the feeling is building...up..." The pressure in her pelvis was gaining momentum. She could feel the familiar tingles in all the right places. She knew her face and chest were flushed, and she was beginning to sweat. Her leg muscles were quivering.  
  
The sea of faces in front of her, all staring at her naked body as she was brazenly displaying her most private sexual act was like fire in her sex. She had been sexually awakened by this experience, having given birth to a newfound love of exhibitionism—a love of showing every part of her body to those who wanted to look, and uninhibitedly pleasuring herself for others' enjoyment. She wanted them to look at her nudity. And she wanted them to watch her come. Knowing she was going to do that was almost painful in the pleasure it was bringing to her vagina.  
  
Cassadee jammed her fingers inside herself again, pumping in and out. The wet noises would have been embarrassing if she weren't already past the point of caring. There was no going back from this. There was nothing of herself left to share except her orgasm. And that was coming—no pun intended.  
  
"I'm getting pretty...close..." she said, pinching one nipple, then switching to the other. She pulled her fingers out with a little pop and more fluid ran out and onto the floor. Her fingertips were now moving furiously across her clit. She scooted her butt even further off the edge of the chair and her legs went rigid as she flicked her little nub.  
  
"Uh...ooohh...my orgasms...are...unngghhh...usually about the same...but...aaaahh...this feels...like it's going to be...more intense...aaaahhhhh..."  
  
Cassadee was past the point of no return. She couldn't stop now if someone yelled "Fire!" She slid off the chair and plopped down on the stage, sitting right in the puddle of her fluids. Then she leaned back against the chair, pushing it out of the way with her shoulders and lay down on the stage. She spread her legs as wide as she could with her bare feet sticking straight out to either side, pumping her fingers inside herself. Except for the wet sounds of female masturbation, you would have been able to hear a pin drop. Cassadee's fingers slurped out of her vagina and began murdering her clit, which was now throbbing in time with her heartbeat.  
  
"Aaaahhh...I'm...I'm really close...unngghhh...fuucckkkk...uhhh..."  
  
She lifted her head off the floor and looked at the faces in front of her as time slowed down. The only thing she could hear was her labored breaths and the steady thump of her heart in her eardrums. Please watch me, she thought, projecting her desire to those assembled. Don't look away. I don't want you to miss it. I need you to see me come. The pressure inside her abdomen was drawing down to a quivering ball of flame in her womb. She felt that instant of weightlessness before the orgasm hit and then she came crashing down to earth.  
  
"I'm comiiiingg!" she moaned out as her pelvic muscles contracted with a pressure that pounded her womb like a hammer. Over and over the contractions pulsed through her sex, radiating throughout her entire body. A reservoir of vaginal fluid was released from inside her body and squirted to the stage right in front of the spectators gathered there. Cassadee was shocked by the amount and the distance achieved, but could do nothing except ride the crest of each orgasmic wave, bucking and lunging.  
  
The audience was treated to the most spectacular view of the muscles between and around Cassadee's vaginal opening and her asshole as they flexed and contracted like a beating heart, followed by the eruption of female fluid that issued from her vulva.  
  
As the waves of painful pleasure subsided and were followed by a languorous bliss, Cassadee's body melted into the stage. She lay there breathing heavily, with lidded eyes, massaging herself gingerly, not caring in the afterglow that she was still effectively playing with herself in front of spectators.  
  
A sound like a massive ocean wave built until it was all that could be heard. Cassadee leaned up on her elbows to see her friends and family, and even strangers, cheering wildly and applauding her in a standing ovation. A smile came to her face as she lay back down, recovering from her performance. Money rained down on and around her, covering her like fresh snow.  
  
Tom took the stage and said, "Oh my goodness. I don't think we will ever again see the like of what we have witnessed here tonight." He reached down and took Cassadee's hand. She allowed herself to be pulled upright, standing shakily. Tom put his arm around her and pulled her close for support. "Thank you, Cass, for putting your most private and intimate act on display for the viewing pleasure of your friends and family. We love you and appreciate you even more. Give her one more round of applause, folks."  
  
Cassadee looked to her parents and saw nothing but happiness and support. She glanced at Mr. McLovely and his wife. He nodded to her and mouthed the word 'beautiful'. His wife smiled broadly and winked. That was all the approval she needed. Her heart swelled with a mixture of accomplishment, pride and confidence. She hadn't really known what she wanted to study when she went away to college, but might a career in human sexuality be a possibility? It was certainly her number one new interest.  
  
"Cassadee is going to go into the back and get cleaned up and she will be back out to talk to you fine folks afterwards. The current time is 11:30pm. That means that in a half hour I will usher Cassadee into the back room and her mentor ceremony will begin. Anyone who would like to stick around until she has finished her ceremony is more than welcome. We will have a meet and greet for anyone that is still here at the end. Tom kissed her on the cheek and pointed her toward the dressing room, patting her lightly on the bare butt to get her moving.  
  
Cassadee entered the dressing room and was practically smothered by the other dancers. They were all kissing her and telling her how wonderful her performance had been. Cassadee no longer felt as if she were intruding on this place and these girls. It now felt as if she belonged. These were her sisters. She had been initiated into a group of young women who took their clothes off for money and public adoration. She could definitely see herself coming back here in the future and doing this just for the fun of it.  
  
Jessica hugged her with pride. "That was the best performance I've ever seen, mine included. I wouldn't be surprised if this breaks a house record and you end up receiving more money than anyone before you." She pointed to three large buckets in the corner that were overflowing with cash.  
  
