**Closet Exhibitionist**

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**Closet Exhibitionist Pt. 01**

I was just a small town girl from the Midwest. I never considered myself to be pretty when I was younger, but I really blossomed after high school. At 5'7" and very fit and lean, I was objectively beautiful and loved the attention. Just feeling a man's eyes on me greatly turned me on. I wasn't a classic beauty. I didn't have large breasts or an hour-glass figure, but I did have a pretty face, incredibly firm "b" cups and a great ass. I discovered that for most men, these traits were enough.

I've always carried myself in a conservative and reserved manner. I had very few sexual experiences before my first marriage. You would never know from looking at me the filthy sexual thoughts constantly going through my mind. I married young (18), and my first husband, Jim, was also my first lover. Our sex life was not terribly exciting. Jim was reasonably attractive and seemed to know his way around the female body, yet achieving an orgasm with him always eluded me.

It wasn't until visiting my sister Michelle, that I thought I figured out why. I was using the bathroom at Michelle's apartment when I noticed a PLAYGIRL magazine in her magazine rack. Having only seen one naked man before, I was intrigued. I flipped open the magazine and the centerfold fell out. What was suddenly in front of me was a gorgeous black man with an enormous penis.

I was stunned. Jim's penis was probably only 1/4 the size of this beautiful black man's. The wave of arousal that went through me shocked me. I studied this beautiful man. I reached my fingers down to my vagina and felt more lubrication than I ever thought possible. As my fingers glided across my clit, it felt like an electric shock went through my body. I stared back and forth between that big beautiful cock and that man's amazing smile and started rubbing myself.

I slipped two fingers inside my pussy as I studied his masculine, muscular body. I imagined it pressing hard against me, forcefully shoving that huge, hard cock into my inexperienced tight pussy. I had never masturbated before, but the orgasm building inside of me was obvious. The closer I got to orgasm, the more frantically I rubbed my vagina, the more desperately I wanted to feel the delicious pain of that huge cock pushing deep into my pussy.

Then it hit me. It hit all of me. My vagina clamped down hard on my two fingers still in my pussy. I let out a guttural moan as wave after wave of orgasm washed over me. I lost my balance and fell forward, landing hard on the bathroom rug. I couldn't even catch myself because my entire body was violently convulsing.

This one moment more than anything else started my sexual awakening. I started masturbating nearly everyday, fantasizing about being fucked by well-hung men and inexplicably, exhibitionism. The thought of men getting turned on by seeing me naked turned me on more than I can describe.

Jim worked long hours, leaving me home alone with just my filthy thoughts. One morning I looked out my apartment window and noticed two construction workers on the roof next door. Our apartment was located in an old victorian structure. Their project left them a mere 20' from my large, floor-to-ceiling windows. Anytime I left my apartment or returned to it, they would be right there, smiling and saying hello.

For a solid month these men were out there working. And every single day of that month I would get completely naked and innocently walk past those windows, hoping to give these men a show. After I was sure I'd been seen, I'd jump into the bath and bring myself to a powerful orgasm.

I would fantasize about the two of them coming over and taking me against my will. They wouldn't hurt me in this fantasy, quite the opposite. I'd resist enough to avoid accountability for the act, but my pleasure would be known only to me and these strong men overcome by their lust for me. Nobody to blame, really. I had inadvertently walked past our large windows completely naked. They'd both seen me and been overcome...

I was disappointed when I noticed the job was winding down. I hated the thought of losing my audience. I decided on their last day I'd give them a treat. I bought some new blinds for the apartment window closest to them. I started running the tub for my daily bath and disrobed. Then I "remembered" the blinds, so I went to work.

I stood completely naked in front of our floor-to-ceiling window as I reached up to remove the old blinds. I stole a quick glance at the men on the roof, only 20' away. Sure enough, they were both standing frozen staring right at me. My first instinct was to cover up, but the wave of arousal that washed over me was so extraordinary and overwhelming, it held me in place. They could see every inch of my body.

