**Discovering My Kink**

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This is the story of the night I discovered what turned me on. I still get goose bumps when I remember how I went from a shy girl who had never had an orgasm...to a wild woman who had learned that displaying herself in public and coming in front of strangers was best.   
  
I was a 19 year old college sophomore and I was sexually frustrated and curious and filled with yearnings I didn't really understand. My parents had been very strict in high school and I had not been allowed to date unless I was in a group situation and supervised. My first liberating year in college I had been in two serious relationships that each led to sex, but the sex had been brief and unfulfilling and part of the reason I ended each relationship. Neither guy knew how to make me come, and I was too inexperienced and unfamiliar with my own body to help them much. The only masturbating I had done was pressing my pussy up against the dryer when it was vibrating and feeling a strange pulsing inside, but I had always been afraid of being caught and had never pressed long enough to see where that feeling might lead. So while I wasn't technically a virgin, I was an orgasm virgin, and I wanted desperately to learn what all the fuss was about.  
  
I am a natural blonde, fairly petite, with long wavy hair that falls almost to my waist. I have DD cup breasts that are too big for my small frame, very round and full with big pink nipples. I often catch men staring at them, which I secretly enjoy, but the attention makes me blush. And when I blush, it isn't just my face that turns beet red. I feel the flush spread down my chest, into my nipples, and the more embarrassed I feel, the longer and harder my nipples get. If I get really embarrassed, I can feel the blood rushing to my clit. But in the fall of my sophomore year I had not yet made the connection between my embarrassment and sexual pleasure, and maybe that was why I had not yet had an orgasm. Letting a familiar boy touch me in the dark was simply not my kink, and that was the extent of my sexual experience.  
  
But on to the night of my story...Rick, a guy I knew from econ class, had invited me to a party he was throwing at his apartment. It wasn't a date; we were casual friends and he just said a lot of guys were attending and that he hoped I would come and bring a girl friend to help even out the boy-girl ratio. I asked my friend Katie to come with, and she agreed, but at the last minute she bailed on me. I was almost finished dressing and excited about the party when she called and cancelled, and I knew that good girls didn't go to parties alone, but I was sick of being a good girl. "What the hell," I thought. "I want to meet a guy that turns me on, and I'm not going to do that sitting home in my room. Katie or no Katie, I'm going to that party."  
  
I didn't have a car and had never been to Rick's apartment before, but the address was less than a mile away, so I decided to walk. I took one last look in the mirror and smiled. I knew I really looked hot that night. I had spent time shaving my legs, making up my face, painting my nails, and brushing out my hair. I had borrowed an outfit from my roommate, a retro-looking one-piece pantsuit, kind of like something the hot girls in the Austin Powers movies would wear. It was a beautiful blue color and it clung to my curves. My roommate was a size smaller than me, so it looked a little slutty, the way it clung to my breasts and bottom, but that was what I wanted. The pantsuit had a long zipper down the front with a big circle pull, which had been part of the outfit's appeal. I liked the thought that I could display more or less by tugging the zipper up or down.   
  
Under it, to reduce the panty line, I wore the briefest, flimsiest panties I owned. The panties were white, lacy, and see-through. My blonde curly pubic hairs were visible through the front, and the crack of my bottom was visible from the back. I felt very sexy in them and hoped I would find somebody to show them to. My bra was an underwire, which I always wore since my breasts were so large, but the material covering the nipples was the same, flimsy see-through fabric as the panties. The bra pushed my breasts upward, making my already substantial cleavage even more impressive. I took one last look in the mirror, took a deep breath, and tugged the zipper down another inch, until it was halfway between my breasts and the edge of the lacy bra and the inside curve of my breasts peeked out. Then I strapped on my chunky platform heels and headed out for the night. I felt good striding down the sidewalk, confident and full of anticipation. A couple of guys whistled or yelled compliments as they drove by, which made me smile.   
  
When I was just around the corner from Rick's apartment, I heard someone behind me, and I looked back. A guy on a bike was close behind me. He rode past me, then turn to look at me and flashed me a huge smile...and while he was staring, he hit a rock and fell off his bike.  
  
I went over him and leaned down. "Are you okay?" I asked.  
  
He grinned and rubbed his knee, where his jeans were torn and he was bleeding a bit. "Damn, you are one sexy lady. Lean over a little more, will you?" Then his gaze went from my eyes, very deliberately, to my breasts.   
  
