**Deceptions**

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**Ch. 01**

I'm usually not a nosy person. Really, I swear. Though I only turned eighteen last week, I am starting college now, and I think I've already developed a pretty mature attitude about not judging people. I bet it comes from my theater background. My parents met while working together on a play, and I've been around actors my whole life, so that's probably where I got my laid-back attitude. What people do in private is their own business, right?  
  
So why was I sneaking out in the middle of the night to the common room of my boyfriend's dorm? I'll tell you why! The sounds coming from that room across the hall were driving me batshit crazy!  
  
Practically every night, always right around 1:00 a.m., my boyfriend and I hear the moaning and thumping and muffled cries of…well, of people fucking! The guy next door, Dirk, he's constantly fucking the brains out of some woman! Actually, it's often not even the same woman. Over the last couple of weeks I've heard at least three different women crying out in pleasure.  
  
We usually hear them right through the walls, but tonight the sounds were coming from the common room.  
  
It's not like I'm even there every night either. I only stay over at my boyfriend's dorm three or four nights per week, and still I hear the same sounds every time. It's like he never takes a night off!  
  
I'm Jennifer, and J.T. is my boyfriend. Whether I stay over at his dorm or not usually just depends on my class schedule. Well, okay, it also depends on how much we're fighting. I love J.T., or at least I like him a lot. Maybe I love him, who knows? The one thing I do know is that he's fucking hot, and that's precisely the problem. He knows he's hot, and he knows the little sluts around here think so too.  
  
All my girlfriends say he looks just like Johnny Depp, but not the Pirates of the Caribbean Johnny Depp. He's more like the Ninth Gate Johnny Depp, or maybe the Once Upon a Time in Mexico Johnny Depp. He's got that same dark, careless, straight hair, and that same intense yet whimsical 'intelligent, disturbed guy' thing going on. He's thin and sinewy like Johnny Depp too, with the same kind of chiseled facial features. I swear, one of these days he's going to make my boobs bleed with those sharp cheekbones of his!  
  
I've never seen Johnny Depp's cock, but I really like J.T.'s. It's not as if I have a whole lot of experience or anything by which to compare him, though. I guess he's about as big around as a tube of toilet paper. When I hold it, I can just get my fingers to touch together. He seems pretty long too. I've seen some pornos, and he's not like those guys, but I've used my hands to show his size to my girlfriends. They assure me that he's above average.  
  
Whatever. I know I like his cock. I also know I'm not his first. He's told me he's fucked at least five or six other girls, and he flirts with every girl around here. They flirt right back, big time! I'm sure he's even fucked some of my girlfriends.  
  
That's why we fight. I don't think I'm a particularly jealous person, but would it kill him not to flaunt it so much? I mean, c'mon, I don't mind the occasional harmless flirting. That's fine. What I'm not so cool with is the way he practically dry humps fifty different girls every time we go out dancing. I've also seen him fully making out with them when he thought nobody was watching.  
  
It's not so much what he does, but the way he does it. Sometimes he's so blatant about his flirting that I really think it's sort of disrespectful to me. If you're going to fuck other girls, fine, whatever. This is college. People fuck a lot here. I get that. Just don't show it off so much, okay?  
  
I try my best to make him happy, too. Granted, I didn't know much about sex when we initially got together. He was my very first. Still, I think I've opened up a lot for him. Pretty much, I do whatever he wants now, and I'm always trying to get better at it. I'm definitely no cold fish either. I really get into it, and I let him know how much I'm enjoying it - because I am! He says I'm the best "cock sucker" he's ever had, and ever since I went on the pill, c'mon, we fuck like rabbits!  
  
There are only two things I won't do, and he knows it. I won't fool around with him in front of his roommate, and I won't let him put his dick up my ass. That would just hurt too much, I'm sure.  
  
He tried to get me to do it once, and I wouldn't let him. When he went to take a shower after we were done, I grabbed one of his Sharpie markers and attempted to see if I could fit it up my ass. I'd already done it with my finger a couple of times, so I kinda knew what it would feel like, but that Sharpie was a lot thicker and longer than my finger! I managed to get some of it inside me, and it felt like I was stuffed to the gills! It didn't feel bad, not really. It actually felt kind of good. Or maybe it was simply that I felt kind of good, knowing I was being so slutty! I mean there I was, having just had sex with my boyfriend, and now I was trying to jam something up my ass!  
  
I found that I kind of liked the feeling of pressure there. Having something stuffed in my ass was actually pretty nice. It wasn't so big that it hurt me; it was just...different. It felt way different than having something in my pussy.  
  
Who knows, I'll probably end up letting him fuck me there too. I'm sure I'll even learn to love it. I love everything else now, so why not?  
  
Yep, I'd definitely come a long way in a short time. He should be happy with me, I think. I don't see why he still has to chase after all these other girls.   
  
It does makes me wonder, though. What are they doing that I don't? What's so hot about them? What am I missing?  
  
Whatever. We had sex twice tonight, then I guess we fell asleep. A little later, Dirk's usual moaning and thumping started, and it woke me up. Checking on J.T., he was out like a log. I don't know what's gotten into me lately, but I was feeling hella mischievous. Even though it was really late, I just had to go see what was going on in that common room!  
  
I looked over at J.T.'s roommate, Ray, asleep in his own bed. He must've come in and crashed after J.T. and I fell asleep together.   
  
Like I said, I won't have sex in front of Ray, but if I want to spend the night with J.T. then I have to accept that Ray will see us in bed together. I guess as long as I'm covered up and we're not doing anything major, I'm fine with it. A little kissing and touching is okay, I suppose. Ray is definitely cute, but I don't need him watching me having sex with my boyfriend. That would just be too weird.  
  
Anyway, after double-checking to make sure both J.T. and Ray were really asleep, I got out of bed totally nude and went over to my bag to get my little silk robe. I quickly threw it on, hoping Ray wouldn't wake up and catch me standing there naked. He didn't. I don't think he's ever seen me naked. He might've caught a glimpse of my boobs one time, but I think I managed to pull the covers over me before he really saw anything.  
  
I went to the bathroom and peed. Wanting to be quiet, I didn't flush the toilet. After checking again to make sure they were both still asleep, I grabbed the room key and snuck out into the hallway.  
  
I don't know what I was expecting to find, especially since it'd become really quiet. The sounds that'd woken me up had stopped.   
  
Whatever I was expecting, it definitely wasn't what I found!  
  
The common room in J.T.'s dorm is across the hall from us, a few doors over. I tiptoed as quietly as I could down the bright hallway, then I just barely poked my head around the corner to take a peek. Conan O'Brian was on TV, and the room was its usual mess, with empty beer cans everywhere. The cue ball from the pool table was wedged between the fridge and the counter, which was covered in Taco Bell wrappers. The whole place smelled like a bunch of old gorditas. Gross.  
  
Then I saw him. It was Dirk, the crazy sex machine from next door.  
  
Even though we had shared a few classes in high school, I really didn't know him very well. He was our star wide receiver, and I knew that sometimes when he was practicing with the football team across the field from us he would stop and watch me as my squad did cheerleading drills. We'd also been in a couple of school plays together, but we never managed to be in the same scenes.  
  
All I really knew was that I always thought he was absolutely gorgeous, and I think he thought I was pretty hot too. Still, the whole time we were in high school together we hardly even spoke to each other. I was always too busy with acting and cheerleading, then I hooked up with J.T., and that was it.  
  
Well, I sure noticed Dirk tonight, sprawled out on his back on the red leather sofa. He looked asleep. He was shirtless, and his jeans were completely unbuttoned. Even better, they were pulled down his hips, and he had no underwear on!  
  
Check that. Yes, he did, but they weren't his, and he wasn't wearing them in the usual way. Instead, perched on his face was a pink thong! I could see his mouth peeking through one leg hole and his closed eye through the other. Someone had left their panties on his face before they just up and bailed on him!  
  
Sneaking over to the little love seat by the couch, I looked more closely at him. Fuck, he's so hot. He sort of looks like John Cusack, only way more buff. He has the most perfectly ripped body, and he always liked to show it off, hardly ever wearing a shirt unless he absolutely had to.   
  
This time it was even better. Like I said, his pants were undone, and I was really checking him out. I could see his dark patch of moist pubic hair and the first few inches of his bare dick before it bulged beneath the open flap of his jeans. His dick was wet and shiny, and I think it was still chubby. It was definitely pulsing a little, and I was tempted to pull it out and suck it. Apparently he had just finished fucking, and he'd sort of half-assed tucked his dick back into his pants before falling asleep. I guess the girl he was fucking thought it would be funny to leave her panties on his face as a trophy.  
  
I couldn't see all of his dick, but it sure seemed big. It looked really thick - much thicker than J.T.'s - and it wasn't even fully hard. I could see about four inches of naked, wet cock, then the bulge in his pants continued on another four inches or so across his left thigh.   
  
Maybe the girl thought it would be funny to leave him that way, but I thought it was the hottest thing I'd ever seen.   
  
It became even hotter when he rolled his face a few inches. The panties shifted, and out popped a little note!  
  
I knew I shouldn't, but I was past the point of caring about privacy, right and wrong, or any of that stuff. I wanted to see that note! Reaching over, I gently tugged it through the leg hole of the panties. Just as the little note was sliding over his nose, his breath caught, and he sort of harrumphed. I froze, not moving a muscle. A few moments later his breathing seemed to relax again, and I took that opportunity to grab the note.  
  
Moving away from him, I sat back on the love seat. I noticed my robe had opened up to where I could see my pussy when I looked down, but I didn't care. I was only hoping he wouldn't wake up right that second and catch me nearly naked, sitting next to him alone in the common room, reading his note. I just had to read that thing.   
  
Unfolding it, I saw that the writing was definitely a girl's, and she'd used a girly-looking pink ink. It read…  
  
Hey, baby, sorry I couldn't stay, but I had to get going. I know how much you love the taste and scent of my pussy, so I left you these as a little memento. You definitely earned them! You left me a nice memento too! God, I can't believe how much you came inside me! Lisa was right…you're awesome. My pussy will be leaking cum for weeks now! LOL! Also, I swear, nobody's ever made me cum like that before. Okay, you win. Next time, I promise not to wear panties when we go out! They only get in the way! :big grin: Anyway, c-ya in class, stud boy. Xoxoxoxox (That's me kissing and sucking your big cock. Mmmm, yummy!)  
  
I checked on Dirk again. His dick looked so damn good. I wanted to see the rest of it. I wanted to see it twitch.  
  
Jesus, I was wet.   
  
'Screw that lucky bitch,' I thought to myself. Taking a huge chance, I gently removed the panties from his face and rubbed them against my wet pussy. I used her panties to soak up as much of my juice as I could, and as softly as possible I placed them back over his face. I was seriously considering pulling his pants all the way open so I could see the rest of his cock, when I heard footsteps coming down the hall.  
  
Fuck. I at least wanted something before I left, so I quickly leaned over and lightly licked and kissed his wet cock. It was really warm, and I could taste the combination of his cum and the girl's pussy. I liked it - a lot.  
  
'Jeez, I really am changing,' I thought to myself, as I snuck back into J.T.'s room. 'I'm becoming such a total slut. I bet J.T. would be so proud of me for wanting to suck Dirk's cock.'   
  
Then I realized how stupid that sounded, and I laughed to myself. 'Okay, maybe not!'  
  
Still, even if J.T. wouldn't exactly be proud of me for nearly sucking someone else's cock, I was at least proud of myself. I couldn't believe what I'd done, considering how inexperienced I'd been only six short months ago. Just this very night I'd already had full-blown sex, twice. I had two loads of cum inside my pussy, plus I'd swallowed another. I was caught in my boyfriend's bed by his roommate, and I risked letting him see me completely naked when I got up to go to the bathroom. I also snuck out of our room wearing next to nothing, just to go watch people fuck. Christ, I basically rubbed my wet pussy on Dirk's face, then I kissed and licked his cum-covered dick. If I hadn't heard people heading towards us, I probably would've sucked him off completely.  
  
He would've woken up, and there I would've been, some strange, half-naked girl sucking his cock. I would've done it, too. Even after he woke up and caught me, I would have kept sucking his big dick, I just know it. I wouldn't have stopped until he came in my mouth.  
  
Yes, I was excited. I was proud of how daring and uninhibited I was becoming.   
  
Standing there in our dorm room, I watched the two sleeping guys, and I smiled mischievously again to myself. I took my robe off and just stood looking at Ray. I went to the sink and got a glass of water, then I went between the two beds and leaned against the windowsill to look out over the empty campus grounds. Anybody outside could've glanced up and seen me naked in the window. Ray could've woken up and seen me standing nude beside his bed, my bare ass sticking out, my naked body bent at the waist. J.T. could've woken up and seen the same thing, and he would have wondered what in the fuck was I doing?  
  
I was definitely excited. "Your loss," I finally whispered, looking at Ray as I climbed back into bed.   
  
J.T. immediately snuggled into me, spooning me. He wasn't hard, but I pressed my ass against him anyway. If he wanted to wake up and fuck me, I would've let him.  
  
The thing is, though, I was thinking of Dirk, and Dirk's cock, and everything that girl had said about him. I was thinking about how much cum he must have poured into her. I was thinking about what I'd just done, and what I might yet do. Even if J.T. had woken up and fucked me, I would've been thinking of the sounds those girls always make when Dirk is pounding them. Yes, even if J.T. had woken up and fucked me only four feet away from Ray in the next bed, I still would've been imagining Dirk and his big, wet cock.  
  
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When J.T. cracked his eyes open the next morning, he noticed his girlfriend sitting at the computer. With Ray sleeping only a few feet away, he was surprised to see Jennifer wearing her sexy silk robe. Pleasantly surprised, actually. Normally she wouldn't risk letting Ray catch her in something so skimpy and revealing, yet there she was.  
  
While pretending to be asleep, J.T. studied his girlfriend. He simply loved looking at her. Despite his occasional episodes of cheating, he was under no illusions that Jennifer wasn't the hottest girl he'd ever seen. He knew she was, and he was definitely proud to be with her. Besides the fact that she had become quite the eager little fuck toy, she was also talented, smart and funny. Maybe even more importantly, she was good-natured and easygoing. Jen was that rare hottie who also had the proverbial "good personality." She knew he flirted like crazy, and she probably even suspected he cheated on her, yet she didn't bust his balls about it. Though nothing was ever stated, she seemed to understand that this was their first semester out of high school - their first time out in the big, wide world - and he wanted to experience as many new and exciting things as possible.  
  
He really had to give her credit. The only time she ever became pissed at him was when he'd act like a total jerk by obnoxiously scamming on other girls right in front of her. As long as he made some effort not to embarrass her, she didn't give him any crap, and she let him have his fun with other girls.  
  
'Gotta respect that,' he decided. Even at his youthful age of eighteen he knew she was a rare find. Thinking about it, he began to wonder how she could be so easygoing and tolerant. Most girls would lose their minds if they caught their boyfriends doing some of the things she'd caught him doing. Maybe her being so accepting of his cheating might be a tip-off that she was also playing around a bit?  
  
He honestly couldn't imagine it; not the Jennifer he knew. She was a virgin before they'd had sex, and she'd been with him almost constantly ever since. He just didn't see when she would've had the time to develop some other relationship with another guy, which he knew would be necessary before she'd give herself to anyone.  
  
'Still,' he thought, 'just look at her. She could have anyone she wants.'  
  
The thought of her fucking other guys sent a chill up his spine. He couldn't deny how easy it'd be for her, if only she wanted it.  
  
Jennifer sat typing away at her computer, and J.T. just drank in every inch of her. She was his idea of the perfect-looking girl, mainly because she was what a lot of guys called "odd hot." She wasn't Angelina Jolie perfect, not unless someone combined Angelina Jolie with Wynona Ryder and Natalie Portman.  
  
She was striking like an Angelina Jolie, but she wasn't exotic like that. For one thing, she looked less Laura Croft and more Urban Goth Chick. She was very pale, with intensely blue eyes and short, blue-black hair cut in a severe Vampira look. She had a perfect little beauty spot above her mouth, and a cute piercing in her adorable button nose. She also wasn't tall and statuesque. No, she was small, rather petite, and she looked very much the waif. She had a brooding intensity that belied her casual, laid-back nature.  
  
Though she had yet to acquire any tattoos, she was already fairly heavily pierced. In addition to her diamond nose piercing she had a stud in her tongue, which she gleefully suggested getting after he told her how good they felt during blowjobs. He also really enjoyed the small hoop she'd recently added to her tight little belly button. She had a row around each ear, and he knew it wouldn't be long before she decorated her clitoral hood. She'd been talking about it for weeks, and once she got an idea in her head, she never stopped until the job was done.  
  
Yes, she was stunningly beautiful, though in a somewhat non-traditional way. Odd hot, definitely.   
  
If her face and overall look were slightly left of center, there was nothing odd about her painfully sexy body. His little girl barely knew how extraordinary she was, and he loved that about her.   
  
She had a perfect eighteen-year-old cheerleader's body, with everything that entails. Though she was only five-four, it was all supple, toned legs leading up to a mouthwatering little heart-shaped bubble butt. Her legs were flawless works of art, and he could eat her ass for days, it was so full, round and firm. She alternated between being completely shaved versus keeping a small pelt of black pubic hair. Initially he preferred her smooth and hairless, since that's how most of his favorite porn chicks kept their pussies, though more and more he was beginning to enjoy her little landing strip. He loved the way her little patch would hold her scent, and he especially loved how he could make it out through her sheer panties.  
  
He also loved how she could sometimes cum just from having her bright pink nipples chewed on. For having such large boobs, she sure had sensitive nipples. Usually it was the girls with small tits who had the really sensitive tips. He'd never been with a girl who could cum just from having her breasts sucked, but Jennifer would flat out lose her mind whenever he'd really suck hard and bite her nipples.  
  
That was always the one thing he could do to ensure she'd make a lot of noise during sex. He loved her moans, squeals and shrieks, but she usually wouldn't make her sexy sounds unless he was chewing on her nipples.  
  
"I really like my breasts," was all she ever said when asked about the sounds she made.  
  
And well she should, he thought. She had a tiny waist to go with a small, V-shaped torso, and her large, heavy and high D-cup breasts almost seemed oversized on her petite body. If it weren't for her round bubble butt, she would've looked a bit top heavy. Instead, she simply looked gorgeously symmetrical. Right side up or upside down, Jennifer had the same hourglass dimensions. Her pale, luminous skin only heightened the effect for him.  
  
'She's insanely hot, and one day she'll come to realize just how devastating she really is. When she does, I'll be history,' he thought. He felt it was inevitable he would lose her. He knew lots of girls thought he was hot too, but where Jen was concerned he was all too aware that he'd wildly out-kicked his coverage.  
  
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"Whatcha thinking about, Mister Dopey Eyes?" I grinned, having let J.T. play possum long enough. I'd long since turned my chair to face him, and I was smiling as I crossed my bare legs.  
  
"I was thinking, wow, I don't know that I've ever seen you look more gorgeous, Jen," he said, with a wistful, dreamy expression. "I was also thinking…you know…what about him?" he added, nodding towards the still-sleeping Ray. "You're hardly wearing a thing. For a second there, when you crossed your legs, I thought I could see your panties."  
  
"No biggie. He's still asleep. Besides, you didn't see my panties."  
  
"Are you sure? I think I did. They're your pink ones."  
  
"Yes, sweetie, I'm sure," I smiled again. After quickly looking over at the snoring Ray, I casually leaned back against the computer table and spread my robe, along with my legs. I stroked up and down my bare, moist slit, and with a delightfully wet sluicing sound I plunged two fingers deep inside my pussy.  
  
"Believe me now?" I smirked. Casting another glance over at Ray, I took the Sharpie from the table and slid it inside my pussy. Burying it completely, I began a slow fucking motion with one hand, and with the other I pulled my robe open, exposing my bare breasts. I cupped them and brought one to my mouth for a kiss of the nipple, then I simply leaned back and closed my eyes while thoroughly fucking myself with the Sharpie.  
  
J.T. stared, stunned and thrilled. He made a move to come to me, but I held up my hand. "Stay there, tiger. Just watch." I lifted my legs, hanging them over the armrests of the chair, completely spreading myself open. I'd never done anything so brazenly lewd before, and I was discovering that I was getting off on it. Really wanting to blow his mind, I reached down with my other hand to wet my finger in my pussy; as I increased the speed of the Sharpie pumping inside me, I slid my moistened finger into my asshole.  
  
"Is this what you've been wanting, baby? You want Ray to see me like this, getting fucked? You want to put your cock in here?" I tilted my hips, showing him my finger sliding deep inside my ass. That was the furthest I'd ever gone there, and I was loving it! I was loving it so much that I switched holes, rubbing my clit with my fingers while sliding the tip of the lubed up Sharpie into my ass. There was only a little resistance before it popped inside me.  
  
"Do you want me to be a total slut for you, like all those other girls you fuck? Should I be loud and nasty, like the girls Dirk fucks?"  
  
I'd completely closed my eyes. I was half talking to J.T. and half talking to myself. I wanted to cum, and I wanted to cum quickly, before Ray woke up and saw me.   
  
To be honest, at that point I almost didn't care if Ray saw me.  
  
I'd been typing an e-mail to one of my girlfriends, telling her all about the crazy things I did and saw last night. I told her everything, including how I'd snuck out in my tiny robe and kissed Dirk's big, shiny dick in the common room. I described how I felt stripping down naked once I got back, and how I would've let J.T. fuck me even with Ray there in the room. I was out of my mind with 'horny teenage girl' thoughts, when I heard stirring sounds from J.T.  
  
Turning around, I discovered he'd been awake and watching me, and that's when I dove right into my brazen display.  
  
Now I was fucking half the Sharpie into my ass, and J.T. was watching me with a look of astonishment. 'Good. Let him be shocked,' I thought. 'I'll show him I can be every bit as hot and slutty as anybody he could ever fuck.'  
  
Just then I noticed Ray beginning to stir. His back was to us, so all I did was bring my legs down off the armrests. As Ray began to make waking noises, J.T. looked at me in a panic, since I didn't seem to be stopping!   
  
He was right, I wasn't! I was still fucking myself in the ass with the Sharpie while wickedly pinching and rubbing my clit. Most maddening of all to J.T. was the fact that I was smiling at him like it was no big deal.  
  
When Ray began to roll over onto his back and sit up, I finally let J.T. off the hook. Very casually, I pulled my robe over my breasts. J.T.'s shock was complete, however, when I simply sat down on the Sharpie, hiding it by impaling myself on it! I took it all the way up my ass!  
  
Again I crossed my legs, letting the robe slip off one completely exposed thigh. Locking my hands together on my raised knee, I smiled sweetly at Ray. "Welcome back to the land of the living. Rough night, honey?"  
  
He sort of sat there blinking at me, then at J.T. "Ummm, yeah...late night. I had to get a ride home from Billy. I definitely drank too much."  
  
Giving me a bemused smile, it was obvious he'd finally noticed what I was wearing, and that I was making no move to jump up and put some clothes on. Instead I leaned back, yawning and stretching my arms high above my head. I knew my erect nipples were showing through the sliver thin silk, and I hold that position. I wanted him to see me. I wanted J.T. to watch him see me.  
  
Then I went one step crazier. When I was done stretching, I swung my legs up into an Indian-sitting position. I didn't keep my hands over my pussy to protect my modesty. No, I just did it so quickly that before they knew what had happened I was sitting there facing them, with my legs folded beneath me and my elbows on my knees. I could tell my robe was splayed wide across my thighs. I could also tell that with the way I was leaning forward, my boobs were pretty much out in the open. I don't think the nipples were showing, but I bet everything else was. It was definitely the most I had ever shown Ray, and J.T. had never seen me reveal anywhere near that much of my body to another guy.  
  
Wanting to know whether they could actually see my pussy, I tried to follow their eyes. I still wasn't sure. I thought maybe my ankles and calves might've been blocking their view. I knew the robe wasn't.  
  
"Oh, fuck," said Ray. Lurching up from his bed, he ran to the bathroom in his boxers, and J.T. and I laughed as we heard him pay the price for all that drinking.  
  
I looked over at J.T., who grinned, "Wow, babe. That was an amazing show. I mean, seriously…wow."  
  
Returning his grin, I pulled the Sharpie out of my ass and tossed it to him. He held up the marker like it was the Super Bowl trophy, and his voice took on a phony tone of awe as he said, "Dude, you are my hero."  
  
"I never got to finish. I still haven't cum," I whispered.   
  
"Sorry, babe. Better go faster next time."  
  
"Maybe I just shouldn't stop next time," I said, raising my eyebrows.  
  
"Babe, when you were sitting with your legs folded beneath you, did you know we could see your pussy?"  
  
"No, I wasn't sure. So did it bother you?"   
  
"Me? What about you, with Barf Boy there? You were always so fanatical about making sure he never saw you naked."  
  
I smiled coyly. "You know, if you would have just woken up last night, you could've fucked me with him here in the room, just like you've always wanted. I would've let you."  
  
Studying me for a long time, he finally said, "Something's changed. You're not the same person today that you were yesterday."  
  
Giving him an enigmatic little smile, I thought to myself, 'You're right. I'm not the same person now.' I was having fun teasing him, so I grinned, "Like I said, you shouldn't have fallen asleep last night. You missed a lot."  
  
"Oh yeah? Like what?"  
  
"Well, for starters, how would you like to know that I ran around this room naked while you were both asleep? Ray could've woken up at any time and seen me completely nude. How would you also like to know that your sweet, innocent Jennifer did a little exploring in these hallways last night, wearing nothing but this robe?"  
  
I flipped it open and spread my legs again, showing him my pink center.  
  
He grinned and was about to say something when we heard Ray turning off the faucet after finishing up in the bathroom.  
  
Quickly I added, "What if I told you that your faithful girlfriend has now seen more than one cock?"   
  
That definitely made him sit up and take notice! His mouth was stuck open like a fish! Then, in a moment of perfect timing, Ray returned to the room, preventing J.T. from grilling me any further.  
  
I turned back to the computer and finished my e-mail to my girlfriend. I sent it off, then I deleted it from the system. Before I sent it, I added one little note…  
  
P.S. - You think you're bad? I'm becoming such a slut! I just sat here in my little black robe, talking to J.T. and Ray while I fucked myself in the ass with a Sharpie!  
  
Grinning, I turned back to the guys, who were still staring at me.  
  
'I could grow to like this,' I giggled to myself.   
  
"Hey, Jen, I was meaning to give this to you. I thought of you when I saw it. I picked it up from the student union."  
  
Ray was offering me a flyer, and I got up to take it. I hadn't really tightened my robe from when I'd pulled it open before, so when I leaned over, I could feel it gaping everywhere. I saw his eyes bug out, but I pretended not to notice.  
  
I took the flyer from him, and instead of going back to my seat I just plopped myself flat on my back next to him on his bed. Having a pretty good idea of how much I was exposing, I held the flyer up and read it. Taking a quick glimpse down, I saw that my breasts were mostly still covered, but my little landing strip was peeking out. I think my pussy was still covered, though. Maybe.  
  
"Wow, you thought of me when you saw this?" I asked, sitting back up and handing it to J.T., who read it out loud…  
  
Auditions being held for a major new Off Broadway theatrical play. Very avant-garde and cutting edge. Professional pay and excellent exposure are guaranteed. Contact Katherine at 555-5514 to set up an audition.  
  
I looked at Ray.  
  
"You've been in plays your whole life," he said. "You've whined forever about wanting to be on Broadway, and you're majoring in theater! Give it a shot. Call her. Why not?"  
  
I glanced over at J.T., who was grinning like an idiot. He was ogling my bare breast, which had fallen out of my robe. As I smiled and tucked myself back in, both guys playfully booed me.  
  
"Pervs," I smirked.   
  
"Guilty as charged!" grinned Ray.   
  
Getting up from his bed, I slipped off my robe. "Avant-garde and cutting edge, huh? Fine. I need to become those things, and there's no time like the present, right?"  
  