My God, this was hot! I pretended I was struggling with the old blinds so I could hold my pose longer. Every second that ticked by was excruciatingly hot. I could feel my wetness building. I eventually brought down the old blinds and lifted the new ones in their place. I stole another glance, only to find my to voyeurs in the exact same places, staring at my naked body. What seemed like an eternity only lasted for about five minutes, but those were the greatest five minutes of my life. By the time I'd completed my project, my juices were running down both of my legs.

There's very little I wouldn't have done in that moment. Had they come over right then, I would have enthusiastically fucked both of them. Instead I had to settle for my daily bathtub routine. This day's orgasm nearly knocked me unconscious. I was incredibly turned on for the rest of the day thinking about the show I'd put on.

When Jim came home that night, he was greeted with my sexiest lingerie. I needed to be fucked long and hard. Unfortunately, Jim was tired and not receptive to my advances. This was the beginning of the end for us. I'd recently enrolled full-time at a nearby university. Every single day I was surrounded by hot men more than willing to fuck me.

Don was a guy in my sociology class. He was gorgeous and always smiled and flirted with me. It was my big crush on Don that gave me the courage to ask Jim for a divorce. I was far too young to be in a sexless marriage. Jim and I separated right away and I started dating Don. He was a talented lover, but my dream of experiencing my first huge cock would have to wait. Don was pretty average in that department, but he definitely made the most of it. He was an expert at oral sex and usually brought me to orgasm when we made love.

Having no place to live, I moved into a single room in an old dormitory on campus. My window was across the street from a frat house. The temptation to stand naked in front of my window for the pleasure of a bunch of frat guys proved too much for me. Every evening after dinner, I would take a shower and return to my room, where I would turn all of my lights on, slide off my silk robe in front of my window, put on lotion, then casually walk around naked while slowly collecting my sleep-ware for the night.

Once I'd had enough, I'd turn out the lights, jump into bed and masturbate. This was my nightly routine. I believed my window was close enough to the frat house to allow them to see me naked every night, but far enough away to prevent them from being able to recognize me on campus.

That is, until the afternoon I got a knock on my door. I answered and found two frat guys standing at my door. They introduced themselves as Nick and Tony. They said they wanted to meet the prettiest girl on campus. I was flattered. I shook their hands and told them my name was Kim. Them seemed flustered and left when the conversation stalled.

When they left, it occurred to me they'd probably seen me naked every night. Now that they knew my name, I was no longer incognito. I have to admit, the thought of meeting two guys who had been enjoying seeing me naked through my window was a big turn-on for me. After meeting Nick and Tony, it became somewhat common for random guys on campus to say, "Hi Kim!" I always smiled and returned the greeting, knowing it was quite likely they'd gotten off on seeing me naked before.

Don and I continued to progress in our relationship. Our sex life was exciting and fulfilling. He didn't have a clue about my exhibitionist proclivities, but because I was in a constant state of arousal, he certainly benefited from them. At the end of the spring semester Don and I decided to rent a two story townhouse together. Our spare bedroom had a window overlooking the parking lot to our complex and just behind that, a huge shopping center parking lot. It was perfect for my new hobby.

I kept a lot of my clothes in the spare bedroom, so it was natural at night to go into that room before and after my nightly bath. Once in the room, I would turn the light off and get naked. I'd watch from the window until a male neighbor or shopper was in range. Then I'd flip on the light and stand in front of the window and pretend I was looking for something to wear. There were two hot guys who lived at the end of the complex who always parked in front of my window. Several times a week these young men were rewarded with a show. They showed their appreciation by alway greeting me enthusiastically when we'd run into each other around the complex. Those two men were the stars of many of my sexual fantasies. The thought of getting fucked by two men was almost as hot as fucking a black guy with a huge cock. Almost.

Don really got off on hearing about my sexual fantasies. He knew the thought of me being seen naked turned me on, but he still had no idea I was acting on it. Like I said, I was a nice, conservative girl. I never even dressed provocatively, so my exhibitionism seemed way out of character. Don always told me I was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, and that I should pursue modeling. I loved the idea of it, but at only 5'7" I knew this wasn't a real possibility. Still he pushed.

