**Closet Exhibitionist**

by[KimShow](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5723987&page=submissions)©

**Closet Exhibitionist Pt. 02**

By the time I pulled into our apartment complex, I was feeling pretty sick to my stomach. I wasn't sure if it was because I was nervous about seeing Don, getting fucked well by a huge cock, or simply the result of having a full-body orgasm that refused to subside.  
  
I looked in my review mirror to make sure I was still the same girl I was before the events of this crazy day. A car pulled in next to me. It was Ronnie and Kris, the two guys who lived at the end of the complex. We all got out of our cars at the same time. "Hi Kim." Hi Kim!" They said.  
  
They had a third guy with them I'd never seen before. "Kim, this is my cousin, Bradley. He'll be staying with us for a few days. He's a painter," Ronnie said.  
  
"Hi," I said as I tried to shake his hand. He lifted my hand to his lips and softly kissed it. "enchanté," he said. Like Ronnie and Kris, Bradley was hot. Not Midwestern boy, hot. More like big city, European hot.  
  
We all parted ways and I nervously walked to my door. What was I going to tell Don? Would he be able to tell I'd been completely and thoroughly fucked? As soon as I walked through the door I ran into him.  
  
"Hey Kim! I'm running late, but as soon as I get back, I want to hear all about your day. Bye Babe!" He gave me a kiss and quickly went out the door. For a split second I was afraid he'd notice that my lips had been around another man's cock, but he didn't. \*whew!\* I lucked out. I'd have time to compose myself before having to face Don again.  
  
I felt considerable wetness between my legs. My paranoia was telling me it was Terrance's cum. I reached my hand down my pants to check. I was shockingly wet. I put my fingers to my tongue and took a taste. Nope, this was all me. I needed to take care of this.  
  
I went up to my bedroom and quickly removed my clothes. I jumped into bed and reached my hand down to my sopping wet pussy. I started replaying in my mind the events of my day. Did I really get impaled by an exquisite huge black cock? Did I really get to suck that beautiful cock and let it cum in my tight pussy? These thoughts were sending me to a near instant orgasm. I slowed down. I wanted this one to last.  
  
I removed my hand from my pussy and reached both hands up to pinch my nipples. The harder I pinched them, the harder I needed them to be pinched. I pulled hard at them. I loved the pain and desperately wanted more. \*AAHHH\* I relaxed my head against the pillow, soaking up this sexual bliss. I felt transformed as I pulled and squeezed my nipples.  
  
Suddenly, there was a knock at my door. \*Oh shit!\*  
  
I quickly threw on an old tee shirt and my pajama shorts and hurried downstairs. I opened the door to find Bradley standing there.  
  
"Hello Kim. Sorry to pop over unannounced. I hope this is a good time."  
  
I invited him in and he continued. "So, like they told you, I'm a painter. Kris said you're a model. I actually love your look and I'd really love to utilize your modeling services. I've got a spot in a gallery in Chicago next month and I feel I'm still one or two works away from being where I want to be."  
  
"You want to paint me?" I asked. I was flattered.  
  
"Yeah. I know you don't know me, but I'm a serious painter. I brought over my portfolio so you can see my work." He handed me a big black book. I opened it to find page after page of reprints of his beautiful paintings. They truly were amazing. All nudes.  
  
"Bradley, these are gorgeous! But umm, all nudes?"  
  
"Yeah, haha. I specialize in nudes. Is that a problem for you?" He said, looking me up and down.  
  
Still riding my sexual high, I said coyly, " No Bradley. Nudes are not a problem for me. When and where do you need me?"  
  
"Great!" He said. "I'd like to start as soon as possible. The boys let me set up a studio in their living room, so it's basically a 15 second walk for you. We can start right now if you're free."  
  
"Give me thirty minutes. I'll meet you there."  
  
"Perfect!" He said and headed out the door.  
  
Once again, my mind was spinning. I didn't even know Bradley, so being naked in front of him didn't stress me out. The question that kept going through my mind was; where were Ronnie and Kris going to be the whole time? Surely I wasn't expected to be naked in front of them!  
  
I went back to my bedroom to finish what I'd started. The thought of posing nude for Bradley was turning me on almost as much as getting fucked by Terrance. I took off my clothes, got into bed and resumed my slippery pussy massage. It only took me about a minute to reach a massive orgasm. I was free to be as vocal as I wanted since Don was gone, and let me tell you, I let it all out. Who was I becoming?  
  
I did my hair and makeup and threw on the same tee shirt and shorts outfit I'd pu on for Bradley. I wrote Don a note: DON, WENT TO ANOTHER MODELING GIG. I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT.  
  
I had loads of butterflies in my stomach taking that short walk over to Kris and Ronnie's. He's a pro, I thought. And I'm a pro. Kim, you're a pro...  
  
Kris met me at the door and led me to the makeshift studio in their living room where Bradley was preparing his tools. His easel was set up a few feet in front of the couch. "OK, Kim, this will be really easy for you. You'll be facing me with your fingers laced through your hair behind your head. I'd like your back slightly arched and your head leaning back. Anytime you need a break, just say the word. Ready when you are."  
  
"Oh, OK..." I said. I took a deep breath, walked to the middle of the room, took off my shirt and shorts, and tossed them onto the couch. I tilted my head back, laced my fingers behind my head and arched my back.  
  
"Perfect, Kim!" Said, Bradley. "Just like an early morning stretch. Just be natural." He dipped his brush in some paint and went to work on the canvas.  
  
Off in the distance I heard a voice. "Hey Bradley, you need a beer?" Ronnie yelled.  
  
"Please!" Bradley answered.  
  
Oh my God! He wasn't seriously coming into this room!  
  