He was a good looking guy, kind of dark and foreign looking, well-built, with a gorgeous smile and white teeth and lively, happy brown eyes. He had a bit of an accent that I couldn't place. For some reason I just instinctively liked him, and I guess I felt bad that he had hurt himself ogling me, so I played along and leaned down a bit more and put my breasts closer to his face. "You mean like this?" I replied.  
  
His smile grew even wider. "Do you want to come to my place and play doctor?" And then he reached up, very slowly, and extended his index finger and touched my cheek. He trailed his finger down my face, down my neck, and to my left breast. When he got to the nipple, he scraped his fingernail over the fabric covering the nipple and I gasped and jerked upright, feeling a blush spread over my body and both nipples grow hard.  
  
He got to his feet. "Very interesting," he said softly. "Your nipples say you like me." I blushed even harder and looked down. Both nipples were clearly pressing against the clingy fabric.   
  
"I want to see your breasts." He reached for the zipper, but I stepped back and instinctively crossed my arms over my chest. I was very turned on, but scared and confused. I had never had a guy come on to me so directly and so confidently. "Not so fast," I stuttered. "I don't know what you think you are doing!"  
  
"I would never hurt you. You are just so beautiful I can't help myself. I'm sorry if I scared you." He held out his hand for mine. "My name is Juan. And I want to do whatever you want to do."  
  
I placed my hand in his hand, and his brought my hand to his mouth and kissed it, gently. "I'm Leah," I replied. "And I want you to slow down!"  
  
He smiled and pulled me closer. "I don't think you know what you want." He bent his head as if to kiss me, and he smelled good, and a throbbing started between my legs. I leaned into him, my heart pounding like crazy. He whispered, "I think you want me to kiss you?"  
  
Dumbly, I nodded. He kissed me gently, a soft, steady kiss with just a hint of tongue. While he was kissing me, he brought his hand up and took hold of the zipper pull. I could feel the weight of his hand resting on the circle of silver that could bring my zipper down from my breasts to my crotch. He didn't move his hand, but just knowing that he could practically strip me in an instant made me faint with lust.   
  
He pulled back and looked me straight in the eye. "Please show me your breasts. Right now. Right here." Shocked, I tried to pull away, but he held me firm. Still looking me in the eye, he lowered the zipper. I stilled, petrified, and let him pull it down, past my breasts, down to my waist. Then he let go of the zipper and reached up and opened the fabric out wide to the sides of my breasts. Then he stepped back and stared at me, standing there on a public street with my breasts covered only by a thin piece of transparent lace, blushing furiously.   
  
Suddenly I panicked. What was I thinking? I didn't even know this guy, and I was in a public place. I zipped up as quickly as I could and stumbled to the other side of the street. I looked back over my shoulder, and Juan wasn't pursuing me, he was just standing there, looking sad. "Wait," he called. "I'm sorry I scared you. But I respect that you aren't ready for this yet. When you change your mind, you call me. I'm going to leave my name and number right here." He pulled a pen and a torn piece of paper out of his shirt pocket and wrote something, then bent down and placed it under the rock that had tripped up his bike. As I stood there, debating whether to say goodbye or just walk away, he looked up and called out softly: "One last thing, Leah. You should know that what I love to do best is cunnilingus. I can lick you and make you come over and over again until you faint."  
  
Maybe if I had had something to drink before I met Juan, or if I was more experienced or less uptight, I would have crossed back over the road and gone with him, because his words sent an electric jolt right to my clit. But it was too much and too fast. Even though I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life, I was overwhelmed and too scared to act upon it. "Sorry," I said. And I turned and walked as quickly as I could to the corner and turned down Rick's street. In front of a large apartment building in the middle of the block, several people stood out on the lawn, smoking. Music pounded from an inside apartment, and I knew I had found the party.   
  
I strode toward the front door, fully aware that I was wet and slickery between my legs, wetter than I had ever been making out with a boyfriend. I knew my body had lubricated for Juan in a way it had never done before. I could smell a faint musk rising up from the wetness between my legs, and felt a little light-headed. I didn't know it then, but Juan had just primed my pump for an incredibly erotic night. It's amazing what the right foreplay can do to a girl....  
  
I pushed my way into the party, which was crowded, and looked for Rick. Somebody handed me a drink, which tasted like grape Kool-Aid, but which I knew was spiked with some kind of alcohol. I drank it down quickly and asked for another one to calm my nerves. Somebody else tried to hand me a joint, but I turned it down. I didn't see Rick; in fact I didn't see anybody I knew. Finally somebody told me that Rick's apartment was upstairs from the party and that he had gone up to get more beer.  
  
