**Cassandra**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

I don't want to die an old maid. Here I am, in the prime of life, and I've never had sex. Well, I've kissed, and men have felt me up over my clothes, but that's as far as it's gone. I'm twenty-six years old and I am very much a virgin.

I'm not a virgin with a hymen. That left a long time ago thanks to "Dan the Dildo," the name I gave to my favorite dildo. He was a birthday present to myself at the tender age of 23 when I gave up on men, but not on sex.

My college girlfriends all have boyfriends, a few are already married and one is pregnant. Usually their boyfriends/partners/husbands are between the third to the tenth man with carnal knowledge of my girlfriends. The number ten is only one case (Melissa) where ten men have carnal knowledge, at least that I know about. In my case there are zero. Zero such men. Zero. None.

Of course, a lot of the knowledge of my girlfriends' sex lives is inference, based on what they tell me and their Facebook posts. There is no way I could really know. For example, they probably think a few men have laid me, since I may have kind of given that impression. It's embarrassing to still be a virgin. If they do think that however they are wrong. They are very wrong.

It's not that I'm ugly. I'm not. I don't have body odor and I don't have bad breath. I am a standard issue woman. Okay, I'm not competing in looks with the latest movie star heartthrob, but as my brother used to say about standard issue girls such as myself, "(he) wouldn't kick them out of bed." Another one of his charming phrases I once overheard him say to another guy when he was in college was, "You don't fuck the face."

To round it out he would say about the bar scene, "Go ugly early." He seemed to take those as words to live by, too, from what I could tell of the stream of girls he brought home. I heard them moaning to the high heavens from his bedroom, and I listened for and heard his hands slapping their naked asses as he fucked them.

My brother also did not have "a type." Some of the girls were fat, some were skinny, some had big boobs and some had small boobs, some dressed well and some didn't. That they were willing seemed to be the only criterion my brother used. My brother's bedroom is next to mine and the walls are thin. I used to watch porn on mute in my bedroom, using his current lay's squeals and moans as the soundtrack. I was pathetic. I had to make small talk the next morning with these women smelling of sex. It was at the breakfast table, too.

I assume those last charming phrases ('you don't fuck the face' and 'go ugly early') of my brother referred to the fact that a girl being willing trumps her being pretty. Nobody would think of me as ugly, I'm sure, but also absolutely nobody would think of me as willing. Therein lies the problem. I have the reputation of being as frigid as an iceberg. I don't know if you've ever touched an iceberg, but they are truly cold.

How does one go about defrosting oneself? I knew what the problem was. Nudity, and my aversion to it. No man had ever seen me without clothes. Even all my doctors are and always have been women. The only males who have ever seen my naked body are my Dad when I was under three years old and he changed my diapers, and my brother. Clearly my Dad seeing me nude as a baby does not count.

My brother seeing me counts, most definitely. He was twenty and I was eighteen when it happened and of course his seeing me was purely accidental. It happens in families. Shit happens. He came home unexpectedly and I was walking nude from the shower to my bedroom when he saw me. I froze standing there nude giving him a full frontal like a deer in the headlights. He laughed, walked past me, gave my bare ass a stinging slap, and it was over.

Well, it's never really over. I'm sure he'll always have a picture of me nude in his mind, my ass welting up after his slap, and I still get cold sweats over the issue from time to time, and it happened eight years ago! Other than that, though, my entire body is visually virginal. That implies it's also sexually virginal and it sure is.

Something had to change. A girl cannot fall in love, marry, and have babies without sex. A girl cannot have sex in this day and age if no man can ever see her body. I was at my wits' end. When you are without hope, in despair, you turn to charlatans. Of course, most people do not think they are turning to charlatans at the time. It's more of a desperation move.

There was this doctor in the Bronx. Marilou told me about her. She practices medicine with "unorthodox techniques but they seem to work." I made an appointment. It was a long subway ride; I took the 4 train. Her name was Dr. Quark. It was so close to Dr. Quack it was not funny. Her father or grandfather had changed it from Kwarinrksy or something like that way back when on Ellis Island.

Dr. Quark listened to my woes and tribulations with great patience and an eager ear. She seemed more than interested. It turns out I was not the first but the second patient who had presented with these symptoms, and her treatment for the first one had worked! Maybe it was a fluke that it worked? She was more than eager to try it again to see if it could work a second time! At least she was an honest and straightforward quack.

I have small breasts. They're not tiny, just small. I wear a B cup bra.

"I want you to go without a bra," Dr. Quark said.

"I could not possibly do that," I said. "Everyone will know!"

"I realize that. I want you to take one of these pills. You can take up to eight per day. Do not take more than eight. The pills will help you overcome your aversion to nudity," she said.

"What are the side effects?" I asked. I always ask that.

"Some people get a nervous stomach, and some people get a headache, but both side effects are rare. If that happens to you, hard alcohol helps, such as whiskey, rum, or vodka," Dr. Quark said.