I heard voices coming closer. Sure enough, Ronnie and Kris walked in, handed Bradley a beer and plopped down on the couch to watch the show. "We'll be quiet." Kris said to Bradley.  
  
I was facing my two neighbors while completely naked. They drank their beers alternating looks between my breasts and my pussy. Inside I was dying but outside I was the picture of a calm professional. I couldn't believe the balls on these two, sitting there comfortably staring at me in this state. I was getting aroused from my two voyeurs and could tell moisture was building in my pussy. I hoped it wasn't too obvious.  
  
Ronnie stood up, adjusted his obvious erection and disappeared down the hallway. He returned a moment later holding a bottle of whiskey and four shot glasses. "Shots!" He announced. "Bradley, let Kim take a break so she can join us." Bradley motioned for me to join the boys on the couch.  
  
So, stark naked, I sat down between them and was immediately handed a shot of whiskey. As soon as I threw it back, they filled my glass again. As soon as I threw the second one back, they filled it a third time. I was a lightweight, so three shots was about my limit.  
  
"OK, last one!" I said, throwing back number three. The whiskey was hitting me pretty fast. Thank God, because I was completely naked in a living room with three young men.  
  
It wasn't nearly as awkward as it would have been had I been stone sober. In fact, thanks to my increasing buzz, I was becoming more and more aroused. I wasn't the only one. All three guys were making frequent adjustments to their pants.  
  
Full of liquid courage and arousal, I said, "You know, this whole situation is unfair. A gentleman would never permit a lady to be the only naked person in the room." I looked at Ronnie and Kris, totally naked with with raised eyebrows.  
  
"Done!" Ronnie answered. He stood up, removed his tee shirt, socks, and unbuckled his jeans. He pulled them down, stepped out of them and quickly remove his boxer briefs, leaving him completely nude. Ronnie had a beautiful athletic body. His semi erect cock was of average length but veiny and quite girthy.  
  
Then all eyes were on Kris. He threw up his arms saying, "OK, ok..." He disrobed revealing an average body, sporting an unremarkable, average penis.  
  
I don't know if it was just the whiskey, but having these two boys join me in my nudity definitely relaxed the atmosphere.  
  
"OK Bradley, you're turn,"said Ronnie, surprising everyone.  
  
"I'm the painter!" Bradley answered.  
  
"Don't be a pussy. We all did it," said Ronnie.  
  
"You guys are assholes," Said Bradley, as he started removing his clothes. When he got down to his briefs, it was clear why he was hesitant. Bradley was trying and failing badly at hiding a massive erection.  
  
He pulled down his briefs, revealing a beautiful hard-as-a rock cock. It wasn't as magnificent as Terrance's, but it was flawless. Longer, thicker, and harder than most, it was as perfect as I'd ever seen. I just stood there posing for the painting, unable to avert my gaze from Bradley's extraordinary cock.  
  
I started to imagine it inside of me. I started to imagine getting gang banged by all three men. Then I felt it. Ever so slightly at first, but unmistakeable. My soaking wet pussy started drip. First, down one leg, then soon after down the other. Could they see it? Did they know? Stop staring at his dick, you idiot!  
  
I glanced over at the boys. They were still standing there watching, but now their penises were totally erect. Three rock hard cocks stood before me as I posed drunk and nude for the painting. I kept catching myself staring at their dicks.  
  
Kris announced he had someplace to be and left the room. Ronnie only hung around a few more minutes before doing the same, leaving only Bradley and I in the room. Bradley was very focused on his work, but still very, very erect. "Kim, I'm really sorry about this. It's really unprofessional and seriously, the first time I've ever gotten turned on while painting a nude."  
  
"Sure Bradley," I teased. "Don't worry about it. You're not the only one turned on."  
  
Bradley continued painting me until well past dinner. Even though I'd been given several breaks, I was definitely ready to call it quits.  
  
"OK Kim, that's enough for today. If you're available tomorrow, I'd love to continue this."  
  
I got dressed and headed home. Don was waiting for me. "Hey Babe! I'm sorry I had to leave before hearing about your day. Tell me everything!" He grabbed a bottle of wine and led me to the sofa.  
  
I started replaying my day for him. The more I talked, the more he seemed to get turned on. I told him nearly everything, leaving out only the unintentional penetration and the amazing fucking. He sensed my hesitation as I told him about being naked at Kris and Ronnie's.  
  
"Kim, understand something. You can do whatever you want with your gorgeous body. I don't care if every guy in town sees it. It's yours and I'll always support you. In fact, I only consider it cheating if you have feelings. Anything else is just masturbation, using another person as a sex toy."  
  
I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I personally don't have any interest in anyone but you, but Babe, you're my person and as long as we're together I want to to experience everything in life there is to experience. That include sexual experiences. As long as I feel like I'm your guy and you're my girl, I'm cool.  
  
" You're an interesting guy, Donald. So you're saying that if Terrance called me right now and asked me to come over for sex, you'd be ok with it?"  
  
"Do you have feelings for him?"  
  
"No!" I answered.  
  
"Have fun," he laughed.  
  
I was so turned on, I shoved my tongue down his throat as I ripped his clothes off of his body. Once he was naked, I grabbed his cock and devoured it like a starving animal. Except it wasn't his cock I was sucking. It was the cock of every guy I'd ever wanted to fuck.  
  
I brought Don up to our bedroom and fucked him harder than he'd ever been fucked, as I imagined fucking about a dozen different guys. As hard as he tried, I just couldn't get enough. It wasn't his fault; I was insatiable. The next morning I awoke with thoughts of fucking every hot guy in town. Don left for the day and I walked over to Kris and Ronnie's place. Ronnie answered and invited me in.  
  
"So what did Don think of you hanging out with us yesterday?" He asked as we sat on the sofa.  
  
"He was fine with it." I said. "In fact... No, never mind."  
  