I walked up the stairs, drink in hand, and knocked on the door. It was opened by a tall, barefooted, good looking guy with dirty blonde hair and a Pepsi in his hand. He told me that Rick had gone to the store, that he was Rick's roommate, Michael, and that I should come in and wait for Rick in the apartment.  
  
"Thanks," I said, walking into the place, noticing that Michael seemed to be alone. The TV was on and there was a single plate on the coffee table. "I didn't know anyone down there and I was feeling a bit out of place. So why aren't you partying?"   
  
Michael shut the door and shrugged. "I'm not much into parties where the music is so loud you can't talk. Plus I'm competing in a triathlon next week, so I don't want to get fucked up and mess up my training schedule."   
  
He turned off the TV show he had been watching, offered me a drink and invited to sit next to him on the couch. Music from the party drifted up, but it was muffled and actually a very nice volume. He pulled out a backgammon set, and before I knew it we were laughing and playing and getting along great. He was a wonderful storyteller, and he had many interesting views. I felt myself relax. I was very impressed that he was a triathlete, and by how fit and muscular he looked. He told me about his workouts, which sounded grueling, and I found myself wanting to see and feel his body. The talking turned into flirting, which turned into kissing, and suddenly I heard myself say, "Want to make this interesting and play strip backgammon?"  
  
Now, had it not been for Juan turning me on so much, and the alcohol, I doubt I would have been so forward. But I was so horny and so ready for release that I just couldn't help myself. Michael looked surprised, but grinned and said, "You are on! But only if you agree that shoes and earrings and stuff like that doesn't count, girls sometimes cheat like that. I have on only three things that count: jeans, boxers, and this shirt. How about you?"  
  
I stood up and turned around slowly. "I have on only three things that count, too. My pantsuit, my bra, and my panties. Think you can get them off of me?"  
  
I admit I played badly on purpose. I wanted to display myself to him, to feel exposed and vulnerable. So at the end of the first game, I was the loser, and Michael leaned back into the couch and put his arms behind his head with a wicked grin. "So that thing you're wearing is mine, Leah! Stand up and peel it off!"  
  
I stood up and faced him, watching his eyes as I moved my hand to the zipper. I slowly zipped it down as far as it would go, but held the fabric together over my breasts. I turned around and peeked back at him over my shoulder as I shrugged my arms out of the sleeves and began lowering the top part down. When I got the fabric down to my waist, I faced him again and saw how his eyes shot to my barely clad breasts. He let out a soft groan. "This is the best game I've ever played, Leah."  
  
I shivered in anticipation and turned away again, and slowly lowered the fabric past my buttocks. I dropped the outfit to the floor and bent over slowly from the waist, and freed one foot at a time from the legs of the outfit. I was still wearing my shoes, so I had to stay bent like that while I wiggled my feet out, my lace-covered pussy and ass facing him. I could feel that the crotch of my panties was soaking wet with my juices, and knew that he could see the wetness and knew how turned on I was, and that the wetness made the panties as transparent as glass and that he could see my pussy lips. I had never felt so exposed, so embarrassed, as sexy as I did right then, bent over in front of a man I had just met.  
  
Then I stood up and turned to face him again, feeling naked in my scanty underwear. He was adjusting an enormous bulge in his jeans. He stood and walked over to me and grabbed me and kissed me fiercely, grinding his erection up against me. Since he was barefoot and I was in platform heels, it was just the right fit and I could feel my pussy lips part and fit against his jeans-covered cock. It felt so sexy to be mostly naked and held by a fully clothed man. I moaned, but when I felt him try to snap open my bra, I pulled back and said, "No, boys want to cheat like that, but you have to win my bra." I liked being almost undressed in front of him and wanted to play the tease a little longer.   
  
I walked over to his kitchen table and dragged a hard chair into the living area and placed it on the other side of the coffee table that held the backgammon game and sat. "I'm going to sit over here, " I said, "because I don't trust myself to sit next to you on the couch."   
  
Michael sank down into the couch across from me and nodded. "I love the view," he said. "But if you're going to sit there, you need to spread your legs open. Wide open."  
  
I blushed then, and literally felt my clitoris grow larger. I spread my legs open and looked down, seeing the transparent fabric pressing into my glistening pussy lips and my blonde pubic curls peeking out from beneath the panties. My clit was harder than it had ever felt before, and I could see it. I knew Michael could see it also, and the thought made me squirm.  
  