Cassadee's eyes bugged out. "That's all for me?" she asked with incredulity.  
  
"It is. Sheri and Kacey are collecting the rest, then we will take it to Tom's office for safekeeping. Once he counts it, we will know for sure if you take the top spot."  
  
Cassadee thanked her, giving her a huge hug, and went to the restroom. She was a mess. Her skin was sweaty, and her makeup had run. She hopped in the shower to rinse off, keeping her hair from getting wet, and toweled dry. Then she went back to the dressing room and let Jessica do a little something to fix her hair and makeup again. She hadn't bothered to get dressed. She wouldn't be wearing any clothes for the rest of the night, until she left to go home.  
  
She exited the dressing room and strode boldly into the main area. People began noticing the naked girl walking through and congratulated her, giving her hugs and kisses. Her mailman, Mr. Johnson, told her it had been the best Coming of Age party he had ever attended.  
  
Finally, she made her way over to her parents and Mr. and Mrs. MacLochlan. Her mom and dad each embraced her and told her how proud they were of her. The way they saw it, she had become a woman tonight, even though she had been eighteen for a month now. Cassadee soaked up their love and admiration. Although, she couldn't help but notice that her sensitive nipples were stimulated a little more with each hug.  
  
Connor MacLochlan pulled her into a huge embrace and told her what a wonderful job she had done. His hug lingered a little longer than she thought it would, and it stoked something inside of her. His wife also hugged her and whispered in her ear. "You are perfectly lovely. I can't wait to have you over for a get-together." For the second time tonight, Cassadee was surprised. She hadn't thought her teachers would want to socialize with her outside of school. First the Chens, and now the MacLochlans.  
  
As she moved on, greeting other people, she was a little disappointed that Mr. McLovely hadn't asked her for a private dance. Maybe he felt awkward with his wife there. Although, Mr. Chen hadn't felt awkward. He had specifically asked her to give his wife a private dance. It was a puzzle she would have to ruminate on.  
  
Tina Gleason came up to Cassadee with three of their friends from school. Everyone was in awe of her performance, saying it was the hottest thing they had ever seen. "I'm so fucking jealous, man!" Tina said with a faux pout. "You set the bar way up there. No one is going to come close to that." Then Tina pulled her aside and whispered, "By the way, why did you do that thing with my dad?"  
  
Cassadee didn't quite know what to say. She had always had a little crush on Tina's dad, but she never thought anything about it. But the look of lust on his face tonight was telling. "Umm, I don't know. I couldn't do it with my parents. That would have been weird. But I have known your dad for years and it felt like a safe option. I talked it over with my dad and he thought that your dad wouldn't mind."  
  
Tina squinted her eyes, trying to determine if Cassadee was telling the truth. "I'm sure he didn't. I'm not so sure about my mom, though. They've been going through a little bit of a rough patch. Plus, dad always asks about you. It almost seems like he has a crush on you. I'm not sure how this is going to play out at my house, but I guess we will see."  
  
"Oh my gosh! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to cause any issues," Cassadee said honestly. "Please tell your mother I'm sorry if I was out of line. I didn't think it would be a problem."

"I'm sure it will work out one way or another. Good job tonight, bestie." Tina shrugged and gave Cassadee a peck on the lips, then she and their friends said goodnight and headed for the door.  
  
"Excuse me, Cassadee."  
  
Cassadee turned around to see her gynecologist, Dr. Andrew Spitelli. "Oh, hi Dr. Spitelli! I didn't realize you were here. Thanks for coming!" She gave him a hug, and again, her nipples were stimulated by the skin-to-clothing contact.  
  
"You look absolutely stunning tonight," he said, eyeing her up and down. He was looking at her...differently...than usual. Cassadee wasn't sure that she liked it.  
  
"Nothing you haven't seen before, right?" she gave him a cheesy smile and a playful slap to the shoulder.  
  
His laugh was short and didn't really fit the mood. It seemed...menacing. "I was wondering if you had time for a private dance in the back?"  
  
This caught Cassadee off guard. On one hand it seemed like a conflict of interest. He was a medical professional who saw her from time to time for gynecological check-ups. And here he was seeing her naked right now. Why would he want to have that interaction in a private room? Would it make things uncomfortable at her next appointment? She had never viewed him as a regular guy until this moment. She imagined that most of the time he was a complete professional. But he was still a guy. He had to get turned on by a beautiful woman. Did he get his rocks off by seeing naked vaginas all day? "Uh, sure. Follow me." She grabbed him by the hand and led him to the private room.  
  
He sat on the couch and the light in his eyes grew darker. He was definitely not looking at her as young Cassadee Ellison, patient number whatever. He was seeing her as she was right this minute—a nude woman who was making him horny.  
  
He gave her twice the amount of money she requested and as a new song played in the main room, Cassadee crawled onto his lap. Andrew Spitelli was a good-looking man. And he seemed fairly young, especially for a doctor with his own private practice. She guessed his age at somewhere in the early to mid-thirties. He wasn't shy about touching her either. As soon as she was in his lap, his hands reached behind her and cupped her ass. Cassadee began to grind on him, looking anywhere but in his eyes.  
  
He put his hand behind her back and pulled her close. Then he peppered her chest with light kisses between her breasts. Cassadee took a deep breath as his lips found a puffy nipple and sucked it into his mouth. This was really strange. Her next appointment was definitely going to be way fucking awkward.  
  