"You're kidding? There's a medicine where alcohol helps? Do you want me to smoke, too?"

Dr. Quark smiled. "No, no smoking. Smoking will not hurt the medicinal effects but in general no doctor can ever recommend smoking. Except, of course, for certain bowel movement disorders, but that's rare. How are your bowels?"

"Fine, thank you," I replied.

"Well then, there you have it. Start out at home. When you get used to it, go to the market without a bra to buy your groceries. If you wear a sweater, nobody will know. You'll find nobody will care," she said.

"It's hot as hell out right now. We're having the hottest summer on record. Everyone is wearing as little as possible. I'll look like a fool wearing a sweater," I said.

"You have a nice blouse on right now. It's perfect, actually. Take off your bra now. I'll turn around," Dr. Quark said. I kept thinking of her as Dr. Quack. I removed my bra. After all, I was in a doctor's office, in her examining room.

"Now look at yourself," Dr. Quark said. "Do you look that different?"

"No, not really."

"Can you tell you are without a bra? Move around to see if you can see any bouncing that would not happen if you were wearing a bra," she said.

I did. No difference. I looked the same. I don't really need to wear a bra for support. It's just more of a norm to wear one. Dr. Quark's theory was clearly to help me to break out of the stranglehold of convention.

"In this blouse, if you're behind me, you can see the bra strap through the blouse. When people see there's no bra strap, they'll know I'm without a bra," I said.

"It's not a crime to go without a bra from time to time. In fact, a lot of women who can go without the support do it when it's this hot. It's simply more comfortable," said Dr. Quark who is probably a D cup herself and always wears a bra!

"Now I'm going to turn the AC on super high, to make it quite cold in here," she said.

"To get my nipples hard?" I asked.

"Exactly. Let's not think about it, we can just talk. Elections are coming up. What are your thoughts?" she asked.

We talked politics for around fifteen minutes, and then she told me to look in the mirror. Wow. My nipples, which have always been long when hard, were poking at my blouse like there was no tomorrow.

"Do you like how you look?" Dr. Quark asked me when I looked at myself in the mirror.

"Everyone will see AND WILL NOTICE my hard nipples. Won't they know I'm not wearing a bra?" I asked.

"They may notice, and they may suspect, but they surely will not know," she said. She added, to my horror, "I want you to leave my office and travel all the way home dressed like this. I want to see you again in three days. Wear a sundress."

"I can't do that," I said.

"You can't do what? Come back in three days?" the doctor asked.

"Go home braless. I just can't," I said.

"Do you want to get better?" she asked. "Take two of these pills. The normal dose is one pill, but for your first time maybe two is a good idea. This is a first step. Nobody can see anything. As you said, it's as hot as a furnace outside and your nipples will shrink dramatically. Stay out of AC and you'll be fine."

"The subway cars are air conditioned," I said.

"Not all of them. Sometimes one of the cars in the train has broken AC. More and more seem to these days as the subway falls apart while Mayor De Blasio and Governor Cuomo feud. Find a car with nobody in it. Those cars either have a bad smell or they don't have AC. You'll be fine."

I did it. I left the doctor's office with my bra inside my purse. I was so nervous I felt as if I were one big goose bump. I was sure everyone would be staring at me, especially all of the men. Dr. Quark was right; once I left her office my nipple rapidly shriveled back to normal under the onslaught of the heat.

My boobs did not bounce and it was not at all obvious I was without a bra. Nobody seemed to notice or to care, except of course for me. I had a strange mixture of emotions: Relief combined with disappointment.

I was beginning to sweat from the heat. It was a long wait for the subway and the platform was hot and humid. It's not ladylike for a woman to sweat. Men sweat, women don't. Wrong! Everyone sweats. I was sweating. My anxiety over not wearing a bra probably continued to my abundant production of sweat.

To hell with it. Even if I found a train car with broken AC, I was taking a crowded one, where I was sure the AC was working. When the train finally arrived, it was jammed! As I got inside and the doors slammed shut, I was standing up against the window, being slightly crushed by the push of people around me. I saw myself in the reflection of the subway train window.

I could not believe my eyes. My body had sweated enough to get my blouse wet and it was now clinging to my boobs. Worse, it had become slightly transparent. Even a casual observer could see my boobs and especially my nipples and areolas right through my blouse!

I was on the 4 train which is an express train. As we crawled through a station where the train does not stop, there was a local train stopped in the station. I could see all the people in the local train and of course they could also see me. Most were not looking. Some were looking though, and they could see my boobs right through my blouse!

Men were staring at me either with their mouths open or with a shit-eating grin on their face. I was horrified to be inadvertently exposing my boobs like that to the men but my emotions were complex. I knew I was safe from them. Their view was fleeting as we rolled on past them. I found myself getting a little wet down there; I was getting aroused. It must be the pills Dr. Quark gave me, I figured.