I lost the next game, and told Michael he could remove my bra. He took it off so slowly, and as soon as my aching nipples stood free, he sucked them and licked them and then gently took one in his teeth and pulled it out from my body. I was ready to give in then, to quit playing the game, but now Michael was the one to say no. "I want to win you fair and square. I don't want you have any excuse to say no to all the things I plan to do to you. So sit back down and open your legs again."  
  
I struggled back to my chair and sat, obediently opening my legs wide for his viewing pleasure. I loved the feeling of my breasts being exposed and free, and of being so close to being naked. Michael sat and faced me, leaned closer and breathed in deeply through his nose. "You know I can smell you, Leah? I can smell how much you want me to fuck you. " I blushed deeply. "Now I want to see how you like to be touched. Cup your breasts, touch your nipples. Show me what you like."  
  
I cupped my breasts and pulled on my rock-hard nipples, imagining his hands on me. The look on his face of pure desire made me feel crazy and I slipped my hand down the front of my panties to touch myself. That did it. Michael stood up, pulled me up, and growled, "I can't wait any longer to get you naked." And he pulled my panties down to my knees with one hand and grabbed my breast with his other and kissed me hard.  
  
I spread my legs, feeling my cunt lips open and the panties stretching between my legs. Michael reached between my legs and found my clit immediately, and started stroking. I fumbled for his jeans zipper but his erection was so big I couldn't pull the zipper down. He stopped touching me for a second to yank his jeans open and his cock sprang out. I put my hand on his cock and he put his hand back on my clit and within second I was shuddering and crying out and coming so hard I almost fell down. It was amazing, the most incredible feeling, and I knew then why people did crazy things for sex.  
  
When I finished shuddering, I opened my eyes and looked at Michael. He laughed softly and kissed me. "Are you okay?"  
  
I was panting. "I've never been better. Oh, Michael, that was wonderful. Thank you so much!" I hesitated, wondering if I should tell him it was my first orgasm, but I felt too shy to admit that to him. Instead, I started to unbutton his shirt. "Now it's your turn. Get naked."  
  
He was out of his clothes in seconds. He laid down on his back the rug and said, "Here, like this." He positioned me on my knees, with one knee on each side of his head, facing his feet. "I want to watch your pussy and taste your pussy while you suck my cock."  
  
I bent down and took his cock in my mouth. I loved the smell and taste of him, the velvety smoothness of his cock, the large vein pulsing down the underside of it. I began sucking while pulling him slowly in and out of my mouth, my hand wrapped around the base of it since it was too large for me to take all the way into my mouth. While I was doing that, I felt his hands spread my ass cheeks wide and his tongue touch my clitoris. I didn't know I could be ready again so fast, but the feeling of being exposed and spread open, coupled with the taste of him in my mouth and him sucking on my clit, brought me right to the edge again. I could feel another orgasm building up inside me.  
  
Then I heard the door to the apartment open. And there I was, ass towards the door, naked and wet and spread-eagled for whoever was coming in to see.   
  
Michael didn't even pause. Either he didn't notice our audience or he didn't care, and since I was too embarrassed to acknowledge our visitor, I decided to pretend I hadn't noticed either. With my hair hanging down over the sides of my face and my face away from the door, no one would know who I was. I kept sucking and felt Michael's cock suddenly grow even longer and harder and then he started to pulse and I kept sucking and swallowed all of his come.  
  
"Leah!" he cried out. "Leah, fuck, yes!"  
  
I froze, petrified, aware that our visitor now had a name to put to the pussy he was viewing. I let Michael's cock fall out of my mouth and put my head down on his thigh, completely mortified. Then Michael put his sweet lips back on my clit and between his marvelous tongue and my complete and utter humiliation, I completely lost control of myself. This orgasm was even stronger than the first one; it swept through my entire body and shook me to my core. I even saw flashing lights.

When it was over, and I got my breath back, I heard clapping. Michael raised his head and I pulled my leg over his head and sat down, crossed legged, my back to our audience, my face in my hands. Michael put his arms around me and said, "Don't worry, it's just Rick. It's cool."  
  
"That was the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life," said Rick. "Leah, I know it's you...don't be ashamed. Turn around and look at me." I started crying, but Michael stood up and lifted me to my feet.   
  
"Shhh," he said. "it's okay. Rick won't tell anybody what he saw."  
  
"But HE saw! He saw everything!"  
  
"And I'm proud he saw! And you should be proud. Dammit, Leah, don't you know how beautiful you are?"  
  
I slowly lifted my head and shook the hair out of my eyes. Sure enough, Rick was standing there, a huge grin on his face. Rick, who I had to face three times a week for the rest of the semester in econ class. A case of beer was on the floor next to him...and a camera was in his hand.  
  