I stood stark naked in front of Ray. Smiling at his shocked expression, I added, "I'll call her today."  
  
I draped the robe over his startled face before heading to my overnight bag to get my bathroom things. Making sure to bend at the waist, with my ass pointed directly at Ray, I pretended to search through my stuff, all the while moving my hips back and forth. When I finally stood again, bathroom items in hand, I felt their eyes burning into my naked bottom as I sauntered off to take a shower. Putting a little extra sway in my walk, I turned and went back to Ray. Startling him again, I kissed him on the lips.  
  
"Thank you for thinking of me," I smiled, breathing it into his mouth.  
  
Alone in the bathroom, I took a little hand mirror and checked myself out. I was relieved to see that my recent waxing was still good. My pussy and asshole were completely hairless, and nothing looked red or irritated. Everything was smooth and even. J.T. loves to tell me how pretty my young pussy looks, and as I really studied it, I could see his point.  
  
It is pretty. Even though I'm young, my pussy isn't like one of those you see on a nine-year-old girl. With mine there's a little lippage. It's not some nasty roast beef sandwich, like an old hooker's pussy, but it's not just a discreet slit either.  
  
I think it looks sexy, like an elegant painting of a beautiful woman's pussy.  
  
I could also see why J.T. seemed so hung up on fucking me in my ass. Looking over my shoulder, I saw a very nice bottom. There wasn't a hint of cellulite, and my ass sat high and firm. Very curvy. Spreading myself wide open, I took my first serious look at my tight little pucker. I'm glad I waxed there too. It's a nice companion to my pussy. They're both pink; a pretty, matching set.  
  
'If I were a guy, I'd definitely want to put my dick in there,' I decided, then I laughed. Jesus, I'm becoming terrible!  
  
After I took my shower, I thought I'd continue with the New Me. I wrapped my hair in a towel, but that was it. I padded back into the room naked. Smiling at J.T.'s shocked reaction, I sat down in the nude at my computer and quickly wrote my girlfriend...  
  
I'm now completely naked, sitting at my 'puter. Completely bare-ass naked. I just showed J.T. and Ray my pussy, and probably even my asshole too, before I went and took a shower. I didn't put anything on when I came back out.  
  
J.T. and Ray are right here behind me, watching me type this! They have no idea what I'm typing. All they know is this seems to be the New Jen! I think they like it!  
  
Talkatcha some more later! Bye!  
  
I sent it, then deleted everything again. I didn't want the guys snooping around, reading what I say to my girlfriends.   
  
Turning back to them, I saw they were both still just sitting there, slack-jawed and unblinking…completely dumbfounded.  
  
I felt like Wonder Woman.  
  
"So," I began, turning directly towards Ray. I got up and went to sit next to him on the bed, where I leaned back on my hands, my legs bent at the knees. I was showing him every inch of my body. "Tell me why you thought of me for this, for real. You know they're probably looking for a professional actress with actual Broadway stage experience. I'm still just a kid, barely out of high school. All I've ever acted in are some lame school plays, plus a few commercials when I was little.  
  
"Oh, and yes, I realize I'm suddenly allowing myself to be naked in front of you. I'm guessing you must be wondering why I'm doing this, completely out of the blue?"  
  
Ray could only nod. Okay, he gurgled and drooled too. He gurgled, nodded and drooled.  
  
Setting my knees to a subtle in-and-out swinging motion, opening and closing my legs, I was showing him my pussy while thinking, 'I really want to become good at this stuff. I need to learn how to be just as hot as anyone Dirk is fucking.'  
  
Continuing on, I said, "Ray, J.T. wants me to be a really sexy slut. It doesn't matter whether it's his girlfriend or any of the other girls he's fucking, that's just what he likes. See, you guys probably think I don't know he cheats on me, but I do. Here's the thing, though. He enjoys showing me off to other guys, and I need to become more daring and worldly anyway, especially if I'm to compete for things like the role in this play, so this works out great."  
  
I grinned at J.T., and his mouth opened, but nothing came out.  
  
Awesome! I was feeling more worldly already!  
  
''So that's why I'm doing this," I smiled, spreading my legs for Ray. "I'm letting you see my pussy, my breasts…everything. I consider it practice. Training. Acting. Also, yes, it totally turns me on. I love being a slut for you.  
  
''Okay, now it's your turn. Tell me."  
  
Though he tried to keep his eyes locked on my face, he couldn't stop slobbering over my tits, and my pussy was just torturing him. He blushed when I caught him staring.  
  
"Ray, alright, let's try this. I want you to forget about proper etiquette right now, and just enjoy my body. It's totally okay if you don't look me in the eyes. I won't mind. I know you want to look at my pussy, so go ahead. Stare at my ass and pussy all you want, then maybe you can talk to me."  
  
Turning onto my stomach, I lifted my hips, offering him my ass and pussy. Rising to the doggie position, I reached back to pull my bottom all the way open. "It's okay. Look at my virgin asshole. Stare at my wet, naked pussy," I said, moving my ass in seductive figure-eights. Rolling onto my back again, I spread my legs wide and cupped my breasts. "Is this sexy enough? Will men - not just boys - want to fuck me?"  
  
"Yes," Ray finally said.   
  
"Yes, what?" I asked, sitting cross-legged in front of him again. My back was to J.T.  
  
"Yes, men will want you. Everyone wants you. You were the hottest girl at our high school, and you're the hottest girl here. All the guys already know it. Everybody wants to fuck you, Jen, even our teachers. Look, okay, this is why I showed you the flyer. It's like what you were telling me about your drama teacher."  
  
"You mean when he said he wants me to branch out and take some chances, and stop limiting myself to safe, boring plays at school?"   
  
"Yeah, exactly. You told me he said you need to go try to do some really heavy stuff, some uncomfortable stuff. If you're going to be serious about this, you need to take some chances. You gotta do some professional theater, where things aren't always so neat and safe."  
  
"Something 'avant-garde and cutting edge,' you mean?"   
  
"Yes."  
  
"I agree. That's why I'm going to do it. I have a confession to make, okay? My drama teacher already told me about the flyer. He's the one who posted it. He knows about the audition, the role, and the whole play. He said that all I have to do is give him the okay, and he'll put in a good word for me with Katherine, who's an old friend of his. There's no guarantee I'll get the part, but I'll definitely get an audition, and Professor Keener thinks I'd be perfect for the role. He says I have a good chance at landing it if I just throw myself in headfirst, without fear. He also says he has a lot of pull with Katherine. Though he was only joking, I could tell he kind of meant it."  
  
"So this must be the same Professor Keener who used to show up at your old school plays," said J.T.   
  
"Yep. Same guy. He's friends with my parents. They apparently go way back together. That's why Mom and Dad sent me here, so I could study under Professor Keener. They told me he thinks I have a lot of potential, but I need to loosen up. He says I'm too self-conscious on stage, which is common for actresses my age. Talking to Professor Keener, he thinks this role would be perfect for me. He's saying it would do me a world of good as an actress. Even if I don't get the part, he thinks it'd be great for me just to audition for it because it's a scary role. They're casting other parts too."  
  
"What is this play, anyway?" asked Ray. I was suddenly aware that he was looking me in the eyes. Here I was, naked on his bed, and he was looking me in the eyes without even having to force himself.   
  
'Very good, Jennifer, very good,' I thought. Smiling, I said, "It's a very sexy play about Eric Clapton and George Harrison. It's called 'Layla.' Are you familiar with the story?"  
  
"I know who Eric Clapton is, and I know the song 'Layla.' That's about it. I don't really know the words."   
  
"What about you, Mister Guitar Player?" I asked J.T.   
  
For as long as I'd known J.T. he was always in rock bands, playing guitar. I guess that was just one more reason so many of the sluts around this place drooled over him so much. In fact, come to think of it, J.T.'s band beat Dirk's in some "Battle of the Bands" competition back in high school. It suddenly dawned on me that Dirk was also a guitar player. Between his football stardom, his guitar player status and that big cock of his, no fucking wonder girls were leaving their wet panties on his face!  
  
"Yeah, I know the story," J.T. said. "We covered a few Clapton songs. We used to do the first part of 'Layla' all the time. Layla was George Harrison's wife, and—"  
  
"Who's George Harrison again?" interrupted Ray.   
  
J.T. laughed, "He was in The Beatles, you retard!"  
  
"Excuuuuuuuse me! I'm eighteen-fucking-years-old! How am I supposed to know who was in The Beatles? They had John Lennon and Mick Jagger, right?"  
  
"You're cute, Ray, but you're completely hopeless!" I giggled, grabbing his pillow and smothering his face. We battled for a few minutes, and what a trip that was, wrestling naked in front of my boyfriend with his roommate. Finally I let up on poor Ray, who wasn't exactly fighting very hard anyway, I noticed. He pulled me close, and we just lay together, with my head on his chest. He even put his arm around me. Nothing sexual, just warm and friendly. It was really nice.  
  
"Okay, whatever. Continue," Ray said to J.T. Ray was looking up at the ceiling, and I snuck a glance over at J.T. Haaa! He was fully hard! He was totally getting off on seeing me naked with his roommate!  
  
Gesturing with my eyes, I pointed out his obvious hard-on. Grinning sheepishly, he just shrugged and gave me a look that pretty much said, "What do you want me to say? Fine, I'm excited. So?"  
  
I sucked on my finger for him, simulating a blowjob, and he groaned.  
  
Again...awesome!   
  
"So…anyway," he continued, holding his pillow over his erection, "George Harrison was the guitarist for The Beatles, and his wife was named Layla. Harrison and Clapton were best friends. Clapton helped Harrison with 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps,' and Harrison gave Clapton 'Badge.' 'Layla' is about Clapton falling in love with and wanting to steal Layla from his best friend, which he ultimately did. The crazy thing is Clapton and Harrison still remained friends. Clapton had a serious heroin addiction at the time of the 'Layla' recording sessions, and Harrison was one of the people who helped him beat his addiction."  
  
"Okay," said Ray, looking at me. "You're gonna be Layla?"  
  
"That's the idea. It's a good thing Layla never was in the band, because I can't sing or play an instrument. This will be a weird play, since it's part musical, part real-life erotic fable. The hook, the thing the producers and director think will draw people, is the Clapton-Harrison musical angle. There are going to be live song performances. Someone's got to play Clapton, and someone's got to play Harrison, and I know the Clapton character is going to be playing real guitar with a live band, like it's Derek and the Dominoes. He's got to be able to sing like Clapton, and at least look a little like him too. The hard part for me is this will be a seriously erotic play. There's real nudity, and a lot of simulated sex. According to Professor Keener, this play is going to be a very big deal. The Clapton part is the starring role, obviously, but the girl who gets the Layla role will still receive tons of notoriety."  
  
"I believe the word was exposure, not notoriety," laughed Ray. "Man, they weren't kidding with that, were they? So just how much 'real nudity' and 'simulated sex' are we talking here? You don't mean X-rated, do you?"  
  
"No, I don't think so. I know there are such things as X-rated live theater, but I don't think this one quite goes that far. It's supposed to be simulated sex, whatever that means. Nudity-wise, I'm pretty sure it will at least involve topless scenes for me. I'm not sure about fully nude. Full-frontal nude might be a bit much to ask of the poor guy!"  
  
"So you're going to do it? You've already decided?" grinned J.T., suddenly seeming to become quite enthusiastic about the whole thing once he heard about all the nudity and sex stuff! Jeez, what a horndog!  
  
"Yeah, I have," I said, giggling over his excited expression. "I haven't told Professor Keener yet, but I will when I see him in class. He said he'd set up the audition for me with Katherine once I give him the okay. I agree with him, this would be good for me to try. In the meantime it looks like you guys will reap the benefits, since I need to practice being less self-conscious about my 'performances.' So, J.T., you'll probably end up getting your wish.''  
  
''My wish? What's my wish?''  
  
''Fucking me in front of your roommate."  
  
Poor Ray, he about swallowed his own head. God, I was learning to love this new power.  
  
I spent the rest of the morning naked with my two guys. I learned that while it was important in terms of my acting to become comfortable in my own skin, being completely nude all the time isn't nearly as exciting or titillating to guys as when I'm only partially exposed. Or partially covered. Whatever. The point being, the guys soon got used to my nudity. I noticed however that they'd stay excited every time I wore skimpy, revealing clothes. If there was a chance that I might pop out of my top, or maybe they could get a peek up my skirt, it actually was more of a consistent turn-on for them than having me totally naked.  
  
Later that night Ray was out again, and J.T. was working on some homework. I was feeling bored, and still a bit mischievous, so I threw on my tiniest nylon short-shorts and a tight, belly baring spaghetti-strap tank top. No panties or bra.   
  
I was beginning to doubt that I'd ever wear a bra again, and the only reason I could think of to keep wearing panties would be for the same reason it's sometimes sexier to be partially clothed than fully naked. There might be times when it could be hotter to give someone an upskirt peek at my panties, as opposed to a full-on beaver shot. Then again, they're both upskirt shots, so maybe the analogy isn't valid. I don't think anybody is ever going to get bored with upskirt pussy shots!   
  
So, yeah, most of the time I'm probably going to be naked beneath whatever I'm wearing.  
  
I'd already talked to Professor Keener. He was delighted when I told him that I wanted to audition for the play, and he said he'd set it up right away. We both laughed when I suggested my boyfriend for the part of George Harrison. I'm sure J.T. would rather play Eric Clapton, but he sure looked a whole lot more like George Harrison. Besides, he really doesn't have all that much acting experience. The Clapton role would likely be way too much to entrust to someone who'd only ever acted in "West Side Story" once in his life, in eleventh grade.  
  
We laughed about it, but he said to bring him along anyway. "It might be fun, and he really ought to see what his girlfriend is getting herself into!"  
  
So like I said, it was late at night, and even though I was excited about what was coming up in my life, I was bored that particular evening. I told J.T. I would be back in a bit, as I wanted to give him some quiet time to study. He said he appreciated it, then he looked at my outfit. He smacked my bare ass, most of which was showing in my obscenely tiny shorts. "Whoa, look at you! You're going out dressed like that?"  
  
"No, not 'out.' I'm just going to crash in the game room and maybe watch TV for awhile. I'll be back in a little while."  
  
"Okay, sweetie. Thanks. By the way, I think your boobs are getting bigger!"  
  
Grinning, I jiggled my tits for him, then I cupped them. I was sort of measuring my boobs, weighing them. Hmmm. They did look really big.  
  
Cool!  
  
I pulled up my shirt to flash him my naked breasts, and we both laughed. He said, "You're getting to be a total flirt, you know that?"  
  
"Maybe, but I've still got a long way to go before I'll be anywhere near as bad as you," I said, smiling sweetly.  
  
Squeezing my ass with both hands, he pulled my shorts up even higher. "No panties either?" he grinned.  
  
I gave him a sly smile. "No panties either. Just my naked bottom, and these tiny shorts."  
  
So what'd he do? With a playful growl, he leaned over and chomped down on my bare ass!  
  
"Owww! Hey! That's gonna leave a big bite mark!" I said, laughing.  
  
"So? It'll be your fault if anyone sees it. Are you planning on showing off that much of your ass in the game room?" He was laughing too, big time.  
  
"Girlfriend abuser!" I giggled, rubbing the bite mark. Grinning, I slipped the shorts off and wriggled my bare bottom in his face. ''Maybe I'll just go like this? I bet you'd love that!'' When he made a move to give me another chomp, I jumped forward and quickly pulled my tiny shorts back on. Tugging them all the way up into my crack, I turned those things into a thong. "You know what? I should show people my ass, the same way your slutty fuck-toy girlfriends always do! You know what else? I think I will! Catch you later, sweetie!" I giggled again, strutting my bare ass right out the door.  
  
Except for two mousy girls who were studying together over at the kitchen table, the game room was empty and silent when I got there. Plopping myself down into the beat up old love seat, I sat sideways across the chair. With my back to one armrest and my legs draped over the other, I settled in to read my trashy little vampire novel.  
  
I was just beginning to drift off when I felt the air in the room change. Opening my eyes, I saw Dirk sitting down on the sofa directly adjacent to me.  
  
"Will it disturb your reading if I watch some TV? I'd watch it in my room, except our cable is all jacked up right now," he smiled.  
  
Setting down my book, I returned his smile. "Not at all. I'm surprised, though."  
  
"About what?"   
  
I smirked. "Is your watch broken?"  
  
Looking down to check it, he realized he wasn't wearing one. "Huh?" he asked, confused.  
  
"It's almost 1:00 a.m. The train that comes rumbling through my walls each night usually arrives right about now."  
  
"Train?" he repeated, even more confused. Getting up from the couch, he looked out the window to see if our dorm was located near any train tracks.  
  
Trying to be somewhat gentle, I said, "Okay, I see it's definitely not your witty repartee that draws all the girls to you like bees to honey. The Dirk Train, sweetie. I'm talking about the 1:00 a.m. Dirk Train that keeps me awake most every night." I smiled sweetly, waiting.  
  
When it finally dawned on him what I was talking about, he grinned happily. "Oh, that! Nope, not tonight. Struck out again, I'm afraid. What about you, Jen? What are you doing out here, all by yourself? Did you and that dork J.T. have another fight?"  
  
"You can hear those?" I asked, embarrassed.  
  
"Now who's being a dummy? Sound travels in both directions, Jen. If you can hear what goes on in my room, don't you figure I can probably hear what goes on in yours?"  
  
I'd never even considered that, actually. I just knew we weren't loud like Dirk and his women.  
  
As I mulled it over, he returned to his spot on the couch. After studying me for a few moments, he gave me a little smile. "You're not the same Jen I always had such a huge crush on back in high school."  
  
Oh, fuck. Dirk had a crush on me? Swear to god, I never knew.   
  
"What do you mean? How am I different now?" I asked, nervously swinging a knee open and closed.  
  
Even as I began to ask him that, I realized the absurdity of it. My legs were bare and propped up on the loveseat, my excited nipples were poking through my skintight tank top, and my ass was almost fully exposed. It was 1:00 a.m., and I was hanging out in a college dorm, flirting with the very Fuck Demon who'd invaded all my thoughts over the past few weeks.  
  
Yeah, this was just a wee bit different.  
  
My eighteen-year-old incubus smiled again. "Well, like I said, it's not as if I can't hear you too through these thin walls, and it sure sounds to me like you're not the same shy, inhibited little Jen who'd barely even gotten to second base. Besides, damn, just look at you. You never used to dress this hot. Don't get me wrong, you were the most gorgeous girl in our whole school, but you were always so…god, how should I say this? I mean you were so—"  
  
"Boring," I said, finishing it for him.  
  
"I wasn't going to say boring. Maybe just...young? Yeah, that's what it was. You always seemed so young and inexperienced. You were still totally gorgeous, though.'' Grinning, he added, ''And it looks like you've already grown up quite a bit since we started college."  
  
"Well, thank you for sugarcoating it, anyway. That's sweet of you. What about you, though? Seriously! When did you become the world's greatest stud? I mean, okay, I'll admit it, I always thought you were insanely hot. Big deal. You knew every girl in school was drooling over you. Now? Jesus, Dirk. You're fucking a different wild slut practically every night!"  
  
I could not believe I just blurted all that out. Swear to god, I about died.  
  
I would've died with a very wet pussy though, I noticed. I subtly rubbed my thighs together to double-check. Yep. My slit was drenched. I just hoped I wasn't forming a huge wet spot in my barely-there shorts. My legs and pussy were pointed right at him, so he'd surely see it.  
  
The two mousy girls got up and left the room together, leaving me and my rapidly moistening sex alone with Dirk. Holy fuck.  
  
"Well, what else am I supposed to do?" he smiled, continuing on. "The girl I always wanted never gave me the time of day."  
  
I was about to ask him who, when his piercing stare broke it down for me.  
  
I think my pussy literally went into spasms. I had to be soaking right through my shorts. Christ, I could totally smell my cum.  
  
Still, I steeled my nerves and pressed onward. "Me? I'm the girl you always wanted? Since when? You never even talked to me before. You've been busy fucking every girl I know, and not once did you ever come up to me and say, 'Hi, Jen. You look nice today. Let's see if we can fit you into my busy schedule, and I'll fuck you next.' Nothing. All that time we practiced across from each other on the same football field; all those bus rides to away games together; all those classes we shared, and even the plays we were in together…nothing. Not a peep from you. I didn't even think you knew I was alive. What, were you going to fuck every last girl in the world before you even said hello to me? What if I hadn't come out here tonight?"  
  
"I would've talked to you, Jen."  
  
I was really becoming flustered. I just blurted out, "How? When? The only reason I came out here tonight was because of last night, and—"  
  
'Goddammit!' I screamed inside my head. I knew I'd royally screwed up. Sure enough…  
  
"Last night? What about last night?" he grinned.  
  
I was hoping he might've figured I was only referring to the noises he'd been making with that girl, but I think he suspected there was something more.  
  
"I just thought maybe you might be out here tonight," I said, lamely.  
  
"So you were hoping to see me," he added, his countenance rising. Panning up my legs and over my bare stomach, his hungry gaze came to rest on my aching breasts. I felt naked, and regretted that I wasn't. I wanted to take off my clothes, and I really wanted to suck his cock.  
  
"Umm, yes, I was," I answered meekly.  
  
Without even meaning to, I let my legs fall open. Risking a quick glance down, I saw that I had a very noticeable wet spot, and one of my pink lips was showing! In addition to giving me the most obvious camel toe ever, my tiny shorts weren't even covering my whole pussy!  
  
I didn't know whether he saw it or not, but I quickly closed my legs. When I looked up at him again, he smiled knowingly.   
  
Yes, he definitely saw. Of course he did. He's a guy. There was no way he wasn't going to look. He saw my wet pussy, and he had to know I was wet because of him. He also had to think I came out there just to show him my pussy! Fuck! Suddenly, though, it hit me! A face-saving way out!  
  
Before I even considered the possible ramifications, I jumped on it...  
  
"Dirk, I was hoping to catch you out here to ask if maybe you'd want to try out with me for a play?"  
  
Okay, that sure slowed him down. 'Good job, Jen! Stick to your story, and you'll survive this night yet!' I thought.  
  
"A play?" he asked, clearly dubious. "You came out here to invite me to join you in a play? You mean like in high school? 'Guys and Dolls,' stuff like that?"  
  
I pulled out the flyer, which I'd been using as my book mark. Handing it to him, I watched as he read it. When he was finished, I said, "My drama teacher is recommending me to the director for the lead role. It's not just any old play, either. We're talking an actual Broadway show here. Okay, it's Off Broadway, but it's still a professional production, with real pay and a six-week run. I just thought you might want to get in on it too."  
  
"Do you even know what the play is about?"  
  
I spent the next ten minutes telling him everything. I told him about my family, and their history with both the director and the professor. Dirk was reticent at first, but he was obviously warming up to the idea once he realized this wasn't just some big joke.   
  
"Now hold on a second," he finally said. "You mean to tell me that there's going to be full-on nudity before a live audience, and that you and I will be naked together, performing simulated sex? And your dork of a boyfriend is trying out for this thing too?"  
  
Realizing I hadn't even mentioned that part yet to J.T., I couldn't help but laugh. "Well, I'm sure he'll at least want to try out. I know he'll want the Clapton role, but I just can't see it."  
  
"Neither can I," he chuckled. "J.T. can't do Clapton to save his life. He could play the songs decently enough, but he used to sound horrible when he tried to sing Clapton songs. Fuck it. If he's trying out, then so am I. You do realize, though, that seeing me there will piss him off to no end, right?"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Jen, you really don't know about J.T. and me?"  
  
"I know he wasn't thrilled when he found out you were going to be his neighbor here, but that's about it."  
  
"Jen, look, let me be straight with you. J.T. hates me. He always has. During our junior year I stole his girlfriend from him, or at least that's what he says. The truth is he never really had that girl. Once she and I hooked up, she didn't want anything more to do with him. Then I beat him out for the starting position on the football team. After that, he quit. That's why it was such a huge deal to him when his group won that 'Battle of the Bands' competition. He figured he'd finally beaten me at something.  
  
"You think I don't notice you? You think I haven't been paying attention to you? Jen, why do you think J.T. and I are neighbors now? You know he was here long before I was, right?"  
  
"Yeah, your room was empty when he first moved in. The first month I used to come here, we actually had some peace and quiet at night!"  
  
He laughed good-naturedly. "Yeah, whatever. Here's the thing, though. I'm friends with the rooming committee here. Or, rather, my older brother is. He pulled some strings to get me assigned to that room."  
  
"He did? Why? If you hate J.T. so much, why would you do that?"   
  
"Jen, you're not listening to me. I don't hate J.T. I think he's kind of a dork, and I'm jealous as fuck that he has you, but I don't hate him. He hates me. There's a difference."  
  
"Okay, fine. Still, why go out of your way to move next to someone who hates you?"  
  
"Why do you think, Jen?"  
  
He wasn't smiling. In fact, he was staring a hole right through my brain. I couldn't wrap my head around it, so finally he just said it. "You, Jen. It was all you. I pulled some strings to put myself here, knowing I'd be your neighbor. If I was next door to J.T., of course you and I would eventually run into each other. Voila. Here we are, and it's not high school anymore. There are no parents, curfews or chaperones, and our sweet little Jen is all grown up now. Pretty brilliant plan, don't you think?"  
  
"You're saying you did all this just to be with me? Dirk, I don't get it. If you wanted me that badly, why didn't you ever say anything? You had a million opportunities to let me know. God, why didn't you just take me? You took everyone else!''  
  
''Because I was an idiot, that's why. You're Jennifer Crawford, the straight-A student, the perfect cheerleader, the amazing actress…the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I was afraid you'd shoot me down.''  
  
''Dirk, I don't know what to say. I'm not even sure I believe you, knowing the way you manipulate girls into your bed, but even if I did, I just don't know what to say."  
  
"Is your audition offer still good? Can you say that?"  
  
"Yes, I can say my offer is still good, you goof. I have no idea if we'll get the parts, but I think you should audition too. You'd be great as Clapton, even though it would absolutely kill J.T. to see you land that role.''  
  
"Especially since that'd mean you and I would be getting naked together and having sex on stage every night," he grinned.  
  
"We'll be getting naked together and having 'simulated' sex on stage every night," I said, playfully correcting him. "Simulated. We won't actually be fucking or whatever. You'll still have to call up all your other little sluts for that."  
  
"Other little sluts? So are you saying you're a little slut too?" he smiled.  
  
Oh yes, he was definitely enjoying our little game as much as I was.  
  
"Maybe I am," I said, returning his smile with what I hoped was a really sexy grin. "Even you said I'm all grown up now. If you weren't so busy fucking anything with a pulse, you might've discovered there's a lot more to your sweet little Jen than you ever imagined."  
  
"Yeah, whatever," he laughed. "This is perfect. I'm in. I'll definitely audition with you. By the way, just how nude will we be, and are we going to have to get naked even for the auditions?"  
  
"Professor Keener told me there won't be any nudity during the auditions. He did recommend that I at least wear something to show off my figure, so Katherine and the producers will know that I'll look good in the nude. The only thing he said was that I'd have to let them know if I had any big scars, tattoos or anything else that would look bad on stage. I told him, 'Other than my piercings, no.' He was glad about that. He said I should be fine then."  
  
Even though I already knew the answer, I grinned and asked anyway. "So what about you, Mister Sexy? Anything weird about your body that they would need to know?"  
  
Giving him a flirty smile, I was thinking to myself that they probably wouldn't consider his big, gorgeous cock to be a problem.   
  
"Nope, I'm good," he said, smugly returning my smile. "Jen, you never answered my other question. Just how nude are we going to be on stage? Will I get to see what's inside those awesome little shorts of yours, or will I only get to see what's hiding beneath that incredible top?"  
  
"Only?" I grinned, feigning offense.  
  
"You know what I mean," he said, openly leering at my tits.  
  
Laughing, I cupped and shook them for his benefit.  
  