It got worse. As the AC took hold my nipples became hard. They were poking furiously at my now transparent blouse! It was a good thing my back was to the crowd in my train car and that I was facing away from them, facing the train window.

I looked at myself using the train car window as a mirror, confirming that I could still see every single bleeping detail of my boobs and now moreover my nipples were hard as rocks and sticking out prominently. As I stared at myself in horror I saw too the reflection of a man standing behind me. His eyes were glued to something, a reflection in the window just as I was doing, and oh my God he was staring right at my boobs!

A man was seeing my boobs for the first time ever and there was no place to run, no place to hide. I peed just a little in my panties. I had lost control. I was so horrified. I kept staring at the reflection in the window of his eyes as they stared at my exposed boobs the way one cannot tear oneself away from the sight of the horror of a deadly car accident.

My peripheral vision saw a second man checking out my boobs. There was a third man, too! The horror, the horror! I might have been imagining it but I think I was beginning to smell of urine. I felt faint, as if I were going to fall, and just then the subway pulled into Union Square, which was my stop. The doors opened and since I was up against them I almost fell out of the train.

I actually did fall onto the platform as a rush of people pushed past me to leave the train and others to board it quickly to get whatever seats might have been liberated by the mob leaving the train. I assumed they were mostly changing to the L train to head over to Brooklyn. Some might have changed to the N, Q, or R trains, too. In contrast Union Square was my destination.

The three men who had been intent on checking out my boobs and my nipples now crowded around me and helped me to stand. They all stared at my exposed boobs, and one of the men, George, invited me for a coffee and inquired solicitously if I was hurt from my fall. I was not.

He took me to a nearby coffee shop. It was air conditioned of course and my nipples rose to the occasion. I excused myself to the go to the ladies' room and I removed my panties and quickly washed them in the sink to get the urine out. I wrung them out as best as I could, but I could not psychologically handle putting on soaking wet panties. At least the urine was gone.

I tried to dry my panties using the hot air hand dryer but it was a lost cause, since the air was intense but was cold, not hot air. I channeled Dr. Quark and knowing she would be thrilled, I put the panties inside a napkin and then put them in my purse and returned to George and the table still without my bra and now not wearing panties, either. I popped another pill.

I reassured George I had not been hurt by the fall and I thanked him for the cappuccino he had bought me. He had even chosen skim milk. He explained, "All women are on diets all the time. They always want skim milk."

George added, staring unabashedly at my two nipples trying to break free, "You are certainly very much a woman, so it's skim milk for you, I figured." I smiled for the first time since leaving Dr. Quark up in the Bronx.

"You were staring at my boobs using the subway window as a mirror in the train, weren't you George?" I said, addressing the elephant in the coffee shop.

"I've never seen such lovely boobs as yours appear to be," George said. I blushed. He was not truly answering my question but we both already knew the answer, didn't we?

"You need to get out more," I said.

"Want to help me? I'd love to take you to dinner tonight, Cassandra."

I looked at him. Truth be told, he was cute. Late twenties, maybe thirty years old? Nice hard body. I could do worse. I have done worse. I've often done worse. I've mostly done worse. "I'd love to go to dinner with you tonight," I said.

"Can I ask a favor?" George said.

"Of course," I replied, wondering what favor he could possibly ask for already.

"Don't change a thing. You look divine, just as you are," he said.

"You mean of course that you like that I'm not wearing a bra," I said, once again talking to the elephant. "You may not realize it, but due to my trip to the ladies', I'm also without panties." Oh my goodness that just slipped out! What's wrong with me?

"Then most definitely do not change a thing!" George said and he leaned across the table and surprised me by giving me a little kiss. I loved the kiss.

When I got home I immediately called Dr. Quark. I got her machine but thank the heavens she called me back within the hour. She was ecstatic on my behalf! She told me I had to go to dinner with George, and not to change.

"My skirt is dirty. It smells a bit of urine. I need to change it," I said.

"Go to Saks Fifth Avenue. Go to the third floor, the Marni section, and ask for Suzanne. I'm calling her now. She'll take care of you," Dr. Q. said. (I had decided to call her Dr. Q.)

I'm a good girl. I do as I'm told. Suzanne sold me a much too short skirt made of a fabric where one could see the shadow of my bush right through the skirt. She told me Dr. Q. had insisted I get this particular skirt.

"She said something about keeping George happy," Suzanne said. "Apparently he is to be the father of your baby?"

I giggled. "I think Dr. Quark is getting a little ahead of things," I said.

"She often does," Suzanne said. "But she means well, and I hear she gets results. She also told me to pick out a new blouse for you. She gave explicit instructions. This one should work fine."

Suzanne "forced" me to try on the blouse. It was very low cut, almost down to my waist. It exposed a ton of my boobs. The nipples were still hidden thank goodness, but only barely. My nipples were poking at the blouse with all their might. To make things worse, the blouse was sheer, and I could see the hidden parts of my boobs right through the fabric. I thought of George, smiled, and I bought both the skirt and the blouse. One month's salary down the drain right there!