Deciding to try and regain control of the situation, Cassadee pulled away from him and hopped off his lap. She turned around and bent over, swaying, moving her ass back and forth in front of his face. To her surprise, he grabbed her thighs and pulled her closer, then kissed each ass cheek. With each kiss he moved closer and closer to the crack between. Just as she was about to move, he stuck his tongue in her asshole. It was like a jolt through her body and she gasped audibly. She made a half-hearted attempt to pull away, but he held her firmly. His tongue circled the ring of her anus and probed inside. The feeling was like nothing she had ever known, and she couldn't help it when a moan escaped from her lips.  
  
Dr. Spitelli turned her around by her hips and pulled her close, forcing her to straddle him with her knees. She let out a little gasp of fear as he grabbed under her knees and pulled her legs up, so that they rested on his shoulders. The fear was that he was going to drop her on her head. Strangely, she wasn't quite as afraid of what he might do to her, although she was getting a little pissed off that he wasn't asking. He was just taking. Her insides quivered, but she decided to let it play out...for now.  
  
He grabbed her hips and lifted her again until her weight was supported mostly by her shoulders in his lap. Her back was against his chest and her pussy and ass were in his face. He held her hips tightly and plunged into her pussy with his tongue.  
  
Cassadee yelped. This was completely out of her experience...and out of line. She had lost her virginity to her friend Jeff a few weeks ago and had had sex with him a handful of times since, but he had never gone down on her. The feeling of Dr. Spitelli's tongue swirling around between her lips and inside her entrance was intense. She jumped every time his rough tongue touched her clit. It was still a little sensitive from the huge orgasm she had just had on stage.  
  
Andrew Spitelli was in heaven. Cassadee's vulva smelled musky with arousal and the creamy discharge that issued from inside of her vagina tasted amazingly rich. He wanted, badly, to fuck her. But that would have to wait. The first step was to give her a gift that she would come back to him to receive again and again. At least she wasn't pulling away from him anymore. That was a good sign. Soon, she wouldn't be able to stay away.  
  
Cassadee's mind spun as Dr. Spitelli returned to her asshole and began tonguing her out. How would this change things between them? This wasn't professional. This was taboo. She didn't think she had wanted this...but right at this moment, she didn't not want it either. It was hard to concentrate on her true feelings while his tongue was molesting her. When he moved back to her pussy she gave in completely. Her legs relaxed and she let him have his way with her. She could feel the pressure building inside her again, the waves of heat moving through her body.  
  
His mouth was now exclusively attacking her clit. He sucked around it and used the tip of his tongue to flick against it rhythmically. Cassadee wasn't sure why she was allowing this to happen, but she was beyond choice at this point. His incessant attention on her swollen pink bud sent her over the edge. Her toes curled and she shook as another orgasm tore through her body, screaming loudly enough to be heard in the main room, if there hadn't been loud music playing.  
  
Cassadee slid from Dr. Spitelli's lap onto the floor and lay there panting and trembling. She watched, through lidded eyes, as he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her juices off his face. Then he stood, and without so much as a glance in her direction, left the room.  
  
Cassadee scrambled to her feet, grabbed a towel from the stack, dried herself off the best she could, and ran out to confront the doctor. He was nowhere in sight.  
  
What the fuck was that? He had basically molested her! She hadn't explicitly told him no, but she hadn't explicitly said yes either. And then to just walk off without a word! Who the fuck did he think he was? Cassadee had an appointment with him scheduled in a few weeks. She had half a mind to change to a different doctor. What a prick!  
  
Her father caught her eye and raised an eyebrow in a gesture that asked, 'Is everything all right?'. Cassadee faked a smile and nodded as she fumed. In her haste to leave the private room she must not have wiped up completely because as she thought about what the doctor had just done to her, a trickle of pussy juice ran down her leg. Cursing to herself, she quickly took herself into the dressing room. She continued through into the restroom and hopped into the shower, careful not to mess up her hair or makeup.  
  
"Cass?" Tom called. He peeked his head in the shower. Cassadee jumped to cover herself and then realized the silliness of the gesture. She had been walking around here naked for almost an hour. "It's time," he said gently. "Meet me in the main room, please."  
  
Cassadee's blood suddenly turned to ice in her veins. After everything that had already happened tonight, now she would have to fuck five men, having no idea who they were. The next hour was going to be the culmination of a night of firsts—and the beginning of the rest of her life.  
  
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Freshly showered, Cassadee walked onto the stage on trembling legs. Tom was waiting at center stage and the audience was dead quiet. You could hear a pin drop. She stepped up to him and tried to smile.  
  
"Well, folks, it's that time. For the past three hours Cassadee Ellison has danced and entertained us, displaying her body and even her masturbation techniques to us. We are grateful to have shared in this experience with her. But now is her true Coming of Age. I will take her in the back where five mentors are waiting. Each one will bond with Cassadee sexually, cementing a mentor/mentee relationship with her that, hopefully over time, will turn into a friendship, and even something much more. If you decide to stick around for however long it takes, I will present Cassadee to you in all of her womanly glory, fresh from her ceremony."  
  
Cassadee looked around the room and saw people smiling and beaming with pride for her. Her mom actually looked like she was tearing up a bit. Tom took her hand and led her off the stage and through the crowd to the door leading to the back rooms.  
  
Her heart was beating a mile a minute. As they exited through the door, she found herself in a short hallway. There was a door immediately to her right and another one a little farther down on the left. Both were closed. Tom stopped and led her through the door on the right, which opened into a little restroom.  
  