"In fact, what??? Tell me!" He pleaded  
  
"In fact, Don is fine with me being naked in front of anybody I want," I said.  
  
"And casual sex with guys I don't have feelings for. All good."  
  
"Bull. Shit!" He said with a big smile.  
  
"I know!" I smiled back. "Crazy, right?"  
  
"And how would a young man like myself get on your list of casual partners?" He asked.  
  
"I don't know Ronnie," I flirted back. "Just play your cards right." I winked.  
  
"KRIS!" He yelled. "BRADLEY!"  
  
"What are you doing, Ronnie!?" I asked.  
  
"Relax, Kim. We're all friends." He answered. My arousal was now mixed with high anxiety.  
  
Bradley and Kris arrived in the living room together. "What's up?" "Oh, hi Kim!"  
  
"Kim here, was just telling me some VERY interesting things." Said Ronnie. "Apparently, she has a free pass to have as much casual sex as she wants. And the three of us are on her list!"  
  
"I DIDN'T SAY THAT! I exclaimed. "Oh my God, Ronnie! Jerk!" I said, as I punched his arm. I could feel myself blushing and looked down.  
  
Kris took my hand and brought it to his lips. "Well, whether it's true or not, we'll always be her for you, Kim."  
  
"Thanks Kris," I said, rolling my eyes.  
  
Ronnie stood up and gently took my hand. "How rude of me, Kim. I've never given you the upstairs tour."  
  
I sheepishly stood up and let him lead me out of the room, avoiding eye contact with the other boys. I climbed the stairs behind Ronnie with a healthy mix of shame and anticipation. I wanted this. My God, how I wanted this. The previous day's events left me so horny, I simply needed to be fucked.  
  
Ronnie led me to his bedroom, then turned toward me and started kissing me and pulling his shirt off. I reached down to feel his already erect, fat cock. I got on my knees and softly bit the bulge of his cock through his jeans.  
  
He unbuttoned them and in one quick motion, pulled them down with his underwear. I aggressively grabbed his beautiful fat cock and brought it to my mouth. I started sucking furiously. I wanted to taste and swallow his cum, but more than that, I needed his cock in my pussy. I released it, stood up and finished removing my clothes.  
  
Once I was completely naked, I said nervously, "Ronnie, I need you to fuck me as hard as you can, and don't hold back." I couldn't believe what was coming out of my mouth. I fell into the bed and opened my legs, while pulling him to me. He placed his tip at my sopping opening and one hard thrust, slid balls deep inside of me.  
  
"Yes, Ronnie!" Fuck me!"  
  
Ronnie started slamming into me for all he was worth.  
  
"Harder, Goddamn it!" I yelled.  
  
"Do I need a condom?" He asked.  
  
"No!" I yelled. "I'm on the pill. Fill me with your cum!"  
  
He picked up the pace and started fucking me harder. Harder and faster, but I wanted more!  
  
"Ahh! I'm cumming!" He yelled. And I felt rope after rope of cum fill my pussy. Ronnie collapsed on top of me with his cock still inside of me.  
  
I whispered in his ear. "Thanks Ronnie. Go get Kris. It's his turn."  
  
He seemed disappointed when he pulled out of me. He put on his briefs and pants, and headed downstairs. Meanwhile, I just laid there naked, legs open, slowly leaking cum.  
  
Kris walked into the room. I didn't bother to cover up. What was the point? I needed him. "Come here, Kris." I said. "I need to suck a dick."  
  
I slid off of the bed and from my knees, unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. I yanked them down with his briefs, grabbed his semi erect cock, shoved it into my mouth and started going to town. Sucking an average sized cock is a hell of a lot easier than sucking a big one. I eagerly took every inch of him in my mouth.  
  
I generally enjoyed sucking cock, and even though I always swallowed, I was usually lukewarm about it. I'd have to be super turned on to actually desire cum. But in that moment, I was SO turned on that I couldn't see straight. I desperately wanted him to fill my mouth with his cum. I wanted to guzzle it by the gallon. I moaned and whimpered as I sucked. I grabbed his balls with my free hand and started to squeeze and pull.  
  
"Oh my God, Kim! You're amazing!" He moaned. Sucking, stroking, squeezing, and pulling, I gave Kris a world class blowjob. I could tell he was getting close. I squeezed and pulled harder and harder. It HAD to hurt. I wanted it to hurt. "OH GOD! OH GOD! YES! AAAHHHH!!"  
  
I was not disappointed. The size of his load more than made up for the size of his cock. He filled my mouth and I enthusiastically drank down every drop. I continued to suck and milk his cock long after he was done. I looked up at him from my knees and said, "Can you please send up Bradley?"  
  
"Sure," he said, pulling up his pants and walking out of the room. I caught a glimpse of myself in the full length mirror on Ronnie's bedroom wall. Look at me. On my knees, naked and freshly fucked by casual partners. Who was this girl looking back at me? I didn't know and at that moment, didn't care. All I knew is I was about to get fucked by a gorgeous guy named Bradley.  
  
"Sounds like you're having a good time, Kim." Said Bradley as he walked into the room.  
  
"Mm-hmm," I said, motioning him to come to me. "Bradley, I'm dying to suck your dick. Are you OK with that?"  
  
"Umm, is that a trick question?" He said with a laugh, walking over to me. He unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Still on my knees, I reached up with Both hands and slid down his pants and underwear. When I did this, his impressive cock popped out and hit me in the face.  
  
"Oops!" I said, popping it quickly into my mouth. I love the feel of a cock getting rock hard in my hand or mouth. He was thicker than I'd remembered from the day before. My fingers couldn't meet my thumb as I stroked him. It was also surprisingly long. I stroked him with both hands as I sucked the head. Once I had him fully hard, I let go of his dick and got down on all fours.  
  