There was a small modeling agency in town and one day I mustered the courage to drop by. They were encouraging and seemed genuinely interested in me as a potential model. They said they felt they could get me into a magazine almost immediately. The scheduled a photo shoot to complete my portfolio and we were off and running. While filling out my profile, John, the main guy asked me if I'd be interested in doing "figure work." I had to ask what that was because I didn't understand the question. "Nudes," he said. "Tasteful nudes." Despite my newfound love for exposing myself from the safety of my own home, I had no interest in posing nude for modeling shoots. He saw my hesitation and offered, "It's best to list figure work in your portfolio because you'll look more professional and will land more gigs." I reluctantly agreed to include it, but had no intention of ever doing it.

When I told Don about the portfolio question, he surprised me with, "What's the big deal? I'm guessing this is very common in the modeling business. I bet it'd fun." The agency followed through on its promise to get me into a magazine right away. I was only carrying groceries and it was a small publication. Still, seeing myself in a real magazine was thrilling. Soon after that I was called for a few small shoots like that one, then the phone stopped ringing. I was disappointed, of course, but I never thought much would come of it anyway.

Then I got a call from the agency. A big-time photographer from a nearby town needed a model for two different shoots and he needed one right away because he was on deadline. The catch? It would involve figure work. I needed to think about it. Don was supported and advised me to take the job and if at any point I wasn't comfortable, just quit. It was sound advice and I accepted the two-day job.

The following Saturday I drove to a large photography studio 20 minutes away. I was greeted by a pretty blonde who introduced herself as Annie, Pete's assistant. Annie escorted me to the green room. "This room is just for the talent," she said. The room was stocked with water bottles, booze, fruits, and various snacks. I felt like a celebrity. Then she walked me through the impressive studio and led me to the photographer, Pete.

Pete had a very warm, professional demeanor. He was tall, lean, and had amazing green eyes. His long brown hair was held back in a ponytail. The studio was already set up for the shoot with two gorgeous motorcycles and multiple lights. Annie led me back to the green room, telling me I needed to be ready in five minutes. "We'll do five different scenes today. Your outfits are in the bins labeled with each scene. There's a robe for you to wear from the green room to the set."

My heart was pounding. I walked in and found five labeled bins. The first bin was labeled: Scene One/Black Bikini. The outfit in the bin was a very small, black string bikini in my size. I quickly put it on, threw on the robe and nervously made my way to the set. Pete was waiting for me with a crew of four assistants. "All right Kim, we're going to have fun today. We've got a lot to get through, so if at anytime you don't understand something, just ask. OK?"

"OK" I said. Annie motioned for me to take off the robe.

"Great!" Pete said. "That's exactly the classy-hot look I was hoping for. Kim, I can't tell you how excited I am to work with a real pro."

Who does he think I am? I thought. Pete positioned me on the black bike and with minimal instructions started to click off photos. I did feel like a pro! After about fifteen minutes of shooting, Pete yelled, "AND SCENE! Take ten people! Great job Kim! Exactly what I was hoping for." Annie handed me my robe and led me back to my room. I was exhilarated.

I started drinking some water and made my way to the bins: Scene Two/Yellow Bikini Bottoms. Umm what??? In the bin was just what it was labeled; yellow bikini bottoms. No top? Could I do this? I quickly looked at the other bins: Scene Three/Black Bikini Bottoms, Scene Four/Red Bikini Bottoms, Scene Five/Full Figure Shoot.

There was nothing in the last bin. I nervously removed the black bikini, put on the yellow bottoms and stood in front of the mirror, topless. It was definitely sexy. I just stood there staring in the mirror, trying to wrap my mind around what was happening, as my precious ten minute break ticked away. "PLACES!" Yelled Pete.

I took a deep breath, threw on my robe and made my way to the set. Annie casually waited for me to hand her my robe. I felt I'd crushed the first scene. A pro wouldn't even blink about disrobing for a shoot. I peeled off the robe as if I'd done it a thousand times. This time Pete positioned me on the yellow bike.

I was incredibly nervous but decided to act like I was an experienced model and this was no big deal. Pete started clicking off pictures and I settled into the shoot. This was an out of body experience. Annie was the only other female in the studio. I was doing a topless photo shoot in front four men! As a fantasy, I know this would have really turned me on, but the reality was very different.