He pulled what looked like a sleeping mask out of his pocket. "I'm going to go ahead and place this on your face. You will have this on until the ceremony is completed. Do you understand?"  
  
Cassadee nodded and blew out a breath as he fitted it over her face. It was snug and it allowed no light at all through. She was completely blind.  
  
"Do you need to use the toilet before we proceed?"  
  
She hadn't thought about it, but now that he mentioned it, Cassadee realized she did. "I might have to pee," she told him  
  
"OK, the toilet is right here..." He pushed her sideways a few feet and backed her up until her calves bumped against the cold porcelain and she sat down.  
  
Was he expecting her to go with him in here? "Umm, Tom, I don't know if I can do this in front of someone."  
  
"I can give you privacy if you want, Cass, but I'm about to be with you while you have sex with five men. And I will be cleaning you up down there after each guy. I think we should be past the point of modesty by now, don't you think?"  
  
Cassadee's heart began to race again. This had all suddenly become very real. It took a concerted effort for her to calm herself down enough to relax her bladder. Finally, the tinkle of her pee could be heard in the water.  
  
When she was finished, Tom told her that the toilet paper roll was to her right. After a couple seconds of fumbling, she found it, ripped off a few squares, and wiped herself. Then she stood up, felt around for the handle, and flushed. How humiliating. Tom turned the sink on and led her to it, where she washed her hands.  
  
"OK, now put your arm in mine. I will lead you. We are walking out of the room. Careful. OK. Now we are walking down the hall just a few feet and are going through another door."  
  
She walked gingerly, trying not to stub her toes, as he led her through the next door.  
  
"OK, Cass. In this room is a hospital-like examination table. It's inclined a little, rather than lying completely flat. There are stirrups, just like at the gynecologist's office. I'm going to help you up."  
  
She followed his lead until he stopped. Then he placed his warm hands on her bare hips and gently pushed her backwards until her butt bumped into the table.  
  
"Go ahead and scoot back onto the bed," he instructed with his hands on her hips.  
  
Cassadee gave herself a little boost and allowed him to set her butt on the table. He placed a hand on the small of her back and another under her thigh.  
  
"Lean back a little. I'm going to turn you so that you are lying the right way."  
  
She followed his instructions and felt her direction shift as he lay her onto her back and rested her legs on the table. Her breathing was loud in her own ears.  
  
"I'm going to put your feet up in the stirrups now, Cass. Just let me position you. Everything is OK."  
  
She felt as Tom lifted one leg, bent it at the knee, and placed her foot in a padded stirrup. He did the same with the other leg which left her spread on the table in what she imagined was a very graphic display. Then he grabbed her hips and pulled her body even closer toward the foot of the table, spreading her farther apart than she could ever remember being at the doctor's office. Her heart hammered in her chest.  
  
"Now, Cass, as you know, the blindfold is so that your mentors can remain anonymous at this time. In order to ensure that you cannot identify them through one of your other senses, I will also be immobilizing your hands and feet."  
  
Cassadee needed to calm down. She wasn't claustrophobic. But having a blindfold on and then having her hands and feet strapped to the table was unnerving. Thankfully, he talked her through it each step of the way.  
  
"OK, I've got your feet strapped in. Now I'm going to strap your hands down."  
  
She thought that her arms would be down by her sides, but she panicked anew as he lifted first one arm and then the other and strapped them together by the wrists above her head. Her chest rose and fell with each breath. As she thought about herself so fully exposed, she felt her nipples stiffen and a wetness began to grow between her legs. Lastly, Tom disengaged a lock of some kind and she felt her right leg move farther to the right before locking in place. He did the same with her left leg. It was a good thing she was limber, because she was stretched farther apart than she had been with any stretching exercises she had ever done for cheerleading. Cassadee imagined she looked like a specimen of a bullfrog in a biology lab, ready to be dissected.  
  
"All right, Cass. You are doing amazing. This next part is going to be like sensory deprivation. I'm going to be putting headphones on you and you won't be able to hear anything. But don't panic. I will be right here. If you freak out, I will stop all activity until you calm down. Just remember, I'm always right here. If you say my name, I'll come to the rescue. But try to remember, this is all part of the ceremony. If you aren't having an emergency, try to remain calm and let the ceremony play out. OK?"  
  
"OK," she said breathlessly. "This is all normal, right?"  
  
"Definitely. Just about every other girl you know over the age of eighteen has gone through this exact thing. Now, would you like me to play some music through the headphones or do you prefer silence?"  
  
"Umm...silence, I guess." Cassadee was already overwhelmed and didn't want the distraction of music right now.  
  
"OK," he answered. "The next time I take these off will be after your first mentor has completed his part in the ceremony. Ready?"  
  
"Yeah," she whispered, shaking.  
  
As the headphones were placed over her ears, all sounds except those from inside her own head were extinguished. She waited for what seemed like minutes before anything happened. Without warning, a pair of hands touched her thighs and she jumped, squealing in surprise. Her trembling increased as she felt a body push up against her exposed genitals. Oh, shit oh shit oh shit oh shit...  
  
Cassadee had had a month to think about and prepare for this moment. But no amount of imagination had truly prepared her for the stranger who was touching her now. Prior to tonight, she had had sex with precisely one boy. Only one penis had ever been inside of her, before tonight's tryst with Ben, and it had happened with her full knowledge and expectation. Now there was another one pushing up on her sex. As the tip penetrated her, she pressed her head back into the pillow and moaned through gritted teeth.  
  