"You know you have incredible breasts, Jen. You know it, I know it, and you know I know it. Seeing your tits would be more than enough reason to try out for this play. Fuck, girl, seeing your tits would be more than enough reason to cut off my right arm. You know how awesome they are, but still…there's all the rest of you."  
  
I was flying.  
  
Wanting to tease him, I squeezed my breasts and smiled. "I really don't know how much nudity there'll be, or how much sex either, but I'll go as far as they want. If we play our cards right, who knows, maybe they'll have you ravaging these every night."  
  
I lifted my shirt to the bottom of my tits…over the rounded cups…higher…until he was staring at my bare nipples.  
  
"And this too," I added, spreading my legs and subtly tracing a finger across my growing wet spot. Tugging aside the narrow strip of nylon that was only barely covering my drenched slit, I showed him my naked pussy. Subtly caressing my soft, glistening lips, I gave him my hottest, most seductive grin. "Who knows what you might get?"  
  
"I know what I hope I get," he said, with a wicked leer.  
  
"Let me guess," I smirked, rising from the loveseat and making ready to leave. With my tiny shorts thoroughly wedged into my bare ass and my top still resting above my naked breasts, I slowly strutted away, swaying my hips with every feline step.  
  
I wanted that to be the final, lasting vision of me he'd take with him to bed.  
  
Deciding to shoot for the moon, I turned back to him with a seductive smile. "My guess is you want to wake up to the scent and taste of my hot pussy, with my wet panties draped over your face…just like you did last night."  
  
Stunned, he simply stared.  
  
"There's just one problem, though," I continued, grinning as I offered my parting shot. "I'm not wearing any panties, but you already know that, don't you? I'd give you these tiny shorts, except I'd hate to have to explain to J.T. why his innocent little girlfriend is returning from the game room completely naked, with a dripping wet pussy."  
  
The look on his face was priceless.  
  
"See you at the audition, Dirk."  
  
**Ch. 02**

Okay, this is becoming weird, and not a little uncomfortable.  
  
After my little late-night encounter in the game room with Dirk, I'd gone back to my room. J.T. was still up, and a half-sober Ray had stumbled in only moments ahead of me. Being somewhat shitfaced, Ray wasn't exactly shy in whooping it up over my tiny shorts and skimpy tank top.  
  
"Whoa! Where's the party, and how come I wasn't invited?" He literally burped it out.   
  
I just smirked. "Nice. At least your eyes still seem to work. Not so sure how much longer we'll be able to say that about your liver."  
  
"Fuck my liver! He's no fun! *That's* fun!" he said, pointing to my dramatic camel toe. Glancing down, I realized I'd never bothered to pull my thin shorts from my pussy before coming back to our room. I also noticed that at least my lips weren't still peeking out.  
  
J.T. laughed and slapped my ass, then he yanked my shorts up to give me another thong wedgie. When I slapped at his hand, he pulled me down beside him on his bed. "Screw it," I giggled, leaning back against the wall to face them. After I'd raised my knees, Ray pointed at me and sloshed out, "Didja have yourself a little accident there?"   
  
J.T. and I looked down to where Ray was pointing. I smirked again, and J.T. gave me a funny look when we saw what was plainly a large wet spot in my shorts, right over the mouth of my pussy. In the position I was sitting the shorts were sucked back up into my pussy, only this time it was more like a g-string, with definite lippage peeking out on either side of the narrow strip of nylon.  
  
"Ray, I know you're drunk and all," I said, "but you might want to learn to develop some sort of edit function between your brain and your mouth. It's really not polite to point at and talk about a girl's body like that."  
  
"Huh?? You've been running around here naked, and now I'm not allowed to talk about your body?"  
  
"Yeah, what's up with that?" teased J.T. "And what's up with *that?*" he added, going right back to the sight of my obviously drooling pussy.  
  
"What can I say? It's a good book," I said, holding up my vampire novel. I really didn't want to get into the whole Dirk thing with them.   
  
Not then, and maybe never.   
  
I climbed under the covers. "Good night, guys," I grinned.  
  
A few minutes later the lights were off, and for the first time I let J.T. fuck me with Ray in the room. I was facing Ray while J.T. fucked me from behind, but that didn't matter since Ray was plainly sawing logs.  
  
Really though, none of that was the uncomfortable part. I'd quickly adjusted to doing whatever I wanted in their little dorm room. I didn't blatantly flaunt myself to Ray like I did that first day, but I did simply begin to dress and behave the same whether Ray was there or not.  
  
No, the uncomfortable part came when we did our auditions for the play. First off, I quickly discovered that this wasn't merely an Off Broadway play. No, it was a really *way* Off Broadway play! Talk about low-budget, and what a crappy theater! Here I was, imagining myself in a slightly smaller scale "Phantom of the Opera." Instead, this place was off of some alley in Times Square. The theater held maybe a few hundred people. Still, it was a professional play, and if I got the part I'd have that on my resume, along with a little extra spending money.  
  
The thing that made it really difficult was when Katherine politely let J.T. know she wouldn't be able to use him in the play. He was a little bummed about it, but he seemed genuinely happy for me after Katherine said she was really excited about my potential.  
  
She scheduled me for another audition a couple of days later, and that's when things really got weird. J.T. came along again, and his face was something to behold when Dirk walked through the double doors.  
  
J.T. looked like someone had just stolen his wallet.  
  
Katherine waited until we were all together. "Jen, I want to try having you do a scene with Dirk here. Dirk, this is Jen. Jen…Dirk."  
  
"No need for introductions," Dirk said. "We went to the same high school, and we've already done a couple of plays together."  
  
"Excellent!" said the always bubbly and hyper-enthusiastic Katherine. "You guys should already have some familiarity with each other!"  
  
Long story short, I got the part, and so did Dirk. During the cab ride back to our dorm, that's when things really became uncomfortable.  
  
"I fucking can't believe it. I just cannot believe it. That asshole!" said J.T., fuming.  
  
"What's the big deal? It's not like you really cared about being in this play anyway," I said, playing dumb.  
  
"You're right, I really don't care. I never thought I was gonna get the part anyway. I'm no actor, and I don't look anything like Clapton. I know that. It's him! Dirk! You know how much I hate that guy! I can't believe it! No matter what, I just can't seem to get away from that fucker! First he gets my position on the football team, and now he's gonna fuck my girlfriend again!"  
  
This was the maddest I'd ever seen J.T. It was also the most honest I'd ever seen him.   
  
I tried to soothe his ego a bit. "Again? J.T., you're the only person I've ever fucked. What's this 'again' stuff? It's a play. It's only acting. Whatever they have us do, you know it won't be real. C'mon, we're not literally going to be fucking."  
  
That's when J.T. broke down and told me his side of what happened in high school with the girlfriend he had, the one he said Dirk stole from him. It was nice to see him be a little honest with me for once.  
  
"How come you never told me this before, especially after Dirk moved in right next to you at the dorm?" I asked. "No wonder it drives you crazy to hear him constantly fucking all those girls."  
  
"Yeah, you're telling me. That fucking guy is beyond lucky."  
  
"J.T., please. As if you've ever been lacking in the frequent-fucking department. You've been fucking just as much as he has, ever since I've known you. Before you started fucking me, you were doing a different girl every week, and we both know you haven't stopped now that we're together. Even after I let you fuck me - hell, even after I let you turn me into a complete slut - you still flirt, and you still fuck plenty of other girls. You have nothing to complain about."  
  
As we drove along, he continued silently fuming, until eventually his expression softened. "I know he's going to fuck you, Jen. You know it, and I know it."  
  
Hoping I was judging his mood correctly, I grinned mischievously. "Maybe I ought to let him fuck me, huh? I should at least encourage him a little, with some teasing and flirting. Would that be so bad? I mean, god, you're always getting on me about loosening up and becoming more flirty and adventurous. You can't deny you love it when I let Ray see me now."  
  
"That's Ray, not Dirk. Ray's my friend, and he's not trying to fuck you."  
  
"How do you know he isn't?" I asked coyly, feeding the fire.  
  
J.T. just looked at me, studying me, and I couldn't keep it going. We both laughed.  
  
"Okay, fine, Ray isn't trying to fuck me. He should be, though, so why isn't he, especially after I practically offered him my pussy on a silver platter! Aren't I hot enough?"  
  
"Jen, please. You know Ray would fuck you in a heartbeat. That's about how long it'd last, too, if you ever let him. He's absolutely in lust with you, and you know it."   
  
Smiling, he was back to being his usual J.T.  
  
"Sounds to me like you sort of like that idea," I said. I was fishing; deflecting and fishing.  
  
J.T. thought about it for a few moments. "Do I actually want you to fuck Ray? No, I can't totally say that. I'm not sure there, but yeah, I do like the way you've been acting so much sexier lately."  
  
"Oh, c'mon, who do you think you're kidding?" I grinned. "When I was naked and wrestling with Ray, you totally got a big boner. You got another one when you saw him looking at my pussy in my little shorts. I know you like the idea."  
  
By saying nothing, he admitted I was right. I took another chance…  
  
"What if Ray *had* fucked me that first day I got naked for you guys? I was right there on his bed, totally spreading my legs for him. I pooched my bare ass way up high, and I even pulled it open and let him look. Most guys would've considered that a pretty obvious offer, so what would you have done if Ray had gone ahead and fucked me?"  
  
J.T. quickly deflected. "Would you have let him?"   
  
"As horny as I was, and if you didn't mind? Yes, I would have, but that's not the point," I said, volleying it back. "Were talking about you and the way you like to show me off, and how far do you want to go with it? Would you have let Ray fuck me? Does that get you off, the idea of your friends seeing me naked and fucking me? I know on some level it does. Your hard cock always says so."  
  
Just then the silence hit me, and I realized we were having our discussion in the back of a taxi cab! I glanced forward, and the cabbie was staring at me in the rearview mirror, eyes wide open.  
  
'Whatever,' I thought to myself. 'This is my life now. These things are going to keep happening to me, so I'd better just get used to the idea.'  
  
I looked back at J.T., my impatient stare pressing him for an answer. Truthfully, I didn't even care about his answer. I just wanted to avoid having him turn it back on me. I guess I really am learning more and more every day. As I become more sexual, I'm learning about these little verbal deception games. I'm even beginning to understand how J.T. must feel all the time, since he's always having to lie, spin and change the subject!  
  
"I don't know, Jen," J.T. finally said. "I like you being so hot, the way you go naked in front of us and all that, but I don't know how jealous I'd be if you really did it with someone else."  
  
"You might be okay with it if it was Ray, but probably not Dirk," I said.  
  
"Yeah, I guess," he said, not very convincingly. "I hate Dirk. The more I think about it though, fuck, maybe I like the idea of him seeing how hot you are…you know, how hot you've become lately. You're way better-looking and sexier than any of his girlfriends, so I guess I do like the idea of showing you off to him. I'm sorry, I know that's 'shallow' of me or whatever, but that's the truth. The more you make me think about it, the more I like the idea of him seeing what I have, okay?"  
  
"But you're not sure you want him to fuck me, just like you're not sure you want Ray to fuck me?"  
  
"Yeah, maybe. Fuck, I don't know. I don't even think I care if you fuck Ray. He's just…Ray. It wouldn't mean anything to you, so it wouldn't mean anything to me either."  
  
"J.T., you seem to be forgetting something," I said, a little shocked by his cavalier attitude about me. Oddly, though, I also realized I wasn't angry, and that surprised me. 'I'm really starting not to recognize myself,' I thought.  
  
He gave me a challenging look. "What's that? What am I forgetting?"  
  
"Uhhh, duh! Hello?! You're the only person I've ever had sex with...remember? I may be loosening up about how I dress and stuff, but it's not like I've suddenly started fucking tons of guys! It's still a big deal to me, you know. I was a virgin just a few months ago, or have you already forgotten that too? Jesus, J.T., not all women are like your porno women!"  
  
"So you're saying you'd fall all in love and stuff with Ray if you fucked him? If I ever caught you two in bed together, that'd mean you've fallen for him, and you're gonna dump me?"  
  
That one actually stopped me in my tracks.   
  
"Umm, maybe," I said, hesitantly. "I don't know! Isn't that what it's usually supposed to mean when a guy's girlfriend fucks someone else? What, am I just supposed to fuck somebody and not feel anything at all? If I'm fucking someone, isn't it supposed to mean I feel something for them?"  
  
"It's just fucking, Jen. It's just sex."  
  
"Is that all we do?" I asked pointedly. "Just sex…just fucking? It could be anybody, and it wouldn't matter?"  
  
"You know what I mean."  
  
"So, okay, if it's 'just fucking' with Ray, why would it be any different for you if Dirk fucked me too? I barely even know him. By your logic, it'd be 'just fucking' with either one of them. As long as I don't have strong feelings for the guy, I can fuck anybody I want, and you shouldn't care, right?"  
  
"That'd be different," he said. I noticed his sentences were becoming clipped, and his voice was losing its confidence.   
  
"Different, how? Ray or Dirk, either way it ought to be 'just fucking' for me, according to you. If it's 'just sex,' why would you care? That's what you do, right?"  
  
"Not with you, Jen. You know that," he said, his voice at least rising in pitch.  
  
"Uh-huh. Okay, so if I have this straight, you don't mind at all if Ray and I have sex, but you're not sure how you'd feel if I let Dirk fuck me. On one level you like the idea, while on another it scares you."  
  
"I never said I was scared. I said I hate the guy, and I just don't know what else I think about it. You being with him that way, you know, in the play, I like the idea of making him jealous, okay? It'd be cool for me to have him really see how hot you are."  
  
"You just aren't sure about the idea of us having sex."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"Okay, what about just fooling around, even if it's only acting? This all started with you saying he's going to fuck me, but right now that's neither here nor there. What we know for certain is that he and I are going to be performing simulated sex in front of an audience - including you at some point, I would hope. How are you going to feel, watching us? Sweetie, we're going to be fully making out and fucking. Sure, we'll only be pretending to fuck, but we have to make it look good, and we're going to be making out for real. We can't fake that. So, knowing all this, do you want me to tell Katherine I can't do the play?"  
  
"No, don't do that. It'd be totally shitty of me to make you quit. Even I'm not that big of a jerk. I know you want to act, and being in this play could turn out to be a really big deal for you. Whatever happens, I'll just have to live with it. Do me a favor, though."  
  
"What kind of favor?" I asked, impressed by his sudden change of attitude. 'Wow,' I thought. 'He actually can be a little mature sometimes. Who knew?'  
  
"Just don't let him enjoy it too much, okay?" he grinned, then he pinched my nipple, making me squeal with laughter.   
  
"Look, if I do let him enjoy it, I'll make sure to tell you all about it," I said, returning his grin. "Will that work? You seem to like it when I turn other guys on. In fact, wouldn't it be better for you if I went out of my way to turn him on? He'd be all crazy horny, totally wanting me, but he'd know I'm yours. Wouldn't that be super hot for you?"  
  
J.T. just smirked. "This is about to get very weird, isn't it?"  
  
"Uncomfortable too, maybe. I don't know if I'll be able to handle it."  
  
"Oh, you'll handle it just fine," he smiled, squeezing my hand. "You've always been weird. I'm the one who's about to become uncomfortable."  
  
We'd reached a détente. Again…wow. He was right, though. The weirdness was only beginning, and the level of discomfiture would only treble from here on out - for both of us.  
  
As the taxi took us through our campus, I stared out at the mottled gray sky. The rolling grounds were an explosion of leafy colors, and kids just like me were everywhere. I saw groups of students laughing and gesturing wildly to each other. Girls were scurrying around, chatting excitedly on cell phones. Stealing a moment of intimacy beneath a blooming cherry tree, a cute couple kissed while making love with their eyes.  
  
They were all just like me. They were kids struggling to grow up; kids trying to forestall ever having to grow up. Knowing how uncertain we were about the prospect of life beyond the safe cocoon that was our insulated little college world, most of us wanted to hang on to being kids as long as we could.  
  
Then it dawned on me that no, most of those kids probably weren't much like me at all. I'd only just turned eighteen, and I was already throwing myself into the deep end. Things were about to become really intense.  
  
Watching the last vestiges of my innocence reflected in the faces of all those carefree kids, I thought to myself, 'Welcome to growing up, on stage in New York City. You wanted this, Jennifer, and now you're going to get it.'  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Wooo, a professional play is nothing like our old school plays.   
  
'Hectic' would be the word. Everything's hectic, with everybody always seeming to be in a huge hurry. Everyone is constantly drinking coffee, and practically every last person smokes. There sure are a lot of bitchy people, too. I guess it's the fact that this is what people are doing to make a living. There's more pressure, so the petty jealousies and competitiveness go through the roof, compared to how it was in school plays. Those were just fun times; little more than extended slumber parties.  
  
This? This is obviously serious business.  
  
It's not all bad, though. Katherine, the director, she's just an absolute doll. She's so sweet and friendly, and always totally supportive. While everyone else is pissing and moaning about something, she's this wonderful, flat sea of calm in the middle of a raging storm. Of course I tend to hang out with her most of the time. She immediately seemed to take me under her wing, and I was more than happy to let her. Whatever she wanted me to do, I was going to do it. I just knew she would look out for me.  
  
The first full rehearsal was kind of fun. The producers showed up, and all they wanted to see was Dirk and the band perform an actual song. That was their big thing. They didn't want the play to get trashed in the press for something as lame as the performance of the band, or the Clapton character being horrible. It took awhile, but Dirk was right, he does a pretty good Clapton. With the way they did his clothes, hair and make up, along with his nailing of Clapton's body language, yeah, he was pretty deece, despite being roughly ten years younger than Clapton was during the "Layla" era. His singing voice even sounded a lot like Clapton's, and I was shocked at his British speaking accent. It was really good!  
  
I swear to god, once Dirk belted out "Why Does Love Got To Be So Sad," I became totally wet. I'd never heard that song, but he showed me the lyrics before rehearsal. When he actually sang it that day, staring at me as he cried out like he was in real pain, I knew I was in trouble.  
  
I'm having fun, though, especially since they always have me wearing 'period correct' clothes. What that means is I get to wear real hippy chick stuff! Cool! They usually seem to put me in a poet's shirt and a long, flouncy peasant skirt, though sometimes I'll be in a micro-mini dress or pencil-thin leather pants, like I'm some posh Londoner. They're adamant that I never wear a bra either, which is so killer!  
  
"Jen, you're a lot more stacked than the real Layla, you know," Katherine grinned one day before rehearsal, then she giggled and said in my case the critics would probably be willing to overlook that fact.  
  
I love working with Katherine. She's just so great to be around. Right off the bat she became like a big sister to me, and my new best friend. I think she likes me, too. I mean she *likes* me. The way she sometimes looks at me, I can tell.  
  
I don't mind. Actually, I love it.   
  
One evening Katherine took Dirk and me aside to go over the script.   
  
Wow. I mean...wow. There was certainly a lot of nudity, that's for sure. I was to be completely topless for three scenes, and in one scene we were supposed to trade off giving each other oral sex! We also had a scene where we were supposed to climb into bed together and fuck, and not just missionary either. They want us to do it in a couple of positions, including having me on top, riding him like crazy.  
  
Katherine explained that for some scenes the lighting would be really dim, or almost completely dark. Either that, or we'd be covered by the bed sheets. Or both. There was one scene that had us ending up in a sixty-nine. I didn't want to tell Katherine, but I didn't even know what that meant.   
  
Reading further, to the actual directions in the script, I soon figured it out! Jesus! I hadn't even done that yet in real life!  
  
"This is all supposed to be faked?" asked Dirk. He seemed dubious as to how we could possibly fake some of this stuff without looking totally lame.  
  
"Yep," she said. "Actors perform simulated sex scenes every day, even in live theater. Most of the time, they're simply covered with a sheet or whatever. When that's not possible, it's usually just a matter of lighting and positioning. The point is to make it look like they're really doing it, without showing the audience too much."  
  
She explained that some of the scenes required Dirk to be fully nude, though he'd never be facing the audience then. She said that although I would be topless, and the audience would see my bare breasts, I would always at least be wearing panties. Okay, I was prepared for that. I knew there would be partial nudity, and for a woman that usually means going topless, but I was pretty shocked that Dirk would be totally naked.  
  
One of the first scenes she had us rehearse was an argument that ends up with the two of us flinging ourselves into each other's arms for a big kiss. She wanted to see how convincing we looked together. "Okay, that was great. Now let's do it again. Make it real," she kept saying, almost like a mantra.  
  
She always wants us to be more convincing. Above all else, that's her biggest concern. No matter what we do, her comments follow that same theme. "Dirk, that's not how you'd do it to her in real life, is it? Do it the way you'd really do it!" Or her favorite one: "Jen, you want this man like crazy, but you're also conflicted. Show it. Show him. Show the audience. Show us how desperately you want him!"  
  
'Now isn't that ironic?' I thought, smiling to myself.  
  
She's always so wildly supportive, constantly saying things like, "Jen, I know you can do it! This is a piece of cake for an actress like you!"   
  
She's totally awesome. Not only does she always make me feel like I *can* do it, she absolutely makes me *want* to do it. She shows so much confidence in me, I never want to disappoint her.  
  
Telling J.T. and Ray about the script and the first rehearsal was...interesting. Ray couldn't believe I was going to be giving a "blowjob" on stage. He thought it was the coolest thing ever, especially once I told him Dirk would be returning the favor by going down on me. Slobbering like an excited basset hound, he begged me to sneak him into the next rehearsal. He was only half kidding, and I think the half that was kidding was only kidding. J.T. actually grunted when he found out that Dirk would be fully nude with me, at least for one long sex scene.  
  
He asked, "If you're always supposed to keep your panties on, why does he gotta be naked?"  
  
"Maybe Katherine just wants to see his big dick!" laughed Ray, which made me laugh too. Even J.T. couldn't help but snerk over that one.  
  
"I don't really know," I said to J.T. "All I know is she thinks it's important for believability, which is always her big thing. She said it would mainly be important for the sixty-nine scene. Or maybe it was the morning sex scene? Now I'm not sure, actually."  
  
"You're gonna do a sixty-nine scene?!" exclaimed J.T. "Do you even know what that is?"  
  
Since Ray was listening, I was going to lie, but I decided not to. "No, I didn't, not at first," I admitted, blushing. "I read the script some more though, and it was pretty easy to figure out."  
  
"You always were a smart girl," Ray quipped.   
  
J.T. had a pained expression, as if to say, "*We* haven't even done a sixty-nine yet!"  
  
I just shrugged. What could I say? What I did manage to offer was that it was only acting; it wasn't as if it would be real.  
  
J.T. finally blurted out, "Why is all this crazy sex stuff necessary anyway? I thought it was going to be a musical, with just a little bit of nudity?"  
  
I told him what I knew. "They want something exciting and different; something that will scandalize an audience and create a stir. They say this hasn't been done before; this story, told this explicitly. They think it brings these people down to earth, these gods, Eric Clapton and George Harrison. Rather than being so polite about it, the way people always are when they do these kinds of subjects, the writer and the producers and Katherine all agree that by showing the real human element of the lust between Clapton and Layla it'll make the story much more believable. They also figure it will be a whole lot more exciting for the audience, and they're banking on the Perv Factor to help put 'butts in the seats,' as they put it. Anything to get more publicity, really."  
  
~ ~ ~   
  
Before the next rehearsal, Katherine took Dirk and me aside again. "Okay, let's start getting you two used to being with each other without clothes on. We're going to have to do it eventually, and I want you guys to look natural when you're together. You need to be able to move around on stage without looking like you're terrified of being seen naked, either by each other or especially the audience."  
  
The first thing she had us do was go to our little dressing rooms and change. She wanted me in nothing but panties and a little silk robe, while Dirk was to slip into some silk pajama bottoms.  
  
When we came back out, she'd cleared the stage except for one lighting guy.  
  
"Ignore him. Get used to ignoring him and everyone else too. It's just you two, always," Katherine said.   
  
She had us recite our lines to a scene that ends with me crying to Dirk, "You know I love you, but we just...can't!" This was to be followed by Dirk pulling me close for a huge, smothering kiss, silencing my protests. That's exactly what he did, and he sure dove in with gusto! We were rubbing our lips together, and he was holding me around my back, forcing my breasts against his chest. Our kiss was only supposed to last about ten seconds, but Katherine must've forgotten because she let us go on for what seemed like forever!  
  
When we finally broke the kiss, she smiled. "That was good. Do it again."  
  
This time he began to open his mouth, and I felt his tongue pressing against my lips. When I tentatively parted them just a little bit, he slid right in, and from there I couldn't help myself. I moaned and opened all the way, then we simply started tongue-lashing each other. As we were kissing, I could feel his hard dick pushing into me. He reached down and put his big hands on my barely covered ass, pulling me against his cock. I pressed my breasts against his bare chest, and we basically just made out in front of Katherine.  
  
Soon enough he moved his hands directly onto my ass beneath my robe, then he started squeezing my bottom and grinding his cock right into my pussy. Finally Katherine said, "Okay, stop. That was excellent. That's what I want. Always, guys, exactly like that. Jen, that was perfect! You started off being uncertain, then you gave your mouth to him, and your body totally softened. Dirk, you couldn't help yourself. You just want to devour her! Perfect! You two look gorgeous together!"  
  
I was fucking flying. That was so hot!! I just wished she hadn't stopped us. I totally loved when Dirk slid his hands onto my bare ass. Katherine didn't even tell him to do it either, which made it that much hotter. It was like making out at a drive-in movie, with my best friend watching from the front seat.  
  
God, it was so sexy. My pussy was screaming.   
  
When Katherine had us stop making out, her eyes and mine instantly locked on to Dirk's huge erection, which was making just a crazy tent in his silk pajamas. He tried to turn away from us to hide it, but Katherine just laughed, "Awesome! You two are so awesome together! That's the kind of passion I want! See what you did to him, Jen?"  
  
Oh yeah, I sure saw. I felt, too.  
  
When we went to change back into our normal clothes, Dirk came to my dressing room. He was still wearing his pajamas, and I was in my silk robe. I couldn't help it, I had to check out his cock again. Though he wasn't fully erect anymore, he was definitely a little hard, which I could clearly see in his skimpy pajamas. As I watched his long, thick shaft sway and bob beneath the thin material, my mouth watered. I think I even bit my lip.  
  
"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," Dirk said, following my gaze down to his rising erection. "I know this isn't professional. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get like that out there. I just couldn't help it."  
  
I was actually touched by his seeming sincerity and humility. Either that or I was just touched in the head, blind to his bullshit.  
  
"That's okay. Katherine told me to expect it. She said it happens all the time, and it's just part of the job. Anyway," I grinned, never taking my eyes off his amazing bulge, "who said I mind?"  
  
"Really? You don't mind?"  
  
"Dirk, why would I? You're a great-looking guy, and isn't it usually considered flattering to a girl when a man reacts to her that way? I mean, c'mon, we were pressing together and totally making out, with our hands all over each other. I think I'd mind a lot more if you *didn't* get hard for me. Besides, Katherine said she loved it, and that's what counts, right?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess so," he said, appearing to regain his usual spark. I enjoyed his moment of humility, but what I really like about Dirk is his sexy confidence. That, and his cock. I already knew that I liked his cock a whole lot. Still, it was great to see his playfulness return.  
  
"Now, if you wouldn't mind…" I said, untying the belt of my robe, giving him his cue to leave. He smiled, reluctant to go. Turning my back to him as I slipped the whispery silk from my bare shoulders, I watched him in the mirror. When our eyes met, I grinned. "Scoot. Don't be so impatient. You'll have plenty of opportunities to see me naked."  
  
He smiled again, and his cock rose majestically in his pajamas. If he hadn't left my dressing room then, I would have let him take me right there.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
"That had to be the funnest thing I've ever done!" I gushed, writing my girlfriend Steph an e-mail that night. She just couldn't believe all the things that had happened with me in the past few weeks. As I sat at the computer in J.T.'s room while he and Ray watched TV only five feet away, all I had on were some really tiny panties. My going topless around the boys was an amazing thing to Steph, yet anymore I didn't even think about it.  
  