I was too nervous and overwhelmed to be aroused. Then something truly incredible happened. I started getting desensitized to my own nudity. I'd heard of this happening to people their first time at a nude beach. I suddenly stopped caring about it and instead, focused on the modeling. I was giving him great shots, eating up the attention. The scene eventually ended and I went back to the green room. I couldn't help smiling as I looked into the mirror. I was kicking ass!

The third and fourth scenes went much like the second. Feeling pretty good about myself after the fourth scene, I went back to my room and tossed my robe in the direction of the couch. I went to the mirror and took off my red bottoms, then stood back and stared at myself, completely naked. Could I really do this? Suddenly there was a knock at my door. I went to the couch to retrieve my robe, only to discover it had fallen behind the couch.

"Kim?" Annie yelled from outside of my room.

"I'm still dressing!" I answered.

"That's OK," she said. "Pete would like to talk with you before the next scene."

"OK!" I yelled. I needed to retrieve my robe from behind the couch. I reached back as far as I could, but couldn't reach it. I tried to go under. I could reach it, but it was snagged behind one of the back legs. I would need to move the whole couch. I stood up and tried to pull the couch away from the wall. It wouldn't budge. What the hell? Upon closer inspection, I discovered the legs were all bolted to the floor. Who does that?

"PLACES!" I heard Pete yell. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck! I took a quick look in the mirror, took a deep breath and started walking toward the set. Completely naked. "Kim!" Pete yelled, waving me over. I started walking his way when I noticed he was talking with another man. Oh my God! When I got there, both men seemed a little thrown by my full nudity. I played it cool. Pete said, "Kim, I'd like you to meet Terrance Williams."

Terrance smiled and shook my hand. "I don't know if your agency mentioned it, but tomorrow's shoot is a multiple model shoot. Terrance is the other model." I wanted to die. I recognized Terrance immediately. He was a star football player at my university and I'd actually had him in class before. He'd suffered a career ending injury last season, so I guess he was trying his hand a modeling. It was no surprise. He was gorgeous. He was muscular and lean with Hollywood good looks.

The rest of that scene was a blur. Meeting Terrence like that had really thrown me off my game. Terrance had stayed for the entire scene. Pete told me I'd done a great job and that he looked forward to working with me the next day. I took the long, naked walk back to my room. I quickly got dressed and made my way back home. My mind raced the entire drive home, piecing together the events of the day. Did all of that really happen?

Don was waiting when I got home. He asked for all of the details. I was nervous to tell him, but I felt I needed to. I gave him every detail. He didn't get mad. In fact, it seemed to turn him on. I needed more time to come down from everything. Don was a big football fan so he was excited I had gotten to meet Terrance. He thought my robe story was hilarious. By the time we went to bed I was fully aroused from the events of the day. Don got fucked really well.

I didn't sleep very well that night. I was anxious about the day's events and the uncertainty of the next day. What the hell was a multiple model shoot?

I woke up early the next day feeling great about the day before. I'd faced down my fears and learned a lot about the business. I made up my mind that today would be even better. I got to the studio a little early to mentally prepare for the shoot. I could do this! I would do this! Once again, Annie greeted me upon my arrival. She said, "Go on back to the green room. Terrance is already in there."

"Why is Terrance in there?" I asked.

"There's only one green room, Kim."

"OK," I answered. "Are my outfits in the bins again?" I asked.

"Oh Kim. Nobody told you? Today Pete is combining two separate shoots. They're both full figure." OH MY GOD! I thought.

Once again, I played it cool. I made my way back to the green room and found Terrance relaxing on the couch. He stood up and greeted me with a smile and a handshake. At 6'3" Terrance towered over me. He smelled good. I scanned the room for somewhere for me to disrobe.

"TEN MINUTES!" Shouted Pete. My heart sank. How was this going to work?

Terrance stood up. He pulled his tee shirt up and over his head.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"You better get used to this. Sounds like we'll be naked all day." He said with a laugh. His lean muscles were impossible to miss. He undid his belt buckle and let his jeans fall to the floor. He was so nonchalant about it all. This was a little nuts.

