**Discovering My Inner Exhibitionist**

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I had been looking forward to Saturday night all week. I had been going over my head how the night could possibly go, fantasizing about making out with a cute girl, taking it doggy style from you while strangers watch us with envy . . .but okay, this would be my first time in a sex club. I highly doubt I would be that brave.

It was Saturday at last. I was so in the mood to just let loose and forget about everything the past week. I got all dolled up, and was feeling like I had stepped into an alter ego with my hair in big loose waves. I was giddy at the thought of walking into this party on your arm, hoping to not give away my complete naiveté and novice status in this environment. I decided on a subtle dark v-neck red halter top with a totally open back, tied together at the top, without any bra, and a simple gold necklace that feels tight around my neck.

We had planned to meet at a bar beforehand to grab a drink (or two) and shake the jitters off. It's a tiny, charming bar, with all red and gold decor. You arrive late, so I chat up the bartender, another foreigner, and order some kind of gin concoction. When you finally get there, I'm so excited to see you. I get up and kiss you hello. There's a table of French guys celebrating a birthday party, and as you hug me, caressing my bare back, you tell me that they're all giving me eyes.

You settle in and order a drink, and two of the French guys are behind me, totally invading my space, but I don't mind. I think it's so cute how you are so concerned that they are bothering me. I insist that it's no big deal and I stand up to stand between your legs. Really this was just a ploy for getting you to put your hands on my hips, sneaking them beneath the waste line of my tight black pants. I kiss you at the bar, knowing very well that the French guys are watching in envy, but I love being the girl on your arm out in public, and I want people to know it.

After two quick cocktails, we grab a cab and head to the suburbs - this club is pretty far from the city. At this point the angst is gone and I'm just purely excited. You have your hand on my thigh as I'm looking out the window. We start making out in the cab and we joke that the driver is lucky we don't start having sex right here in the back of the car.

Upon arriving, I feel like I've been transported to a music video. This mansion has to be the set of something. We walk in all unassuming, hoping it's not obvious that it's our first time. I think of how good you look in your button-down shirt and dark blue sport coat. I love getting dressed up for you, and I love experiencing new adventures with you.

We get our wristbands and head to the bar for a drink. As we cross the first floor main area, I see that porn is streaming on the TV. Once we have our drinks, I sit on your lap on a piano bench and we comment on the porn we're watching. The people-watching is top-notch. Some women are in dresses, you know, club wear, while others are in full-on lingerie and stilettos. After getting a good look at the crowd, I say to you "damn, we are the hottest couple here." You honestly say "are you surprised?"

We decide to go upstairs to take a look around. You lead me by the hand up the winding staircase. What we stumble into is one of the main sex rooms. Some people are sipping on their cocktails just watching, while three or four couples are going at it. One guy is devotedly going down on another woman while she looks at the onlookers. The woman closest to me is deep throating her guy and he's sitting back on what seems to be cloud 9. In the corner there is a group - I couldn't really make out what was going on because they were in the dark, but I could hear a lot of what was going on. I can't tell you how much I love the sound of women moaning.

I grab your hand and take you downstairs to the corner room. I take you through the beads that are hanging from the ceiling and act as a curtain. I throw you down on the giant bed-like mat and get on top of you. As we start to make out, and I start kissing your neck, I can feel you getting hard between my legs.

You tell me to get on my knees and I am taken aback by your boldness. It turns me on. I obey of course and you let me blow you. People come and go, but I pay no mind to them. I'm focused on you. What happens later by the pool is a different story.

We decide to go outside to get some air and to explore the mansion more. Outside seems like more of a laid-back atmosphere, so we head to the dance floor. Before I know it you have me back to you, up against the glass wall. I can see a bunch of young people staring at us as you grind on me from behind, and you reach your hands into my panties. I know they can see you fingering me on this dance floor but I don't care. ¡qué me vean!

Back outside for more air. It's shocking how hot it gets with all those horny bodies in one small place.

