**Discovering The Joys Of Being Watched**

by MojitoLover

*Agreeing to dress up as a schoolgirl for a party has surprising benefits…*

“I want you to come. You NEED to come!”

“I already told you. I don’t want to.”

“I’m not taking no for an answer!”

“Well, you’re going to have to this time.”

“Oh, come on… please? It is my birthday.”

I shake my head, not that she can see this.

“I can be VERY persuasive…”

“Yes, this I already know,” I laugh. “But please try to understand it from my side.”

I don’t know why I am arguing with Lou. We’ve been the best of friends since primary school and you can count on one hand the amount of times that I have ever won an argument with her.

“Look, you got dumped. I get that. It sucks, we’ve all been there. But, you can’t stay at home forever. You need to get out and meet people. Hell, if you leave it much longer, you’ll have forgotten how to do sex!”

I burst out laughing.

“Okay, it’s been a while,” I admit. “But I’ve never liked parties. You know that. And I hate themed costume parties and dressing up. And the thought of a costume party and being the only single -“

She cuts across me.

“I keep telling you, there will be loads of other singles there. Jack’s invited a load of his friends that don’t have partners. Same with some of the girls from my office. So, you can’t use that excuse.”

I try another tack.

“I can’t afford it. You know how my money situation is. Costume shops charge a fortune and I’ve left it too late to get something off the internet now. And by the time I have bought you a present…”

She interrupts again.

“The best present you can give me is coming to my party. And, don’t worry about the outfit, I have loads of dress-up stuff leftover from hen weekends and other parties. You can borrow one of mine.”

“You’re two dress sizes smaller!”

“Not since you’ve been on your heartbreak-starvation diet. Anyway, it’s been decided. You’re coming. Come over an hour earlier and we can sort out your costume and have a few cocktails before the other guests arrive. Anyway, must go, things to do. Byeeee!”

And with that, the line goes dead.

I mull this over for the rest of the night, and again when I wake up the next morning. I know what Lou says makes sense. I have become a social recluse. I can’t remember the last time I even flirted with a guy, let alone shagged one. And whilst my rabbit toy and the bumper back of batteries I have in stock are taking care of some of my needs, well, there are still some that aren’t getting met.

I decide to go.

Five hours later, I am sitting on the end of my friend’s super-king-size bed, drinking a Mojito, whilst she pulls fancy dress costumes out of her wardrobe, like a magician pulling scarves from a hat.

“What about naughty nurse?” she asks, holding up a tiny PVC dress that must’ve come from a fetish-site.

“Too slutty.”

“Okay then, how about Snow White?”

“Too many potential jokes about The Seven Dwarves.”

“Playboy Bunny? Oh no, hang on, that’s bedroom-only, the knickers are crotchless. Let’s see… Wonder Woman?”

“My thighs were not made for hotpants.”

“My God, you are difficult! What about this one?”

She proudly holds out the outfit as if she’s a bridal boutique-owner trying to sell me a four-figure gown. When in reality, the garment is a schoolgirl-style dress, produced to look like a button-down blouse and pleated short skirt. It looks like it has been shrunk in the wash. Numerous times.

“Before you start, it’s not too slutty. It covers the tops of your thighs, not that there is anything wrong with them. Come on, try it on.”

I strip down to my underwear and slip the dress on. It fits, but only just – my boobs are bigger than hers, so the buttons gape slightly as my tits press against them. She hands me the accessories – knee-high socks with bows at the top and a tie that falls in the gap of my cleavage – and I put them on. I sit down whilst she pulls my long, dark hair into two bunches, which she secures with ribbons.

“Perfect!” she comments. “Have a look in one of the mirrors.”

I self-consciously look in one of the wardrobe doors. It’s always amused me that Lou has so many mirrors in her bedroom, but apparently, Jack has a thing about watching from different angles when they are fucking. She’s even thinking about having some fitted on the ceiling as an anniversary gift this year, that’s how into it he is.

“I look stupid. I think twenty-nine is too old to be dressing as a schoolgirl.”

“You’re never too old for a bit of kink,” she laughs. “And anyway, you look HOT. If I was a guy, I’d fuck you. Hell, babe, I’m not normally into girls but…”

We both collapse into giggles and I agree to wear the costume tonight. Then it’s my turn to help her get dressed in her mermaid outfit, which includes a sequined fishtail and a shell bra that barely contains her tits. We braid some glitter strands into her hair, which has been dyed flame-red especially for tonight, then make our way downstairs.

Lou immediately gets to work meeting and greeting the guests who have already arrived, squealing with childlike delight every time that someone presents her with a gift. I sit in a corner of the lounge, alone, trying to figure out if I know any of these people. Jack brings me another cocktail and winks at my dress. I thank him and tell him that it’s not every day a girl gets served a Manhattan by Buzz Lightyear. We laugh about that and then he walks off.