He kicked his jeans away and unceremoniously dropped his boxer briefs to the floor. I didn't want to look. I was SO embarrassed. But standing before me was the most perfect specimen of a man I'd ever seen, displaying the most magnificent penis I'd ever seen. It was impossibly thick, long, and veiny. He turned to face me and the massive weight of it caused it to swing back and forth. He made no effort to hide himself. I was mortified but couldn't take my eyes off of it.

"Your turn!" He laughed. I rolled my eyes and started removing my clothes. It's not as if he hadn't already seen me naked. Like a gentleman, he turned his back when I got down to my bra and panties. I quickly removed both and was left standing totally naked. I scanned the room for my robe and saw it hanging by the door. Without me having to ask, Terrance walked over and grabbed both of our robes. He walked back over to me and handed me my robe before putting his on. I was much more comfortable once we were both covered.

We filled our remaining time with small talk, then we were called to the set. Annie and Pete met us there. Pete addressed both of us. "Look guys, I'm going to attempt something today I've never done before by combining these two jobs. I think it's safe to say you'll be asked to do some things today that take you out of your comfort zones. I really need to nail these shoots because they could lead to some huge professional opportunities down the road. Let's get to it." And with that, Annie took possession of our robes. Terrance was instructed to stand behind me. "OK Terrance, reach around Kim and cover her breasts with your hands," Pete said.

Terrance did as instructed and suddenly his hands were touching my bare breasts. "Perfect," said Pete as he starting clicking off his pictures. "Kim, I'd like you to reach your left hand behind you as if you're holding his penis. You don't have to actually do it because nobody can see it anyway. Just make it look like it."

So with Terrance holding onto my breasts, I reached back as if I was holding on to his penis. Except, when I reached back there, I inadvertently did grab on to his penis. It happened in the blink of an eye. I think Terrance could sense I was flustered, because he whispered in my ear, "It's OK, Kim." I didn't panic, I just tried to play it cool while my hand held on to his dick.

It was mildly comforting knowing he and I were the only ones who knew of my mistake. It was impossible not to notice the girth as we stood there. My little hand couldn't reach all the way around it. It was also impossible not to notice it was becoming erect and growing in my hand. I didn't blame Terrance. This was a natural human response. Just as the growing wetness between my legs was a natural response. I prayed it wouldn't drip down my legs. I was surprised with my physical response. I assumed I'd be too nervous to become lubricated.

"OK Terrance, now I'd like you to relax you right hand and cover both breasts with your left hand and forearm. Perfect! Now with your right hand, reach down and cover Kim's pubic area by cupping your hand over it. This shot can't show any nudity." Terrance reached down and cupped my pussy, blocking it from the camera's view. Which would have been no big deal except for the fact that I could feel one of his fingers touching my soaking wet vagina. When he made contact with my vagina I inadvertently squeezed his cock. I wanted to die. There was no way he wasn't aware of my arousal. His hand was about to be covered in my juices.

His cock was straining against my hand to point straight up. I offered him relief by adjusting my grip and guiding his cock upward. Because of our height difference, I could feel his cock pressing against my entire bare back.

"These are amazing shots, guys!" Pete said. "Kim, go ahead and move behind Terrance now." I moved away and Pete said, "Wait. I see Terrance is aroused. Let's use that for this next shot. This next photo shoot is a lot more provocative than the first one."

\*gulp!\* What the hell did that mean? "OK, Kim. Get on your knees as if you want to pleasure Terrance.... Grab hold of him with both hands and bring him toward your mouth." I did what Pete asked and he started clicking shot after shot. I had to admit it, this was hot!

"Kim, if you feel comfortable kissing the tip, I'd really like that. If not, just open your mouth as if you're about to take him." I didn't want to kiss him. I opened my mouth and brought him to me. I acted like I was going to suck it. The head of his penis was so large, my mouth accidentally closed around it.

"Perfect Kim! Just the tip, though. Any picture with more than the tip can't be used." So there I was with my lips around the enormous head of his cock. I instinctively slid my tongue across the tip and softly sucked on it. Pete was clicking off dozens of shots.