The flashing light I had imagined had been real. Rick had taken photos of me spread over his roommate's face and coming like a wild woman. And amid that discovery and the feeling that my humiliation was now complete, I felt the stirrings rise up in my body again. It turned me on to know that he had compromising photos of me. That he had seen my most private parts, slippery and wet and exposed. That every time I saw him in class, I would know he was imagining me naked and coming, and that he was going to jerk off thinking about me, and looking at photos of me, for a long time to come.  
  
I wanted him to see me. All of me.  
  
I tossed my hair back, which had been hanging down over my breasts, back, exposing my breasts to Rick. "Hi, Rick."   
  
We stood there for a moment, then Michael reached down and picked up his jeans and pulled them on. Rick and I just stared at each other, his eyes raking up and down my body, me trying to keep my blushing under control as he examined me. Michael laughed.   
  
"Good thing you're comfortable being naked, Leah. Look." He pointed to my clothes. Somehow in the heat of everything, we had knocked an open beer off the coffee table and it had spilled all over my clothes. My pantsuit, my panties, my bra were all soaked in a puddle of beer. "It's too bad, because I wanted to take you down to the party and show you off!"  
  
Rick just grinned. "She's very impressive just like that."  
  
Michael went into his bedroom to find something for me to wear, leaving me alone and naked with Rick. Rick seemed highly amused by my predicament, and I was determined to not let him know how turned on I still was. But my nipples were still rock hard and my clit was still on fire and I was having a hard time controlling my emotions.  
  
"You don't mind that I took a few photos, do you? I guarantee no one can see your face in them."  
  
I pretended to be mortified. "Please, Rick, please give me the camera."  
  
He shook his head. "No way. This is my house, my camera, I'm not giving them to you. Unless...."  
  
Michael came out of the bedroom with a white button-down shirt, like he would wear to a job interview. "This is the nicest thing I've got that might work as a dress for you."  
  
I took it and scooted to the bathroom, where I washed up and used the toilet, wondering what Rick meant by that single word, "unless. " The thought of his sexual blackmail made me shiver. Then I put on the shirt, buttoned it most of the way up, and rolled up the sleeves. It hung to my thighs and covered me, mostly, but I knew that when I walked my breasts would sway and it would be obvious that I was completely naked underneath it. I rinsed out my mouth and looked in the mirror. My face was flushed, my hair was mussed, and my lips were swollen and red from sucking Michael off. I looked like I had been having sex for hours. I felt so satisfied and so alive, and I vowed right then and there that I was going to seek out more experiences like this.   
  
I walked back into the living room, where the guys were whispering heatedly, their heads close together, like they were negotiating something. They pulled their heads apart and the expression on their faces told me I looked damn good in Michael's shirt. Then Rick gave me a wink, went into the kitchen, and Michael waved at me to come join him on the couch. He gave me a hug and a kiss and smoothed my hair.   
  
"Leah, you're okay with what happened, right? Because that was the most amazing sex ever and I don't want to fuck this up or let Rick fuck it up."   
  
I nodded, and decided to own up to my kink. "It turned me on," I admitted softly. "It really made me hot that he was watching."  
  
Michael exhaled loudly. "Oh, you don't know how glad I am to hear that. And I thought so, because I could tell you knew he was there. You tensed up, for just a second, when he came in...but then you kept going! And you loved it!"  
  
I blushed again, embarrassed that I was so obvious. Michael continued: "And he wants to see more. And I want to do more. And he has condoms and I'm out and the stores just closed 10 minutes ago."  
  
I gulped. "He wants to watch us fucking?" Even as I said it, I felt this almost unrelenting craving to do it, to have sex with Rick watching, maybe even photographing it.  
  
Michael nodded. "That's exactly what he wants. But don't worry, that's all I would ever let him do. I'm never going to let him lay a finger on you. But watching? I mean, he already saw..."  
  
I put my finger on Michael's lips. "I get it. I'll do it. It turns me on."  
  
"Rick?" Michael called out. "She'll do it!"  
  
Rick, who had obviously been eavesdropping, walked back into the room, his eyes dancing with excitement. "But where will she do it?"  
  
Apprehensively, I asked, "What do you mean?"  
  
Rick sat down in the chair I had dragged into the living room. "Look, Leah, let's be blunt. It turns you on to have guys watch. It turns Michael on to have guys watch you. And it turns me on to watch. So let's do what turns us all on. Let's take you down to that party, and let Michael, as he put it...show you off?"  
  