The penis pushed all the way inside of her until it bottomed out and she felt the man's abdomen against her ass. Then it pulled most of the way out and thrust back in. It didn't seem overly large, so at least that was a bonus. She concentrated on her breathing as the foreign phallus moved in and out of her body, settling into a rhythm. She could tell she was extremely wet because there was hardly any friction. His hands gripped more tightly on her thighs and he picked up the pace.  
  
Cassadee took stock of her senses. Obviously, she couldn't see or hear anything, and she couldn't touch him with her hands. But she could still feel. His hands were rough. Not that he was treating her roughly, but the skin of his hands was rough against the skin of her thighs. Every time he moved them, they scratched her skin. He must work outside with his hands, she thought to herself, filing away the nugget of information for later contemplation.  
  
He was moving pretty quickly now. Thankfully, she was still very wet, because she was a little too nervous to really be into it mentally, although her body was beginning to respond. She began to feel tingly around her clit. On each inward stroke, she tilted her pelvis slightly downward, enhancing the feeling. Cassadee panted and she could feel her nipples grow even more erect.  
  
Suddenly he jammed himself all the way inside and Cassadee grunted as she took the brunt of his weight. He must be coming, she thought, as he thrust deeply into her vagina. Finally, he withdrew his cock and she felt fluid run out, across her asshole and down her crack. She imagined it dripping down the edge of the table and onto the floor.  
  
That wasn't as bad as she thought it would be. The first one was over. She hadn't come, but that was OK. Five orgasms over the next hour, or so, might be a little too overwhelming. She lay there catching her breath as the fluid tickled her on its way out of her body.  
  
Cassadee jumped again in surprise as the headphones were taken off. Her hair was damp against her skin where it had been matted down by the headset. A cloth wiped her forehead and temples.  
  
"You did wonderfully, Cass," Tom said quietly in her ear. "I'm going to go ahead and clean you up down there, OK?"  
  
Cassadee nodded, cringing as she thought about Tom cleaning her privates. She felt a damp cloth on her inner thighs. It moved over her sex and between her ass cheeks, soaking up the leaking fluids. He used his fingers to hold her labia apart and wiped the inside of her vaginal entrance, then finished by dabbing her asshole. How embarrassing, she thought to herself, then laughed at the irony. After tonight, there wasn't much left to be embarrassed about.  
  
"OK, you are all clean. I'm going to place the headphones back on your ears and your second mentor will begin. Ready?"  
  
Cassadee nodded and once again, she could hear nothing but her own breathing and her heartbeat in her head. She prepared herself for the feeling of hands on her thighs and she didn't jump as much this time when it happened. These hands felt smooth. The man pushed against her and she felt the tip of his hard member tracing its way between her lips from her clit to her entrance and back up to her clit. It traveled this route numerous times and Cassadee felt her body responding.  
  
Her second mentor was teasing her, she thought with surprise. She hadn't expected this. She thought this was going to be about the guys getting their rocks off and then moving on. Why was he teasing her? Was he trying to give her pleasure as well? Whatever his motivations, his actions were having a definite effect. She moaned out loud as the tip of his penis stroked her sensitive clit.  
  
Finally, he moved to her entrance and pushed slightly inside. Cassadee moaned again. He had expertly prepared her body for intercourse, and this time it felt really good. As he entered her slowly, she instinctually tried to wrap her legs around him, but the restraints wouldn't allow it. He began moving slowly in and out, working her up even more.  
  
Suddenly she felt the angle change and the tip of his dick was sliding along the roof of her vagina. Whatever he was doing, he was hitting a very sensitive spot and she felt like she might die from pleasure before this was over.

After only a couple minutes, Cassadee could hear herself moaning almost constantly. The pressure deep inside her was building to its inevitable crescendo. In and out, in and out, every time sliding along that heavenly spot.  
  
She had never known sex could feel this good. It had hurt at first when she had lost her virginity, but over the following five or six times she had grown to enjoy it immensely. But that was nothing like this. Who the fuck was this guy? She had to know. She had a feeling that she had so much to learn from this man.  
  
Before Cassadee knew it, she was there. Her life was ending inside of a cosmic burst of sexual ecstasy. She screamed as she felt every muscle in her vagina squeeze and release, repetitively grabbing onto the dick of this sexual virtuoso.  
  
As her orgasm subsided, he kept fucking her with long, deep strokes. He changed his angle again, allowing faster and more direct penetration. His speed picked up and she felt little kisses on her foot. Her toes curled at the sensation and she giggled. She hadn't felt any whiskers, she thought absently.  
  
Eventually, just as the heat inside her pelvis was beginning to rise again, she felt a stutter in his rhythm. He jammed himself against her once, twice, and a third time. On the fourth lunge he held himself pressed against her sex. Cassadee smiled as she took his seed. There was something about this man that made her think about warmth and love and family, and all those silly things that made girls swoon in stupid romance novels.  
  
At last, he withdrew his penis from her body, and again she felt the tickle of running semen down the crack of her ass. An intimate, lingering kiss on her inner thigh made her heart leap, her body responding with thousands of little goose bumps rising on her flesh. She sighed. There were three more to go. They couldn't all feel like this, could they? She was loving her life right about now.  
  
Tom interrupted her thoughts by again pulling off the headphones. "How are you, sweetheart? Are you feeling OK?"  
  
"Oh, yes," she responded languidly.  
  