"Ok, Terrance, please get on your back. Kim, go ahead and straddle him as if you're going to mount him. Here's the tricky part; I need to get some shots of the moment just before penetration. And please keep in mind, I can't use anything that includes more than the tip." Oh my God! I was so uncomfortable. I straddled his hips while standing on the ground. I couldn't put my knees on the ground and still give Pete the shot he wanted. I had no choice but to squat over Terrance and lower myself to him from that position. Once I was close enough, I reached under me and guided his cock to my vagina and held the tip about an inch away.

This was an incredibly difficult position to hold. My arm was getting really tired and I didn't think I could keep going. I decided to lower myself far enough to brace the tip of his cock against my vagina. Once it was secure, I let go with the throbbing arm. Just the tip stretched my opening to the point of painful pleasure. I was incredibly wet, so I offered his cock very little resistance. Pete kept clicking away. My legs were getting tired and starting to shake. I knew I couldn't hold myself like this much longer.

Suddenly I started losing my balance. In an instant, I fell straight down. I slid all the way down his huge cock. He bottomed out so incredibly hard! The pain was excruciating. I screamed and rolled off of him. I'd been completely impaled. I fell into a fetal position trying to endure the unprecedented deep pain. Tears were rolling down my face.

Annie quickly ran to my side to comfort me. "I'm taking her to the green room, Pete!" She said. We got to the green room and she laid me down on the couch. She covered me with a blanket and brought me a bottle of water. She asked me if I needed anything, then said she'd be back to check on me. I thought I was going to puke. Annie walked out and I just held my stomach, trying to process the pain and everything that had just happened.

There was a knock at the door. It was Terrance. He came in, wearing a robe, to check on me. "How are you doing Kim?" He asked. "It hurts." I moaned.

"Look, Kim, I've seen this before. You have a bruised cervix. A really badly bruised cervix. It happened to my ex girlfriend."

"It's really, really painful," I said. "How long does it hurt like this?"

"Well, I'm afraid it's going to be like this for about a week. You should also expect cramping and severe nausea." He answered.

"Oh my God!" I can't go on like this." I said. There has to be something I can do."

"There is." He said. "But you're not going to like it."

"Anything will be better than this." I said. "What is it?"

"OK, the cervix has a smooth, hard muscle in the middle of it. It's impossible to penetrate it, so when you slipped and fell, I slammed into that muscle and bruised the shit out of it. "OK," I said, "Where are you going with this?"

"My ex girlfriend and I stumbled onto the remedy purely by luck. Basically, if you can reach a cervical orgasm, the cervix muscle will contract and most of your problems will disappear."

"I've never heard of that," I said. "What is it?"

"It's when the cervix is stimulated during sex. Usually only when the guy has a really big dick. Either that, or you can use an extra large dildo and knock it repeatedly against the cervix until you cum. It's pretty intense."

"Fuck," I said. I don't have a dildo and my boyfriend won't be able to help."

"Then I recommend ibuprofen and an ice pack." He said with a laugh. I had to do something. I felt like I'd done internal damage to myself. There was no way I could do this for the next week. And what would I say to Don? There was no way I could be honest with him about what had happened. Even though it was a total accident, I already knew I'd be taking this shit to the grave.

There was another knock at the door. This time it was Pete. "Oh good, you're both here." He said, "We're about to break for lunch. You guys were amazing out there. Kim, are you OK for the rest of the shoot? It will be a fast one. I got most of what I needed this morning."

"Yeah, I'll be fine," I lied. "OK, great! You both have an hour for lunch." And with that, Pete was out the door.

What was I going to do? There was no way I could continue this shoot.

"Terrance," I said, "Are you sure about that being my only option?"

"Yes," He answered.

"Do you think you could help me out? I'm desperate."

"I'd love to help you out Kim, but I didn't plan on having sex today. I don't have any lube or condoms."

"I'm on the pill, so as long as you're sure you're clean, that's not an issue. And I've never needed lube before. I'm sure as long as I'm aroused, it won't be an issue either. You just have to promise to be really gentle."