I could not wear the blouse or especially the skirt out of the store. It was too humiliating to be exposed like that on the sidewalks of the streets of Midtown in New York. Every man who saw me would want to stick his hands inside my blouse for a quick fondle, I was sure. Most men can restrain themselves but New York is a big place. What if one man simply could not resist? No, I would not wear the blouse out of the store.

I bought a bottle of Scotch whiskey on the way home. At the liquor store I explained there was a man I wanted to impress and that price was not a constraint. This was a mistake. I had no idea one could spend thousands of dollars for a bottle of Scotch whiskey! I ended up buying two bottles of Macallan 15-year-old whiskey that had been aged in oak, which I assumed was a good thing from the way the man spoke of it. I also bought a bottle of Balvenie 14 year old Scotch. Even though neither cost anywhere near to thousands of dollars, they were not cheap!

I went home and removed my still wet panties from my purse and tossed them in the hamper. My bra went there too, since it now smelled from the proximity to my panties. I changed my purse, too. I popped open a bottle of the Macallan Scotch whiskey and poured myself a glass. Whoa! The stuff was strong! I drank enough to get a buzz.

It worked. Dr. Q. was right. With the aid of the Scotch and two more pills I was able to get dressed with neither bra nor panties, wearing my new blouse and my new skirt. I was so proud of myself! My blouse revealed a hell of a lot of boob. As long as the AC was not too strong in the restaurant, I should be fine, except of course for my much too short skirt that revealed not only a lot of my upper thighs but also the shadow of my bush, to boot. I was showing a lot flesh I was not accustomed to showing!

I took off my skirt, went to the bathroom and I trimmed my bush a bit. Dr. Q. had told me to do that. "You never know," she had said. I giggled. I shaved off the stubble from the trimming. I had become creative and now my bush was in the shape of a small heart. I took out Dan the Dildo and gave myself a small treat. It helped me to relax a bit, although I also entered a state of arousal that I had a bit of trouble shaking.

I was worried George would have second thoughts and stand me up. He came right on time however and I found myself exhaling. When he arrived and saw me in my blouse with a majority of my boobs out there for him to see I almost died of embarrassment. I wanted to run, to hide, or at least to cover up. I again channeled Dr. Q. and I nervously stood there in my blouse, exposing myself to him. I think I was shivering, or quaking, I was no nervous.

I was proud of myself for just being able to stand up in front of George with so much boob flesh showing. I noticed I was still aroused. If anything, the arousal was growing. George drank in the view I presented. I smiled to myself.

George took me to dinner and we gabbed like school children to the point where I forgot about the extent of my exposure. George actually made me giggle and at times he made me laugh! I was falling for the man. I was falling hard.

I did see George's eyes frequently return to my boobs as I sat across from him. Each time he looked there I'm sure I blushed. At one point George even said, "You look fetching when you blush, Cassandra." I'm not sure he made the connection to my blushing and his wandering eyes. Maybe he did? You never know, do you?

George took me home after dinner. I invited him in for a drink. "My favorite Scotch!" he exclaimed. "How did you know?" I hadn't known of course, but I smiled like the proverbial Cheshire Cat.

I knew I was playing with fire. Inviting a man in for a drink is often taken as an invitation for sex. It was our first date. Was this floozy territory? Maybe it would have been if we were in our teens or our early twenties, but I was twenty-six, and George was a few years older.

George sat on the couch. I poured a healthy glass of Scotch for him and a small one for me. I brought the Scotch over to him to hand him his glass. He took it, grabbed my hand, and he pulled me down onto the couch next to him in one sweeping, effortless gesture. I almost spilled my own smaller glass of Scotch. I giggled nervously.

We sipped our Scotch whiskeys and talked animatedly about nothing important. He made his move. He kissed me. I was expecting a kiss. I was ready. I kissed him right back and our tongues danced the dance of time immemorial. His hands went to my boobs, but outside my blouse. No man's hands had ever touched my boobs. George was in unexplored territory but he had no idea.

George could have simply reached inside my blouse to fondle my boobs had he wanted to do so. This would have freaked me out beyond all reason. Instead he began to unbutton my blouse slowly, one button after the next. This too freaked me out beyond all reason.

"George," I said, and I paused. George waited patiently for me to continue. "No man has ever touched my breasts before."

"Why? Are they radioactive?" George must have thought I was kidding.

I giggled. "I'm a little neurotic. I have not allowed it," I said. George looked at me strangely. I knew he was thinking: Is it possible she is not kidding?

"Are you allowing it now?" he asked.

I did not answer. I was going to allow it, I think, but I could not bring myself to say it.

"How old are you?" George asked.

"Twenty-six."

"Twenty-six and no man had ever touched your boobs? Seriously?" he said. I nodded. George continued, "Well my lady, your boobs are overdue for a checkup. We'll have to change the oil and the air filter, too."