I had learned there was a fine line regarding what I should tell the guys about my rehearsals and, maybe more importantly, when I should tell them. Sometimes J.T. would seem to become agitated, while other times he'd just get really horny. I liked it a lot better when he'd get horny, yet I had to be careful with it because we'd gotten to the point where he was openly fondling me right in front of Ray. At first I was reluctant to let him do that, but then he'd say, "You're going to have hundreds of people watching you make out and have sex every night. You'll be constantly groped, eaten and fucked in front of everyone you know, so why worry about *this?*"  
  
When I eventually had to admit he was right, it was like open season to do whatever he wanted to me. I'd tell him that Dirk squeezed my bare ass, and if Ray wasn't there he'd go into a frenzy, fucking me like a maniac! Soon enough I was letting Ray watch J.T. finger my pussy and play with my breasts while I told them about that night's rehearsal. The guys always begged me to take off all my clothes for "story time," until it became this hella fun game where they would wait to see whether I'd stay partially dressed or get completely naked the moment I walked through the door. If I stripped nude, they knew I was going to have something really juicy for them.  
  
J.T. would always want to fuck me while I recounted the sexiest parts of my day to them, and finally one night I let him. After I'd come 'home' and gotten naked for them, I was describing how Katherine kept putting her hands on my ass during my make-out scene. She was positioning me at different angles to the audience, trying to come up with the best way to hide Dirk's enormous hard-on. At least that's what she said, but everyone laughed when one of the stagehands shouted, "Katherine, we all know you're just grabbing Jen's ass!"  
  
Katherine laughed too, calling out, "Yeah? So? You're just jealous!" Grinning, she gave me an affectionate little pat on the bottom and whispered, "They always gotta spoil my fun!"  
  
J.T. was fingering me the entire time I was telling the story, and Ray was hanging on my every word. I have to say, I loved how he was totally dying over me. He seemed spellbound, just staring at my breasts and pussy; it was like he couldn't decide where to look. Eventually J.T. and I went ahead and slid under the covers. I was on my stomach, my head cradled in my arms, with my horndog boyfriend stretched out on top of me. Since I wasn't saying no, he immediately spread my legs and pumped his cock straight into my pussy. God, he was so turned on; his dick had never felt that rock solid before. Without any build-up, his hips started bombing away at my soft ass. He was fucking me hard and fast, and we were making no effort to hide what we were doing. Though Ray couldn't see the actual penetrations, he could certainly hear the sounds we were making as our bodies slapped together, and J.T.'s butt moving up and down in a frenzy beneath the sheets had to be more than obvious.  
  
The whole time we were fucking I was writhing on the bed and pouring on the hot, breathy sex-talk, trying to drive them both completely out of their minds. "Mmmm, yes, fuck your little slut's wet pussy! Make me cum!" I moaned, throwing off the sheet to let Ray see me take my pounding doggie style. This was all while I continued to pant vivid descriptions of Dirk absolutely molesting my aching tits and bare ass only a couple of hours earlier!  
  
'So here I am,' I grinned to myself. 'I have one guy's cock buried deep inside me, another guy with a huge hard-on is watching us fuck, and they're both getting off on hearing about a *third* cock that was pushing into my pussy all night!'  
  
It was just crazy.  
  
Making it even crazier, Ray began openly beating off. Though he kept himself covered by his sheets, he was obviously spanking away, and he gave me this awesome look of desperation, as if to say, "I can't help it!"  
  
While J.T. continued fucking me, I just smiled at Ray and nodded that it was okay. "Keep going," I mouthed, and I grinned when his arm started jerking faster.  
  
After finally cumming inside me, J.T. collapsed onto my back. Rolling away, he curled up against my side. I was still turned towards Ray, who was stroking himself a little more slowly. He kept staring, his expression so full of pleading.  
  
"I'll be back in a bit," I whispered to J.T. Naked, with a pussy dripping fresh cum, I moved over to Ray. Kneeling by his bed, I gave him a warm smile, then I took a handful of his covers. "May I?" I asked softly.  
  
Lust fought with terror in his eyes, and I guess lust must have won. Ray nodded, giving me the okay.  
  
I pulled his covers back, and there was his hard cock in his hand. It was about the same length as J.T.'s, but a lot thicker. The veins were just intense, they were bulging so much. I removed his hand from his throbbing dick and gently placed it on my breast, then I took his warm cock into my mouth. My plan was to give him the best blowjob ever, and I started going down on him. The thing is, I didn't even complete one up and down sucking motion before he exploded on my tongue while crying out, "Fuuuuck, Jen!!"  
  
I tried to keep up and swallow every blast, but there was so much cum that some of it spilled from the corners of my lips. I kept sucking, though, thoroughly cleaning every inch of his thick shaft; also, since he came before I could even get the whole thing inside, I still wanted to take the rest of it. One good thing was that he seemed to relax a bit once his orgasm was done. I could tell, because it no longer felt like he was trying to rip my nipple off! My intent was simply to enjoy having his entire cock in my mouth, yet it soon became apparent that he wasn't softening like J.T. always does after I swallow his cum. Nope. Ray stayed hard as steel.  
  
Taking the whole thing down, I went seriously crazy on it; licking it, sucking it, nibbling on it and swallowing it deep into my throat. No matter what, I wanted him to remember the first time I really sucked his dick. Finally, after giving him a good, long, wet and proper blowjob, I pulled away. "Hope you don't mind sloppy seconds, but I still haven't cum yet," I grinned, sliding my way up his body. His expression was one of stunned disbelief when I straddled his hips and placed his amazingly hard cock at the entrance to my dripping cunt. Yes, I was thinking of it as my cunt, not just my pussy, and my cunt wanted fucking. My cunt wanted another huge load of cum, just like the one that same cock had just unloaded into my tummy.  
  
Most of all, my cunt just wanted to cum with a wickedly hard cock inside it.  
  
Spreading my soft, pink lips, I eased myself down onto what was only the second cock to ever go inside me.  
  
"Fuck me, and cum inside me again, the way you came in my mouth," I moaned. Taking his hands, I placed them on my naked ass and had him spread it open as I lifted myself up and down. Soon enough he got the gist of what I wanted, which was to hold me by my bottom and wildly toss me around on his thrusting cock. When his fingers began to slide into my crack, towards my tight little asshole, I loudly moaned and arched my back. "Put your fingers in my ass! Fuck me there too, while your big cock fucks my pussy," I hissed. He started hesitantly fingering my ass, so I reached back and guided his thick middle finger into my tiny star, then I lowered my breast into his mouth. He bit my nipple, and I exploded in a huge cum before crashing against him.  
  
For the next twenty minutes we fucked like porn stars! I took him every way I could, riding him hard, letting him drill me from behind, rolling onto my back and spreading my legs wide…just loving his sexy cock pounding deep inside my pussy. "Harder," I panted into his mouth as we kissed. "Cum inside me, baby. Fill my hungry cunt, and keep fucking me in the ass."  
  
Bam. Crying out even louder than the first time, he totally lost it. Judging from his spasms and how much warmth was spreading throughout my happy pussy, he must have shot at least five solid ropes inside me.   
  
I thoroughly loved every second of it. The main thing I loved wasn't the actual sex; it was the control. I was learning how to make men cum, and also how to make myself cum. Even better, I had grown to love cum; in my mouth, my pussy...anywhere. As Ray was fucking me, I realized I wanted it in my ass too.  
  
Now I almost can't wait to get fucked in my ass. I'm barely eighteen, but I'm learning how to be a great lover, and I already adore sex.  
  
I also learned that at least where Ray is concerned, J.T. was absolutely right. It really was "just fucking." Without a doubt, it was only sex. We totally fucked each other's brains out, and I was perfectly fine with it. J.T. supposedly fell asleep and missed the whole thing, but whether he was actually watching or not didn't even matter to me…and that's the whole point. I *can* fuck someone just for sex. I love fucking, and I obviously don't need to be in love to do it, or to enjoy it. I simply love the sheer power of it. I don't love J.T., and I certainly don't love Ray, yet I love having sex with them.  
  
I just have to be turned on, then I need someone who will fuck me enough to make us both cum.  
  
Maybe I *am* becoming a slut? I decided I probably am, and I also decided that I love it. If this is what being a slut is, fine, I'm a slut. Sign me up.   
  
~ ~ ~  
  
The next rehearsal was amazing.  
  
For starters, Katherine had us practice the first blowjob scene. It cracks me up just to say that!  
  
*The first blowjob scene.*  
  
I mean…really? The *first* blowjob scene? What, one wouldn't be enough?  
  
God, Steph was going to die laughing.  
  
Anyway, Katherine had us recite our lines, then she began positioning us to see how we'd look to the audience. Trying different places and body angles, she'd have me kneel before him and lean down over him; sometimes by the couch, other times beside the chair, or maybe next to the bed. No matter where she put us, it never worked for her, so she kept moving us all around the stage.  
  
"Guys, I want to try something," she finally said. "What's bothering me here is the fakeness of this scene. We're not doing porn, so I can't have it look as real as I'd like. Still, we can do this. I know it's different from what we talked about, but I think it will work better. We need to use lighting to help us imply what we can't actually show."  
  
She called out to the lighting guy, telling him to watch for her signal before gradually darkening the stage.  
  
"Okay, Dirk, I want you on your back, on the couch. Jen, I need you kneeling beside him, using your body and the coffee table to shield the audience from what you're doing. Starting off, you two will be kissing. When he reaches over to turn off the lamp on the end table, you pull his pajamas down his hips. While you're doing that, I want the main lights to dim. You only need to make the initial motion, like you're tugging on his pajamas. Once Dirk turns the lamp off and the stage lights go down, you'll be in relative darkness; not complete darkness, though. I still want the audience to be able to make out your shapes. That's when you begin sucking his dick."  
  
I laughed, and she did too. "Just use your body to shield what you're doing, and to make it look like you're really sucking his dick. I want you to go really crazy on it. I want to see your head and shoulders moving up and down, and I want to hear your wet sucking sounds. This is a very sexy and intense scene. It's going to last for at least a couple of minutes before Dirk can't take it anymore, then he pulls you around to do the sixty-nine. Just let your little robe hang down; once you're on top, it'll cover most everything you're doing. The sixty-nine should last for another few minutes, and I want you both to have killer orgasms, especially you, Jen. You're being taken from your lover. To do so, Dirk has to blow you away. He's gotta give you a good reason to leave your man, who's not just any man. He's a fucking Beatle! After you each orgasm, you'll collapse on top of him, kissing him again, then we'll completely darken the stage to end the scene. The curtain will drop, and you guys go get ready for the next scene."  
  
She gave me a big grin. "Got all that? Again, I really need you to sell it. Passion, guys, passion. Make us believe it."  
  
Yow. Dirk and I were blown away. This time he didn't even bother to be embarrassed; he simply let his cock grow and pop out while Katherine and I openly stared at it. Eventually dragging my protesting eyes back up to his face, I gave him a big smile. Katherine, though, she just bopped the end of his long pole with her clipboard, laughing, "That's the spirit! You desperately want to put that huge dick inside this young, beautiful girl, and who could blame you? Now let's do this, and let's make it hot!"  
  
After reciting our lines, we started kissing next to the couch, with the lights medium-dim. Dirk was so horny that he wasted no time in jamming his silk-covered cock into my pussy and his tongue inside my mouth. I wasted no time either, pressing my tits and pussy against him and moaning into his mouth while sucking his tongue like it was a miniature cock. Right away his hands went beneath my robe, lifting it as he groped my ass. All I had on were white bikini panties; he slid his hands inside, fully cupping and squeezing my bare bottom, and Katherine barked out, "Excellent! That looks fabulous! Awesome ass, Jen! Keep going!"  
  
I couldn't help it. I giggled into Dirk's mouth at that "Awesome ass, Jen!" comment being yelled across an auditorium. Everything with Katherine was "awesome," and she was such a nonstop cheerleader. I totally loved that about her.  
  
Dirk let me finish giggling before whispering, "She's right, though, Jen. You do have an awesome ass." Nipping my bottom lip, he added, "And I can't wait to taste it."   
  
That shocked me right back into the moment, and there was Katherine again, calling out, "That's good! Keep whispering to each other! We can't hear it, so it doesn't even matter what you're saying, but that's what real lovers do. The whispering is great! It's the perfect touch. Excellent, guys!"  
  
I giggled again and whispered, "Who said anything about you tasting my ass, hmmm? There's nothing in the script about you eating my ass. You're only supposed to eat my pussy, and even then I'm always supposed to have panties on."  
  
"Who said I was talking about the play? You weren't wearing panties the other night in the game room," he grinned, pulling back to look me in the eyes.  
  
"Oh...god," I moaned.   
  
Maybe I couldn't have everything I wanted right then, but I could at least have something, and I was going to take it.   
  
"Turn that fucking light off already, so I can suck your cock," I whispered into his mouth.  
  
When he reached over to turn it off, I went straight to my knees and began slowly pulling down his pajamas. The house lights dimmed, and boy did they dim! I wasn't expecting it to be so dark! I looked back over my shoulder to where I knew Katherine was sitting, and I couldn't even see her. Turning back to Dirk, I could see him easily enough from the little bit of ambient light coming from the side of the stage. He smiled as I ran my hands up his thighs and across his stomach, then back down to his cock. I was only supposed to have him lean back onto the couch, but first I wanted to enjoy a few moments of exploration, caressing and squeezing his amazing dick.  
  
"Fantastic!" laughed Katherine. "We didn't talk about you doing that, Jen, but that's even better. Go with it! Just go with whatever comes natural. You two look awesome!"  
  
With my arms raised to his stomach, I nuzzled my face against his cock. Brushing my cheeks and lips up and down his silky length, I giggled and gave him a playful little growling bite.  
  
"Hey! No teeth!" he hissed.  
  
Giggling again, I bit it harder. "Shhh! You just hush, cock boy! You're mine now!" I whispered, softly mouthing his large tip through his pajamas. Feeling that I'd better get on with it, I gently pushed Dirk lengthwise onto the sofa.  
  
The back and arms of the long couch were so tall that nobody to the rear or on either side of the stage could really see him. Only the audience would be able to see him, and it was my job to keep him somewhat covered while pretending to suck his cock.   
  
After joining Dirk on the couch, the first thing I did was lean down and turn my body, positioning it to block the audience's view of his midsection. Then I ran my hands along his waistband, debating whether to unsnap his pajamas, pull them down a little more or just leave them where they were.   
  
Dirk made the decision for me by pulling my head down to his belly, ostensibly to cover what we were supposed to be doing. Squeezing his hips, I began nuzzling his stomach with my nose and lips. Moving my face around, this was one time when I wished I had long hair. I wanted to fan it out to help cover us, but since my Goth hair style is not quite shoulder length it wasn't helping me at all.   
  
No biggie. During the actual performances Dirk and I will be wearing "early '70s long hair" wigs.   
  
On the plus side, J.T. tells me he likes that he doesn't have to keep moving my hair away to watch my face when I suck his dick.  
  
That thought made me giggle, which made me giggle even more over the realization that I'm really still just a goofball teenager who giggles at everything. I giggle at the silliest sex stuff, at the dumbest times. It reminded me that Dirk's slutty girlfriends probably don't constantly giggle like nine-year-olds, the way I do. Well, too bad! I giggle a lot! So what?  
  
"What are you giggling at now, you retard?" Dirk whispered good-naturedly.   
  
Being called a retard on stage by the guy whose dick I was pretending to suck made me giggle even more! 'God, this is so awesome!' I laughed to myself.   
  
"Sorry!" I finally whispered. I suppressed my giggling fit by planting my lips on his belly button. He groaned when I stuck my tongue inside and wiggled it around, then I slid my hot mouth all the way down his "happy trail" to his waistband. Using my teeth, I unsnapped the button while giving his cockhead a teasing nip. Once I had his snap undone, I just mashed my face into his pubic hair and nuzzled back and forth for awhile. His rock-hard cock was to the left of my face, between my head and the back of the sofa.  
  
"Looks great, Jen! Love the nuzzling!"   
  
Again Katherine's yell of encouragement made me crack up. This time I laughed out loud.   
  
"Sorry!" she giggled from across the auditorium. "I'll try to shut up now!"  
  
Dirk whispered, "Jen, stop giggling already, and suck my cock! C'mon, I'm dying here!"   
  
Grinning, I ran my face along his hard shaft, which was still covered by his pajamas. When I got to the end of his cock, I nudged the flap of the jammies aside with my nose; after baring his huge dick, I pressed my cheek to it, savoring its warmth. Stroking my face back and forth along his pulsing length, I stopped to nip at the junction where his shaft attached to his abdomen. His cock sprang straight up alongside my face; I turned my head towards it while making an 'O' shape with my mouth. Placing my lips on his hot flesh, I trailed all the way up and down one side of the thick pole before pressing it flat against his thigh with my cheekbone. I took it in my hand and held it down, then I planted a row of kisses on the other side of the shaft, right beneath the throbbing head.  
  
A drop of pre-cum dribbled from the slit, and I licked his flared crown. "Yummy," I whispered, smiling over the torture I was giving him.  
  
"Jen, please! Put it in your mouth!" he hissed, his eyes desperate.  
  
I took that opportunity to spin around, placing my panties-covered bottom right over his face. Leaning down, I buried my mouth in his balls; gently biting them, I tugged on the bare skin.  
  
I let out a shriek when I felt his teeth latch on to my pussy through my panties. He simply took my entire sex into his mouth and began sucking on it! I was so excited that I came almost instantly, completely drenching my panties. I heard him sputtering, trying to find his breath as I humped my trembling pussy against his face. With my ass wildly hopping up and down, he pulled my panties aside to jam two fingers deep into my hot cunt. Once he started fucking me, I flopped my upper body onto his legs, positioning my face and shoulders between his cock and the audience.  
  
I grabbed his dick at the base and pulled it to my mouth. Feeding it inside, I took as much as I could and began giving him a thoroughly wet, noisy blowjob.  
  
'Finally, I'm sucking your cock,' I thought triumphantly to myself. When his satisfied groans joined mine within the echoing auditorium, I grinned around his thick dick and sucked even harder. Katherine clapped, but she managed not to say anything.  
  
I treated myself to two long passes before relaxing my throat and taking his cock all the way. When I buried my nose in his balls, showing him that I'd taken every inch, I felt his whole body spasm. I held myself in that position, moaning happily while he poured his enormous load into my tummy. Though I wanted to pull back and taste his cum, I just stayed where I was, letting him fully enjoy his orgasm.  
  
There'd be other times, I knew. Besides, by swallowing everything, I left no evidence that we'd really done it, right?   
  
When he was finished cumming, I discreetly tucked him away and snapped his jammies closed before spinning around and stretching out on top of him. He slid his hands under my robe again, cupping my ass. I loved the feeling of his big hands on my bare bottom, and I told him so. "Mmmm, I finally got to suck your gorgeous cock, and your hands feel so good on my ass. I think I'm really going to like doing this play," I whispered.  
  
"Me too," he grinned between kisses. "You have an incredibly great ass."  
  
"Yeah? Well you have an incredibly awesome cock...maybe even too awesome. I'm going to have a tough time hiding what we're really doing if I suck your beautiful dick every time I see it, which is exactly what I always want to do. We're gonna get busted for sure!"  
  
The house lights dimmed to pitch-blackness. When they came back on, Katherine began clapping and shouting, "Yes! That was excellent! You guys are just awesome together!"  
  
After we were dressed and done for the day, Katherine took us aside for another of her little pow-wows. Grinning, she said, "Look, guys, I've been thinking. I know, scary, right? Anyway, Jen, that scene was super hot, but realistically any man who was in Dirk's position would want your panties off."  
  
"Definitely," Dirk said.   
  
"So now you want me to go pantiless too?" I asked, laughing.   
  
"Well…yes, I do," she smiled. "In fact, I think I'm just going to have you take Dirk's pajamas all the way off when you do this scene. It makes sense for the flow of the story, since the next scene has you two guys naked in bed. The audience will see Dirk fully nude at the beginning of that one. There's no way you'd put your panties back on after doing a sixty-nine, not when you two are headed to bed to make love. The question is how to do it? Do we have you take your panties off during the make-out scene, making a big production out of it, or do we just have you never wearing anything beneath your robe? Maybe we get you completely naked during the sixty-nine scene, like Dirk's going to be?"  
  
"Don't we still need my robe to help hide what we're supposed to be doing? Dirk has a really big cock, so it's going to be difficult enough as it is to keep the audience from seeing it if he keeps getting erect like this…" I said, reaching down to grab his dick, which she could clearly see for herself anyway.  
  
Watching me stroke his firm length for her, she smiled. "Sweetie, as long as you're in this show, I'm sure he'll be constantly hard. Okay, you're right, I think we ought to start off by keeping the robe, at least until you're done with the sixty-nine. Here's what we'll do. This will be much sexier. Next time, Dirk, when you're kissing Jen in front of the sofa, reach up under her robe and pull her panties down. This is before she gives you the blowjob. We'll go ahead and make a big production out of it. Nothing's sexier than watching a woman take her panties off, especially when a man does it for her while she's still standing. That one little part, when the woman wiggles her hips to help the panties slide over her ass and down her thighs, then that last part, as she gingerly steps out of her panties? There is nothing hotter. It's like the dropping of the flag at a car race. It's the final barrier removed…permission given. Complete surrender. I'm telling you, it's the hottest fucking thing on the planet. It *always* is. And with Jen's perfect, amazing ass? That would just be super incredibly, awesomely hot!"  
  
"Okay, okay!" I said, laughing again. "We'll have him take off my panties!"  
  
Katherine is just a total crack up, the way she talks a mile a minute like that. She is such a spazz. God, I love her.  
  
Still zipping along at warp speed, she said, "You have to make absolutely, positively sure to show the audience her ass, Dirk. After you pull off her panties and she steps out of them, slowly run your hands up the backs of her thighs and over that amazing bottom of hers, lifting her robe above her ass with your wrists. Cup it and squeeze it…caress it all over. I mean really savor it. Show it off. Let's make her ass a star too. When you pull up her robe, do it like a museum unveiling, super slow and sexy. Let the audience die over that first glimpse of perfection, and Jen, as he's fondling you, make sure to do that awesome little ass-wiggle you always do. Then, Dirk, drop the robe back down, covering her up again. Just give us a tease, a thorough taste of why you're so fucking insane over this woman!"  
  
I couldn't believe her! "Katherine! That awesome little ass-wiggle I always do? What? I do no such thing!" I said, completely busting up.  
  
"Yes, you most certainly do!" she said, laughing right along with me. "You know, that awesome little wiggle you do whenever your ass is really happy! When you two are standing together, and Dirk puts his hands on your hips or ass, you do this mouthwatering little ass-wiggle every time! It's like your gorgeous bottom just can't wait to get his hands back where they belong! It's so outrageously sexy, I thought for sure you were doing it on purpose!"  
  
"On purpose?! I'm not even aware I'm doing it!" I said, giggling again like an imbecile.  
  
"Well, whatever you do, don't stop doing it! Every time you dance your ass like that, I'm halfway tempted to jump out of my seat and run up onto the stage to take a big bite out of your pretty little bottom! Dirk, can you imagine how the audience is going to react when they see her do it?"  
  
"Yes, I can," he said, leering at me.  
  
"Exactly!" said Katherine, laughing and giving me a good swat on the bottom.  
  
"Fine!" I shouted, jumping away while laughing like crazy. Holding my hands over my ass as protection, I giggled, "So Dirk takes off my panties, he shows off my ass, and whenever possible I'm to do some sort of little ass-wiggle to make all the pervs like you two happy. Is that about it?"  
  
"So far, yep, you've got it," she grinned happily. "Now, Jen, like we said, you can keep your robe all through the sixty-nine scene if you think it'll help you hide Dirk's erection. Otherwise, if you wanna take it off, go ahead. I don't care. Just try to use your body to hide him as best you can. It's not that big of a deal either way, since we're mainly counting on the lighting for coverage. When you're done, though, and you've both cum, I want you to pull your robe off as slowly and sexily as possible before you turn to stretch back down onto Dirk, face to face. The side-shot silhouette of you taking off your robe will look miraculous with your succulent tits and smooth, round ass. At that point I want you both nude anyway for the next scene."  
  
She kissed me on the cheek. "Otherwise, sweetie, of course we still have more exquisite little tortures for you later!" Hugging me, she kissed me again while laughing every bit as much as I was. God, even for Katherine it was way up there on the good-mood scale. She had me completely giddy, just totally flying.  
  
I swear, if she ever told me to split an atom, I'd probably figure out a way to do it.  
  
~ ~ ~   
  
*Dear Steph,  
  
You won't believe it. Or maybe you will, you slut! Last night I finally let Ray watch J.T. fuck me. Ray even spanked his monkey while he watched us! I let J.T. cum inside me, then I went to Ray and sucked his cock! I gave Ray a blowjob! And check this out. He came, like instantly! I didn't even get his dick all the way in my mouth before he totally blew his load! You would've been so proud of me. :giggles:   
  
I still wanted to get the whole thing inside my mouth, so I kept sucking him, and he just wouldn't go soft! Since I hadn't cum yet, I went ahead and fucked him! God, we fucked like crazy. We went at it for the longest time, and yep, we both came! Even though he'd already shot this massive load in my mouth, he still gave me another huge load in my pussy, and I had a killer cum!*  
  
*It wasn't even a big deal either. Can you believe it? It was really no biggie for me. It was just fun, casual sex. Your sweet, innocent little Jen having casual sex, and loving it?  
  
That's pretty cool, huh?  
  
Then, tonight during rehearsals, I sucked Dirk's cock right on stage, with Katherine and the lights guy watching us! It was kind of dark, so they couldn't see too well, but I'm pretty sure Katherine suspected that we did it for real. I deep-throated Dirk, and he came in buckets! It was awesome! He wouldn't let me off the hook either. Eating my pussy and fucking me with his fingers, he made me cum too!  
  
Steph, Dirk told me tonight he can't wait to taste my ass, and he said we might get together right here in the dorm! Not just my pussy, but my ass too!  
  
I'm almost getting to be as bad as you, beautiful girl.  
  
Love ya!  
Jen*  
  
When I'd gotten home, Ray was gone, and J.T. was asleep. The TV was still on, so I knew I wouldn't disturb him just by typing Steph our nightly e-mail. I was way too wound up to go to bed, and I didn't have any classes in the morning either. No noises were coming from Dirk's place next door.  
  
'Hmm,' I thought.  
  
Still buzzing like crazy from everything that'd happened during rehearsals, I decided I wanted to be crazy some more. I was already nude at the computer table, so I grabbed my little kimono, which is much smaller than the one Katherine has me wear. That one comes to mid-thigh, and it covers me completely up top when I cinch it tight. The one I wear at home just barely covers my ass when I'm standing straight, and even when it's tied up nice and tight it still leaves most of my boobs out in the open.  
  
I put it on, only tying it loosely. I grabbed my vampire book and room key, and out the door I went. As I passed a couple in the hallway going the opposite direction, they did a serious double-take, their heads spinning to watch me strut on by.  
  
God, this exhibitionism stuff is getting to be so much fun. Can someone become addicted to something in just a few weeks? I'm beginning to think so. I know I'm already finding myself looking for any opportunity to let people see me.  
  
The game room was sadly empty when I plopped myself down sideways again into the love seat.  
  
I wasn't alone for long, though.  
  
"I was wondering when you'd come out here," Dirk said, entering the room.   
  
Glancing down, I noticed that my little robe had slipped off my thighs. When I saw Dirk, I scooted my hips forward and leaned all the way back, letting my legs fall open. I was hoping my pussy was showing. I was sure my pussy was showing.  
  
"I was beginning to think you wouldn't come," he continued, moving towards me. He stopped and sat directly in front of me on the adjacent sofa.  
  
"Oh, I came alright. You were there," I smiled, tracing a polished fingernail up the inside of my thigh. 'Jesus, I really am becoming bad,' I grinned to myself.  
  