"I promise," he said. "But I'll need a little help getting going." He walked over to me and eased off his robe. He stepped forward, putting his cock right in front of my face. I reached out and pulled it to my mouth, opening wide to accommodate the head. If it wasn't for the deep, excruciating pain coursing through my body, this would be my biggest fantasy. I sucked away on his cock and he slid his hand down my body to my waiting pussy. I was already getting wet, so lubrication wasn't going to be a problem. His dick was quickly getting harder and I started stroking it as I sucked. Even after taking as much of him as I could manage into my mouth, it still left 2/3 of it for my hand to squeeze and stroke. He was fully erect now, and feverishly working my clit with his fingers. We were both ready.

"OK," I said, I think we're ready. What position should we use?"

"Doggy-style allows for deepest penetration, but I'm pretty sure I'll be able to bottom-out in any position." He said.

I slid off the couch, turned away from him and got on my knees. He took his position on his knees behind me. He gently eased me knees apart and moved forward. I instinctively pushed my butt back toward him, feeling the massive head of his cock push against my slippery opening. Terrance put his strong hands on my small hips and pulled me to him. His cock stretched me open as it began to penetrate me. It was heavenly. I pushed back, hoping for more. He pushed more of himself into me. He was filling me up as no one ever had. He pushed more and more. I was scared but desperately wanted more.

Make no mistake; this was very painful, but the pain was delicious. He pulled out a bit, pushed in a little further, then slid back again. Over and over he pushed, stretched, and pulled back again. He pushed in a little more each time until finally he bottomed out and hit the source of my agony. As soon as he bumped my cervix, the pain ripped through me again.

"Be careful Terrance!" I pleaded. He did as I asked and carefully slid back and forth, gently knocking on my cervix. The pain was significant.

"Just stay with it, Kim. It will stop hurting soon," said Terrance. I was determined to see this through and end the agony. Terrance was so deep inside of me, it felt like he was in my stomach. Over and over he knocked. Over and over the pain pierced me, but I held on. I could feel the pleasure coming. With every thrust against my cervix, the pain lessoned. Until at long last the pain was replaced with pleasure.

"Oh my God, Terrance! Fuck me!" I was starting to lose myself in the moment. Deep, deep inside of me I felt something building. My whole body started to tingle. "Yes! Harder!" I wanted it to hurt! I wanted him to fuck me as hard as he'd ever fucked anyone. It continued to build. "Oh yes! Fuck me, Terrance! Hard!" And suddenly, I felt an electric shock go through my entire body. I tried to scream, but nothing came out. This was a full-body orgasm and I felt paralyzed to do anything but experience it.

Would I pass out? I didn't know. Terrance continued to thrust hard, burying his huge cock into me each time. Once I was able to regain control of my body, I started bucking wildly to meet each thrust. "Don't stop! Harder, harder! Fuck me, Terrance! Oh my God!" I could feel my pussy gripping him like an angry fist. The orgasm simply wouldn't end. Wave after wave washed over me.

Terrance leaned forward and whisper in my ear, "Can I finish?"

"YES! Please! Fill me up!" I wanted him ti fill my belly with his cum. I was totally out of control. Terrance sped up his rhythm and started fucking me harder. Somehow, my orgasm still wasn't over yet. As he slammed his huge hard cock deep inside of me, I would occasionally be overcome with another wave of orgasm.

"Arrgh! Oh God!" Terrance yelled as he emptied his load inside of me. My pussy was squeezing his cock SO hard! It was like my body had taken over and was trying to milk his cock of every last drop of cum. I swear, in that moment, I wanted him to stay inside of me forever.

"Thank you, Terrance. Thank you so much!" I gushed.

The rest of the photo shoot went off without a hitch. The only problem for me was dealing with the periodic waves or orgasm that kept hitting me without warning. These waves kept me highly aroused throughout the shoot. Pete seemed incredibly pleased with how things went.

On my way home my mind was spinning. What was I going to tell Don? I obviously couldn't tell him I'd fucked Terrance to a mind-blowing orgasm. I'm not a cheater. I loved discretely showing off my naked body, but I'd never cheated before. But was this actually cheating? I say, no, but I doubt Don would see it that way. And what was up with this orgasm that wouldn't end? I couldn't tell if the wetness between my legs was from Terrance's cum or my extreme arousal.