"Fuck me from behind, Bradley." I said with just the slightest hint of shame. He got on his knees behind me and brought the head of his cock to my pussy. He slid the tip up and down my wet slit. He pushed in the tip, then grabbed hold of my hips with both hands. He pushed in a couple more inches, stretching my opening. He withdrew to the tip, then pushed again, getting about half way in. He withdrew again. He felt amazing, but I needed more!  
  
"Give it to me, Bradley!" I shouted.  
  
I felt the strength in his hands as he powerfully pulled me to him while burying his cock as deep as it could go. He filled me up, but the pain once again, ripped through my body. He'd bottomed out into my cervix.  
  
"OH! Fuck!" I yelled.  
  
"Oh my God!" Said, Bradley. "I'm sorry, Kim! Do you need me to stop?"  
  
"No," I said, trying to gracefully manage the excruciating pain. "Just do what I say." I need you to bottom out with soft thrusts at first, then medium, and then hard. But I'll let you know when to pick up the pace."  
  
He did as I instructed, and started with soft thrusts. It hurt like hell, but I'd learned from Terrance the pain would soon subside. After a minute or so, the sharp pain subsided and was replaced my a dull ache and warm tingling that started deep in my belly and gently radiated outwards.  
  
"OK, Good! Now medium thrusts." I ordered.  
  
Again, he did as I instructed and knocked against my cervix with medium thrusts. The pain was gone now and the tingling grew stronger.  
  
"Yes! Just like that!" I could feel something big building inside me.

Suddenly I looked over and noticed Ronnie and Kris were watching from the doorway. It was unexpected, but I didn't mind. Actually, it turned me on.  
  
"OK Bradly, now I need to fuck me as hard and as deep as you've ever fucked anyone! FUCK ME! BALLS DEEP! FUCK ME HARDER! The orgasm hit me like a train, cramping and paralyzing my entire body. My arms collapsed and my body fell forward, but Bradly caught me by my hips and continued his powerful thrusting. As I regained some measure of control over my body, I returned to cheering him on.  
  
"FUCK ME, BRADLEY! DEEPER! HARDER! MAKE IT HURT! PLEASE MAKE IT HURT!" I begged.  
  
And he did. Somehow he'd managed to bury that big beautiful cock balls-deep inside of me. Until, "Ah, ah, ah, Argh!"  
  
"YES! Fill my pussy with your cum!" I pleaded, milking his cock with my pulsating pussy. I wanted and needed every drop inside of me.  
  
We were both spent. He pulled out his softening cock and I felt cum start to drain from my cunt. I loved the feeling. I let myself fall to the soft, carpeted floor. My head fell to the side and I saw Ronnie still standing there stroking his cock. I rolled over onto my back.  
  
"Ronnie, please get over here and cum in my mouth." I said  
  
Ronnie obliged me and gave me everything he had left and I sucked him dry.  
  
I thought in that moment that this might be the craziest sexual experience I'd ever have. How could I know what fate had in store?

**Closet Exhibitionist Pt. 03**

For the next two years Don and I would live in that same apartment complex, having Kris and Ronnie as neighbors. During that time I would pop over to their apartment at least once a month and let them take turns fucking me.  
  
There was something incredibly erotic about letting two guys I knew casually, take turns fucking me. Being used like that made those walks over to their apartment the highlight of my college experience. Kris, Ronnie, and I had an agreement that I would only come over when they both wanted to fuck me. I didn't want either one getting emotionally attached or weird on me. I never told Don of these moments, but because I had a free pass to have no-strings-attached sex with anyone I wanted, I felt very little guilt.  
  
Don and I got married during our last semester of college and upon graduation, made the decision to move to Tacoma, Washington to start our new lives. I got a job at a popular gym just down the block from our new apartment and Don got an accounting job. He worked long hours, but had a flexible schedule and excellent compensation.  
  
The gym members really responded to my outgoing, positive personality. The men flirted endlessly, but even the women seemed to like me. I adored these people and loved my new job.  
  
Don and I moved into a loft apartment on the side of a hill overlooking the city. Our bedroom and bathroom were located up in the loft. There was a large picture window across from the loft overlooking the other apartment buildings in our complex. It didn't take long for me to discover the thrill of standing naked up there in full view of any neighbor across the way who might be looking my way.  
  
Ever since that first nude photo shoot, I'd collected quite a few nude pictures of myself from the various modeling gigs I'd done in addition to the many nudes Don had taken of me. I kept these pictures in a shoe box I kept in the closet.  
  
One day we were notified our maintenance man, Jeremy was coming over to look at the bathroom sink in our bedroom bathroom. Jeremy was in his mid-thirties and divorced. He had rugged good looks, but didn't seem highly intelligent. I decided to give him a treat. I took my box out of the closet and wrote in big letters: Kim Pics XXX. Then I placed the box under the sink where it would be impossible to miss.  
  
I greeted Jeremy in black, short cotton shorts and an old, thin tee shirt with no bra. He was less than subtle when he drank in my body and lingered far too conspicuously at my nipples, plainly visible through my old shirt. I led him to the bathroom, closed the door, then stood close, hoping to hear him. Sure enough, I heard the sound of the box being opened. My heart was racing.  
  
"Holy shit!" I heard him whisper. Adrenalin shot through me. My pussy ached just imagining him getting off on my naked pictures. I returned to the living room with the hope of giving him privacy to study the pictures. Once comfortable on the couch, my arousal spiked imagining him in the bathroom.  
  