"Yes, I was, and it was awesome," he smiled. "Too bad you had panties on, huh?"  
  
"Well, that's not going to be a problem for you anymore, is it? You and Katherine have me completely naked now."  
  
"Yes, but I'll be naked too, remember?"  
  
"Mmmm-hmmm," I purred. "I definitely remember. We're going to be naked in bed together, pretending to fuck."  
  
"Pretending to fuck," Dirk repeated.  
  
I said it again really slowly, sultrily drawing out each word. "Pretending…to…fuck. We'll be naked in bed together…really naked. I'll have no panties on. There won't be anything at all protecting my tight, wet pussy. It'll just be your hard cock...and my spread legs...and we'll be pretending to fuck. That's what the lady said."  
  
"We pretended to do a sixty-nine tonight," Dirk said, smiling wickedly.  
  
"Yes, we did, and while I was pretending to suck your huge cock, you shot a gallon of cum down my throat. I can only imagine what will happen when we're both completely naked under the covers, and she has you pretending to fuck me."  
  
"So do you like what you're imagining?"  
  
"Mmmm," I said, teasingly stroking my fingertips up my bare thighs, all the way to the moistening junction at the top. "What's an innocent girl like me to imagine, if not your big, hungry cock sliding deep inside my welcoming pussy…mmmm…fucking me long and hard, until you fill me to overflowing with your delicious cum. Mmmm-hmmm, I definitely like what I'm imagining. Then again, I believe you also warned me that you would soon be tasting my ass."  
  
"Promised you, not warned you."  
  
"Same difference," I giggled. "You also implied that we wouldn't necessarily be at rehearsals when you fulfilled your promise. I think you even mentioned something about this game room, didn't you?"  
  
Grinning, Dirk reached down to adjust his dick. All he was wearing was a loose pair of Puma sweat pants - the cool, shiny kind. He went to get a soda from the kitchen, and it was obvious he was wearing no underwear either. His amazing cock was just obscene.  
  
"Want anything?" he asked, leaning into the fridge.  
  
"Sure," I said, getting up to go to him. My robe was so loosely tied that on my way there it managed to fall open, revealing my naked pussy.  
  
"Looks like you again don't have any wet panties to leave on my face while I sleep," he said, still grinning.  
  
"Sorry. Some other night, perhaps?" Smiling, I slid my hand down his stomach as he handed me a Sprite. Taking the soda, I kissed his shoulder before turning to go back to the love seat. Knowing he was watching my every move, I made a big show of pulling my robe together in the front, as if to close it, yet all I really did was tug it above my bare bottom. Displaying my naked curves, I added some extra sway to my hips. When I reached the love seat, I leaned way over, baring the rest of my ass and my pussy too while setting down my drink. Remembering what Katherine had said, I tried to do my little ass-wiggle.  
  
Looking back over my shoulder, I gave him a coy smile. "You don't mind that I took off my panties, do you? I'm hoping I have other things besides wet panties that might interest you."  
  
He set his drink on the kitchen table.   
  
"By the way, is this what Katherine meant?" I asked, moving my hips and spreading my legs.  
  
I turned away from him. Facing forward, I wiggled my ass, then I waited. I couldn't see him. I couldn't hear him. I waited.  
  
Wetness…a single kiss at the base of my spine. A trailing tongue, followed by strong hands taking hold of my hips. Teasing nips in my deep cleft, as my cheeks were spread apart. A gentle nudge in the lower back, urging me to lean forward over the love seat. A light caress of warm air…soft breath on my pussy.   
  
Tingling. Exciting.   
  
A slow moan escaped my lips when a flattened tongue began a slow journey from the top of my left thigh to the base of my ass, across the gap between my thighs and over to my other cheek. A light nibble there, before the tongue trailed down my right thigh.  
  
Hands pressed into my ass, then searing breath poured into my spreading pussy. A tongue separated my lips, and a wet finger grazed my erect clit. The tongue stabbed deep into my pussy, then the mouth enveloped me, sucking in everything from the shroud over my clit to the bottom of my sex. Scratchy whiskers scored my tender flesh at the tops of my thighs, then the tongue was knocking at my back door.  
  
I spread my legs and arched up on the balls of my feet, inviting entry. The tongue simply dripped moisture into my tight ring, hot breath warming and softening my sensitive pucker. A thick finger slid effortlessly into my steaming slit, making my legs tremble, and I cried out when the tongue pierced my tiny star.  
  
My naked breasts rejoiced when that strong hand returned to cup them and tug on the wanting nipples, even as the slippery tongue began a slow, thorough penetration of my hot ass. Now the tongue was fucking me...fucking my asshole. The finger in my pussy was joined by a second, then a third, and again I cried out.  
  
I'm a small girl, and a young girl. My pussy is petite, and it's still very tight, so it was stuffed nearly to the point of pain by those three large fingers, yet it was the tongue in my ass that bored straight through my soul.  
  
My legs began to buckle, and the strong hand released my breasts to hold me up by my thighs, gently steadying me as the tongue laved all throughout my deep split. The probing tongue seemed to sense my approaching crisis; the fingers quickly withdrew, and the slithering serpent in my ass was replaced by a single long finger that drilled me to the root as a hot mouth clamped down over my pussy. I could feel the mouth open wide, then the tongue reentered my pink softness.  
  
As the most perfect orgasm I'd ever experienced crashed through my pussy, I couldn't stop creaming into that thirsting mouth.  
  
Finally my orgasm was ebbing, and careful hands lifted my upper body from the back of the love seat.  
  
Dirk carried me to the sofa, where he gently laid me down on my back.  
  
His cock was rampant in his silky track pants. I reached for his hips and pulled down on the waistband, freeing him to my hungry gaze.  
  
"I want to be able to taste it this time," I said, sitting up. He was standing between my spread legs as I slipped my lips over the head, and there was nothing else in the world for me but that glorious cock in my mouth. I pulled him in deeper by his smooth, hard ass, then I pulled back to scrape my teeth over his pulsing shaft.  
  
"Don't make me wait," I said. When he nodded, I took him down my throat, humming into his pubic hair.  
  
"Oh, fuck, Jen, where'd you learn to do that? God, you take me into your throat so easily."  
  
He was right, I did take him very easily. I don't know how, but I was able to do that almost straight from the start. The second time I ever sucked J.T., I took him down my throat. He's not as big as Dirk, but still he was surprised by how easily I did it.  
  
I pulled back to show Dirk my tongue, then I slid my face all the way down his cock, until he was again buried in my throat.   
  
Wanting to try something Steph had recommended, I pressed my finger to Dirk's asshole while he was buried in my throat. He tensed up, but I held him in place, breathing through my nose. I pulled back just long enough to say, "Relax for me." Finally, after enough bobbing of my head up and down his shaft, he unclenched his ass, and I slowly slid my middle finger inside. I got as far as the second knuckle before he moaned, "Oh, god, Jen! Now! Now!"  
  
I pulled back and placed the tip of his cock on my tongue, taking him just inside my mouth. He began firing away; one, two, three, four heavy strands of hot, thick cum onto my tongue. His jerking spasms made me momentarily lose containment, and he shot a long rope across my cheek and nose. Wanting not to miss another drop, I gobbled his cock back into my mouth in time to take the rest of his awesome load.   
  
When he was finally done cumming, I kept my lips tightly sealed. Using his cock as my paintbrush, I spread the cum that was on my nose and cheek all over the rest of my face while happily thinking, 'Thanks for the tip, Steph!'  
  
Dirk had this cool, faraway gleam in his eyes. "You're incredible, Jen," he said softly, looking like he was going to float off to heaven.  
  
I opened my mouth to show him his cum, then I slowly swallowed twice, taking it all down. Stretching out flat on my back, I gathered the remaining cum on my face and popped my fingers one by one into my mouth, enjoying the rest of the sweet gift he'd given me.  
  
With a happy sigh, I raised my knees and spread my legs. My shining wet pussy smiled in open invitation.  
  
Kneeling to kiss me, Dirk let me share his cum. Cupping my face with one hand, he touched my soft pussy lips with the other. "Jen, it's not just your mouth that will taste my cock. You know I'm going to fuck you here too," he said quietly, caressing my pussy. The way he said it, damn, it was the sexiest thing I'd ever heard. I was liquid on his fingertips.  
  
"Yes, I do know, and I want you to fuck me," I whispered, spreading my legs wider.  
  
He slipped two fingers into my pussy and began tenderly stroking. After maybe thirty seconds of gentle fucking, he pulled out and caressed my lips again before sliding his fingertips down to my moist, pliant asshole. "I'm also going to fuck you here," he said, even more quietly.  
  
"Yes, I know, and I want you to fuck my ass. I'm a virgin there, and I want you to take it," I said, breathing it into his ear.  
  
That made him smile. "I will, though not tonight, and not in this game room."  
  
He was going to make me wait.  
  
Arching my back, I moaned, "Take me now. Fuck me right here, where anyone could come in and see us. You can have my pussy...and my ass. You can have me…all of me…everything you said you ever wanted. I want you, Dirk. I want you to fuck me." I leaned up and whispered into his ear. "Please, baby, let me feel you sliding inside my pussy. Don't make me wait."  
  
"Now is not the time, Jen," he said, whispering it in my mouth.  
  
"The play?"   
  
"The play."  
  
"So the play is the thing," I said, finally understanding.  
  
"Yes, beautiful. For us, the play is the thing."  
  
**Ch. 03**

'If she doesn't put her fingers inside me, I'm going to scream! What is she waiting for? God, how much more obvious do I need to be? I know she wants me, so why doesn't she just take me already?'  
  
So there I was, screaming inside my head. Completely naked, I lay facedown on a queen-sized bed. Dirk and I had just completed our first rehearsal of the "fucking" scene, and Katherine was on stage with us, having already sent the rest of the cast and crew home for the evening. She'd wanted to talk to us together for a moment.  
  
That was fine by me. Despite being naked, I just flopped back down onto my stomach atop the rumpled sheets. Katherine was beside my hip on the bed, sitting up. Dirk, though, was a bit embarrassed. He was standing by the side of the bed, his big dick bobbing right in our faces.  
  
Funny thing, about Dirk's dick. During rehearsal he'd stayed soft pretty much the entire time. Come to think of it, that was probably the first time I'd ever seen him soft since we began this whole thing. Every other time I'd seen his cock he'd been hard, whether it was the "sixty-nine" scene rehearsals or the two times we'd gotten together at the dorm. He would usually also be hard when we'd talk with Katherine about the scenes.  
  
I swear, he must've been born with a hard-on!  
  
This rehearsal, though, not so much. He was between my legs, and we were supposed to be fucking, so I was sure he'd be hard as stone. I was positive he'd be dying to put it inside me once we were 'pretend' fucking.   
  
Nope, and I don't blame him either. There were way too many distractions. Katherine was constantly hovering over us; moving the covers this way, changing the overhead lighting that way, always repositioning us. It was actually kind of aggravating. As soon as he'd roll on top of me, she would interrupt us, yelling, "Cut!" or "Wait!" or "Hold on, I have an idea!" Then we'd be swarmed over by her and the stage crew.  
  
"I hope it won't always be like this," Dirk whispered, spooning me beneath the covers between takes.  
  
"Me too. This isn't half as much as fun as I'd imagined it," I added, accentuating my point by smiling over my shoulder while wiggling my bare ass against his soft cock.  
  
"Sorry. If they'd ever just leave us alone, you know I'd—"  
  
"There he is!" I grinned, wiggling against him again as I felt him twitch and stiffen. "Dirk, I'm only teasing. I feel the same way. It's hard to even think straight with so many interruptions."  
  
Finally we'd caught a few moments of alone-time. Katherine had decided to call it good for the day, and as everybody began to shuffle around, gathering their things, Dirk and I were able to touch each other without any instant interruptions.  
  
"You'd better put something on to cover that thing!" I said, giggling at the sight of his swaying pole. Naked, we'd climbed out of bed to look for our clothes, and Dirk was almost completely hard.  
  
So of course Katherine chose that moment to stop us.  
  
"This will only take a moment," she said to Dirk, who was obviously looking around the stage for his robe. He sighed and stood there, trying to turn away so that his enormous dick wouldn't literally be hanging in Katherine's face as she sat on the bed with me.  
  
Feeling playful, I reached out and boinged his cock, bapping the tip with my index finger. Katherine and I laughed when it bounced up and down like a sprung jack-in-the-box. Dirk laughed too, relaxing despite his predicament.  
  
"So what's up?" I asked Katherine, grinning.  
  
"You mean besides this?" she giggled, playfully pulling down then releasing Dirk's big boner. Oh my god! She made it boing too! I about died laughing, especially when Katherine gently put her hand on Dirk's chest and said, "Sorry, but it was just staring at me! I had to do something!"  
  
"You think this is funny, huh? I'll show you funny!" he said, grinning at me. He began to swing his dick left and right and around and around, bapping my laughing face with it. Using it as a club, he pretended to beat me up, pummeling me all over. I was almost delirious with laughter as I tried to fend off the comical barrage he was administering with his big dick.  
  
"Had enough?" he crowed.  
  
Laughing so hard that tears were pouring down my cheeks, I cried out, "Okay, I surrender! I surrender! Don't beat me to death with it!"  
  
Satisfied that he'd demonstrated his mastery, he nonchalantly changed gears. "So, Katherine, what's up? What do you need to speak to us about?"  
  
Just like that!  
  
Katherine was still laughing too, but she calmed herself down enough to say, "Guys, I just wanted to talk to you about how things are going so far. I know this has to be a shock to you, being naked and doing simulated sex scenes, but I wanted to tell you I think you're handling it awesomely. I never would've guessed that you're both only eighteen, or that neither of you had ever done any professional stage work before. The way you're handling everything, anybody would think you two are seasoned vets at all this stuff."  
  
"We're just doing what you tell us to do," I said.  
  
"Yeah, and it's not exactly difficult work, pretending to have sex with Jen," Dirk added.   
  
"Oh, I'm sure of that," smiled Katherine, putting her hand on my lower back in a gesture of friendliness. "That's not it, though. It's the way you guys still remember and execute your lines. It's the way you take direction. It's the way you stay in control, even when I know it must be awfully hard."  
  
She hungrily eyed Dirk's bobbing cock before turning to me with a sexy smile. "So temptingly hard."  
  
"See you guys tomorrow!" we heard from offstage.   
  
The last of the crew were leaving. We were sitting by ourselves together on a darkened stage, with just a couple of offstage lights providing illumination. There was also the one nightstand light, which illuminated the bed very well. That was the lighting the audience would see. Our "fucking" scene wasn't going to take place in near-total darkness like the "sixty-nine" scene.  
  
Katherine was doing subtle little circles with her fingertips at the base of my spine.  
  
Oooh! Tingles!  
  
"So do you guys have any questions for me about any of this?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah, I have one," said Dirk. "Doing plays like this, I mean with these simulated sex scenes, have you ever had actors actually do it before? You know…not just pretend?"  
  
"Do you mean have I ever directed porn?"  
  
"No, no," I said, jumping in. "He means have any actors in your plays ever disregarded the fact that they're only supposed to be simulating the sex? Have they ever actually gone ahead and had real sex on stage when they weren't supposed to?"  
  
"Why, is that what you guys want to do? Already getting to be too hard to control yourselves?" she grinned.  
  
"Could we, if we wanted to?" answered Dirk.  
  
"Are you asking me would I mind as the director if you actually fucked my little star here on stage?" Katherine responded, smiling evilly at Dirk. She patted my ass, and I couldn't help it. I wiggled it for her.   
  
She laughed, "See, you always do that!"  
  
I laughed too. "I can't help it now. It's your fault, you know. You've got me always thinking about it. It's like whenever someone looks at or touches my ass, I should do it every time. It's almost becoming automatic!"  
  
Katherine patted it again, then she even squeezed it, saying, "Excellent! If I accomplish nothing else in this life, at least with your wiggling ass I'll go to my grave knowing I provided one great service to mankind! You do have the prettiest bottom I've ever seen, Jen. I gotta admit I love when you wiggle it, even if it's not for me."   
  
I did an exaggerated wiggle for her. "Like that?"  
  
She laughed and patted my ass again before simply stroking it, which is what she continued to do during the rest of her talk with us. "Maybe not quite that much! It looks great, but maybe *too* great, if you know what I mean. Anyway, getting back to your question, to be honest I don't know if anybody's ever done that before. I've only done two other plays with nudity, and only one of them really had any implied sex. The way we set those scenes up, I doubt they did anything for real. Besides, those people weren't anywhere near as beautiful and constantly horny as you two. They probably had a much easier time of keeping their hands off each other."  
  
"Could we - could you - get in trouble?" Dirk asked.  
  
"Good question. The best answer I can give you is that as far as I know this theater isn't zoned for live sex shows, which is what you're talking about, right? I know we didn't apply for any of that sort of licensing. I also know the producers and I never even talked about the possibility of the actors doing anything for real. They want a sexy show, not a sex show. I'm pretty sure they don't want live sex even if it were legal, which I'm almost positive it isn't in this instance."  
  
"But what about you? Would you get in trouble, and would we?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, maybe. Both of us, possibly. All three of us, I mean," Katherine answered.  
  
"Okay, I was just curious. Now, if you don't mind," Dirk said, drawing our attention to his finally flagging cock, "I'm gonna go get dressed and head on home."  
  
"Okay, see you tomorrow," I said.  
  
"See you tomorrow. Good job today! Awesome work!" said Katherine, calling after him.   
  
Dirk walked over to the sofa, where he found his robe. Picking it up, he made a big show of going overboard about being shy. We all laughed, then he blatantly flashed us before heading off to his dressing room.  
  
"Hold on a sec," Katherine said to me, once he was gone. "I'll be right back." She got up and went to the little break room offstage. I heard the sink running, then she came back carrying a bottled water and a washcloth. Soon we heard the stage door close as Dirk left the building.  
  
"You look hot," she said, handing me the bottled water. The washcloth felt cool but not too cold as she pressed it first to my face then down my back.   
  
"Temperature-wise, too," she smiled.   
  
I grinned happily at the compliment. Lifting my hips a little, I wiggled my ass again for her. "That feels so good, Katherine. Thank you."  
  
"You're very welcome," she said, still smiling while languidly running the washcloth up and down my legs and back, giving me goose bumps all over. "You're the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen, Jen, with the most amazing, beautiful body…" she continued.  
  
"Mmmm…you're gorgeous too."  
  
I couldn't believe I said that, but it's true. Katherine is beautiful, and I'm developing a serious crush on her. She's like my guardian angel, she's so sweet and wonderful to me. Also, she really is genuinely beautiful. She's maybe in her mid-thirties, yet she has a youthful look, and she behaves just like a happy kid. She has huge, chocolate eyes and full lips, and she always keeps her long, chestnut hair in a French braid draped over one shoulder. She's slim and darkly exotic, with big tits, like an Italian movie star.  
  
She's totally hot. I'd never been with a woman before, not even with my friend, Steph the Slut, but I could easily picture myself being with Katherine. The way she was touching me, and especially the way she was looking at me with those amazing eyes, she was making me want her like crazy.  
  
"Jen, let me finish. What I'm trying to say is that *because* you're so extraordinarily beautiful and sexy, we may have some issues with Dirk and the play."  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked, becoming concerned. 'God, please don't let her have second thoughts now about casting us,' I thought to myself.  
  
"Jen, let me be straight with you. When I first met you, I had my doubts about casting you simply because of how beautiful you are. You're far more gorgeous than the real Layla ever was, and I was worried that the egghead music critics might rip us for casting a strikingly beautiful 'ingenue' in a real woman's role. I got over it, though, once I saw your auditions. You're great, and you're great with Dirk."  
  
Having discarded the washcloth, Katherine was stroking subtle circles across my back, and even down my legs. Tracing elegant swirls up my thighs, she paused at my ass. "Do you mind this? I'll stop if you want me to."  
  
"Don't stop," I whispered, unsure whether she was talking about our conversation or her stroking of my body. Either way, I just wanted her to continue. "Keep going," I said quietly, flexing my hips to further signal my desire.  
  
Running her fingertips over the rising curves of each cheek, Katherine began caressing my ass. There was no pretense of it merely being a warm gesture of support, like before. No, she was simply helping herself to my bottom.  
  
God, I loved it. I wiggled my ass again, then I bent one leg at the hip to spread myself open for her.  
  
"So perfect," she whispered.  
  
Leaning across my thighs, she propped her head up with one hand while continuing to caress my ass with the other. She was looking right between my legs, and I knew my drenched pussy was flowering open for her.  
  
I wanted her to see. I wanted her to take me.  
  
"Jen," she finally continued, "I'm okay now with how beautiful you are. You've proven to be serious about this play. You've also proven to be talented and worthy of the role. Besides, fuck the critics if they say you're too young and beautiful. I think you're absolutely perfect."  
  
She laughed, and so did I. Since I was facing away from her, she was basically talking to my ass! What a strange and incredibly hot feeling it was to have this gorgeous, talented and sexy woman talking so respectfully to me even as she was openly lusting for me. I was so turned on that I was either going to get up on my knees and arch my back or I was just going to roll over and spread my legs for her.  
  
Continuing on, she said, "You and Dirk are what I'm worried about now. It's obvious you two really want to have sex...real sex. You do, don't you, Jen?"  
  
"Yes," I said, moving my hips in small undulations beneath her caressing fingertips. "Mmmmm, yes, we want to fuck."  
  
"Have you yet?" she asked, her breath so warm and sexy on my ass. It was driving me insane.  
  
"Fucked? Each other? No, not yet."  
  
"But you plan to, don't you?"   
  
"You know we do, Katherine. He's killing me with that hard cock of his. You know what I mean. The way he's always so hard for me, sometimes it's all I can do to keep from jumping him."  
  
"Yes, baby, I know exactly what you mean. He has a really great cock. My mouth was literally watering there just now, when it was hanging in front of my face like that. I was dying to take it into my mouth, the same as you were. I didn't know about his cock when I cast him for the part, but once I saw it, god, I definitely know what you mean."  
  
"Are you going to fuck him too?"   
  
A climax was building inside me as Katherine continued to help herself to my ass.  
  
"As much as I'd love to, I doubt it," she said wistfully, giving my bottom a firm squeeze. "That probably wouldn't be a good idea. I don't think my boyfriend would be too thrilled with the idea of his woman fucking eighteen-year-old cock, no matter how hot and gorgeous the cock; no matter how hot and gorgeous the guy. I don't think my girlfriend would be too thrilled about it either."  
  
Silence. As she continued her teasing figure-eights on my bare ass, she just let that one hang there.  
  
"Your...girlfriend?" I asked, then I gasped. She'd slipped one painted fingernail into my crack. She brushed ever so gently over my asshole, then down to my pussy, which instantly went into wet spasms. This beautiful woman knew exactly how to drive me crazy. As my orgasm was approaching, my hips were bucking, and still Katherine kept softly knocking.  
  
"Yes, my girlfriend," she said, and I could hear the smile in her voice. "With everything I've told her about you, she's already super jealous. The last thing I need is for her to have to worry about another cock too. She doesn't mind sharing me with my boyfriend, but I think she'd draw the line at a second man."  
  
"What about sharing you with other girls?" I asked, barely able to get it out. God, she was killing me. When the soft pad of her finger touched my wet lips, I just about passed the point of no return. I was about to explode! "Katherine," I panted, "you're going to make me cum!"  
  
She dropped the hammer on me. "Jen," she whispered, sliding her finger inside, "I know you're about to cum…and to answer your question, my girlfriend is okay with me being with other girls - with you, baby - as long as she's eventually invited to watch...and join us."  
  
"Oh, Katherine...god!!"  
  
Katherine let out a squeal of delight when my body convulsed from the crushing orgasm she'd given me. She cupped her hand over my pulsing pussy, just holding it there while I rode out a long, wet cum.   
  
When I was finally done, and my breathing was returning to normal, she leaned down and sweetly kissed my left ass cheek. "Gorgeous girl, you cum just as beautifully as you do everything else," she said, gently moving my sweaty hair off my neck before moving up to blow cool air onto my moist skin.  
  
"That was incredible, Katherine. I've never cum before with a girl. Thank you so much. You are just completely awesome."  
  
"No, thank you. That was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, baby."  
  
I grinned softly. "Katherine, don't look now, but I'm falling in love with you."  
  
"Jen, don't you look now either, because the feeling is more than mutual." She was still stroking my wet hair as she trailed a series of tender kisses along my spine. "Still, what are we gonna do about you and Dirk fucking?"  
  
"What do you want to do about us fucking?" I purred, writhing for her on the bed.  
  
"I know you two are going to fuck; that's not the issue. There's no way he can resist you. Christ, I can barely resist you."  
  
"I don't want you to resist me. I want you to take me," I moaned.   
  
Caressing my ass, she leaned down and kissed it again. "Baby, I know you two will have sex. I just don't know if any of us can handle you having full-blown sex on my stage. That could be a very bad idea. It might be a very bad thing for your career, and mine too. Jen, please, whatever you do, you have to make sure the crew and the audience think you're only acting whenever you two are on stage together."  
  
I thought about that for a moment. Realizing what she'd just said, I pondered whether to say what I was thinking. I decided that since she was being so straightforward and honest with me, she deserved the same respect. I rolled over onto my back so we could look at each other.  
  
She gasped and bit her lip when she took in the sight of my drenched, naked pussy. God, the way she did that, it was so fucking hot!   
  
Reaching up to her, I gave her a coy smile. "Katherine, I noticed you didn't say Dirk and I *can't* have sex on your stage. You just said to make sure the crew and audience think we're only acting."  
  
Katherine was simply beaming. She pulled my naked body into her arms for a warm, loving hug, which I eagerly returned. With moist, shining eyes she kissed me gently on the lips before brushing my hair away from my face. Smiling with heartbreaking beauty, she sweetly touched the tip of my nose.  
  
It felt like she was looking right through me when she sighed, "Please, Jen, just be careful."  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
"You gotta be shittin' me!"  
  
That boyfriend o' mine, he sure is an eloquent devil, isn't he?  
  
Anyway, that was his reaction when I told him about yesterday's "sixty-nine" scene rehearsals and tonight's sexy interlude with Katherine. Having just walked in the door, I didn't even have a chance to say anything before Ray and J.T. tackled me to the floor, whereupon they commenced with their 'horny frat boys' interrogation, which basically consisted of stripping me naked and totally molesting me.   
  
Laughing at their pent up angst over having to wait for their nightly fix of Jen's Sex News, I promised them I'd tell them everything they wanted to hear if they would just let me up. Grudgingly, they finally dismounted. Scrambling onto their beds, they stared at me like children impatiently awaiting their favorite bedtime story.  
  
It was really cute, I have to say. I thought it was adorable.  
  
"You guys will love what happened with Katherine," I grinned. "All guys want their girlfriends to do lesbo stuff, right?"  
  
"Hell yeah!" said Ray, anxiously tapping his foot on the floor. He looked like a trained sea lion flapping a flipper while waiting for a sardine treat.  
  
J.T. was becoming really impatient. "Jen, c'mon! You gotta tell me about your first lesbo experience!"  
  
"Fine, I will. Are you sure you want to hear about the other stuff, though? The non-lesbo stuff?"  
  
"I know I do!" piped in Ray, comically wagging his tongue at me.   
  
J.T. threw a Nerf football at his head. "Pipe down over there, you dog! This is my girlfriend we're talking about here!" Then he looked at me with a quasi-serious expression. "Okay, you tell me: Do I really wanna hear it? Is it going to drive me insane?"  
  
I thought about it for a moment, and that's when I realized things had changed between us. J.T. really wasn't in the forefront of my thoughts any longer. It made for an oddly ironic situation because had I still felt like I was really 'with' him, I would've also felt compelled to tell him the whole truth and nothing but the truth.   
  
Now? My overriding feeling has become one of wanting to be gentle with him; even to protect him. 'No need to blow him up. Let him enjoy this. Don't make it too painful for him,' I thought to myself.  
  
With that realization, I went ahead and did it; I made the decision to deceive him.  
  