George had not stopped with the buttons and my blouse was completely open. He pushed it off my shoulders and down my arms and suddenly I was naked above the waist. A microsecond later his hands were all over my boobs. I was shaking. To hide my emotions, I kissed him while he became the first man ever to molest my boobs.

The kissing was turning me on something fierce. My breathing was changing and I was feeling stranger and stranger, but in a good way. In a very good way. Suddenly George tweaked my nipple, then the other one, while he stuck his tongue down my throat.

It happened. I climaxed. My body quivered and shook and I moaned loudly, right through the kiss.

"Did you just cum?" George asked me, incredulity in his voice.

"Yes," I whispered, totally embarrassed. I knew what he was thinking. I was thinking the same thing. Could a woman orgasm without even touching her private area down there? I guess we just learned that she can!

We resumed kissing. I was now kissing in terror, waiting for George to make a move on my skirt. I had no idea he had already unsnapped it and unzipped it. The man was smooth. "How about another Scotch?" George said.

Glad to get away from George's hopelessly arousing kissing and roving hands I quickly stood up. I bent over to get George's now empty glass and let my boobs dangle in front of his face. Then I walked, putting a little wiggle in my step, over to the counter where the bottle of Scotch was to be found.

At my third step toward the counter, perhaps due to my wiggle, my skirt abruptly fell to the ground. I was naked. I was naked in front of a man. He had a spectacular view of my naked ass. Just as I had done when my brother found me walking back to my room naked eight years earlier, I froze. I stood there like a statue.

I heard George rise from the couch. I heard his pants too fall to the ground. I heard him walking over to my frozen statue of a body. His hands went around me and enveloped my breasts, just as -- I remember now for the first time! -- my brother's hands had done those eight long years ago!

His right hand cupped my right boob while his left hand tweaked my left nipple. His hand slowly slipped down my body to caress my bare ass. I let out a small moan, just as I had done when my brother's hand had traced the same path. I was beginning to remember that fateful day with my brother. I was remembering things I had never would have even dared to think had happened!

George spun me around to face him. My brother had done that, too. He looked me up and down, the first man ever to see my naked body, not counting my brother. I nervously, even very nervously, smiled at him. What would he think? Would he like it? Were my boobs too small? Were my thighs too thin? Would he have wanted to see a shaved snatch? Would he like that "the carpet matched the drapes," another ugly phrase of my brother? I was a mess of insecurity, but still I smiled.

George drank in the view as if I were the incarnation of a picture postcard. Then he came to me. I quickly said, "Your Scotch!" and turned away from him to get him a glass. He laughed and pulled me back, right into his arms, and he kissed me. I melted. His nice and now hard cock was wedged between us, touching my stomach.

I knew about nice, hard cocks. I'm 26 and I've dated and to avoid nudity typically I would give my dates a blowjob. That would usually buy them off, and they would leave happy, even if they rarely ever asked me out again.

Sometimes I would get another date a few weeks later and give the man another blowjob. I assumed they were simply horny and they knew I give a great blowjob. They also knew that was all they were going to get from me. They all lost interest fairly quickly when they figured out they were never going to lay me. Intercourse is something men seem really to want.

I did not want to give George a blowjob. I wanted finally to feel a man inside me. I was finally naked. The thought made me shiver. I pulled away from George and grabbed the Scotch, poured us both stiff drinks, and I popped two pills as well.

Suddenly I had another memory flash. I remembered kissing and hugging my brother with his hard cock between us, too. I want back to George and we resumed kissing with our bodies pressed together. What happened next?

I took another sip of Scotch and suddenly I knew. George is big and strong and I am small. George picked me up. My legs went around him, just as they had with my brother. George walked to the wall, leaning me against it, just as my brother had. We kissed some more like that and George gradually lowered me down, oh my God just as my brother had done eight long years ago!

I felt George's cock poke at my opening. I moaned and said, "Yes." I said it softly, deliberately. It was the yes of submission. I was ready. I had not said yes to my brother. With him I said nothing. Otherwise it was identical.

I was soaking wet. George slipped into me easily and all thoughts of my brother disappeared. It was all George, all the time. It felt divine. Finally, a man was inside me! Finally, I was one with a man. George's cock completed me. My hole was filled and it was as nature wanted it to be. More importantly it was as I wanted it to be!

George began to move his move up and down on his cock. Up and down, up and down, and I heard loud moans. Why was George moaning? Oh. It wasn't George, it was me! I was moaning.

George popped me out. He took my hand, holding it gently as if it were a treasure, and he led me to my bedroom. He threw back the covers. He picked me up and lay me on my back on the bed. He spread my legs which moved apart willingly of their own accord.

"Come to me, lover. Cum inside me," I said.

George smiled and he climbed aboard. He quickly found my eager opening and he plunged right in, going fully deep on his first thrust. He pushed into me and I pushed back. I instinctively wrapped my legs around his back. He was too big and my legs were too short so they could not touch but neither of us cared as he ravished me with his thrusts. I climaxed quickly, my second time of the evening, and I let out a soft scream as I came. He kept right on ploughing my field and I kept right on moaning out my pleasure.