We're just relaxing by the pool on a cushioned bench. There is another couple on the other side of the pool, and there's a group of young people in the lounge area near the pool. I ask you if you've scouted out any cute girls for me yet. You say it's impossible to find any girls at this party that are good enough for me. I laugh and say you're so full of it.

I say I want to finish what we started in the downstairs room earlier. You don't object . . .

I get on your lap while you're sitting up. You start kissing my chest, and you slip my top to the side. As your lips brush over my nipples, all of the built up sexual tension from this week was let loose. I push you down onto your back and I throw my shoes and pants on the ground. I get on top of you, and you look at me with surprised eyes. My top is now completely open, my breasts bouncing up and down as I start to ride you - but your clothes are still on. I just love teasing you a little bit.

I take your jacket off, unbutton your shirt, and you wiggle out of your pants and shoes. Before I get back on top of you, I kiss around your hips and upper thighs, while I keep my hand on your cock, now rock hard. I pull your underwear down and slowly kiss your hip bones before I put you in my mouth. Your eyes roll back. I can't have you wearing any clothes right now. I want to rip them off of you like they do in the movies. I also take off my top, but you motion to me to leave my red lace thong on. I get back to where I left off, taking you slowly, torturing you with my tongue, not giving you yet both my hands and tongue at the same time. You grab my wrists and pull me up, so I'm sitting on your dick, pressing on your chest and sucking on your fingers as I start going quicker. Once you're inside me, I become totally greedy. But you even more so it seems. You last about 90 seconds in that position before you have me on my knees, face in the bench pillows. You slide my red thong to the side and finally give me what I've been waiting for.

I can see everyone staring at us, whispering and moving closer. I am loving the attention . . .I've never felt an adrenaline rush of this sort. It's kind of terrifying actually, knowing that they can see something so intimate between us, but I get off on how sexy we look to them, and the fact that they are getting so turned on just by watching us. The group of young people switches places to the chairs closer to us.

I can tell they want to either join or start their own thing - but they're being shy. Two of them, a brunette and who looked like her boyfriend, move to the space empty on our same bench. They're so close to us, it's riveting . . .He is sitting up and she is on his lap. "They are staring at us!" I whisper to you. "Enjoy it" you whisper in my ear as you gently pull me by the hair back towards you. You're grabbing my breasts from behind and fucking me harder and harder, as I notice more people have gathered closer to watch. I feel like I'm on top of the world. I never would have ever imagined myself in this situation. The next few minutes are honestly a blur, as I let myself go and close my eyes, knowing well that everyone is staring (and listening).

It's so cold out here, so you give me your sport coat and we just sit and cuddle for a bit, still by the pool, ignoring everyone else's stares. Eventually our curiosity gets the best of us, so we head back inside and upstairs. Best "walk of shame" ever. Up here, there's another bar, and another giant bed full of naked bodies. We stand there frozen for a minute just watching. There is such a thrill in watching people have real sex, in real time. I can't stop thinking about how badly I want to come back here again. I'm not sure what I get off on more - the voyeuristic aspect or the exhibitionist one. I spot one girl getting railed from behind while she goes down on another girl. I make sure to tell you because that is my favorite threesome position.

We head out to the terrace for some air. It's so nice out here. We have some peace and quiet amidst the thrill-seeking. You jokingly tell me how good your big jacket looks on me. I think of how glad I am that I chose you to come to this party with. You put your arms around me to keep me warm, and eventually you can tell that I'm totally sleepy.

We get a taxi and I fall asleep on your shoulder on the way home. I'm out as soon as we get home. I guess that was too much adrenaline for me.

The next morning, a lazy Sunday, I wake up in your big green t-shirt. I realize how early it is and I go back to sleep. The next thing I remember is waking up to you spooning me, getting hard between my legs. Once I'm awake enough to form a complete sentence, I ask you, "Did we really fuck in front of a bunch of people last night?!"

"Yup."

"Did you have a good time?"

"Babe, DID I have a good time? You have no idea . . ."