"Okay, here's what happened.…"   
  
I went on to tell them a slightly sanitized version of what really happened during rehearsals. I told them about the nudity, but not all of the actual touching. Or the sucking. Or the biting. Or the stroking. Definitely not the cum-swallowing. No mention of offers or promises.  
  
I completely left out the wild episode with Dirk in the game room.  
  
I did feed whatever part of J.T. was getting off on hearing about his girlfriend turning on Dirk, the female director and a room full of actors and stagehands. It was a delicate balance, giving him enough to stoke his excitement while not giving him so much that he might choke on it.  
  
Mainly he got all excited over hearing how Katherine would describe me and dress me and position me. His raging boner bore testament to the fact that he absolutely loved hearing about Dirk pulling my panties down and lifting my robe to show off my bare ass to the audience.  
  
Ray and J.T. both moaned when I demonstrated Katherine's bit about my little ass-wiggle.   
  
"Let me see you do it in your tiny robe, like you'll do it in the show!" Ray exclaimed.  
  
Giggling over his excitement, I said, "God, you're such a horndog! Fine, give me a second to clean up."   
  
Grabbing my silk kimono, I noted with satisfaction the strong scent of my pussy emanating from the robe following last night's amazing rendezvous with Dirk. I went into the bathroom and took a quick shower, washing my hair and thoroughly cleaning my ass and pussy.  
  
Okay, I may have spent just a *little* more time than was absolutely necessary on those parts, excitedly touching myself. 'It's Katherine's fault!' I giggled in my head.  
  
When I was done showering, I towel-dried my hair, giving it a wet and wild look I knew the guys would love. Slipping on my robe, I only tied it tightly enough to keep it from falling open right away.  
  
Poking my head out of the steamy bathroom, I said, "Turn off the TV and all the lights except for the one desk lamp, and turn on some music!"  
  
The guys jumped into action, then they jumped right back onto their beds.  
  
Swear to god, the way those goofballs were so excited about seeing me, I felt like the Crown Princess of Fucktavia! They've both had sex with me, and one of them fucks me almost daily, and still they were acting like they'd never even seen a naked girl before!  
  
Whatever. It gets me off. I've at least learned that much.  
  
Strutting into the room, I grinned, "It looks like this, only with Dirk's hands squeezing and fondling my ass while I do it." I proceeded to reprise the little ass-dance I did for Dirk in the game room, when I had my back to him while leaning over the love seat. This time I was leaning forward a bit onto the computer table as I subtly pulled up my robe to expose my naked ass.  
  
Looking in the wall mirror, I saw the guys watching in awed silence as I wiggled my bare bottom for them. More than anything, I just rotated my hips. That's really what the ass-wiggle is all about. It's not like I do those "ghetto booty" jello shakes. No, it's simply a sexy little wriggling of my hips that makes my ass look so playful and inviting.  
  
I was really beginning to see why Katherine and Dirk liked it so much, and I could feel myself getting wet again because of it. Being slightly bent over the way I was, knowing that I had two horny guys staring at my bare ass and glistening pussy, it was only exacerbating my excitement.  
  
"Kind of like this. You like?" I asked, giving them a flirty grin over my shoulder.  
  
J.T. said, "It's awesome, but didn't you say you're supposed to be standing straight, then Dirk holds and shows off your ass?"  
  
"You know, you're right. Ray, c'mere."  
  
Ray hopped right up, and J.T. couldn't help but laugh over the obvious hard-on his roommate was sporting in his boxers.  
  
"Sorry," Ray said sheepishly to me as I positioned him near the computer table.  
  
"Don't be. I always want your cock nice and hard. If you're not dying to fuck me every time you see me, I'm definitely doing something wrong. Now get down on your knees, right here between my legs. Oh, wait a second."  
  
I reached into my overnight bag and pulled out some sheer panties. Doing another slinky hip-wiggle, I slipped them up my thighs before facing Ray again. "Okay, slowly slide your hands up the backs of my legs and over my ass, lifting my robe with your wrists to show my ass to J.T. Take your time in pulling my panties down. When my panties are at my feet, I'll step out of them, then you slide your hands back up my thighs to my ass. Caress and explore my bottom all you want, gently squeezing it while making sure to keep it exposed so J.T. can see it. That's when you kiss and nuzzle my pussy."  
  
Ray looked up at me with so much joy, it was like I'd just told him I had the keys to his new Lamborghini inside my pussy.   
  
God, I just loved how every little thing was becoming so much fun!  
  
Peeking back over my shoulder, I said to J.T., "It will look just like this, only it'll be in front of a lot of people, and it'll be Dirk touching me every night."  
  
J.T. had his hand under the pillow he was using to cover his crotch. He was obviously jacking off.   
  
I smiled and silently mouthed, "You know you love it!" Then I turned back to Ray. "Ready when you are."  
  
Grinning like an idiot, Ray began to slide his hands up my thighs, and again I said, "Oh, shit. Wait a second. I forgot, we stand by the couch and make out first before you pull my panties off and nuzzle my pussy. That's when I do my initial little ass-wiggle, while we're hugging and kissing. It comes before the scene where you turn me around, kneel down and pull my panties off."  
  
"Okay by me!" Ray said with a laugh, standing to face me. I laughed with him as we put our arms around each other.   
  
Turning us sidelong to J.T., I whispered into Ray's ear, "Kiss me hard, like you mean it, and push your cock into my pussy as you grab my ass. After you turn us around, that's when you go to your knees to peel down my panties. If you really want to drive J.T. crazy, lick my pussy while you show off my ass."  
  
Smiling, I recited my lines before flinging myself into a kiss with him; he was tentative in returning it.  
  
Hissing into his ear, I said, "I told you to kiss me like you mean it! Kiss me the way you did on your bed, when you fucked my brains out! Do it like you can't wait to fuck me again!"  
  
Ray immediately attacked my tongue, and he even startled me when he grabbed my ass and jammed his cock between my legs. I'd expected him to press it lengthwise up against my pussy, but when it popped through his fly he pushed it straight into the gap at the top of my thighs.   
  
So there we were, totally making out, with his hard cock sawing between my soaking wet pussy lips. He kept trying to put it inside me, and I even tugged my panties aside for him, but the angle was all wrong; he was only able to get the head plus maybe another inch or two in before it'd pop right back out. Still, god, it was so hot to be basically fucking Ray in front of J.T.  
  
What a crazy week!  
  
After a couple of minutes of heavy tongue-sucking and sorta-fucking, Ray turned us back to the computer table. When he dropped to his knees, I experienced a definite feeling of longing for the cock that had suddenly deserted my pussy.   
  
"You're so fucking sexy, Jen," Ray said, looking up past my camel toe and bare breasts to my smiling face.   
  
Cupping his chin, I looked down and noticed a droplet of pre-cum glistening on the tip of his cock. We both watched as it grew in size before it began to separate and hang from a single fine strand. Finally the strand broke, with the large droplet landing on the top of my bare right foot.  
  
"Nice," I grinned. "Now take off my panties."  
  
He slid his hands up the backs of my thighs, and again I began wiggling my hips. When his hands reached the top of my panties, he pressed his face into the crotch, inhaling my scent. Pulling back, he kissed me in the center of my split, right over my clit.   
  
Electric.  
  
He pulled my panties down, and once they were past my pussy he buried his face between my thighs. Stepping out of my panties, I had to spread my legs; Ray seized that opportunity, immediately pushing his stiffened tongue inside my open, vulnerable slit. As he started eating me out, he also made sure to cup and squeeze my bouncing ass. Pulling his face into me, I lewdly rolled my hips. I was loving it, and I was trying to get even more of his tongue inside my eager pussy when he pulled the meanest and most unexpected trick ever. Completely out of nowhere, he stopped licking me and casually rose to his feet. "Like that? Is that how it'll look?" he asked, giving me a dopey grin.  
  
J.T. just sat there, totally gobsmacked. His hard cock in hand, he was going at it hot and heavy.  
  
"Ooh, you really are a bastard," I said to Ray.  
  
Smiling triumphantly, he chuckled, "Yeah, that's what Mom always said. So what are you gonna do about it?"  
  
"This…" I grinned. Dropping to my knees, I quickly took his cock into my mouth, sucking hard all the way down. He yelped when I pulled off and said, "You won't even last thirty seconds, hot shot!"   
  
I was right. He didn't even make it through my warning sentence. Just as "…hot shot!" was issuing from my hungry mouth, he cried out and launched this incredibly humungous load all over my face! At the same time, I also felt ropes of hot cum shooting on my ass!   
  
Burgeoning freak that he is, it seems J.T. just couldn't hold back either! He'd jacked off right onto my ass!  
  
With cum dripping from my forehead, the bridge of my nose and all down my left cheek, I looked back at J.T., who was smiling sheepishly while giving me the palms up shrugging gesture, as if to say, "What else could I do?"  
  
He groaned when I wiped his cum off my ass and popped my fingers into my mouth. He groaned even more when I stuck out my tongue to lick Ray's dripping cum from my face. When I was done gathering up and swallowing all their cum, I smiled sweetly at J.T. "Instead of jacking off, you should've just fucked me. I would have taken you both."  
  
The guys looked absolutely poleaxed, frozen in place as I stood and slipped off my robe. Smiling sweetly again, I sat down naked at my computer.  
  
'I wish I had Katherine's e-mail,' I thought to myself. 'God, I want her to fuck me.'  
  
Damn. Oh well, at least I knew Steph would surely make herself cum once she read tonight's update.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Dirk and I were laughing as we hung out together before rehearsal.   
  
"I thought for sure you were going to make Katherine give you a blowjob!" I giggled, punching him in the side. "She would've done it, too, right in front of me! You almost had her!"  
  
He smiled smugly. "Nah. Couldn't you see?"  
  
"See what? I saw you waving your big cock in our faces, totally tempting us to suck it! That's what I saw!"  
  
"Jen, Jen, Jen," he grinned, shaking his head. "For such a smart girl, sometimes you're a real dummy."  
  
"What are you talking about?" I said, becoming exasperated.  
  
"Girl, can't you see it? Katherine doesn't want me, she wants you! She has a huge crush on you. Yeah, okay, she wants my dick, but that woman is totally in love with you. All I know is she better not get to fuck you before I do, you little slut!"  
  
I was thrilled. Everything he said shot right through me, and he could see it, too. "Aha! You know I'm right, don't you? So exactly what happened last night after I left, hmmmm?" He was giving me a huge, shit-eating grin.  
  
Flustered, I asked, "Do you really think so? Do you seriously think she has a crush on me, like for real?"  
  
'Because I sure do have one on her,' I thought to myself.   
  
Despite all the other crazy stuff that happened yesterday, it was mainly because of Katherine that I tossed and turned in bed last night, unable to sleep. Thoughts of her being in love with me had managed to supplant thoughts of Dirk fucking me; even Dirk fucking me in the ass.  
  
Then I remembered that soon Dirk *would* be fucking me, and my thoughts were at least equally split again! I could hardly wait for him to fuck me. I didn't care where. I just knew I wanted that beautiful cock inside me, filling me with cum.   
  
'Maybe Katherine will lick Dirk's cum out of my pussy!' I thought, then I giggled to myself, 'Okay, I'm in need of some serious mental help here. Get a grip, Jen.'  
  
Dirk jumped back in, saying, "Jen, we've all noticed the way Katherine looks at you; the way she dotes on you; the way she talks about you. If she's not already in love with you, she's well on her way. That woman has got it bad for you."  
  
"You could just as easily be describing yourself there, champ," said Mike the sound guy, walking by with a shoulder full of cables.   
  
Once Mike was out of earshot, I beamed at Dirk, who gave me a warm grin. "No news there, Jen. You know how I feel about you. Everyone knows."  
  
"Yeah, because you don't exactly hide your feelings very well!" I laughed, reaching inside his robe to give a tug on his seemingly always-erect cock. We were just standing there, and his dick was sticking straight out! God, I swear, it was like a mile long!  
  
"I'm not exactly trying to hide my feelings," he smirked, watching as I stroked him. I'd only meant to give it a single tug, simply to make my point, but once I get my hands on that gorgeous dick, I can't stop! He knows it, too. "Jen, I *want* you to know how much you turn me on. Besides, it's not like I have a choice anyway. This always just happens. When I'm with you, I can't help it."  
  
He gets so fucking hard, and it's so huge and thick; even if it's only to touch it and play with it, I feel like I'm already addicted to his cock. Smiling, I continued fondling him. "Speaking of Katherine, yes, she and I did talk last night after you went home. Dirk, she knows we want to fuck. She's worried we're going to be too obvious about it, and everyone will see that we really are having sex on stage."  
  
"What did you tell her?"   
  
"I wasn't going to lie, not to Katherine. What would be the point, anyway? She knows how badly we want each other. I admitted to her, yes, we're going to have sex."  
  
Dirk was stunned. "So you told her we're going to be doing it for real during the play?"  
  
"No, I didn't say that, not exactly. She just basically said that she knows we're probably not going to be able to resist having sex, but we need to make sure the crew and the audience think we're just acting."  
  
"So she's okay if we do it, as long as nobody catches on?"  
  
"I don't know that she's necessarily okay with it as much as she simply seems resigned to it. She says she couldn't resist me if she were in your place, so how can she expect you to be any different?"  
  
"See! She already told you she wants you! That's awesome! Plus she doesn't mind if we do it!"  
  
"Dirk, we really need to be careful, okay? She's trusting us not to blow it. Specifically, she's trusting me. I don't want to make her look bad for hiring us. We're only kids; we're nobodies, really, and she took a big chance on us. We can't mess this up for her. Seriously, we need to be professional. I told you, baby, you can fuck me anywhere you want, anytime you want. You know I want you, and all you have to do is take me. Just don't get us in trouble or embarrass us *here*. Promise?"  
  
"Okay, okay," he said, chastened by how serious I was about it. "I'll be good, I promise."  
  
Relieved by his response, I giggled, "I didn't say we couldn't still do it! I'm just saying we need to make absolutely sure we don't get caught. We have to follow every one of our cues, and we can't sound all retarded from trying to do our lines while we're in the middle of fucking. We've got to keep ourselves hidden when we're doing things, and we can't lose our minds and forget where we are, especially once we start cumming. I don't know about you, but I'm likely to lose consciousness the first time you cum inside me. You better not let me freak out, and you *really* better not let me pass out!"  
  
"I'll try to make sure you only cum a little, okay?" he smiled, giving my hip a good-natured squeeze.  
  
"Yeah, right!" I said, laughing. "Every night I hear how you make all those girls cum 'only a little' as they're bashing in our dorm wall and screaming like banshees!"  
  
"Are you saying I can't be a gentle and sensitive lover?" he asked, feigning insult.  
  
"When you put this inside my ass, you better be gentle…at least the first time," I whispered, stroking his cock.  
  
"I will, I promise," he said, becoming serious again. "I want you to enjoy it."  
  
"If I enjoy it, I'll learn to love it, then I'll want to do it again and again, right?"   
  
"Exactly."  
  
Wondering about that, I had to ask. "Why my ass so much, instead of my pussy?"   
  
"Who said this is an either-or deal? When did I ever say anything about 'instead of'? I want all of you, not just your ass."  
  
"You better!"  
  
"But I want your ass too," he said, smirking.  
  
"I know, and I can't wait for you to have it," I said, trying to keep my urgent whispers down. "Since I can barely fit little things in there, I can't even imagine how I'm ever going to take *you* in my ass, but I just can't wait to feel you inside me. I still wish you would've done me the other night at the dorm. I wanted so badly for you to fuck me that night. I was totally offering myself, and I couldn't believe it when you wouldn't take me."  
  
"You know I wanted to, Jen. It wasn't that I didn't want you. I just think our first time should be truly epic, and I know you'll always remember it if it's on stage in front of an audience."  
  
"Dirk, our first show is still weeks away. Seriously, I don't think I can wait that long. If I can't have you in my ass until then, you at least have to let me feel you inside my pussy."  
  
He gave me this totally condescending smile. After checking to make sure nobody was looking, he reached inside my robe and caressed my nipple, then he leaned down to kiss my ear. "Patience, beautiful girl, patience," he whispered before heading off to his dressing room.  
  
Now he was just taunting me.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
"Guys, I wanna do one more little change to the bedroom scene," Katherine said, taking the two of us aside before the next day's rehearsal. "After talking with Jen the other night, I think there's a better, sexier way." Sucking suggestively on her pen, she gave me a totally flirty grin.  
  
I didn't quite know what she had in mind, but I sure liked the sound of it!  
  
"Let's just say Jen inspired me," she said coyly, "and now I want a little more of her in this scene."  
  
I laughed, "Katherine, I'm already going to be naked and having sex, so how much more could I possibly be in it?"  
  
With the cutest little giggle she said, "Touché. Still, what I want to do is open this scene with you lying facedown on the bed, maybe reading a magazine, or maybe just napping after the sixty-nine scene. You're still naked, with the bed situated at an angle to the audience. Dirk comes in naked from the bathroom and sits down on the bed. He begins to stroke your legs, your back and your ass. It's a really loving and affectionate scene. It'll look so beautiful to the audience, Jen."  
  
She gave me a warm, knowing smile. We both knew she was describing what she had done to me the other night, and she'd decided to add it to the play.   
  
"After a little while, you'll start to respond to his caresses." Again she gave me a knowing look, which I returned with a happy smile. "You'll begin moving on the bed, writhing beneath his hands. Eventually you'll say, 'Look at my goose bumps. You're giving me chills. Let's get under the covers.' Then you'll both get up and climb into bed.  
  
"I want the audience to see you, Jen. I want them to see your nude body, all of it, and yours too, Dirk. Seeing you two will blow people away, and we're safe in doing it. I want you to go totally crazy on each other in bed, yet you still have to make absolutely, positively sure to keep the important stuff covered by the sheet."  
  
Really wanting to drive home the message, she stopped and stared at us one at a time. I silently looked at Dirk, then we both nodded to her, indicating we understood.  
  
"Just your lower bodies, though," she continued. "Remember, I want the audience to see you both from the waist up. Dirk, when you're on top of her, I want you to hold yourself up, with your arms locked. I want the audience to see Jen's breasts shuddering with each powerful stroke you feed her."  
  
"God, Katherine, you're killing me here," I said, tightly crossing my legs to rub my clit. Listening to her, it took all my willpower not to reach down and stroke my pussy.  
  
She saw how horny she was making me, which made her grin. "Good, Jen. That's the whole idea. I want you going out of your mind with lust. Now, Dirk, you really need to remember to keep at least the bottom of her ass covered when she gets on top and rides you. I want the audience to see your hands guiding her hips as you thrust deep inside her, and you can even show her ass grinding on you, but you cannot let that sheet fall completely away.  
  
"Look, people are used to watching simulated sex. The girl grinds, the guy grinds, and all anyone sees is maybe her pussy hair since she never lifts her hips enough to show anything major. That's how these things always go, and everyone's okay with it. With you guys, though, I want more. I want Jen to move up and down on your cock the way a woman really does when she's on top. I want everyone to see her incredible breasts bouncing on her chest. Dirk, I want it to look like she's really fucking you, but in order to do that you have to keep the important parts covered. You can't forget, and you can't slip up. Don't let us see your erection driving between her spread lips.  
  
"Jen, when he's on top, I don't mind if the sheet falls to show his ass pumping into you. That'd be perfect, actually. Just don't let it fall so far that we can see between his legs. Don't let us see what his cock is doing to you. I mean definitely show us what his cock is doing to you, but don't *literally* show it.  
  
"This is really important, guys, since the stage lights are going to be on during this one. You won't have the protection of darkness, like you will with the sixty-nine scene. Can you both promise me that you'll make absolutely sure to keep the important stuff covered every single time? I'm talking no slip-ups. None."  
  
I nodded yes. Katherine took my hand and squeezed it.  
  
Dirk had a question. "Katherine, umm, what am I supposed to do…you know, I mean how am I supposed to deal with…." Glancing down, he gestured to his cock, its shape clearly evident in his cargo pants.  
  
Katherine said, "Oh, I'm glad you brought that up. This is going to be kinda tricky for you. Dirk, I don't mind if you're as hard as a rock during the sex scenes. Go ahead, let your cock get as big as you want for those. My god, you'll have Jen spreading her legs for you, offering her gorgeous pussy. As beautiful as she is, you wouldn't be human if you didn't have a hard-on then. That's okay, though. She'll cover you with her body whenever she's giving you a blowjob, plus the lights will go down. When you're fucking her, the sheets will take care of it. The thing is, we just can't let the audience see you fully hard. That's the whole point. We cannot let them see you with an erection."  
  
"Good luck with that," he said.  
  
Katherine grinned. "Honey, I wish we could. I really do. We'd sell a lot more tickets if we were allowed to show off your mouthwatering cock in all its spectacular glory."  
  
"I know I'd come," I said, smiling sweetly.  
  
Katherine laughed, "I'm sure you would, in more ways than one! Here's the tricky part, though. Dirk, when you first walk to the bed to start this scene, and again when you and Jen get up to climb under the covers, you guys are going to be totally naked; we're talking full-frontal nudity. I want the audience to see how beautiful you both are. They'll see your cock then, and you can't be erect. Somehow you at least need to keep it soft enough that it's not throbbing hard and jutting out ten feet, like it usually is. I don't mind if it's halfway erect. In fact I'd prefer it that way, because it would look awesome. Totally soft, maybe a little chubby, or hanging thick and partially erect, any of those are fine since they won't get us in trouble. You just cannot have a full-blown erection whenever the audience will be seeing your cock. It's too obvious with you, and we can't have you trying to hide it either. You're supposed to be completely comfortable with her, so you wouldn't try to hide it when you two are together."  
  
Giving him a teasing grin, I giggled, "I guess you better think of baseball, or maybe that hideously fat English teacher we had in high school! Just picture her totally butt-naked!"  
  
"Yeah, yeah," he said, "laugh away. You have that luxury. When you get turned on, it's never a problem. I have to look at you and touch your naked body and somehow not get hard. Laugh all you want, but she's right, this won't be easy.  
  
"Katherine, seriously, any suggestions? I know you don't care if I get hard when we're covered up, and you're right, I will, but what should I do to avoid getting hard those other times?"  
  
"Believe it or not, Jen's right," she said. "Most actors will tell you they just try to think about things that aren't sexy, or they'll focus on their lines. Of course it doesn't always work. Sometimes a guy simply can't help it, and everyone understands that.  
  
"Honestly, though, this comes up a lot more often in TV and film. Since there are so few plays that involve these types of situations, it usually isn't too much of an issue in live theater. Like I told you guys, this is fairly new ground for me, directing a play with full nudity and serious simulated sex."  
  
I said, "Dirk, you'll just have to work at it. You'll get used to it eventually. The more we keep rehearsing these scenes, the less excited you'll get. You just watch, pretty soon you won't even be able to get it up for me!"   
  
"That'll never happen," he said, smiling confidently.  
  
"No, I doubt it ever will," grinned Katherine. "Like she said, though, just work at it. We've still got time before the first live performance. Besides, it's not important that you get hard; it's only important for certain scenes that you *don't* get hard. If you never become erect, that'd be fine."  
  
"No it wouldn't!" I said, laughing and making a pouty face while playfully slapping her on the shoulder.  
  
"Sweetie, I don't think you have anything to worry about there. Here, watch this…." She simply leaned over to Dirk and whispered, "Do you want to fuck Jen?"   
  
She stepped back, and we watched as his already thick cock rose to a full erection inside his cargo pants. Like some hottie hostess on a game show, she waved her hands at it as if it were a new car or a vacation in Bora Bora. "See?" she giggled. "That's the least of our worries. Jen, his huge cock wants you in the worst way, and that's not about to change. Getting him hard will never be a problem for you. The main thing is even though I can't have Dirk getting hard-ons at the wrong times, I still need his passion. I wish I *could* show his enormous erections, because I want the audience to see his crazy desire for you. The passion you two give me on stage is awesome. I need that, always; every scene, every show."  
  
"Poor Dirk!" I said, playfully reaching over to stroke his erection through his pants, and a giggling Katherine just shook her head. Her expression changed, though, when we both noticed a small wet spot beginning to form over the tip of his hard cock. Looking Dirk straight in the eye, I continued stroking him, only much more sexily; as the wet spot grew, I cooed, "Poor, poor Dirk. Such a huge burden you carry…such a long, thick, delicious burden." Leaning in, I took a firm hold of his dick and flicked my tongue all around the drooling crown.  
  
'Two can play the taunting game,' I grinned to myself.  
  
Smiling softly, Katherine sighed, "You guys are killing me."  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Our next rehearsal was an emotional tug-of-war, with the two of us doing our best to tease and torture each other. During the "pull down my panties" scene Dirk playfully bit my clit, literally making me jump. Looking up smugly from his knees, he gave me a "Gotcha!" smile. I got my revenge, though, during the "sixty-nine" scene. After he rimmed my asshole and made me cum like crazy, I brought him to the very brink in my mouth. As he moaned for me to finish him, I squeezed the base of his cock really hard, preventing him from cumming. Over and over I walked him right to the very edge, only to leave him hanging every time.  
  
"What's the matter, honeeey?" I grinned, sweetly singing it into his mouth after taking off my robe and spinning around to lie on top of him.  
  
When we got to the scene on top of the sheets, Dirk couldn't stop himself from becoming totally hard. Looking over my shoulder while pressing my ass against him, I smiled at the sight of his huge erection. "Sweetie, your big, gorgeous cock is saying he wants to go inside me now. I think you should listen to him."  
  
His dick visibly throbbed.   
  
"Cut!" yelled Katherine, and the whole crew busted up when she added, "Medic! We've got a definite boner!"  
  
A few minutes later, after Dirk had gotten control of himself a little better, we tried running through that same scene again. This time his hand went straight for my deep split, where he tickled my asshole with the tips of his ring and pinky fingers. While teasing me, he just stared right through me, until finally I yelped from my orgasm and squirted a little onto his hand.  
  
"Clean up on aisle five!" he shouted.  
  
I was mortified, yet I couldn't help but laugh along with everyone else.  
  
Eventually we made it through that scene, then we got up to get into bed. Though Dirk's cock was jutting straight out, it was at least somewhat rubbery, so Katherine let us continue. When we climbed under the covers and began to recite our lines, Dirk leaned down to kiss me, whispering, "Now you're gonna pay, little girl."  
  
He simply tormented me. That's all anyone could call it. We'd recite our lines and do all the required motions, but he was driving me insane with the way he kept dragging his fully erect cock through and over my grasping pussy. He'd press the head into my clit, then he'd poke the tip into the open mouth just as he'd bite my nipples.   
  
I couldn't help but finally cry out, "Goddammit, you asshole, fuck me!"   
  
Katherine was ecstatic! "Yes! Perfect! Just like that!" she cheered, clapping and jumping up and down like a proud PTA mom.   
  
When we switched places and I was on top, I again got my revenge; that is, if cutting off my nose to spite my face can be considered revenge. Pressing my pussy along the length of his shaft, I gave him the most blatant stripper-grind in the history of lap dance sluts. As I literally drenched his cock, he squeezed my hips so hard that I was certain he was going to leave bruises.  
  
His breathing was becoming ragged when Katherine called out, "Sheets, guys! I can see pink!"  
  
As Dirk quickly pulled the sheets over my ass, I leaned down to kiss him and whisper, "You're gonna cum for me, aren't you, baby? Your cock desperately wants inside my pussy, but he's not allowed in right now. This is what you want to feel though, isn't it?" Nipping his lower lip, I slid up a bit and grasped his shaft with my ass. I flexed and flexed, continuing to drench him with my molten pussy; finally I could feel it in his cock and see it in his face that he was ready to cum.   
  
I whispered, "Always remember, your cock *belongs* in my pussy...and my ass."   
  
I felt his shaft pulsing and expanding between my lips; when his hands gave my hips a final death-grip, I smiled smugly as he shot gobs and gobs of pearly white cum onto his stomach and chest. Extending a good six inches, one rope shone conspicuously wet on his neck. I thought about licking it up for him, but after the way he'd been so cruel to me all day I decided to let him deal with it. I was really hoping the whole crew would see it.  
  