The feelings were so intense I did not even have the ability to reflect on how happy I was. George finally unloaded inside me and it was my first time to feel a man ejaculate inside me, and it felt so wonderful! I was thrilled beyond belief.

No, it wasn't the first time, I suddenly realized as another deeply suppressed memory surfaced. It was the second time. The first time had been eight years earlier with of course my brother that fateful day I walked nude from the shower. I shivered at the memory.

George is not my brother! I told myself. George is a wonderful man, and I don't care about technicalities, I consider him to be my first. He was also a hell of a lot better a lover than Dan the Dildo.

George left eventually as men will do. I was left alone in my apartment, still naked, filled with the wonderful cum of my new lover. I day dreamed. I wondered if George would want to date me again? Would it be different with him since I had put out? Was the sex that much better for a man than a blowjob? Would I ever see George again? I really hoped so.

I waked around my apartment, still nude, having that thrilling feeling of being full with a man's cum. I wanted to shout it from the rooftops to the world! I turned on all the lights and opened the blinds. This was New York. Anyone could see me. True, it was 2am and all the windows facing mine were dark and all my neighbors were asleep. That was not the point. The point was that in theory they could see me.

I paraded around in my apartment no longer caring who could see me. I was showing off. I was a bit delirious with excited pleasure. The doorbell rang. I buzzed him in. Doubtless George was returning. Maybe he wanted a third fuck? (I had already given him a second.) Wouldn't that be grand?

I opened my door and I could hear his footsteps coming up the stairs. Yes, I lived in a walkup. I was already good and wet just from the anticipation of his arrival. I was also thrilled he liked me enough even to want a third fuck!

I stood there, nude in the doorway, smiling my best smile in welcome. I heard my brother speaking, saying something about being stranded in Manhattan having missed the last train and apologizing for barging in on me so late and night and then suddenly it being dead quiet. This was not unprecedented. I had lent him my couch to sleep on from time to time when he got stranded. This time however I was nude, just like eight years earlier. I froze, standing there nude before him. I was unable to move, just like eight years earlier.

He entered the apartment and closed the door while I stood there nude, stunned motionless. He kissed me. I kissed him back. It was eight years ago again. I silently went to the Scotch and poured us both a glass. He too was nude when I returned with the two glasses of Scotch. We drank the Scotch silently while from time to time he would give me kisses. His kisses were just like those of George.

I stood to get more Scotch and he pulled me up against him, his hard cock wedged between our two stomachs. He picked me up. My legs wrapped about him. He lowered me onto his cock and he began to fuck me. I moaned.

He walked me to my bedroom with his cock inside me and we fell onto the bed, me on my back, and it was eight years ago all over again. He was fucking me and I was moaning up a storm. My brother is named Sam, but I called him George as he fucked me. He pulled out and unloaded on my stomach. We never spoke.

The next morning I remained nude and I made us both breakfast. I never spoke. He dressed and he left. I took a long, hot bath. I had much to discuss with Dr. Quark. I went to see her in the morning. She was helpful.

George dropped by that very afternoon. I was wearing a long T shirt and nothing else except a thin black belt. The belt turned it into kind of a T shirt dress. My nipples poked at it. "Do you know what day today is?" George asked.

"Saturday," I said.

"What else?" he asked.

"July 14, Bastille Day in France. I have croissants. Want one?" I said. I had picked up some freshly baked croissants on the way back from Dr. Q.

"Yes please, but what I meant is that it is National Nude Day," George said.

"What?"

"It's a day to celebrate nudity," he said.

"What?" I said again.

George explained the holiday to me. We Googled it together because I did not believe him. He convinced me.

"Cool," I said, and I pulled off my T shirt, revealing my nude body again to my lover George.

After we had made love I was on cloud nine. George had come back for more! I had again been able to expose myself to his eyes! Suddenly it dawned on me that so too had my brother. I realized for the first time I had fucked him again the previous night! What was wrong with me? It was as though I fucked my brother in a dream, just as it had felt that first time. How could I not have known until just then that I had fucked my own brother? A second time?

Wait, was it a second time? Had there been other times I'm not remembering? Had there been other men, too? Am I crazy?

No, I'm not crazy. It had only been twice, and it had only been when I greeted my brother while stark naked. I certainly had only done that twice. I was so glad just then I was on birth control pills.

"You know what one does on National Nude Day?" George asked me.

"Make love with a wonderful man?" I asked in reply. "We just did that but we can do it again if you like?"

"Yes, but what I mean is that you share your naked beauty with the world," he said.

"What?"

"Your building has a rood garden, right?" George asked.

"Yes, but..."

"Come on!" George took my hand and he led me, naked, to my building's elevators.

"What? I can't do this, George. There may be children playing on the roof!" I said. "It's a lovely Saturday. Families often go up there!" I was alarmed.