My fingers slipped inside the soft leg of my shorts, and wearing no panties, immediately found my wetness. I was sopping. After shoving a couple of fingers as far into my pussy as they could go, I refocused my efforts on my clit. I quickly took myself to the edge of what I imagined would be an enormous orgasm. Then I heard movement from the bathroom. \*SHIT!\*  
  
I grabbed a magazine, leaned back into the couch and let my leg fall lazily to the side, partially exposing my pussy to anyone who might be looking. Being half-crazed with arousal, I reached down and yanked hard at the leg opening, putting my entire pussy on display. The bathroom door opened and Jeremy emerged sporting a very obvious and massive erection. He either was too stupid to realize it or didn't care, but it was impressive. I remember thinking in that moment; I bet his ex-wife misses it.  
  
"Sit down, Jeremy." I said, motioning to the loveseat across from me.  
  
He did as instructed and immediately started staring at my exposed pussy.  
  
"So, what did you find in there?" I asked. He looked like a deer in the headlights. "With the sink!" I clarified. "Did you fix the sink?"  
  
"I think so." He said, adjusting his big straining penis. "I should come back tomorrow to double check though." His eyes never left my soaking wet pussy. When he turned to leave I noticed several pictures sticking out of his back pocket. Once he was gone, I couldn't stop thinking about him being in possession of naked pictures of me. It was one of the hottest thing I could ever imagine.  
  
It got me thinking. I was pretty confident many of my neighbors across from me had already seen me naked from my regular shows I put on in front of the window, but I could never be sure. I got three envelopes out and on each, wrote Kim XXX on both sides. Then I slipped a few naked photos in each and left them unsealed. I put them in my purse, then nonchalantly took a stroll around the complex.  
  
I let each envelope "accidentally" fall out of my purse at strategic locations, where I'd hoped a man of my choosing would find them. I went back to my apartment and peeked out the window to see if my plan had worked. And like a charm, it did. Each envelope was discovered by the desired recipient. I imagined each man jerking off to my pictures as I stood there peeking out of my window, two fingers deep in my pussy.  
  
The thrill I got from being 100% sure at least five men (including Don) in my apartment complex had seen me totally naked is hard to describe. Casually running into one of these men would turn me on for the rest of the day and night. I was in a constant state of arousal, typically masturbating 2-3 times a day.  
  
Don was getting fucked hard every night. But sadly, it didn't last. With his long hours at work, we were growing apart. After about a month of contemplation I asked Don for a divorce. He moved out the next day. We parted as friends, but he was very hurt.  
  
I started dating a guy from the gym. Despite the great sex, the relationship didn't last long. Shortly after it ended, I started dating another guy from the gym. A guy Don didn't like. That relationship also ended quickly.  
  
After the second relationship I started reconsidering my split with Don. What had I done? I still loved him. I decided to ask him for a trial reconciliation. He wouldn't hear of it at first, but eventually invited me over on a Saturday night to discuss it.  
  
He explained how much I had hurt him and that he didn't know if he could ever get over me having feelings for two guys I'd fucked from the gym. He could handle the physical on its own but combined with an emotional attachment, it was just too much.  
  
"Let me think on it, Kim."He said. "But you may not like what I come up with."  
  
I really didn't care what he came up with. I was very clear in my mind. I was willing to do whatever it took to win him back. I was desperate.  
  
Two days later, Don invited me over to discuss things. We sat down on his couch and he handed me a piece of paper. On it was the following list:  
  
Two 1-night stands (different guys)  
  
MMF threesome with black guys  
  
Blindfolded gangbang  
  
Find a fuck-buddy you have no feelings for  
  
"What is this?" I asked, studying the piece of paper.  
  
"This is how we get back together. I know you haven't had many experiences, so I need to know you're not thinking about those idiots from the gym you fucked. You need new experiences to scramble your memory. If you have some exciting sexual experiences, you won't be pining away for those assholes."  
  
\*Interesting theory\* I thought.  
  
"Don, if this is what you need, I'll agree to it. But I think you're fucking nuts. And Are you sure you can handle it? And you can go ahead and cross the gangbang and interracial threesome off that list. Those are hot fantasies, but I have no idea how'd we'd go about organizing either. I don't even know any black guys."  
  
"I'm still pissed at you, Kim. You see those dickheads you dated all the time at the gym. I need this. I'll personally arrange for the gangbang, but you take care of the rest; minus the threesome. When the list has been completed, we'll get back together."  
  
I thought I could work through the list in short order. The 1-night stands would be a breeze, as would finding a fuck-buddy, leaving only the blindfolded gangbang, which Don was arranging. This was going to be quick and easy. I was uneasy about the whole thing, but giddy about getting my man back.  
  
As soon as I got back to my apartment, I called Jeremy, the maintenance man. I told him to come over and look at my sink again. I quickly adjusted my full length cheval mirror in my bedroom. I placed it at the precise angle to allow anyone standing in the doorway of my apartment to see me, otherwise hidden from view, through the reflection.  
  
I got naked and wrapped myself and my hair in a towel to make it appear as though I'd just gotten out of the shower. I went to the sink and dampened the ends of my hair and waited for Jeremy. I figured out the exact place I needed to stand for maximum exposure. Then there was a knock at my door.  
  
"Hang on!" I yelled. I ran to open the door, appearing flustered. "I just got out of the shower." I subtly moved Jeremy where I needed him to stand and said, "Don't move! I'll be right back!" I hurried back into my bedroom and disappeared from view. I took my position at my strategic location and let the towel drop from my body. I took the other towel off of my head and started fake drying my hair.  
  
With the towel in constant motion and mostly covering my face, I was able to discreetly peek at my mirror to see Jeremy staring right at me and adjusting his obvious erection. Knowing I had my audience, I slowed down to let him savor the show. I pretended to struggle with my decision on what to wear, standing naked, in full view of Jeremy.  
  