"Excellent!" Katherine shouted, ending the scene, and I got up to put my robe on. She came over to us, and when she saw Dirk's thick cum glistening all over his body - with none dripping from my pussy - she giggled to me, "Good girl! That'll teach him!"  
  
She went ahead and fetched him a small towel, then we left him there on the bed.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
When I dropped by the dorm later that night, only Ray was there.   
  
"Where's J.T.?" I asked.  
  
Something was obviously wrong. Ray was clearly uncomfortable.  
  
"Uhhh…he went out," was all he would say.  
  
Noticing his level of agitation, I decided not to push it. He quickly jumped into the shower, then he took off, leaving me alone in the room.   
  
Fine by me. I just wanted to Instant Message with Steph anyway, so that's what we did. E-mailing her is fun, but Instant Messaging is always a lot more fun. Since we live so far away from each other, the main way we communicate is through texting for short messages and the internet for longer things. Phone calls are just too expensive.  
  
We had a total blast. After I told her all about Katherine, she said that had she known I was such a "raging dyke" she would've fucked me a long time ago!  
  
"Well, better late than never!" I responded.  
  
"Big talk, from 2,000 miles away!" she sent back.  
  
"You'll see! The next time you come home, maybe you and I can do a hot lesbo show for Ray and J.T.!"  
  
She said, "Screw that. You can keep J.T. If we're gonna have a threesome, I want it to be with Dirk...or Katherine!"  
  
"Mmmm, me too."  
  
Eventually we had to call it a night, and I went to bed…alone. That's when I discovered why Ray had been acting so weird. Climbing into bed, I pulled back the covers, and there was a wet, pink thong.  
  
It wasn't mine.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
"Jen, are we going to have a problem with J.T. being here? I mean, seriously, is he gonna freak out when he sees you and Dirk together?"  
  
Katherine and I were speaking alone in my dressing room after J.T. had unexpectedly showed up for tonight's rehearsal. She was genuinely concerned for me, and for Dirk too. I'd already told her about their history with each other, in particular J.T.'s near-obsession with Dirk, so she was a little worried.  
  
When I asked J.T. what he was doing there, he said he wanted to watch one of my "crazy sex shows" in person, and I believed him. He wasn't looking to cause any trouble. If anything, he was just horny. He didn't want to have to wait for me to come by the dorm later before he could get his nightly fix of Jen's Sex News. For once he wanted to witness it firsthand, that's all, and that's what I told Katherine.   
  
"You don't need to worry about him. He's fine. He just wants to check it out. I told you, he likes to watch me be sexy, so this will get him all excited. I didn't even know he was coming tonight, but now that he's here, hey, whatever. After that crap he pulled on me with Miss Pink Thong, I'm really looking forward to this."  
  
"Okaaaay…" she said, sounding more than a little dubious. "Anyway, you're sure those panties weren't yours? There's absolutely no chance you left them in his bed?"  
  
I just smirked.   
  
"Okay, so it was a stupid question," she grinned, then she gave me a warm, wonderful hug. Brushing my hair away, she kissed my ear and whispered, "He must be the biggest idiot in the world."  
  
All throughout the rehearsal Dirk never mentioned a word about J.T. being there. Instead he just laid it on extra thick during the make-out scenes, shooting me these fiery looks that sent awesome chills down my spine. He was fully hard the whole time, and Katherine totally let it slide.  
  
God, it turned me on to see him being so competitive and...possessive?  
  
That thought absolutely made me wet.  
  
When we arrived at the scene where he was supposed to expose my ass and nuzzle my pussy, he bypassed my pussy lips and any real nuzzling. Instead he went straight for my cunt, spreading me open and jamming his tongue deep inside. There I was, standing with my bare ass facing the audience, and Dirk was fully eating me out. Since the first few rows of seats are beneath the stage, I'm sure everyone had to be able to see my pussy, so they also had to be able to see Dirk's tongue plunging in and out of my pink depths.  
  
Nobody said a word; except for the wet, sexy sounds of my pussy being licked and sucked, the auditorium was utterly silent. Katherine was letting him devour me, so I just went with it; draping my thigh over his shoulder, I spread myself open while wiggling my ass as sexily as possible. It wasn't like I had to fake it, either. My hips were going crazy from Dirk eating my pussy with all of them watching.  
  
When we got to the "sixty-nine" scene, Dirk went straight for my ass, spreading my cheeks and tongue-fucking my tight little asshole. Moaning loudly, I came almost instantly, and I couldn't believe he didn't empty his heavy balls right down my throat. He was just brutally fucking my face, driving his cock past my lips as I noisily sucked and slurped in a vain effort to keep up with his heavy pounding. I finally began begging out loud for his cum, but he wouldn't give it to me. He was being a real brat.  
  
Once the scene was over, I stayed right where I was, face to face on top of him. I was giving him time for his cock to go soft; at least that's what I was supposed to be doing. As the curtain descended, we lay grinning in each other's arms, and he followed Katherine's instructions to a tee by gently caressing my ass. I didn't quite play my part, though, choosing instead to drive him insane by clenching my wet pussy all over his pulsing cockhead.  
  
"Ooooh, fuck, Jen! What are you doing?" he grimaced.  
  
Giggling, I got up and grabbed my robe, and without putting it on I headed naked to my dressing room. A few moments later there was a knock on my door, then J.T. came in.  
  
"So what'd you think?" I asked, grinning in my vanity mirror.  
  
"I...umm...you're a great actress, Jen. You were just awesome. Damn, it looked so real!" was all he managed to splutter out.  
  
"Did it? Did you like seeing me like that...with Dirk?" Still grinning, I turned to him. "C'mere."  
  
His hard-on was obvious. When he was within arm's reach, I stroked him through his pants. "I guess you did," I purred. "Guess what? You're really going to like this next scene. You'll get to watch Dirk fuck me. Will that turn you on, baby? Are you looking forward to seeing me naked with him, my legs spread, my pussy being pounded by his big cock? Do you think you'll cum from watching me, the way you do when I suck Ray's dick?"  
  
I was really laying it on thick. I was enjoying it, and he deserved every bit of it.   
  
Before the next scene was about to begin, I positioned myself diagonally on the bed, making sure to point my ass directly towards the audience. Again Dirk came out with an enormous erection; again Katherine let it slide. Undulating my hips in rhythm with Dirk's exploring hands, I did my slutty best to expose my wet pussy to J.T. I was praying Dirk would finger-fuck me, and I was really hoping he'd jam one deep in my ass. Instead, he just kept pulling my ass cheeks apart with one hand, opening me wide with an outward caressing motion.  
  
"You have such a gorgeous pussy, Jen," he whispered.  
  
"Mmmmm, touch it," I whispered back.  
  
Teasing me instead of touching me, he again pulled my ass open and whispered, "You have the cutest little asshole."  
  
"It's yours, but you better take it soon, before I get tired of waiting and give it to someone else," I whispered, turning my head to look at him.  
  
"Someone else like J.T., or someone else like Katherine?" he whispered back, grinning.  
  
I just wiggled my bottom again. "Mmmm-hmmm! I bet she'd know exactly what to do with my ass...."  
  
It's a good thing we weren't mic'd! We were just whispering to each other, and Katherine always loves when we do that. She thinks it adds to the realism of the scene, so she never stops us. She just lets us roll in and out of the script.  
  
"Awesome, Dirk!" she called out. "That's an amazing shot of her! Jen, you can't imagine how gorgeous you look!"  
  
Since Katherine seemed to be letting everything go, Dirk went ahead and slid two fingers inside my pussy and began deeply fucking me. Moaning, I spread my legs, totally showing myself to the audience.   
  
"Okay, I think you guys are more than ready to move on to the next scene!" laughed Katherine, but only after she'd let him openly fuck me for a good thirty seconds! She saw that Dirk was still completely hard, and all she did was laugh again. "Jesus, Dirk, would you get that thing beneath the covers already, you big show off!"  
  
When we climbed into bed, Dirk finally broached the subject of J.T. being at the rehearsal.   
  
"Why'd you bring him here?" he whispered.  
  
I jumped when he slapped his cockhead against my clit. "I didn't," I said, my breathing becoming ragged. "I had no idea he would be here tonight. He just decided to show up on his own."  
  
Dirk leered evilly. "Jen, take it in your hand. You know what to do."  
  
"Oh, you really are cruel," I grinned, reaching down to grasp his rock-hard length. With my other hand I spread my lips and guided his large crown inside the drenched mouth of my pussy. "Maybe with him here you'll finally do more than just tease me," I smiled sexily. Moving my hips forward, I took a good few inches of his cock into my wet, welcoming embrace…then I suddenly gasped.  
  
He'd dropped his hips, sinking his thick slab all the way inside my steaming well.   
  
"Ohhh god!" I moaned, wrapping my arms and legs around him. He leaned down to kiss me, then we wildly tongue-wrestled for a solid couple of minutes while his ravenous cock pounded my ecstatic pussy. Pulling the sheet down, I grabbed his bare ass and drove him into me hard and fast. He was going so deep that it felt like he was bombing my throat, and still I wanted more. Our bodies were loudly smacking together, and his huge balls were slapping against my ass. I raised my legs even higher, draping them on his shoulders; I could hear our wet sluicing sounds, which drove me even crazier. His cock completely filled me, and it was…perfect. It was fucking perfect. I only wished I also had it in my mouth at the same time it was gloriously ransacking my cunt.  
  
Finally I screamed, "Yes! Yes! Fuck me, Dirk! Fuck me!"   
  
"It's Eric, you nitwit!" came a stagehand's voice. "What are you, blonde? You're being fucked by Eric Clapton, not Dirk, remember?"  
  
I laughed, Dirk laughed, and suddenly the whole theater was busting up! Looking past Dirk's arm, I saw Katherine laughing so hard that tears were coming down her face, and even J.T. was laughing into his cell phone.  
  
"FINE!" I yelled out, laughing along with everyone else. "Fuck me, ERIC! Oh god, ERIC! Keep fucking me with your huge ERIC cock! Fill me with your ERIC cum!"  
  
How awesome! How totally, amazingly awesome! Dirk was finally fucking me, the whole crew plus my boyfriend were watching, and we were all having the best laugh ever!  
  
"I mean it," I said, whispering to Dirk. "Fill me with your cum! I've waited so long to feel your cock inside me, and all I want now is to feel it explode! Fill my pussy with your biggest load ever!"  
  
Changing things up, he started fucking me slowly and deeply. I was finally getting to experience his cock sliding inside my pussy, and it was everything I ever imagined. It was so big that it completely stretched me open; I felt totally stuffed with warm, hard cock. On every upstroke I jumped at the electric sensation of his silky shaft dragging deliciously along my clit…on every downstroke I moaned when his cockhead kissed my cervix. Each time he bottomed out, with his balls slapping against my wet ass cheeks, I cried out with joy.  
  
"God, you're splitting me open…your dick goes so deep inside me…mmmm, this is the best, baby…the best…love your cock…your pounding cock…ooh, yes, fuck my pussy!" I moaned, loudly enough for the janitor to hear me!  
  
That's when Dirk pulled me up on top of him.  
  
"Sheets! Sheets!" yelled Katherine.  
  
"Sorry!" Dirk yelled back. "Won't happen again! Promise!"  
  
"Better not!" she laughed. "I saw more than just pink that time, you mule!"  
  
The crew loved that one, but I loved looking at Dirk's face as I reached between my legs to position his cock. I loved it even more when I slowly slid down, completely impaling myself on his long, thick shaft.  
  
"Keep my pussy covered, but make sure to let my ass show. I want you to squeeze it like crazy while we fuck our brains out. I'm not going to stop fucking you until we both cum," I whispered.  
  
"You know J.T. is watching. Do you think he realizes?"   
  
"Probably...you let the sheet drop...dunno...don't care...do you?" I grinned, panting each set of words in short bursts as I rode up and down his thrill-ride cock.  
  
"Not really," he said, pulling me down to kiss me.  
  
"Good, then fuck me better than you've ever fucked anyone. Let him watch as you take me from him," I moaned, cumming on his cock just from saying it.  
  
Arching my back, I reached up to cup my breasts and pinch my nipples. Dirk began a ferocious slamming deep inside my pussy, making me cry out in sheer delirium. I was sure everyone could hear our bodies smacking together, but I guess that's what Katherine wanted because she shouted, "Perfect! This is the perfect fuck!"  
  
"Jen, where do you want it? I'm getting close!" hissed Dirk, and I had to reach back to hold the sheet when he let go of it to mash my breasts with both hands. I knew my ass was showing, so I started squeezing it myself while bouncing up and down on his magical dick.  
  
"Awesome move, Jen! Love the ass squeezing!" cheered Katherine.  
  
Leaning down, I whispered to Dirk, "In my pussy! I want all of it, as much as you can give me!" Then I gave his lip a little bite. "Now get your hands back on my ass, and hold that sheet up!"  
  
When he exploded inside me, I screamed, "FUUUCK MEEEE!" I think I shocked Dirk with how loud I was, and I know I startled Katherine. She literally shrieked! God, I came hard. There was so much cum dripping from both of us that we couldn't even move away from the bed.  
  
Dashing backstage, Katherine grabbed us a couple of towels. "I'm guessing you guys will need these," she whispered, grinning brightly as she tossed them on the bed. "Just stay here until you're ready to get up. I'll cover for you."  
  
From then on, Katherine always made sure there was a big towel hidden under the covers for us.  
  
I knew it would be about an hour before my next scene, so I went back to my dressing room. Turning the lights off, I curled up on my little couch to take a quick catnap.  
  
A few minutes later there was a knock at my door. "Jen, it's me. Can I come in?" asked J.T.  
  
I was only wearing a little robe, and my pussy was still leaking cum. I knew I had to reek of sex.  
  
'So? I just did a sex scene,' I thought to myself. 'Of course I'm all sweaty, and why wouldn't my pussy be wet?'  
  
"Come on in," I said, leaning over to turn up the dimmer in the room. I was about to ask him what he thought about the scene when he just launched himself on top of me! Before I even knew what was happening, he was thrusting his hard-on inside my cum-filled pussy!  
  
"Oh, fuck, Jen! That was the most awesome thing I've ever seen! You made it look so real!" Railing me like a madman, he laughed, "Jesus, your pussy is totally drenched! I've never felt it this wet before! God, you are so fucking hot!"  
  
Grasping his hips to pull him into me, I urged him on. "Hurry, baby," I whispered. "We don't have much time, so cum for me."  
  
I wanted him to add his cum to Dirk's, just to make sure.  
  
As J.T. was pouring his load inside me, I heard another knock on my door. Before I could say anything, Katherine came into the room.  
  
"Oh! Sorry! I didn't see any lights on, and I wasn't sure anybody was even in here!" she said, quickly ducking back out of the room.  
  
"You gotta get out of here!" I giggled to J.T., pushing him off me and out the door.  
  
A few moments later I was lying back on my little sofa, laughing to myself over how crazy things had gotten lately. The knock on the door came again, and this time Katherine asked, "Jen? May I come in?"  
  
"Come on in. Everyone else does," I laughed.  
  
She came in and sat down beside me on the sofa. "Sorry about that. I didn't know you had company," she smiled, caressing my face. "Sweetie, you should probably lock your door when you're entertaining guests."  
  
"I'm sorry about that too. I swear I didn't know he was going to come in, then he just went crazy. God, I've never seen him so horny. He was inside me before I even had a chance to say anything. The next thing I knew, there you were, watching me getting fucked."  
  
"Can't exactly say I blame him," she grinned. Taking my hand, she laughed, "For as long as he lives, I bet the image of you fucking Dirk like that will forever be burned into his brain!"  
  
I just squeezed her hand and held it to my chest. My robe was open, I was lying on my back with two full loads of cum inside my pussy, and my favorite person in the whole world was smiling at me. I didn't know what to say, so I kissed her hand before bringing it back to my chest.  
  
"Are you okay?" she asked.  
  
I'd already gotten over what J.T. did. To tell the truth, it barely even registered with me. I was still thinking of Dirk, plus I was thinking of my sexy Katherine.  
  
"I'm fine," I said, smiling softly. "And thank you, Katherine." I kissed her hand again before laying it on my bare stomach.  
  
"What are you thanking *me* for?" she asked, gently rubbing my warm tummy.  
  
"I'm thanking you for everything you've done for me, and for the way you always make me feel so beautiful. Katherine, it's everything you do, and everything you say. I love every moment I'm near you. I swear, I love everything about you."  
  
Katherine started crying! Oh god! I sat up and hugged her, frantically kissing her beautiful, glistening eyes. Then I started crying too!  
  
"Jen…god…you amazing, wonderful girl. You really have no idea what you're doing to me," she said, wiping our tears away.  
  
As she touched my face, I basked in the warmth of her radiant smile. "Katherine, all I know is that for the first time in my life I'm feeling what other people feel. I've never felt any truly intense emotions before, and now you're making me feel them every day. Because of you, I'm becoming a real woman. This time you've given me - this time with you, and with Dirk - it's like a godsend."  
  
"What about J.T.?" she asked, seductively running her fingertips through my soft little landing strip of pubic hair.  
  
"Mmmm, you have the best touch in the whole world, you know that?"  
  
"If that's true, it's only because I'm touching the most beautiful girl in the whole world," she said, smiling sweetly. "So what about J.T.?"  
  
"This will sound cruel, but I think I'm pretty much done with him. He cheats too much on me, plus he's just not…you know…."  
  
"He's just not what, baby?" She was caressing my wet pussy lips.   
  
"He's just not…*you*. He doesn't make me feel the way you do. No one ever has. Katherine, I've never been in love before, not until I fell in love with you."  
  
With her bottom lip trembling and her shimmering eyes sparkling, her voice caught in her throat. She let out a sexy gasp when I spread my legs for her.  
  
"Are you going to make me cum again?" I asked, touching her tears.  
  
"Yes, I will…if you want me to," she whispered, staring at my delicate folds.  
  
"You know I do."  
  
Smiling happily, she spread my lips with her fingertips, and a new thought instantly overwhelmed me.  
  
"Katherine? Will you let me make you cum too? Please?"  
  
Getting up to lock my door, she purred, "Mmmm, I've got news for you, baby…." Returning to my side, she reached beneath her skirt to slip off her panties. "You already have…many, many times."  
  
When she leaned down to kiss me, my wildest dreams were coming true. She pressed her tongue between my lips, making me moan her name. Grasping my breast, she pinched the nipple before lightly nipping at it with her teeth, and I nearly passed out.  
  
"Then let me make you cum again," I managed to whisper between ragged breaths, as I began turning her hips.  
  
"Oh, Jen," she moaned.  
  
I felt warm breath on my tender lips, then a soft, feminine kiss. I realized she was going to eat my pussy full of cum; clutching her beautiful bottom, I came again.  
  
"Oh god…oh fuck!" she yelped when I pressed my mouth to her moist, silky slit. As I slithered my tongue inside, I felt her pussy spasm, and her whole body quivered.  
  
Damn, I wanted her more than anything. Burying my face in her gorgeous sex, I spread her open and attacked her shining wet flower with a hunger I'd never known. When she cried my name, moaning it deep inside my pussy, I came and came and came.  
  
~ ~ ~   
  
"Jen, Dirk, this is Jeff, my dashing boyfriend, while this stunningly sexy creature over here is Carrie, my dearest friend in the whole wide world."  
  
Katherine shared a secret smile with me as she playfully introduced Carrie, her girlfriend. "Nobody here but you knows about us. Everyone else thinks she's just my friend," Katherine whispered to me, giggling as we all exchanged hugs.  
  
"Your secret is safe with me!" I whispered back, grinning while biting her ear.  
  
After shaking Dirk's hand, Jeff was pretty obvious in the way he looked me over.  
  
Carrie, though, wooo, she looked at me like, well, I'm not quite sure. Was her look that of the protective mother antelope who spies a hungry hyena trailing after her foal, or was it more the look of the hungry hyena? I couldn't read her, but she was definitely giving me an intense stare.  
  
"So you're the gorgeous thing Katie keeps going on and on about," she finally said, her eyes conspicuously traveling up and down my body. "It's Jennifer, correct?"  
  
I still couldn't tell. Was I the threat or the prey?   
  
"Yes, it's Jennifer. Everyone just calls me Jen," I smiled. 'Madison Avenue blonde,' I thought to myself, quickly pigeonholing her.  
  
Carrie looked very high-dollar; slick and refined…unattainable. She seemed nine feet tall, all of it slim legs and golden blonde hair. She had small breasts and a tight, beautiful ass, with not an ounce of fat anywhere on her elegant body. Adding everything up, including her long, slender neck, she looked positively regal.  
  
She also looked positively feral. I decided I'd need to watch myself around her, at least until I could read her intentions more clearly.  
  
"I hear you and Dirk will be putting on quite a show for us tonight," she said, inscrutable as ever.  
  
Going out of my way to look her over just as blatantly as she was appraising me, I gave her a coy smile. "It's mostly Dirk's show. He sings, he plays guitar, he makes love and war and chases after fire trucks. He carries everything. The show's named after my character, but I'm really more of a prop than anything."  
  
"Hmmm, now why don't I believe you? I have this feeling you're being just a skosh overly modest." Grinning mischievously, she took my hand and held it over my head, inviting me to spin for her.  
  
'You really want to check me out? Fine, I'll show you all I have,' I decided, spinning for her as sexily as I could, provocatively thrusting my tits and ass out at the appropriate moments.  
  
"Oh my, Katie was certainly not exaggerating," said Carrie, flashing an approving smile. "Darling, you're being entirely too modest. You are absolutely stunning, and my dear, sweet Katie doll has doubtless concocted a deliciously wicked scheme that will display your uniquely pleasing talents to the utmost effect."  
  
Katherine and Carrie shared an amused look before Katherine laughed, "Jen, don't mind her. Believe it or not, she always talks that way. She's quite the flatterer."  
  
After giving Jeff and Carrie each a warm kiss on the cheek, she grabbed Dirk and me by our elbows to lead us backstage. "Let's go, it's time to start getting ready for the show!"  
  
Carrie never took her eyes off me.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Opening Night was finally upon us. After what seemed like the blink of an eye, all the long weeks of rehearsals were over. It was time to do this thing in front of a live audience.  
  
Judging by the way Katherine came excitedly blustering into my dressing room to tell me the place was sold out, I guess the advance buzz must have been pretty good. The biggest thing to her was the fact that at least two major papers had sent reviewers to catch our show.  
  
"I know you're gonna knock 'em dead, Jen!" she enthused. "It's Dirk's overly excitable cock we gotta worry about! You know, maybe we should just hire him a fluffer! Instead of having the girl blow him to keep him hard right before his nude scenes, we'll have her blow him to make him cum. Maybe that way he won't have such a huge boner every second he's in front of the audience!"  
  
"No!! Don't ruin my toy!" I cried. Laughing together, we hugged, and just as quickly as she'd blown into my room she was gone again.  
  
Deciding I was as ready as I was ever going to be, I went to Dirk's dressing room to wish him good luck.  
  
"So are you all set for the night of your life?" he smiled, welcoming me into his room with a warm, friendly hug. That was probably the first completely innocent body-contact we'd ever shared.  
  
"Yep! I'm like totally spazzing!" I exclaimed, squeezing him tight. "I can't believe it's finally here, our first ever professional Opening Night! What about you? Aren't you excited too?"  
  
"Jen, I've never told you this before," he said, pulling me by my hand to his sofa.  
  
"Told me what?" I asked, wondering why he'd suddenly become so serious.  
  
"Okay, here's the deal. You know I took this thing on as kind of a joke, right? The only reason I signed up to do this was to be with you, and to piss off J.T."  
  
I was about to respond when he cut me off.  
  
"Just let me get this out before you say anything," he said, squeezing my hand.  
  
I nodded and didn't say a word.  
  
"I moved in next door at the dorm to be close to you, and I auditioned for this play to be close to you. You already know that. The thing is, I never seriously thought I'd get the part. I mean, c'mon, I'm not even an actor. I figured nobody in their right mind would ever hire me to play the lead role in a professional play, much less the lead role as Eric fucking Clapton! That's insane!"  
  
"But you're great, Dirk. You really are. Everyone says so," I said, squeezing his hand right back.  
  
"Jen, I haven't even been trying! I've just been fucking around while enjoying my time with you. That's all it was ever about to me. I never cared about this play!"  
  
"Dirk, your plan worked. You got me, didn't you? You should be happy now. Everything went exactly the way you wanted it; the moving in next door, this play…all of it. What's the problem?"  
  
"Jen, what I'm trying to tell you is that I'm scared, okay?"  
  
"Scared? About what? You know I'll do anything you want."  
  
"That isn't it. That's not what I'm scared about anymore. It suddenly dawned on me during my ride home after our first time, you know, when we finally did it on stage. I thought to myself, 'Holy fuck, dude, your whole life could change because of this thing. More importantly, so could Jen's. This is serious. You better not fuck it up for her. This show could be the beginning of everything she ever dreamed about. It could put her on the road to stardom…and you too, you idiot! Did you ever even think about *that?'*  
  
"Jen, now that this thing is really here, it's hitting me like a ton of bricks. I suddenly realize what's at stake, and I'm afraid I'll blow it. I'm afraid I'll blow it for you."  
  
Kissing his hand, I said, "Dirk, you'll be great. You're always great. Just do what you do. You know the songs, you have a killer voice, and you could do your lines in your sleep. When we're together on stage, just look at me; remember who I am to you, and who you've become to me. I promise, everything will be just fine.  
  
"Besides, believe me, I'm nervous too! It's okay to be nervous. Nervous is good, that's what everyone always says."  
  
Giving him a sexy look, I slid his hand up the back of my thigh and under my robe. "Baby, just remember what you promised me. Tonight's the night, and J.T. will be in the audience. Focus on that. As long as you keep thinking about what you're going to do to me out there, you'll breeze right through this thing, just like you always do."  
  
"I did promise you tonight would be the night, didn't I?" he grinned, cupping my bare ass.  
  
Leaning in for a hug, I pressed myself hard against him and whispered into his ear, "Yes, you did, baby. Tonight I give my ass to you. For the first time ever, a cock will fuck me in my forbidden place - your cock. You *will* take my ass tonight, Dirk. I've saved it just for you, and I want you to keep thinking about how amazing it's going to feel when you slide your huge dick up my tiny, virgin hole. Before you know it, you'll have taken my final cherry, and we'll be cumming together…with J.T., Ray, Katherine, my parents and all of New York City watching. We'll even get to read about it in the papers."  
  
Reaching down to squeeze his growing cock, I grinned, "You're gonna be awesome tonight. You are absolutely going to *own*."  
  
"You're beginning to sound like Katherine," he said, hugging me tightly. "And I mean that in the very best of ways. Thank you, Jen. I knew I needed to talk to you."  
  
"Are we still good for tonight?" I asked, trying to chirp as cheerfully as Katherine would. Glancing down, I saw that he had another enormous erection. "God, baby, look at you," I said, going to my knees. Quickly undoing his pants, I pulled out his throbbing cock and took it in my mouth. Moaning hungrily, I gave it a couple of long, delicious slurps and teasing nips before using two hands to feed it all the way into my throat. Savoring the intense pleasure, I hummed happily around his thick shaft, then I simply began bobbing my head, eagerly sucking every glorious inch. I didn't want him cumming just yet, though, so after giving him a final little lick in his pee slit I came to my feet again. Never releasing his outrageous hard-on, I returned to his warm embrace. "Mmmm…your dick is definitely ready for tonight," I purred, playfully biting his lip.  
  
Damn, my heart was racing. My life was zooming, and I was loving every second of the ride.  
  
"You just wait, little girl. You won't even be able to walk tomorrow," he breathed hotly, slipping a finger up my ass as his tongue slithered into my mouth.  
  