George handed me one of my own robes. It had been hanging in the bathroom. He put his robe on and I quickly donned mine. The elevator opened. We were on the roof. Nobody was there. Windows from other buildings had great views of our roof. He walked me around, away from the elevator. "We'll hear it ding if someone else comes up," he said. I was not so sure.

George took off my robe and suddenly there I was, naked to the windows of the world, on my roof, in honor of National Nude Day, a holiday I was sure George had made up. We were both nude. We lay on the chaise lounge chairs the building keeps up there, exposed to the viewing public. I was shivering and hopelessly sexually aroused by my exposure.

I wanted to jump George and ravish him but I was not about to have sex in public. George was wrong, by the way, and we did not hear the ding of the elevator. My hunk of a neighbor, Dwight, came around and saw us both nude on the chaise lounge.

"Hello, Cassandra," Dwight said.

I did not cover up. I said, "Hello Dwight. Happy Nude Day. This is my lover George."

George said hello. They already knew each other since they both worked at the same hedge fund. Dwight took a chair and moved it to where he had a perfect view of my pussy, boobs and body in general. My legs of course were together, so he could not see my pussy.

I offered Dwight my cell phone. "Could you take a picture of us nude like this? I want to show it to someone," I said. I was thinking of course at how amazed Dr. Q. would be.

Dwight took a few pictures with my phone and also took a few with his phone. I did not like that, but I was not quick enough to stop him.

"Move your legs apart, my love," George said. "If I were Dwight, I would want to see your pussy, too. Am I right, Dwight?"

"Were I to flash Dwight my pussy, he might want to enjoy it. He lives next door, George. Am I right, Dwight?"

"You are both right. I'd love to see you pussy, Cassandra, and I've wanted to lay you since you've moved in, so seeing your pussy won't change anything," Dwight said, to my surprise, even shock.

"I had no idea you wanted to lay me, Dwight," I said. I've always thought it's not a good idea to have sex with neighbors. If I were ever to make an exception to that maxim, Dwight would be the guy. I had liked him from the get-go and now I was learning he had been lusting for me too? I wondered if this were just a line.

"Recently you have been moaning up a storm, little lady. I've been fantasizing while listening through the thin walls," Dwight said. I was sure I blushed bright red.

My legs drifted apart. I could not stop myself. Dwight undressed too, revealing a quite nice erect cock. I had two men with two hard cocks next to me and I was exposing all of myself, my pussy included. We were on the roof, doubtless being watched by God knows who and how many men.

We talked like that, nude, for a long time. George was the first man for whom I had ever been nude (not counting my brother), and now my neighbor Dwight was the second. Unknown numbers of other men could also enjoy the sight of my nudity from the windows of other buildings overlooking the roof.

Both men could not take their eyes off my body. This was manna from heaven for my insecure self. Two men were hard at the same time just from gazing at my nude body.

After some discussion, lasting about an hour, Dwight and George obtained my permission to invite some colleagues over for a 'nude day party' to begin later in the day, at Dwight's apartment with spillover to mine.

It's not easy to invite women to a nude day party, even if it is National Nude Day. It's not even that easy to get men to come. People are embarrassed to be nude. The women worry it will turn sexual, and the men do not want their colleagues checking out their junk. The idea did not work. The party became the three of us.

We went to my place and I took out one of my bottles of Scotch and put on music. I danced with both men and they both got a little touchy-feely. George's touches were fine of course, but I was nervous since he was touching me in front of Dwight. Dwight's touches just made me nervous. I was not ready for a threesome, and I did not want to fuck my neighbor.

George on the other hand seemed to be pushing me to be more intimate with Dwight. Dwight got away with a lot more than he would have had it not been for George pushing me to let him. He got to fondle my boobs, tweak my nipples, and at one point during a slow song he began to finger me.

I was drunk and hopelessly aroused by this point and he got away with quite a bit of fingering before I woke up to the fact that my neighbor Dwight was the one fingering me, and not George. I got alarmed and sent him home, which was only next door.

I sat down to have a talk with George. "What do you want from me George? Before you answer, I really like you. I hope you feel the same way about me," I said.

"Of course I like you, Cassandra," George said, and my heart fell into my stomach threatening to turn to bile and come back up. I knew from his body language and his tone of voice that at that very moment he could not wait to get away. Men hate this kind of discussion of course, but at that moment I knew. George was simply enjoying a woman who was pretty and was to him an enthusiastic sex toy.

"Do you want a threesome? Do you want to watch me fuck your colleague, my neighbor? If that's what you want, just say so," I said.

"That's what I want," George said. "It's also hot that Dwight is black. I can't wait to see his black cock inside your lily white body."

I was sickened by George's thoughts. I was glad he was honest, but I did not want a man who thought like that. Still, I had my own reasons for complying, for submitting.

I rose. Still naked, I went next door and rang the bell of Dwight's apartment. Dwight answered.