As the party gets busier, my social anxiety kicks in and I start to feel very out of place. All the other singles are chatting away in groups, so I don’t feel as if I can join in. Lou comes to check on me whenever she can, but I don’t want to ruin her big night for her, so I tell her that I am fine.

By ten o’clock, the party is in full swing and the drink is flowing. It’s getting warm in this packed room, so I decide to get some fresh air. I make my way through the entrance hall, into the designer kitchen that cost more than I earn a year, and out through the French doors, onto the patio.

Most of the other guest are still inside, so there’s plenty of space out here. There’s a gentle breeze, but it’s a refreshing change. I take a sip of my fifth cocktail of the evening and close my eyes, savouring the peace and tranquillity that the garden offers.

I stay like that until an unfamiliar voice jolts me.

“Hey,” he says. “Is this space on the wall taken?”

I look up to see a stranger standing in front of me. He’s tall – probably around six foot – and well built. He’s wearing a wig, so I can’t tell his hair colour, and although I am not one hundred per cent sure of his eye colour in this light, I can see they are dark.

He is also dressed as a pirate.

A sudden wave of lust surges through me as I take in the details his outfit. He’s gone for the Jack Sparrow look, but in my mind, made it ten times hotter.

“Be my guest.”

“Thanks.”

He sits down next to me and introduces himself as a work-friend of Lou. I explain who I am, and we start chatting away as if we have known each other for years, rather than minutes. He offers to get me another drink, which I happily accept, and I tease him for being boring as he’s sticking to soft drinks tonight. He explains that he has an early start in the morning, then pulls one of my pigtails and tells me to stop being so cheeky.

There’s definitely a chemistry building between us and I nearly combust when he slips his arm around me, under the pretence that he doesn’t want me getting cold. The combination of the alcohol and the fresh air is making me feel deliciously tipsy, but even I am surprised when I hear myself sexily suggesting that I give him a tour of Lou and Jack’s garden.

In truth, although it’s a larger than average plot, it doesn’t warrant a tour as such, but I want to get him alone, away from prying eyes. I take his hand and lead him to the space behind the garage, obscured from view by a hedge.

Once we reach our destination, he pushes me up against the cold brick wall and immediately begins to kiss me.

It’s been so long since I have been kissed that I worried I would forget how to do it, but right now, I don’t have time for these thoughts. All I have time for is the feeling of his lips crushing mine, the sensation of his hand trying to slip between the buttons of my blouse and the hardness of his cock pressing through his pirate costume.

He’s almost managed to free my left nipple from my bra when we hear Jack’s voice from the house.

“Everyone! It’s time for the cake, if you want to make your way inside.”

“Fuck,” my new friend mutters, also expressing my own sentiments in that one word.

We straighten ourselves up and go inside, just in time to join in singing Happy Birthday to Lou whilst glasses of champagne are passed around. I shouldn’t have this, I think, knowing I am near the limit of when I will have had too much, but then the birthday girl bounds over to clink glasses with me and we both drain the lot.

I decide I need the bathroom and, seeing that the downstairs WC is already in use, make my way to the upstairs one. I do what I need to, then splash cold water on my face, hoping it might make me alert. As I walk back down the landing, I hear noises coming from the guest bedroom, which is slightly ajar. It’s obvious what is causing these moans and groans, but I can’t resist a naughty peep to see who is involved.

I tiptoe outside the door and very carefully, open it enough for a good view. There, on all fours on the bed, is Lou’s cousin, currently dressed as Cleopatra. A guy dressed as a cowboy is taking her from behind and she is sucking off another guy who’s dressed as Batman. It would almost be comical if it wasn’t so fucking hot, but it’s the first time that I have seen other people having sex in real life and I am utterly transfixed (and extremely wet) as I stand there, hidden from their view.

I hear someone else coming up the stairs, so I step away from the door and head back to the kitchen. I can’t find my companion anywhere and I wonder if he has left. I decide that it’s getting late and I can’t drink anything else, so I thank Lou and Jack for a fabulous party, kiss them goodbye and go outside to call a cab.

I’m trying to find the taxi firm’s number in my phone when I hear his voice again.

“Hey, I’ve been looking for you.”

I look up and smile at him. He asks who I am calling. I tell him I am ready to go home, and he immediately offers to drive me home to save me having to wait for a cab. I already know that this would put him miles out of his way – he lives on the other side of town to me, so I discovered earlier – so I politely decline.

“The distance isn’t a problem,” he assures me. “But I understand if you don’t want to get in a car with a guy you’ve only known for a few hours.”

There’s something about the way that he says this that’s more exciting than it is unnerving.

I know at that moment what I want tonight.

I want him to fuck me.

“Well, if you’re sure…”

“Very sure. Look, I’m just parked over there.”