This was hot and really intense. I put my panties on, threw on a tee shirt, and walked back to Jeremy. Once again, he was sporting an obvious erection. I apologized for making him wait. When I turned around to face my bedroom, I said, "Wait a minute. Holy shit! With that mirror, you can see right into my bedroom! Were you just watching me, Jeremy?"  
  
"No!" He exclaimed.  
  
"Then what's THIS!" I asked, grabbing his hard cock through his jeans.  
  
"Kim, I am so sorry! You're gorgeous. What could I do?"  
  
"I'll tell you what you could do! You could take off all of your clothes, so I can see you naked too! Fair is fair, Jeremy."  
  
"Seriously?" He asked.  
  
"Seriously!" I answered. I reached for his belt buckle and released it. I unfastened the button, lowered the zipper, then lowered his pants. He pulled his shirt over his head, revealing a surprisingly masculine body. I pulled his underwear down and he stepped out of them. His large, veiny cock was hard as iron. I pulled off my shirt and got on my knees in front of him. I grabbed his cock and brought it to my lips. I engulfed his swollen head with my mouth and started going to town. I stroked his cock, squeezed and pulled his balls and sucked him like a pro. He moaned with pleasure. A lot! I was looking forward to getting fucked by this moron when...  
  
"Oh my God! I'm going to cum!"  
  
I didn't have time to stop him. As soon as he said it, he was shooting his massive load straight to the back of my throat. All I could do was hold on and swallow as fast as I could. It was obvious he was backed up. To cum that fast with that big of a load, I'd say he really needed it. I squeezed every last drop out of him and slurped it up, then licked him clean. I licked my lips and looked up at him.  
  
"OK, Jeremy, here's the deal; you and I are going to be fuck-buddies for a while. I'll call you, you don't call me. If you start trying to wife me up, this little arrangement is over. Understand?"  
  
"I understand."  
  
\*Fuck-buddy: CHECK!\*  
  
The next two nights I was able to cross the two 1-night stands off my list. It was like taking candy from a baby (two babies). Both nights were fun, yet unremarkable.  
  
Don had left me a message not to make any plans for Saturday night. I assumed that would be my blindfolded gangbang. This was all pretty fucking crazy, but I had to win him back. \*Why the blindfold?\*  
  
He asked me to come over Friday to go over the run-of-show. Classic accountant. I was to come over the next night at 7:00p. The guys would arrive at 8:00p. He walked me through how he imagined things would unfold. He reassured me the guys he recruited didn't know me, were good dudes and good looking. When he was done reassuring me, he tossed me a black blindfold.  
  
"Here... Try this on." He said.  
  
"Where did you get this?" I asked.  
  
"Castle." He said.  
  
I put on the blindfold. It blocked out all the light. I literally couldn't see a thing.  
  
"Wear whatever you want when you come over. Just make sure you bring the blindfold and wear some sexy bra and panties."  
  
"Don, we don't have to do this." I said. "I never think of the guys I dated when we separated. Like, NEVER."  
  
"Bullshit." Don said. "This isn't for you, it's for me. I'm never going to get over it if we don't do something drastic. You had real feelings for the guys you fucked. A wild night of casual sexual fun might replace any memories you have of fucking those guys."  
  
I was feeling apprehensive when I left. I drove straight to Castle Megastore. It didn't take long to find the exact blindfold Don had given me. I bought it and drove home. Something about wearing a blindfold really bothered me. This was Don's fantasy, not mine. I knew I'd feel a lot better about this if I could actually see who was fucking me.  
  
I found my old sewing kit when I got home and went to work. I took apart the new blindfold, removing the inner pad and cloth, leaving only the thin black mesh on the outside. It looked exactly the same from the outside, but from the inside I could easily see everything. It wasn't much different from wearing dark sunglasses.  
  
By the time Saturday rolled around I was very nervous and just a little excited. Just as planned, I arrived at 7:00p. I wore my sexiest see-through, matching bra and panties under my casual jeans and tee-shirt. He poured us some wine and sat me down.  
  
"OK, Kim, I can tell you're nervous, but really, you can trust me. You don't know any of these guys, but I know each of them. They're all good looking. They're all very cool."  
  
"Then why do I need a blindfold?" I asked.  
  
"You don't. It's just a fantasy of mine that you're blindfolded. I think it'll be hot, but if you don't want to-"  
  
"No, I don't mind." I said nervously.  
  
"Good." He said. "The guys will get here at 8:00. You'll be waiting in the bedroom. Once everyone is ready, I'll come and get you. I'll lead you out and then we'll start the party."  
  
Don and I polished off the bottle of wine and opened another, watching the clock wind down. At 7:50, Don poured me a stiff drink and I went into the bedroom to wait. My heart was beating through my chest. This would be the craziest thing I'd ever done. Don's apartment wasn't exactly a luxury penthouse. It was always being worked on. He was in the process of replacing an old light on the wall, leaving only a hole in the drywall, exposing a junction box.  
  
I pushed a chair to the wall and stepped up. Looking into the hole I could see cracks of light behind the junction box coming from the living room. \*Perfect!\* I thought. I could see the men as they arrived. I needed to see who was going to be fucking me tonight.  
  
That first knock at the door made my heart sink. \*Here we go!\* In walked two men. \*OH MY GOD! What the fuck???\* They were two guys from the gym. Matt and Ethan. I saw them almost everyday. What the fuck was Don doing?  
  
\*KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK\*  
  
Two more men walked in. More guys from the gym! This time it was Tim and Kenny. I was friends with Tim's girlfriend, Maggie. I hated Kenny and Don knew it! Kenny thought he was God's gift to women. Sure he was great looking and had a good job, but his arrogance was insufferable. Obviously Don was still pissed off and totally fucking with me.  
  