He wiped her forehead again. She hoped it wasn't the same cloth he had used to wipe her pussy before, then laughed at the thought. Cassadee was completely relaxed as Tom cleaned up her pussy and ass. Then he returned to her ear and said, "Almost halfway done. You are doing great." The headphones were replaced on her head and she was left to her thoughts.  
  
She had almost drifted off to sleep by the time she felt the third man's hands on her thighs. These hands felt rough, just like the first man's hands had. But they were also tentative. When she felt him push against her, she could tell he was trying to enter her, but he didn't seem as hard as the previous men. This penis was definitely more flaccid. She felt him pull away and wondered whether he would be able to do what he needed to do.  
  
She was shocked when she suddenly felt whiskers scratch her vulva as a tongue licked her from bottom to top. She jumped as his tongue flicked across her clit, which by now, was terribly sensitive. A moan escaped her lips as he masterfully massaged her pussy with his mouth, using his tongue in wonderful ways.  
  
Then she felt him move away and an erect penis pushed inside her. Her wet vagina accepted it easily. Cassadee moaned again as he began to pump in and out in short strokes, building up a nice rhythm. It didn't take long before she felt him pressed against her, trembling from his orgasm. He stood in place as he grew soft inside of her, then patted her leg softly as he left. What a curious gesture. Almost like a kind old uncle or something. Again, she felt the familiar discharge of semen, but this time it didn't seem like there was as much as there had been with the previous men.  
  
Tom was back and gave her ears another break from the headset. He wiped her head and cleaned her pussy, then whispered words of confidence and assurance before he replaced the headphones.  
  
When the fourth man grabbed her thighs, it was with strength. And when he entered her, she had to hold back a scream. This penis was huge! It felt like it filled every possible space inside of her. And she wasn't even sure he was all the way in! Oh fuck! she thought to herself. Her pussy was stretched beyond what she thought possible and she hoped this wasn't going to hurt worse than it did now. She was fully prepared to call for Tom and end this if she had to.  
  
Even though she could tell he was strong, it seemed like he was being gentle with her. He didn't try to force more of himself inside her than she could handle. But he tested her limits. Cassadee had never had anything this big in her vagina. She couldn't even imagine what his cock looked like.  
  
Cassadee focused on relaxing her muscles and allowing herself to accommodate his size. In and out. In and out. She was extremely wet and as she relaxed, her pussy adjusted to fit him. It wasn't long before the strokes of his large cock had her fidgeting and moaning. If her eyes weren't shut beneath the blindfold they would have been rolling back in her head. She began to tremble as the impending orgasm fought for control of her body. She pushed outward with her vaginal muscles as the orgasm ravaged her from within and she moaned loudly as fluid gushed out of her.  
  
The man paused briefly, then continued fucking her with massive strokes, bottoming out against her cervix. Cassadee could hear herself making noises that would have sounded ridiculous in any situation other than this. She was panting and sweating profusely as her orgasm subsided but never completely vanished, her vaginal walls quivering like a fibrillating heart. Within thirty seconds she was once again screaming and seizing as another orgasm ripped through her pelvis. Between the rough pounding and her perpetual orgasmic state, her dissonant moans and squeals were almost constant.  
  
Holy shit! She had never even tried to have two orgasms this close together. It was mind-blowing.  
  
The man's pace increased in speed, and it felt like he might be close to coming. Cassadee's limbs were shaking with the electrical impulses that were bouncing around inside her body. As he used her for his fuck toy, his dick drilling a hole in her womb, Cassadee tensed her muscles and tried to fight back against the inevitable. She didn't think she could physically handle another orgasm of that magnitude. Despite her best efforts, she felt the exquisite pain of a third orgasm begin to rip through her insides. A guttural scream tore from her throat as her vaginal muscles twisted and clenched, making her body seize and threatening to twist her limbs out of her bindings. Just as Cassadee caught her breath and was about to scream for Tom, the man's grip tightened on her thighs and he came, holding himself inside her. Through the fog in her brain she thought she could feel his cock pumping its load into her womb.  
  
Finally, he withdrew himself and it felt like she had given birth. Her vagina was suddenly empty, returning to normal size, and a rush of mixed fluids ran down the crack of her ass. Cassadee couldn't stop shaking.  
  
She felt the headphones come off and Tom said, "My goodness, Cass, that was one of the most incredible things I've ever witnessed. You are doing so well. I'm so very impressed with you. You are almost there. You only have one mentor left."  
  
"I...I don't...think I can handle...any more," she panted. "I don't want to end the ceremony...but I think...I might be done..." She felt warm tears escape her eyes and dampen the blindfold.  
  
"Just rest. I have confidence that you are going to be more than fine. I will try to get some of the sweat off your body, so you stop shivering. And I'm going to need a little time to clean up the floor. Just relax."  
  
Cassadee heard Tom begin to hum as she felt a warm wet cloth wiping her face, down her neck, across her breasts, her stomach, and then her legs and feet. Then a large soft towel dried her off everywhere and her trembling began to slow. She felt Tom's fingers gently pulling her labia from side to side as he wiped both the inside and outside of her vulva. Then her puckered asshole got the same treatment. Finally, his hands left her as she heard him cleaning the mess off the floor.  
  
Cassadee thought about her mentors. She wondered about the identities of the four men who had already fucked her. She had no idea about the first and third. She had a romantic notion of who she wanted the second to be, but there was no guarantee. And the fourth...she thought she might have a guess. But she wasn't sure. There might be only a couple people she knew who might fit her imagined description of the fourth mentor. Only time would tell.  
  