I bit my lip. Michael was watching me with a pleading look on his face. Could I really go through with having sex at a party, with strangers watching?  
  
"I don't know if I can do that," I said slowly. "But I can go down there and maybe you could, I don't know, expose me a bit. I could flash a few guys. See if it feels right to do anything more..."  
  
"Let's go!" Both men jumped up, and took me by the arm. And then I was walking downstairs dressed in nothing but a man's shirt and my platform shoes, my pussy as wet as it ever had been, going to a party where I might end up being the entertainment.   
  
But that's another story...

**Discovering My Kink Ch. 02**

On the way down the stairs to the party, I started to have second thoughts. It had felt safe and cozy in Rick and Michael's apartment. The party downstairs, however, was loud and large and full of people I didn't know. And while that turned me on, it scared me, too. I stopped on the landing and decided to be totally honest.  
  
"Michael? I'm scared. I want to do this, but I am very scared. So you need to go slow, let me get comfortable. But once I get comfortable, I promise I'll make it worth your while."  
  
Michael grinned. "We've got all night, Leah. But I might have to speed things up if you take too long. A guy can only take so much, you know."   
  
I turned to Rick. I had never paid all that much attention to him in econ class. He was a nice guy, but kind of average looking. But tonight I had noticed something in his eyes I had never seen before. An intensity and a passion that sent shivers down my spine. Michael was hot, he knew how to touch me and talk to me, but knowing that Rick was watching was the icing on the cake. There was something a little bit scary about Rick. I liked knowing that I was driving Rick crazy with lust, that he was watching me, and that I had no control over what he might do. "You guys will keep me safe if any of the other guys try anything, right?"  
  
Rick nodded. "Don't worry, Leah. Mike's big and I'm mean; they aren't going to fuck with us."  
  
Feeling somewhat reassured, I started down again. I felt a slight breeze blow up my shirt, and it made me very aware of my nakedness beneath. My nipples felt like rocks, poking and rubbing against the thin white shirt. I was about to enter a room full of strangers wearing nothing but a man's shirt and a pair of heels, and I felt almost breathless with excitement. We reached the bottom of the stairs, I took a deep breath, and we pushed our way into the party.  
  
There were a couple dozen people there, more guys than girls. They were standing around in small groups, talking, drinking, smoking. The "bar," which was just a kitchen counter, was on the far side of the room from the door. It held pitchers of grape liquid and plastic cups; a keg was on the floor in front of it.  
  
Michael let go of my arm. "Go get us some drinks, Leah. I want to watch you walk. I want to see you swing your ass and drive all these guys crazy." He swatted me lightly on the butt. "I want you to bend over when you get across the room, legs open, like you bent over upstairs. Rick missed that part." I flushed, feeling my pulse race. Rick added, "And I want to see your tits bounce on the way back. Make 'em sway, Leah!"  
  
I walked on trembling legs across the room, trying to put a little bit extra swing into my walk. A couple of guys stopped talking and stared; someone whistled. One of the girls threw me a dirty look. I knew my lack of underwear was obvious to all of them. I held my head high, cheeks burning, as I strutted over to the counter.  
  
"Hot damn," said the guy behind the counter. "Please tell me you need a date, please, please!"   
  
I laughed. "No, I already have a date. Can I get some drinks?"  
  
He poured me a grape concoction as I grabbed two beers for the guys. Then, following Michael's instructions, I "accidentally" knocked the pile of plastic cups on the ground.  
  
"Whoops!" I bent over, slowly, knees straight, legs apart, my ass pointing toward Michael and Rick, and took my time picking up the cups, which had scattered. I could feel the bottom of the shirt rise up the back of my thighs, to the bottom edge of my ass. My legs were shaking. I couldn't tell for sure if my ass was exposed or not, but it sure felt like it was. I could feel all the eyes on the room centered on me. I stood up, grabbed the drinks, and walked back slowly across the room, feeling my breasts sway obviously under the shirt.  
  
When I got to the guys and handed them the beers, Michael pulled me close and kissed me intently, for a long, sweet time. When I pulled back in his arms and looked into his eyes, I could see how turned on he was. He liked claiming me in front of the other guys in the room. He liked everybody knowing that his woman was naked and hot. And I liked it, too.  
  
"Let's dance," he said softly. He handed his beer to Rick. I drank down a long swallow and handed my cup to Rick, also. We walked into the center of the room and began swaying together.  
  