Another knock, another man from the gym. This time it was Marcus. Marcus was a big, hot black guy. Also a regular. They were ALL regulars at the gym. How could I fuck this group of guys? I couldn't go through with this.  
  
Don served all the men drinks. I watched them shoot the shit with each other and have a great time throwing back Don's booze. Suddenly, Don brought them in close and started to whisper. "OK; keep in mind that Kim thinks you're all complete strangers. It's a fantasy of hers we're all going to help her fulfill, but you can't reveal that you know her or the fantasy will be ruined.  
  
\*That motherfucker!\* I was pissed. I climbed down from the chair, stripped down to my bra and thong and waited for Don. I had no idea what I was going to say to him.  
  
Don tapped lightly at my door and entered. He smiled at me with such joy. Such love. My anger melted away and I was overwhelmed with feelings of love for this man. I was staring into the eyes of the man I was going to spend the rest of my life with. I would do whatever he needed me to do.  
  
"Are you ready?" He asked. "Listen Kim, I know this is a little fucked up, but I need you to have such an amazing time tonight that you'll never again think about your ex's. If you don't enjoy yourself, I mean REALLY enjoy yourself, this is all just a weird waste of time."  
  
"OK Don. And you're sure you can handle me enjoying myself?"  
  
"Yes! I love you Kim. This is for us. This is how we have a future again. I need you to have the greatest sex of your life tonight."  
  
I threw my arms around his neck and stuck my tongue down his throat in the most passionate kiss. When it ended, I pulled the new see-through blindfold out of my purse and Don gently put it on. \*This was really happening!\*  
  
I made up my mind that regardless of how much I actually enjoyed myself, I needed to put on a performance making it look like I was having amazing sex. I didn't know why he chose guys I knew from the gym, but he clearly had his reasons. It didn't matter. I could make this sacrifice for him. After all, I'm the one who created this mess. I was lucky he was giving me a second chance. This was my penance.  
  
Don took my hand and wearing only the blindfold and my see-through bra and thong panties, he led me out of the room and into the living room where the five men were waiting. I kept reminding myself that I couldn't see a thing and needed to act accordingly.  
  
"Wow!" Said Kenny as they all looked me over. "Just wow!"  
  
Don turned to face me and planted a big wet kiss on me while squeezing my butt with both hands. I watched Matt stand up and walk behind me, softly sliding his hand between my legs, pressing it firmly against my silk covered pussy. Matt took his other hand around my waist and slid it up my belly to cup my breast and squeeze my nipple.  
  
Don stepped away from me and motioned for the other guys to come over. Ethan was the first to come over. He seemed nervous. I acted surprised when I felt his lips on mine. Ethan and I had been flirting with each other ever since I started working at the club. This felt a little too intimate, but I played it cool and just went with it and passionately kissed him back.  
  
Matt was still rubbing my pussy and massaging my breast. Tim and Marcus just watched from the couch sipping their drinks. I thought of Maggie. Normally I'd never cross that line, but I was blindfolded. Tonight I'd be absolved of all of my behavior. As far as anyone in this room was concerned, I had no idea who I was fucking.  
  
I reached down and started rubbing Ethan's hard cock through his pants. These guys were doing quite a number on me. I was getting REALLY turned on. Matt unclasped my bra and let it fall to the floor. Next I felt his thumbs slip inside the waist of my panties and slowly slide them down to the floor.

I stepped out of them, making me totally naked in front of six men. Six men I knew well. Six men I would see nearly everyday after this night. That thought was surprisingly erotic for me. I lowered myself to my knees and pulled Ethan's pants and underwear down. I was hungry for this. Don watched intently from his chair.  
  
I grabbed Ethan's cock and licked its length.  
  
"You have an amazing cock!" I exclaimed. Don adjusted the front of his pants. I took that as approval of what he was watching. I stepped up my game and started grunting and whimpering as I devoured Ethan's beautiful cock.  
  
Matt was on his knees directly behind me. He guided my knees further apart. I felt the tip of his cock touch my glistening opening. Up and down my slit, he teased me until I could no longer take it. I slid Ethan's cock out of my mouth and gasped, "Oh my God; FUCK ME! Fuck me hard!"  
  
I aggressively shoved Ethan's dick back in my mouth as far as it could go. With one hard thrust, Matt drove his cock balls deep inside of me. He was pounding my pussy from behind and the others watched on, mouths agape.  
  
I was sucking and stroking Ethan hard and I could tell he was getting close.  
  
"I want to drink your cum! Every fucking drop!"  
  
He exploded into my mouth with his warm semen. I continued to suck and squeeze until I was sure I'd swallowed everything he had. Meanwhile, Matt continued to hammer me from behind. When he got close, he pulled out and quickly stepped in front of me, putting his dick in my face. I'm not sure why he didn't want to blow his load inside of me, but I gave him what he wanted and let him finish in my mouth. I gulped down every last drop.  
  
"Who's next?" I said, wiping my mouth. "I need more cock, and I need more cum!" \*Did I really just say that to a room full of guys I knew???\*  
  
Tim and Kenny stood up, walked over and stood right in front of me. I pretended I didn't see them. Tim unzipped his pants and pulled out his already hard cock. He touched the tip to my lips and I sucked him into my mouth. I couldn't believe I was doing this. His girlfriend would be right to kill me. But I had a blindfold on. How could I possibly know who belonged to this penis?  
  
As I gobbled away on Tim's rock hard dick, Kenny unzipped his pants and retrieved his cock. \*OH MY GOD!\* It was glorious. Of course this asshole would have a huge, hard cock. Of course, he would. It was at least twice as thick and long as the other Don's.  
  
Kenny got on his knees behind me while I sucked Tim. I felt that swollen mushroom head push into me and split me open. He pushed harder. The pain was exquisite. Further and further he pushed through my sopping wet opening.  
  