"OK, Cass, I'm about to bring in your final mentor. Are you good to continue?" Tom asked in her ear.  
  
Cassadee nodded. "I think so. I think I can do this."  
  
"Good, good. Don't worry. This will be over soon and then we will present you to your friends and family. I'm going to place the headphones back on now."  
  
Cassadee felt the familiar pressure on the sides of her head and the total absence of sound. Then she waited what seemed like a few minutes in her sensory-deprived mind but might not have been that long. Eventually, she felt a hand on her thigh. It seemed tentative—unsure of touching her. It was another half minute or so before she felt a light touch on her vaginal lips. Then it was gone again.  
  
Cassadee was confused. She wasn't quite sure what was happening. Did he not want to have sex with her? Did she smell bad now that four men had been with her? She began to get very self-conscious as she worried about who this fifth man might be. Was it someone of authority in her life? Would it be really awkward for them to have a mentor/mentee relationship after this? She began to get extremely nervous and goosebumps of a different kind popped up all over her skin.  
  
Just as she was thinking about calling out for Tom and putting an end to the ceremony, she felt an intrusion between her labia. She wasn't wet anymore because of how nervous she was. He must have realized this because she thought she felt his spit drop onto her. Then his penis slid around her opening and suddenly she was much more lubricated. Finally, she felt the length of him slide inside of her until he bottomed out. She gasped as he slid back out and began long slow strokes.  
  
This felt nice. His penis wasn't small, but it was a huge relief after the previous one. This was a cock she could get used to feeling every day. The long strokes continued and Cassadee began to heat up once again. She had thought another orgasm might be impossible, but she was definitely enjoying this. And her own wetness had kicked in with a vengeance. "Oh, yes, that feels so good," she heard herself say.  
  
The man's rhythm stuttered for a second, then continued, but he suddenly seemed a little less sure of himself.  
  
"Please don't stop doing what you were doing," she said. She hadn't thought about talking to him, but it felt like he needed some encouragement, and for some reason she felt like he might be a close friend or something. "Yes. Just like that. You feel amazing. Don't stop. Please. I want you."  
  
Cassadee shocked herself by speaking those last words. Why did she say that? Obviously, her words had worked, because his rhythm picked up and he began to fuck her with more confidence.  
  
Incredibly, her body was responding once again. How could she have anything left in her? But, without fail, the warmth spread from her sex through her belly and into her head. She couldn't quite believe it, but another orgasm was coming.  
  
His rhythm sped up suddenly. Oh, no. She was so close to her own orgasm. "Please don't come yet. I'm so close. I want to come with you," she pleaded. Cassadee felt him slow down just a little. In and out, in and out. She felt that momentary weightlessness and then it was like an electric jolt from a cattle prod. She moaned a long 'ooooohhhhhh fuck' as her sore vaginal muscles gripped and released with thundering intensity.  
  
Just as her orgasm subsided, her mentor's thrusting stopped, and he pressed himself hard into her. He rocked slightly and Cassadee knew he had reached his own orgasm, unloading inside of her. She felt him rest his body on top of her, lying his head on her chest. She wanted so badly to run her hands through his hair and comfort him. Finally, he lifted himself off and withdrew his penis, allowing the semen to spill down her butt. Cassadee felt his hand lovingly caress her ass cheek before he was gone.  
  
In a moment Tom was back and taking off the headset. "Wonderful, Cass. You are all done. Just hang in there while I release your restraints. Don't touch your blindfold though." Cassadee's wrists were freed and she brought her arms down, working out the sudden cramps in her shoulders. Her ankles were released as well, and Tom gave her a little shove up the table with his hands on her butt. He gently took both feet in his hands and straightened out Cassadee's legs. She groaned as her muscles stretched.  
  
"OK, Cass, I'm going to pull you up to a sitting position. Just stay that way for a moment and get your bearings."  
  
Cassadee felt him turn her body sideways until she was sitting on the end of the table with her legs dangling. It felt good to be in a different position, after the last...hour? She had lost all track of time. After a minute or so he asked her if she was ready to stand. She nodded and he braced her as she put her weight on her feet. She wobbled, but his strong arms held her still. As she adjusted to a standing position, she felt a trickle of fluid run down her legs.  
  
"I think you forgot to clean me up," she said with a little chuckle.  
  
"No, this time we are going to leave it. This is how we will present you to your friends and family. A final show of trust, displaying to them what you look like after you've just had sex," he explained.  
  
Cassadee was shocked. "I'm going out there like this?" she asked in dismay. Would the humiliation never end? "Can I at least take off the blindfold?"  
  
"Not yet. I will lead you out like this. We will take the blindfold off on the stage."  
  
Cassadee resigned herself to the process, taking consolation in the fact that she wasn't the first girl, and wouldn't be the last, to go through this. She allowed him to lead her down what she assumed was a back connecting hallway to the dressing room. She knew she was correct when they walked through a door and she heard applause and words of congratulations from the dancers. She smiled, even though she couldn't see them, and finally, they were at the curtain. Tom led her through, and the acoustics changed. It was very quiet, but she could tell it was a large open space. Her bare feet felt the polished wood of the stage and after a few more steps they stopped.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, this has been an incredible night. Cassadee Ellison is here before you, having completed her mentor ceremony, and displayed for all to see. I will now take her blindfold off."  
  
He reached behind her head and slipped it off her face. Bright lights blinded her as effectively as the blindfold had.  
  