"You're overdressed, Dwight. Lose the clothes and come over," I said. I returned to my apartment. George met me at the door and kissed me. His kiss made me sad. He was rapidly becoming history in my eyes.

Dwight came over. I led the men to the bedroom. I lay down on the bed and spread my legs. "Who wants me first?" I asked. They both wanted me first. The two idiots tossed a coin.

Dwight put me on my hands and knees, gripped my small hips with his two hands, and entered me. I shivered as the second man of my life (always not counting my brother!) possessed me with his cock. George was watching eagerly. Dwight was pumping away inside me. I had to admit it felt wonderful, just as good as when George was fucking me, and even better, actually. My boobs, normally staid, were bouncing around below me as Dwight went to town. I'll say this for him: He fucked me with unbridled enthusiasm!

Dwight pulled out at the last minute and shot his spunk all over my back. I had wanted him to cum inside me but he had not asked, and I had not said. Maybe pulling out is the polite thing to do? I did not know threesome etiquette.

George rolled me onto my back and it was Dwight's turn to watch. He began to masturbate, rubbing his cock, as he watched George fuck the bejesus out of me. No more Mr. Nice Guy for George! He was fucking me like he meant it!

George was fucking me so hard it was a little scary but I managed to get into it since it felt divine and hyper sensual. I guess he figured, correctly, that this was his last time in the saddle with yours truly so he could do what he wanted and just maximally get his rocks off at my expense.

In the meantime, I was looking sideways watching Dwight massage and play with his cock while watching George fuck my brains out. George was lasting a long time, too. I motioned for Dwight to come over to me and I grabbed his cock and pulled it into my mouth. I tasted my own juices on his cock. I have never tasted myself this way before. It was strange but kinky and I was into it. I gave him my best blowjob technique while George fucked me for all he was worth.

I don't know why but sucking off Dwight while George fucked me impressed the two men. Apparently, it's a porn thing and it's called a spit roast. Dwight asked if he could cum in my mouth while I was blowing him and getting fucked. I said, "mmm-hmmm."

Shortly later Dwight exploded into my mouth. Being very experienced with blowjobs I knew just what to do and not a drop of his nice, salty cum escaped. I swallowed it all.

After George came again, squirting inside me with me loving feeling the ejaculations, we all adjourned to the sitting room and talked. I was all smiles and kept their Scotch glasses filled. George eventually left and Dwight made noises that he should go home, too.

After George left I said to Dwight, "Want to sleep here tonight, with me? You can brush your teeth next door tomorrow morning," and I giggled. Dwight looked me deep in my eyes and smiled.

"You're through with George then?" he asked.

"Yes. Any man who wants a threesome on the second date is not a man I want to stay with," I said.

"Then why did you do it?" Dwight asked.

"I have my reasons," I said.

"Was having me lay you one of them?" Dwight asked.

"That depends," I said. "Are you staying the night?"

"Yes. I can't guarantee you'll get a lot of sleep, though. I love your body, Cassandra."

"Then yes," I said, "Having your cock inside me was in fact the primary reason."

"In that case, lover girl, shall we give it another go?"

Dwight also woke me up the next morning in the way every girl I'm sure wants to be waked: With a cock inside her. I stayed naked and made us both breakfast, and it was at that moment that my doorbell rang.

"It's probably George." I buzzed him in and I threw on a robe. "I'll let him know to his face that he's history now."

"Do it naked, lover. Torment the poor sod!" Dwight said.

"Ooh, you have an evil mind," I said as I giggled.

I threw open the door standing there in my naked glory and it was not George. It was my brother Sam. I froze, just standing there.

"Who are you?" Dwight asked my brother.

"I'm Sam, Cassandra's brother," Sam said.

"I'm Dwight, Cassandra's lover," Dwight said and the two men shook hands. I was still frozen to my spot, standing there naked in a trance.

Dwight was worried. He snapped his fingers in my face saying, "Cassandra? Hello? Anyone home?"

"She gets like that sometimes. Whenever I greet her naked she enters a trance," Sam said.

"How do you get her out of the trance?" Dwight asked.

Suddenly I woke up. "He doesn't even try. He commits incest and he leaves. I emerge from the trance later."

"You rape your own sister?" Dwight asked?

"It's not rape. She submits willingly," Sam said.

"Get out, Sam," I said. "You're no longer welcome here." I began to push him out. Dwight helped and he left quickly enough.

"Show me what your brother would have done to you had I not been here, Cassandra," Dwight said.

I smiled. "I'll tell you the whole story after, okay? This time cum inside me, too, please."

Dwight smiled. "Pick me up, Dwight," I said. He did and I wrapped my legs around him. He needed no more instructions. He bounced me up and down and with Dwight, my moans were at their loudest. I meant the moans, too; they were sincere. That man knows how to fuck a Cassandra. For the first time in a long time I could see my future without despair. Life was good.

Dwight stayed another night. And another after that. And another. And another. Dwight was a keeper.