"Promises, promises," I whispered, dancing my bottom while melting into his kiss.  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
The play was going along great, but then I had it easy since the early scenes were all music pieces with Clapton and Harrison. My first appearance wasn't until a good twenty minutes in, so I was able to sit off to the side of the stage and watch Dirk belt out his songs.  
  
Looking out at the audience, I noticed J.T., Ray and Katherine's people were all in the second row. When Carrie spotted me, she blew me a kiss! Giggling, I blew one right back. Beaming brightly, she pretended to catch it and drop it down the front of her dress! I laughed so hard that I had to cover my mouth, which made her laugh too.  
  
Suddenly I was no longer nervous; I was just eager and excited. I wanted...everything. I wanted love and laughter and adulation. I wanted sex. I wanted hands and mouths, pussies and cocks. I wanted to cum for the world, and I wanted Dirk, Katherine and Carrie to cover me in kisses.  
  
I laughed to myself when I realized I also wanted to make that sweet knucklehead Ray cum in his pants.  
  
Finally my part came up, and I honestly don't even remember doing my lines. I can't recall anything I did, at least not until our first make-out scene.  
  
As Dirk and I were getting ready to head on out there, Katherine gave us each a big hug before offering her final words of encouragement. "Let's really turn up the heat, guys. Just totally go for it!"  
  
To her great relief, I'm sure, Dirk managed not to be completely erect during our first hug, kiss and grope. I did my little ass-wiggle when his hands went to my bottom, then I giggled in his mouth at the sight of Katherine clapping excitedly offstage.  
  
When Dirk stood me front and center and began running his hands up the backs of my thighs, I think I floated right out of my body.   
  
I'll never forget the lone female gasp I heard from the otherwise strikingly silent audience when Dirk first pulled my robe over my ass. As he tugged my panties down, I had a wet, crashing orgasm that I thought would never end. To my everlasting gratitude, he quickly realized that at least on this night he had to do more than simply squeeze and cup my bare ass before nuzzling my pussy; he also literally had to hold me up, just to keep me from collapsing.   
  
I barely had enough presence of mind to do my ass-wiggle before stepping out of my panties.   
  
Dirk whispered, "Relax, Jen. This is just like that night at our dorm when you showed off your ass in your sexy robe, daring me to take you. You wanted me to fuck you right there on the couch, even hoping someone would catch us. That's all we're doing now. With people watching, I'm eating your pussy and touching your ass, the same as we've been doing for weeks. No biggie, right?" Grinning, he made sure to show the audience every inch of my naked, trembling bottom, and with the way he hungrily licked my pussy I didn't need any reminders from Katherine to dance my hips and wiggle my ass.  
  
His gentle words brought me back into the moment, and I was able to settle down.  
  
Katherine couldn't have known what Dirk had said, but she gave us a big thumbs up when she saw me relax and mentally rejoin the scene. Once Dirk saw that I was back on the same planet with him, he playfully nipped at my pussy and whispered, "Good girl! There's my beautiful slut!"  
  
Smiling happily, I mouthed, "Yep! Here I am!" Grinding my hips, I pulled his head firmly into my pussy, then I went that one step further again by draping my thigh over his shoulder.  
  
From off to the side Katherine stage-whispered, "Awesome!"  
  
When we moved to the scene where I was to pull down Dirk's silk pajamas, I heard another couple of gasps from the audience, including a seriously sexy moan from Carrie. That wasn't designed to be one of Katherine's "show off Jen's ass" scenes, but I kind of spaced on where I was supposed to position myself. Katherine wanted me sitting up straight as I began to tug on his pajamas. Instead I was bent at the waist, and the gasps came in response to the spread-legged shot of my bare ass and pussy I'd inadvertently flashed the audience.  
  
I nuzzled the front of Dirk's pajamas as I pulled them down, and it was obvious he was fully hard. I knew we needed to get those house lights lowered, but I couldn't resist the temptation to run my lips over his crazy bulge, which made Katherine giggle. When Dirk reached up to turn off the little lamp on the end table, I quickly nudged him onto his back.  
  
What a relief, having the place go nearly dark. What a rush, too! First the audience was hushed, then there began a continuous, excited murmuring as I returned my lips to Dirk's rampant erection. When I pulled his rock-hard cock free of his pajamas, I whispered, "Here we go, baby!" Moaning around the head of his cock, I slowly swallowed him all the way down, taking my time to savor every inch. Thrilled to be sucking his dick on stage, I was determined to perform the sexiest blowjob anyone in that audience had ever seen. Moving my bare ass in provocative circles, I arched my back and used both hands to pump him while slipping the point of my tongue into his already-drooling slit. Also, rather than use my Layla wig's long hair to help keep him somewhat covered, I hooked it over my ear so everyone could see the silhouette of my mouth traveling up and down his seemingly endless pole.  
  
The way he kept thrusting his hips and tugging on my nipples told me he was growing impatient, though, which he confirmed by suddenly pulling me up into a sixty-nine.  
  
I'm sure Katherine thought we went a little too fast there, but I think we more than made up for it once I was on top of him.  
  
At first I thought Dirk was going to be content to lick my pussy as I hummed my throat around his thrusting dick, yet it wasn't long before he loudly slapped my cheeks with both hands and buried his face in my ass. Though a woman in the audience shrieked at the sound of him slapping my ass, neither of us made any effort to quiet the sounds of our oral sex. In fact, I went out of my way to give him the wettest, slurpiest, noisiest blowjob ever. I also didn't even try to use my upper body to shield what I was doing to his enormous erection. No, I just trusted to the lighting while continuing to thrill at the thought of the silhouette I imagined we must've been making with my mouth hungrily moving up and down his amazing cock. Letting out a long, deep moan, I realized that I wouldn't have minded at all if they'd left the house lights on. I *wanted* everyone there to watch me suck his beautiful cock.  
  
I smiled to myself as Dirk just kept laving and deep-tonguing my ass. Normally he devoted most of that scene to eating my pussy; this time he spent nearly all of it prepping my ass for what we both knew would be happening in the very next act.  
  
'What a considerate guy!' I thought, laughing to myself at the absurdity of it all.  
  
I wasn't about to let him use up his initial huge load of cum by shooting it down my throat…not this time. I knew he could get it up and cum again after intermission; that wasn't the issue. I simply wanted to save his biggest explosion for my very first ass-fucking.   
  
Finally, following another loud slapping of my bottom from Dirk - which had become our usual cue - I got up from the couch. With my body turned sidelong to the audience, I slipped my robe over my shoulders before letting it fall to the stage. Arching my back and cupping my breasts, I was happy that my fully erect nipples were surely standing out nicely in profile. Very slowly I bent at the waist to climb down on top of Dirk.  
  
"No cumming for you yet, mister," I whispered once we were pressed fully together, face to face. Giving the audience another sexy silhouette, I arched my back and pooched my wiggling ass into Dirk's hands, then I dragged my full breasts with their erect tips back and forth over his lips.  
  
"Holy fucking god," came a male voice from the audience, just before the stage went completely black.   
  
Utter silence…then an explosion of raucous whistles and applause.  
  
"I think we done good!" whispered Dirk as the curtain slowly descended.  
  
Nodding happily, I kissed him on the lips. "C'mon, let's go!" I said, pulling him up once the curtain was all the way down. We went to grab my robe and his pajamas, then I said, "Wait, they still need to be here at the beginning of the next scene. We never do put them back on, remember?"  
  
As we ran off the stage, Katherine was right there to meet us with two plush robes before hurrying us away. She pulled us into a group hug near our dressing rooms, and she was literally jumping up and down with joy!  
  
"Did you hear that? Did you guys fucking hear that?! They went crazy for you! They loved it! You were absolutely incredible! Jen, that was the hottest thing *ever*, the way you moaned and made all those slurping sounds as you sucked his dick! God, you did such long, sexy strokes, letting us see the silhouette of your mouth moving up and down his huge cock! Then that killer kitty-stretch you added there at the end, when you arched your back and thrust out your erect nipples! Oh my god, girl, that was awesome! Where'd you come up with *that??* And you had like a five-minute orgasm when Dirk lifted your robe and pulled down your panties! I about died, watching you cum and cum and cum!  
  
"Dirk, what did you do to calm her down there? Before you somehow pulled her back together, she looked like she was about to dissolve into a puddle right on the stage! Seriously, what did you say to her?"  
  
Dirk took my hands. "I told her to relax, that it was no biggie. She's used to having me show off that perfect ass of hers, so let's just do what we always do."  
  
I smiled at Katherine. "He said exactly the right thing, in exactly the right way, at exactly the right time." Then I turned back to Dirk. "Thank you so much, baby. You totally saved me out there." Giving him a big hug, I smothered his face with smacking wet kisses.  
  
"Awesome, Dirk, really awesome," Katherine said, taking his hands. "You guys are just amazing. I still can't believe you haven't been doing this for years. You two have the poise of people who've performed on stage their whole lives."  
  
"Hey, what can I say?" smiled Dirk. "I love this girl. I'll do anything for her. You guys oughtta know that by know."  
  
My hands went to my mouth in shock; blinking through my tears, I could only stare at him and whisper, "Oh, Dirk…."  
  
He gave me a deeply penetrating look. "Jen, you know I love you. Whatever happens out there, I am *not* going to let you down."  
  
Katherine's big, gorgeous eyes were spilling too when she turned me back into Dirk's arms for the warmest, sexiest and most erotic kiss of my young life. As she hugged me from behind, I felt her beautiful tears on my neck.  
  
Just wanting to touch her, I reached behind my head to caress her face. After kissing my shoulder, she took my hand and brought it to her lips. One by one she kissed my fingers, then, as suddenly as she does everything else, she let go of me and ran behind some heavy curtains, leaving the two of us alone together.  
  
"You know what this means," I said, looking up starry-eyed at Dirk.  
  
"What does this mean?" he asked, giving me a sweet, wonderful smile.  
  
"It means no refunds, and no returns. Now you *have* to take my ass in this next scene. You wouldn't dare turn me down again, like you did at the dorm...not if you love me."  
  
Dirk hugged me close and whispered in my ear, "I do love you, Jen, and I don't want any refunds. I only want you."  
  
We knew we didn't have much time before the next scene; not that we really had anything major to do in order to get ready for it. I mean it wasn't like we had to do any big wardrobe or make-up changes. We were going to be fully nude. All we had to do was take our positions.   
  
Finally, it was time. I was led to the bed, and Dirk went into the little ersatz bathroom the stage crew had included for the hotel room scenes. Feeling truly liberated - or was it truly wicked? - I positioned myself atop the covers with my leg completely bent at the hip, spreading myself wide open. A lot of people in that audience were going to get a clear view between my legs; in particular, the people who were sitting towards the left side of the stage would have a perfect shot of my bare ass and naked pussy.  
  
Then I remembered that Carrie was sitting over there! 'Amazing,' I thought. 'J.T. and Ray are also sitting over there, yet I'm more excited about Carrie seeing me!'  
  
The house lights blinked, letting everyone know the play was about to resume.   
  
When the curtain rose, there I was, facedown naked on the bed, illuminated by a lamp on the nightstand and a little extra stage lighting. Making sure I had my head turned towards the bathroom, I wasn't about to miss Dirk's first ever full-frontal display before a live audience!  
  
I was supposed to be asleep, the two of us having moved over to the bed following our sixty-nine on the sofa. Dirk would exit the bathroom and join me on the bed, gently waking me so we could slip under the covers and make love.  
  
I giggled to myself when I noticed that I'd happened to lay right on top of Katherine's ever-present, thick and fluffy 'clean up' towel hidden beneath the covers.   
  
That Katherine, she never misses a thing. I swear, she really is the best woman I've ever met.  
  
'Here he comes!' I thought excitedly, watching the phony bathroom door swing open. When I heard the first gasps, whistles and catcalls from the audience, I grinned to myself, 'That's right, ladies, eat him up!' His cock was by no means soft, that's for damn sure! He wasn't fully erect, but he was nothing like flaccid either. As he bounced his way over to me, god, he was huge! His swaying shaft was just super long and mouthwateringly thick, and only a little rubbery. Absolutely thrilled for him, I giggled into my pillow, "Yeah, you show 'em, baby!"  
  
With his awesome dick bobbing crazily, he knee-walked across the bed, landing with his hand on my lower back. He began gently stroking me, then he leaned down to nuzzle my neck, giving me sweet little kisses between my shoulder blades.  
  
I whispered, "Well hi there! It looks like *someone* was maybe a little too happy to see me, huh?"  
  
He whispered back, "I tried to think of baseball, but I just kept imagining you as the ball girl! You were showing the crowd your ass every time you bent over to grab a foul ball!"  
  
"Be happy, baby, your cock looked amazing. I'm totally proud of the way you showed it off. Now say something to me, silly!"  
  
Gently stroking my legs, he recited his 'wake up' lines. That was my cue to stir and do my little part there, which consisted of a happy purr, an ass-wiggle, then a warm and breathy, "Mmmm, that feels good."  
  
He leaned forward and began kissing and stroking me everywhere. He must have really been into it because he kissed me a lot more than we'd ever rehearsed it for that scene. Starting between my shoulder blades, he trailed his lips down my spine, all the way to the center of my ass crack, where he lingered over my tingling little star.  
  
A woman in the audience let out a low, sexy moan.  
  
"Look at my goose bumps. Baby, you're giving me chills. Let's get under the covers," I said, finally reciting the long-awaited line…my passport to heaven.  
  
I stood and stretched at the foot of the bed, and that was another thing I just added out of the blue. Stretching way up high on my tiptoes, I raised my arms above my head, clasping my hands together at the very top. It was a move that tightened my abdomen and arched my back, forcing my breasts to thrust out as far they would go while also giving the audience a great look at my flexing calves and thighs. By spreading my legs shoulder-width apart, I offered another perfect shot of my moist pussy.  
  
Anyone in the first few rows definitely had a clear view of my wet lips, and I'm sure the light shining through my split must have made for one sexy silhouette. When I was done stretching, I bounced down onto my heels, making my full breasts judder.  
  
Turning to walk around the bed, I heard a female voice from the audience moan, "My lord!"  
  
Once I got to my side of the bed, I leaned over from the waist to pull back the covers, knowing full well I was wagging my naked pussy directly at the audience.   
  
I was about to cum again, and we hadn't even started yet!  
  
When I climbed into bed, I wasted no time in spreading my legs and pulling Dirk on top of me. Grinning in anticipation, he moved between my wide-open thighs while leaning down to kiss me. Knowing I needed to keep at least some of his ass covered, I raised my knees to form a tent with our sheet.  
  
One of the great things about that scene is there's no scripted dialogue. Katherine just wants us to fuck. As long as we remain in character, whatever we say while we're having sex is fine by her. We don't need to fake anything.  
  
"Remember to call me Eric this time, doofus," Dirk whispered.  
  
I laughed out loud, which might've seemed out of character except for the fact that he chose that moment to make it look like he was very obviously sliding inside me. He made it seem like I was laughing with joy as he penetrated me, and that's exactly what he was doing; he was pushing his cock inside me, and I was laughing more and more with every amazing inch that kissed my hot depths. My pussy was so wet, I was sure the whole building could hear it. I was literally dripping down my ass, I had my first big orgasm of the scene when he whispered, "Now, baby, this is when we let it all go. Finally, we're going to fuck the way we've always wanted."  
  
I creamed all over his balls, and that was it; I completely threw myself into fucking him.  
  
"Fuck me! Fuck my pussy!" I cried, and Dirk drove into me like a man on a mission. Slam! Slam! Slam! For god knows how long, we were just this crazy, pagan cacophony of grunts, moans and panted, unintelligible commands and exclamations.  
  
He at least had the presence of mind to whisper, "My sheet! Remember my sheet!" I pulled him into me by his ass, using the sheet to help drive him home; matching the rhythm of his powerful thrusts were my wildly shaking breasts, shuddering hips and animal moans.  
  
I happened to glance past his arm into the crowd, where I noticed a middle-aged woman simply touching her throat. Unblinking, her expression frozen, she looked like she was in a trance. Quickly scanning down the row, I spotted Ray elbowing J.T. in the ribs, goading him over and over. Again I laughed out loud, even as Dirk continued to devastate me with his incessant pounding.  
  
I heard our bodies slapping together, accompanied by the wickedly wet sluicing sounds of my pussy clutching his shaft on every stroke.  
  
My glance landed next on Carrie, whose face was a total blank; in a daze, almost spellbound, she was absentmindedly sucking her middle finger.  
  
'Yes, watch me, Carrie. Watch how I take this big cock,' I thought.  
  
Moments later I came again, drenching us both, as well as the towel beneath us. When Dirk felt me cumming, he reached down and slid two thick fingers into my ass, making me jerk spasmodically through an endless, screaming orgasm. That was the longest one ever! I just couldn't stop cumming! My pussy gushed out a torrent of juice, completely soaking us. There was so much hot, slippery cum on our slightly scratchy towel that it felt like we were fucking atop a huge slice of warm, buttered toast.  
  
"Oh my god…oh my god…oh my god…" I kept babbling, wondering when my crashing orgasm would ever release me. Finally, as I felt it cresting, I pulled Dirk down and tightly hugged him while screaming, "I love you!!"   
  
Once I'd regained some semblance of awareness, I rolled him onto his back, making sure to keep his cock inside me. Straddling him, I felt my entire upper body and most of my ass become exposed to the audience. He grasped my ass through the sheet and just kept fucking me and fucking me. I was bombing his cock, my breasts bouncing crazily on my chest as my ass shuddered with each pounding stroke from his big dick. I started grinding and wildly moaning, loudly begging for his promise that he'd never stop fucking me. He pulled me close to take my breast in his mouth; I screamed again when he took my entire areola between his teeth and bit down hard on it. Capturing the aching nipple, he began giving it little nips, making me yelp like a bitch with each bite.  
  
When he finally released my pulsing tip, I pushed myself upright again, lifting until he popped out of me. Grinning triumphantly, I took hold of that fucking billy club of his and positioned it at my tight little star. "Now you're going to give me this cock!" I growled, releasing my thighs and pushing my ass down, down, down. Trying to impale myself, I literally howled from the exquisite pain, and Dirk laughed in astonishment at my wild banshee cry. I'd only taken the head and maybe his first couple of inches inside my ass, and already it was the fullest I'd ever felt in my entire life.  
  
Dirk laughed deliriously, matching the manic rhythm of my howls as I kept pushing. I didn't care how much it hurt; I wasn't going to stop until I'd taken that entire battering ram all the way up my ass.  
  
"GODDAMMIT! FUCK MY ASS!!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, and Dirk cried out right along with me when I drove myself down as hard as I could.   
  
My brain melted, and I probably broke a window somewhere. Feeling his balls slamming into my quivering bottom, knowing I'd done it, I'd finally taken a cock all the way up my tight, sexy ass - and not just any cock either, but Dirk's massive pole - that realization set me off; I started launching myself up and down, fucking him in an out-of-control frenzy. Howling in a consistent, guttural pitch, I was cumming so much that I don't think it ever really stopped.  
  
When his dam finally broke, and I felt the explosion of hot cum jetting deep inside me, my mind completely snapped. All hell broke loose, and I had to throw myself down against his chest as my pussy began squirting and squirting and squirting! I was going off like a busted sprinkler head, just gushing all over us, making a wet, sopping mess everywhere. I had to stay down; if I'd sat up at all, everyone in that audience would've seen a fountain of clear cum arcing out of me!  
  
"Oh my fucking god," I panted as my insane orgasm kept washing over me, thoroughly wiping me out. I'd never gushed like that before, and it just wouldn't stop! What in the hell was happening?  
  
Though Dirk was holding me tight, his maniacal laughter also never stopped. He just kept laughing and laughing, like he was being tickled by a thousand Playboy bunnies! "I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" he kept panting between laughs. "God, I love you! You're incredible!! God, I love you!!"  
  
I totally rag-dolled; there were no bones in my body, other than the huge one still pounding its way up my ass. I was a gelatinous blob of utterly satiated girl-flesh.  
  
Finally his cock began to soften, and with an audible *'plop'* my ass squeezed him out. Holding each other, we trembled together, our breathing eventually finding a shared rhythm.  
  
"I can't believe you did that!" he whispered, still laughing a little.   
  
"Me either! I've never done that before!"  
  
"Jen, that was awesome! That was the greatest thing ever!"  
  
"Oh god, it really was…it really was…." Smiling, I punched him in the chest, making the audience laugh.  
  
"Oww! Jesus! What was that for?" he whispered, holding his chest.  
  
I giggled, "That's for making me wait so long, you big jerk!"  
  
~ ~ ~  
  
Having made it through Opening Night, we were all standing together in the lobby. I pretty much had no choice but to join everyone, since my dressing room was filled to bursting with about a million red roses. There wasn't any room left for me!  
  
Katherine was beaming as she spoke with all her various well-wishers, and she was making a point of introducing me and Dirk to everyone. Saying that it was tradition, she insisted that I hold a large bunch of long-stemmed roses while taking pictures and accepting congratulations, then she had me speak with the small gathering of media that appeared seemingly out of nowhere.  
  
My parents were never going to miss my first show, not in New York City, and they were standing with Professor Keener and Katherine. Dirk was a little concerned about what they would say, but I knew there was no reason to worry. They were dyed-in-the-wool theater people who weren't the least bit uptight about nudity or sex.  
  
After Dad shook Dirk's hand and congratulated him on his fine performance, my parents held me at arm's length while Mom declared that her little girl had really grown up. They hugged me and told me how proud they were, then Mom began crying when Professor Keener joined our hug.  
  
"I hate to be the kind of guy who says, 'I told ya so!'" he grinned to Mom. Laughing, he went ahead and said it anyway.  
  
When Katherine literally jumped into his arms, he twirled her around like she was a little girl. She was certainly laughing like one. God, she was so gorgeous. In Katherine's never-ending world of happiness, this was the most joyous moment yet, especially with all her friends there to share it with her.  
  
Once things had quieted down a bit, Ray and J.T. made an appearance. I was standing with Dirk, quietly talking with my parents, when Ray came up to me and blurted excitedly, "Jen, I had no idea you could be that good! You were totally awesome! Girl, I'm serious, you're gonna be a star!"   
  
Thanking him, I gave him a big hug, and it really felt great that he was so genuinely excited for me. Ray was always such a sweetheart.  
  
After J.T. said hello to my parents, he gave Dirk a grudging nod before turning to me to ask if we could have a quick moment alone.  
  
Excusing myself, we moved to a quiet alcove.   
  
"Jen, first I just want to say how awesome you were. Seriously, congratulations, you were incredible. You really are a great actress, and Ray is right, you're gonna be a big star."  
  
Grateful for his encouragement, I gave him a warm hug, but he pulled away. Completely distraught, he couldn't even look at me as he continued, "I also wanted to say I'm sorry. I know you found those panties in my bed and...Jen...fuck, I know I don't deserve you. I'm not smart enough or mature enough to be with someone as amazing as you. I swear, you've always been nothing but awesome, and I've been nothing but an asshole. I know I have a lot of growing up to do, and all I can say is I'm sorry I'm still such an immature idiot that I couldn't treat you the way you deserve to be treated."  
  
Handing me the overnight bag I'd left in his room, he kissed me on the cheek and nodded towards the group. "Here's your stuff. Go, Jen. Go be with people who deserve you."  
  
"Thank you for not making this difficult," I said, returning his kiss.  
  
He was crying. I'd never seen J.T. cry before, and his face was pure sadness as he turned and walked away.  
  
By the time I returned to the group, everyone was making plans to go celebrate. Katherine's boyfriend had to catch a red-eye flight, and Carrie said she also had to get going. They offered their final congratulations, with Carrie blowing me another kiss, then Katherine saw them out.   
  
She soon came back inside and hugged herself against my arm. Dirk and I caught a ride with her over to Professor Keener's favorite Italian restaurant, where together with my parents we all laughed and carried on until finally we closed down the place.  
  
When it was time to call it an evening, I hugged my parents goodbye, thanking them for coming. Professor Keener laughed, "Are you kidding? They wouldn't have missed this for all the tea in China! For that matter, do you think there was any chance whatsoever that I might have *permitted* their absence here tonight? Noooo, darling, none of us were ever going to risk missing our little Jennifer's stirring, sensational, spectacular Broadway debut!" Lifting me into a bear hug, he grinned that he couldn't wait to brag about me in class come Monday morning.  
  
Moving the party outside following a final round of farewells around the table, he and his friends informed my laughing parents that they were kidnapping them, and together they all headed off carousing into the night.  
  
Rejoining Dirk and Katherine, I told them about my break-up with J.T. They understood that for obvious reasons I didn't want to go back to Dirk's dorm, and he told me not to worry about it. Giving me a warm kiss, he said he'd call his brother and get himself reassigned right away. He added that he hoped I would come stay with him once he got his new place, but it was getting really late and time for him to head on home.  
  
I told him of course I would want to stay with him, and I couldn't wait for our next show.  
  
Hugging me, he teasingly patted my bottom while gleefully whispering, "Speaking of which, are you okay?"  
  
Happily wiggling my ass, I breathed into his mouth, "Never better. Have I told you yet how awesome you were tonight? Thank you, baby. You were right, you know. As long as I live, I'll never forget my first ass-fuck."  
  
"As long as I live, I'll never forget your first ass-fuck either!" he laughed. "I love you, Jen, and you were absolutely incredible tonight. You gotta do that squirting thing again for me too!"  
  
"Oh god!" I squealed, burying my face in his shoulder. "I can't believe I actually did that!"  
  
"Neither could I, but I totally loved it!"  
  
"Seriously? You're not just saying that to be polite?"  
  
"Jen, god no! That was the hottest thing I've ever seen! I wanna make you do that every time!"  
  
I giggled, "If that's your plan, you better get us some rubber sheets for our new place!"  
  
After we enjoyed a long, steamy kiss, I stepped aside so Katherine could give him a hug goodbye. Grinning as she moved into his embrace, she whispered something in his ear that made them both laugh, then she reached down and began squeezing and fondling his cock! Making a really sexy show of it, she was totally feeling him up! She even put his hands on her bottom and did a killer ass-wiggle for him!  
  
We were all still laughing when Dirk's taxi rolled up to the curb. Loading him inside, Katherine and I took turns leaning in to give him a final kiss goodbye, then we watched together as his cab drove off into the Manhattan night.  
  
Once he'd disappeared in the swirling sea of tail lights, Katherine took my hands and held me at arm's length, just the way my parents had. Spinning me like a princess, she laughed, "So where does the most beautiful girl in the world go to celebrate her smashing Opening Night performance at the theater?"  
  
Still spinning, I laughed right back, "You tell me! You're the most beautiful girl in the world!"  
  
She pulled me into a hug, and after kissing me and kissing me, turning my heart into pudding, she took me by the hands again. "Seriously, Jen, where will you go tonight?"  
  
Grinning, I kissed her on the nose. "I guess I'll go back to my own dorm. Hopefully my roommate hasn't already replaced me."   
  
Holding my gaze, she gently cupped my chin. "Jen, come stay with me, at least until Dirk gets his new place together."  
  
"Oh god, Katherine, really, you've already done so much for me. I wouldn't want to be an imposition."  
  
"Nonsense, baby. It's no imposition at all. I'd love to have you. Besides, I still want to celebrate some more!"  
  
Squealing with joy, I gave her a wildly frantic hug After we shared the hottest kiss I ever could have imagined, I purred breathlessly, "Are you sure? You really wouldn't mind having me stay with you?"  
  
She kissed me again, moaning as our tongues danced together. Pulling back to look into my eyes, her gorgeous, captivating face was simply glowing. Seductively stroking my hair, she pressed a teasing index finger to my cheek; lingering there, making subtle circles, she slowly traced along my jawline and down my tender neck before coming to rest between my breasts.  
  
Returning her caressing fingertips to my face, her eyes remained locked on mine. Like the first drops of a new rain, she gently touched my lips. Leaning in to give me the softest, sexiest kiss, she whispered into my mouth, "Yes, I'm very sure. Baby, please be with me tonight."  
  
*~the end~*