"Give her a moment for her eyes to adjust and then we will ask her some questions," he said. "Isn't she absolutely beautiful?" A murmur of agreement followed, along with a round of applause.  
  
After about thirty seconds of blinking and squinting, Cassadee could finally see. There were her mom and dad. And most of her friends. As a matter of fact, it didn't look like too many people had left at all. Everyone had smiles on their faces. Her parents looked tired, but very, very proud.  
  
"Cassadee, tell us please, how was your ceremony? How do you feel?" Tom asked.  
  
"Well, I'm sore. And tired," she responded.  
  
"Sore from the restraints or sore from the sex?"  
  
"Both," she answered with a shy smile. This elicited understanding laughter from the audience.  
  
"How was the sex?" he asked with a wink.  
  
"Umm...it was different with each mentor. Some were gentle. Some were a little rougher. But overall, it was really good." The shy smile again appeared on her face.  
  
"Can I ask how many orgasms you had?"  
  
"Uh..." She paused as she tried to remember. She didn't have one with the first. Then she had a really good one with the second. The third was very short and she didn't have one that time either. Then, her fourth mentor...holy fuck...he gave her three orgasms. Then she had one more with her last mentor. That was the nicest one of all. "Umm, five, I think."  
  
"So, one for each mentor?"  
  
"Uh, not exactly." Some more laughter ensued. "But they were all very nice and I enjoyed the experience very much."  
  
"Wonderful. I'm so glad. Will you do us a favor and show yourself to us? There is a chair right here." Tom pulled the chair directly behind Cassadee and she sat. "Go ahead and show us the evidence that looks like it has begun to run down your legs."  
  
Cassadee was a little embarrassed by the questions, and even more so by this request. But she had come this far. She may as well man up and finish this with all of the enthusiasm she could muster. So, she parted her knees and gestured toward the wet streaks that had run down her legs.  
  
"OK," he continued. "Can you show us your vulva? It looks like it is quite puffy and engorged."  
  
Cassadee looked down at herself. Holy cow! She had never seen her pussy so red and puffy. She reached her fingers down and touched her engorged labia. They were deeply pink and thick with arousal. She pulled herself apart and showed everyone just how red she was inside.  
  
"That's absolutely beautiful, sweetheart. Do you think there is anything left inside? See if you can push anything out."  
  
Cassadee looked at Tom and then at the faces staring back at her intently. Some eyes met hers. Most were fixated on her pussy. She slid to the edge of the chair with her legs spread far apart and tightened her stomach muscles as if she were trying to deliver a baby. At first, nothing happened. Then a small trickle of clear fluid dribbled out onto the stage. She could actually feel something more inside, so she pushed harder. Suddenly, to her surprise, a large amount of vaginal fluid and cum slid out of her and splattered on the floor. Cassadee's eyes went wide and her mouth fell open, not quite believing what had just happened.  
  
"And there you have it, folks. Proof that Cassadee Ellison has completed her Coming of Age ceremony and, in the eyes of this county, is considered a woman. From here on out she will be afforded the respect and admiration due her. No longer will anyone treat her like a child. Cassadee, your Coming of Age is complete and now, whatever you do is up to you. You can greet your friends and family, or you can go back and get showered and dressed. It is your choice. Everyone, let's give Cassadee a big round of applause!"  
  
The audience cheered and her parents came up on stage and hugged her with tears in their eyes. Cassadee began to cry as well.  
  
"Oh, I almost forgot!" Tom interrupted. Everyone turned to look at him. "Cassadee's party tonight was an unprecedented success. We raised over $40,000 for Cassadee's college fund which puts her in the number one spot on my Coming of Age Party List. She has beat the next highest contender by a large margin. Congratulations, Cassadee!"  
  
A roar went up from the crowd and her parents hugged her again, followed by her friends. She couldn't break away from all of her well-wishers to get cleaned up, so she just greeted and hugged everyone while she was still naked and dripping cum. What the hell did it matter at this point?  
  
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Cassadee lay in bed that night, freshly showered and thinking about her Coming of Age celebration, and everything that had happened throughout the day. In one day, the number of guys she had had sex with went from one to seven. And the stuff she had done! She had undressed and showed every part of her naked body to hundreds of people. She had performed lap dances and had given and received orgasms. And her inhibitions had been decimated in a matter of hours. Her mind kept going back to the fact that so many people now knew what her naked body looked like. It was nerve-wracking to think about. But it also stoked a liquid heat inside of her.

She had heard that nudity was legal here, but she almost never saw anything that qualified as nudity. Sure, some girls wore very skimpy clothing sometimes. And one would see the occasional flashing of tits or ass as a joke. But no one actually walked around town naked. If it was legal, why was that the case? Hmm. It was something to think about.  
  
All of these thoughts had subconsciously caused her fingers to slide under the waistband of her panties. When she realized what she was doing, she slipped her panties off and tossed them on the floor. Then she did the same with her tank top. She threw the sheets off of her body and lay there in the darkness completely nude. Why should she be ashamed of her body anymore? It was hers...and it was beautiful.  
  
Tomorrow she would begin to research the identities of her mentors. She had a couple ideas of who one or two of them might be. But the others had her stumped. They had two weeks to reveal themselves to her. So, whether she figured them out or whether they told her, within fourteen days she would know who they all were. And then she had another week to have sex with them all again.  
  
As she thought about it, her fingertips dipped inside of her vaginal entrance and spread the wetness up onto her clit. Mmm. There was a lot to think about in the next couple of weeks. But tonight, there was only sleep. After another orgasm. Or two.