"Yes!" I yelled! "Bury it! Bury your cock!" He grabbed my waist and I braced for impact. In what was probably the hardest any man has fucked me before or since, Kenny drove that massive cock all the way into me, bottoming out and causing a piercing, albeit familiar pain.  
  
I screamed and fell forward. I rolled over on my back, writhing in pain. "Are you OK, Kim?" Asked Don.  
  
I gave a thumbs up and said, "I'm OK, but would you guys mind finishing in my mouth?"  
  
Both men started stroking their cocks from their knees right next to my head. Kenny was getting close. He brought it to my lips and I opened wide. He pushed past my lips and shot rope after rope to the back of my throat. He just kept cumming, filling my mouth. Then Tim pushed him away and brought his dick to my mouth. I opened wide, but couldn't suck him off without spilling Kenny's cum. Tim proceeded to shoot his load into my open mouth, already full with cum.  
  
Once he was done, all Eyes were on me, eager to see what I would do. And what would I do? I'd save my fucking marriage, that's what I'd do. I closed my mouth and swallowed the most cum I've ever swallowed. I didn't spill a drop. Once it was gone I licked my lips and opened wide for all to see.  
  
My stomach was killing me from Kenny's carelessness. What an Asshole! I couldn't blame him too much since I asked for it but I still annoyed me.  
  
"Who's next?" I asked, still flat on my back, pretending I didn't know that Marcus was the only one left. To my surprise, Don stood up and walked over to me and got on his knees. He pulled out his hard cock and started stroking fast. In very short order, he brought his cock to my lips and I gladly took him in and sucked his familiar cock dry. He came hard with the cum I'd swallowed many times, and hoped to swallow many more times after this night.  
  
Marcus stood up and walk over to me. He got on his knees and pulled out his cock. A gasp went through the room as the other men cast their eyes on the longest, thickest cock any of them had ever seen. I couldn't make that claim because I wasn't entirely sure it exceeded Terrance's masterpiece from college. But it was pretty damned close.  
  
Marcus stroked himself to a rock hard, throbbing erection. I couldn't be certain that Don had gotten his fill of wife-fucking for the evening. This was going to hurt...  
  
As I stoically suffered through my horrific stomach ache, I "blindly" reached in the direction of Marcus until I fumbled my way to his cock. I wrapped my hand around 3/4 of its girth.  
  
"Oh my!" I said. "You're fucking huge, dude! I need to feel you in my pussy."  
  
Marcus disrobed, revealing a perfectly chiseled body, a man can only attain after years of hard work in a gym. He knelt between my legs and edged his cock closer and closer to my pussy. He pushed the tip inside of me.  
  
"Come here." I whispered. He leaned down to my face and I whispered in his ear, "OK, you're going to gently bottom out, then lightly repeat. Bottom out gently, then harder and harder, listening for my instructions. Deal?"  
  
"Deal." He whispered back.  
  
Marcus moved between my legs and placed the massive head of his cock at my opening. I was nervous. Would it even fit? He pushed past my lips. The initial pain was delicious. The five men looking on were mesmerized. He pushed in further, then back out. Then further in, filling and stretching my pussy, then back out, allowing my juices to lube him up. He pushed in further, this time bumping unmistakably against my cervix. The pain was a significant ache , seeming to come from deep in my soul.  
  
"OH!" I responded. "Good. Now gently bottom out until I tell you to fuck me harder."  
  
Marcus did as instructed. He had several girthy inches of cock unable to penetrate me as he bottomed out, knocking repeatedly against my cervix.  
  
I was being impaled. Painfully and wonderfully impaled. It felt like he was well into my belly as he thrust. Then I felt a tingling from deep inside I hadn't felt for years. The ache started to subside as the tingling started to radiate outward.  
  
"OK, now fuck me a little harder." I ordered. Marcus proved to be a good student, responding perfectly to every command. He picked up the pace, knocking harder. I felt a tsunami building inside of me. It scared me, but I needed it to continue.  
  
"Fuck yeah! Harder!" I yelled. The harder he fucked me, the more desperately I needed to be fucked. The tsunami was coming hard and fast.  
  
"Harder! Give it to me NOW! All of it! YES! YES! YES! ARGH!!" I screamed, finishing with a guttural moan. I hit me like deadly electric shock. My back arched involuntarily as the orgasm overcame every inch of my body. It was a full body cramp that rendered me completely paralyzed.  
  
I could feel my pussy squeezing Marcus impossibly hard. As I started to regain some measure of control over my body, I started thrashing my head from side to side. Marcus kept fucking me hard. I thought I might pass out.  
  
"Can I cum?" He asked. Adorable.  
  
"Yes!" I answered. Fill me with you cum!"  
  
Harder and harder he plunged my depths. Harder and harder I gripped his cock with my pussy. I had no idea how I was accommodating this giant black cock. He was finally balls deep as he drove his muscular body all the way inside of mine.  
  
"I'm cumming!" He yelled. And with one mighty, final thrust, I felt jets of cum shooting inside of me. When he was done, he pulled out, grabbed his clothes and walked away. He left me displayed naked on the floor, cum leaking out of my pussy. I'd been completely and thoroughly fucked, just as Don requested.  
  
As Marcus pulled his clothes on, Don came over and helped me to my feet.  
  
"Thanks, Kim." He said. Then, while standing on my wobbly legs completely naked in front of six men who had just fucked me and watched me get fucked, the other men chimed in.  
  
"Thanks, Kim! Thanks, Kim! Thanks, Kim! Thanks, Kim! Thanks, Kim!"  
  
"The pleasure was mine." I answered with a big smile, knowing I'd just saved my marriage. With cum on my lips and leaking down both legs, I stood unapologetically well-fucked in front of these familiar men. All was right with the world.

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