"That was damn hot," he whispered in my ear. "I could see the bottom of the curve of your ass, and it was real apparent that you were naked down there. You looked like you were bending over to get fucked from behind, and every guy here was imagining that he was the one fucking you. Imagining your tits hanging down, and you rocking your ass back onto his cock." He started kissing my neck, my ears. It was very sensual, feeling his wet tongue probing against my skin, especially since I knew what that tongue could do to my clit. His cock was like steel in his jeans, rubbing up against me.   
  
"I want to show you off more, Leah. I want to show everybody your tits."  
  
Warmth rushed through me and I nodded, weakly. "I want to, Michael, you are turning me on so much!" I was amazed by the feelings building up inside me, feelings of anticipation and fullness and yearning. I finally understood what people meant when they said a woman was "in heat." I felt like I could melt from the intensity of the pleasure I was feeling.  
  
He grinned and slid the shirt off my shoulder, pulled my long blonde hair back, and bent his head to kiss me there. I shuddered, it felt so good, and looked up, to see if Rick was watching. Rick had moved from the doorway to a couch on the side of the room, where he half sat on the armrest, talking to another guy, his eyes locked on my body. He raised his glance to meet mine and mouthed, "More!"  
  
Michael reached between my breasts and unbuttoned a few more buttons, until the shirt was unbuttoned to my waist. He reached inside the shirt and massaged my breast, cupping it and lifting it and making circles with his fingers on my large pink nipples. I groaned, wanting his lips sucking on me, wanting him to free my big round breasts and reveal them to everyone.  
  
"Turn around," he commanded.  
  
I slowly turned so my back was to him. He put his arms around my waist and held me tight, pushing his cock up against my backside. Then he slowly, oh so slowly brought his hands to the middle of my chest, gently held on to the edges of the shirt, and pulled it open, exposing my breasts to the room. I felt my face burn and shut my eyes as I rubbed my ass into his erection and felt his fingers lightly tug on my rigid nipples.  
  
"Everybody's watching you," he whispered. "Everybody wants to see your pussy."  
  
I was so turned on I was shaking. I forced my eyes open and sure enough, everyone in the room had gone silent and was staring at my naked tits. My eyes shot to Rick, and he nodded slowly, a big, slow grin covering his face. "More," he mouthed.  
  
"Show them," I whispered back to Michael.  
  
He took one hand off my breasts and inched it down the front of the shirt. Then he took some of the fabric between his fingers and began lifting the hem of the shirt up. The eyes in the room shot from my breasts to my cunt as Michael exposed it.  
  
Then he took his other hand from my breast, reached down and parted my pussy lips. His fingers squeezed my clit, tugged it out so everybody could see my most secret place. I cried out in shock and embarrassment, but I liked it. I wanted more, I wanted to sit on his face and come again like I had come upstairs.  
  
My crying out seemed to break the spell that had come over the room; everybody started talking. Rick got up off the arm of the couch and walked toward me and Michael. When Rick got close, Michael dropped the hem of my shirt back down and closed the material over my breasts. "I thought you wanted to go slow?" Rick teased me. I blushed again and nodded. Rick took me by the elbow and directed me toward the couch. "You might need a couch soon, I think."  
  
Michael and I walked over to the couch, hearing excited and outraged voices mingling in the room. Michael sat on the armrest where Rick had been sitting and pulled me against him. I buried my head against his shoulder. "Oh Michael, I can't believe I just did that. You make me so hot, so crazed, I just want to feel you inside of me right now."  
  
Rick overheard, reached into his pocket and handed Michael a condom. "Go for it," he said.  
  
Michael turned me around again, facing away from him. He stood up and I heard his zipper go down, heard the wrapper on the condom tearing. Then he sat down on the arm of the couch and pulled me closer to him. He lifted up the back of my shirt and I could feel his erect cock bobbing against my bare bottom. I shivered with anticipation.   
  
"Tilt your ass back, Leah, yeah, stick out that bottom so I can get in you."  
  
I leaned forward a bit, rose up on my toes, and tilted my bottom back to give him access to my pussy. I wobbled a bit, and Rick held out his arm to steady me. I looked into Rick's eyes, just inches from mine. "Look at me," he whispered. "I want to see your face when his cock slides into you in the middle of this crowd."  
  
I shuddered with pleasure and felt the tip of Michael's cock slid just a little ways in, then out, of my slit, teasing me. Michael held me by the hips and moved me slightly to get a better position. I felt his cock enter, just a bit more, maybe an inch, and freeze there. Somebody gasped and suddenly the music stopped.  
  
Standing in the doorway of the room were two uniformed policemen. "We got a complaint about the noise," said one of them.  
  
Rick snatched his arm away from me and I fell back, solidly onto to Michael's cock, impaled as deeply as I could be. I must have made a noise, for the cops looked straight at me. I knew I was covered, for although the shirt was unbuttoned to the waist it covered my breasts and it was buttoned below, so the cops couldn't see that I was sitting on Michael's fat cock. But shame and excitement and embarrassment flushed through me and I clenched hard everywhere. My fists clenched. My sphincter clenched. And my cunt clenched tight on Michael's cock, which felt enormous.   
  
The cops started walking across the room toward me and I frantically grabbed the edges of the shirt to hold it closed across my breasts. Michael held on to my hips, firmly, and I felt his cock pulse inside me, little jabbing pulses that made me squirm. He was fucking me, subtly, surreptitiously, inside, by clenching his pc muscle, while the cops stared at me and frowned.  
  
"Miss, do you have some ID?" I shook my head, no. "What are you hiding in that shirt? Do you have drugs in there?"  
  
"No, no, I'm not hiding anything!" I squeaked, terrified. Michael moved a bit under me, going even deeper into me, intensifying my feelings of being spilt and impaled.  
  
"Raise your hands and put them on your head."  
  
Shaking, I did as I was asked. The taller cop reached over with a baton and moved my shirt to one side, exposing my left breast. I wanted to die of shame and embarrassment. And that feeling of embarrassment roared right to my clit, which was on fire. I squeezed my legs together tightly, and felt that building, yearning feeling that preceded orgasm grow inside me. Involuntarily, I started to mimic Michael, couldn't help squeezing my pc muscle and feeling my vaginal lips tighten and pulse around Michael's cock. I felt like I could come this way, barely moving, clenching Michael and feeling him clench inside of me.  
  
The other cop started laughing. "Let me check the other side." No baton for him, he reached out with his bare hand and grabbed the other edge of the shirt and yanked it open, his bare knuckles scrapping my aching nipple on the way. I was so close to orgasm I could have cried.  
  
"Please sirs, please stop that!" I whimpered.  
  
The taller cop waved the other cop back. "Miss, cover yourself up. Anybody who doesn't have ID has to leave. And keep the noise down." He stared around the room at the other people, most of whom were studiously looking down at their shoes. "I was going to give you all tickets, but this little lady just paid your fines for all of you." He looked at Michael, who continued squirming subtly under me. "And you get your girlfriend home and covered up."  
  
The cops turned and walked from the room. Somebody shut the door. And Michael let out a roar, stood up, and bent me over the armrest, his cock still buried inside me. He grabbed me by the hips and started fucking me unmercifully.  
  
I lifted my one knee up, onto the couch cushions, and kept my other foot on the floor. In this position, my clit was getting rubbed by the armrest every time Michael pounded into me. Within seconds, I was coming like a wild woman, feeling the wicked release of tension, all the terror of being exposed and arrested for fucking in public culminating in an explosive orgasm.   
  
"Flip her over," I heard somebody say. "Spread her."  
  
Michael pulled his cock out of me and sat down onto the couch. He picked me up like a doll and impaled me back on his cock, facing away from him. "Fuck me," he commanded.  
  
I placed my trembling legs on the outside of his legs and began pumping up and down, my legs split open wide by his thrusting cock, my tits bouncing beneath my shirt. Michael reached up, ripped open the shirt, tearing off the buttons, and pulled the ruined shirt from my body. Then I was completely naked, spread open, sitting on the hardest cock I had ever felt, with more than a dozen people watching. I couldn't help myself. I reached down and stroked my throbbing clit.  
  
Rick knelt down between my legs and angled his camera up. There he was, taking photos of me naked, my tits bouncing, rubbing my wet hard clit, split open by Michael's cock, coming yet again. And my face was in these photos. I was on fire again, clenching hard on Michael's cock. He groaned and still, then pulsed and came inside me.  
  
I laid down and buried my face in the cushions. I was exhausted, spent, worn out in every way, physically and emotionally. I had just experienced sex so much more wonderful than I ever could have dreamed possible.   
  
And laying there, I had a revelation. That while Michael and Rick deserved a lot of the credit for turning me on, and I planned to spend a lot of time naked with them, there was somebody else who I owed. Owed big time.   
  
Juan. The guy who had first taught me that exposing myself felt amazing. The guy I had blown off and walked away from.   
  
I knew I'd be getting in touch with him soon. And thanking him the very best way I knew how.