He takes my hand and leads me to the passenger door. My heart flutters as he opens it for me, and my pussy squirms as he accidentally-on-purpose brushes my tits with his hand as he helps me to put my seatbelt on. He gets in, turns on the engine and drives off.

We’re a few minutes into the journey when I get a mischievous urge to tell him what I saw earlier. I describe the people, the outfits and the action. I tell him that I enjoyed secretly watching them and that I found it incredibly erotic. I glimpse at his crotch and can see that he also finds this idea hot.

“So,” he asks me, briefly glancing over at me. “You like to watch. Have you ever fantasised about being watched?”

His question throws me for a moment and I don’t know how to answer. The truth is yes, it’s something that I have definitely thought about before. Many a night I have cum, thinking about being the only woman in a group of men, all of whom watch as I service each of them in turn. It’s almost ironic that many of these fantasies involve me playing the part of a vulnerable wench, stuck out at sea with a ship full of horny pirates.

But I decide not to tell him this. Not yet, anyway.

“I’ve thought about it,” I tell him. “But I have never actually done it. I’m not sure if I could. Crowds make me anxious. What about you?”

He laughs and then explains that this is actually one of his favourite sexual practices, that he enjoys having sex in full view of others, especially in outdoor locations. He tells me that he has taken part in numerous group sex activities and orgies and has a group of friends who all play this way together. This comprises of married people, singles, straight, bi and gay, different ages and backgrounds, but all sharing the one passion of watching and being watched. I am equally shocked and turned on by this revelation.

We sit quietly for a moment whilst I digest this information before he turns the temp up further.

“We could try it tonight. If you wanted to, that is.”

He says it casually, clearly not sure of how I will react. My first instinct is to say no, I am not that type of girl, but then I think, Well I’ve been this way for all these years and how much good has it done me?

I ask him if there are risks involved, whether getting caught could lead to getting arrested. He tells me that whilst there is a slim chance, that’s a big part of what makes it exciting.

I think about this for a minute and then tell him yes.

He smiles and promises me that I can change my mind at any time, but he thinks I will love the experience. I don’t ask where we are going, but he clearly knows his way as we drive out of the town and into the countryside. Eventually, we reach a well-known beauty spot and pull into the car park. I question how the gates are still open so late at night and he tells me that someone who works here and has a key is part of the group.

There are a few other cars already here, but none with any lights on. We pull up a fair distance from anyone else and he cuts the engine and undoes his own seatbelt, then mine.

“What now?” I whisper.

“We just carry on as we were before we got interrupted earlier,” he replies, leaning in to kiss me.

We kiss passionately for a few minutes before his hands find his way to my buttons again. He opens each one and then pulls my tits out from the confines of my bra cups. He kisses my chin, my neck, my cleavage and finally, my sensitive nipples. He licks them and teases them, skilfully nipping at them without causing pain. He takes my hand and places it on his groin, wrapping my fingers around what I can tell is an above-average sized cock and then slides his own hand into my soaking panties.

We carry on like this until we are both moaning and squirming, at which point he looks into my eyes and says the hottest thing that anyone has ever said to me:

“I really want to fuck you. Shall we do it inside the car, or outside?”

I bite my lip before replying, “Outside.”

He looks as if it’s all of his birthdays and Christmases come at once as he gets out of the car and comes around to my door. He opens it, takes my hand and leads me to the bonnet, then gestures for me to get on it.

I lie on my back, feet hanging off the front so that they nearly touch the ground. My blouse is still open, my tits are still loose, and the school tie is still lying down the centre of my chest. The knee-high socks remain in place and, although I am still technically wearing the pleated mini-skirt, it is now gathered up around my waist.

My new lover is still dressed in his pirate attire, which turns me on to a whole new level. He repeats the kissing trail from my mouth, down to my tits, taking care to warm my nipples, cold in the night air, with the heat from his tongue. This time, he continues his journey south, kissing my stomach and my thighs, before reaching underneath me, pulling down my soaking knickers and throwing them onto the ground.

As he does so, we hear a cheer in the distance and the sound of car doors opening. I’m temporarily on edge, wondering who might be approaching, but my thoughts are broken as he parts my thighs and dives, tongue-first, between my legs. He pulls them up over his shoulders and licks my pussy all over, gently sucking my clit and then sinking the length of his tongue into my tight, wet hole.

It’s been so long since I have experienced anything like this that I cum in no time, noisily and to more cheering from the distance.

As I lay back and try to catch my breath, my horny pirate is ready for some action. He pulls me right to the edge of the bonnet, pulls his cock free and takes a condom out of his waistcoat pocket. He rolls this on quickly and again, pulls my legs over his shoulders before pressing the head of his cock towards my pussy.

I told him earlier that I hadn’t been with anyone for quite some time and he remembers this, considerately allowing me enough time to adjust to having him inside me as I begin to stretch and open up for him.

“Fuck, you’re tight!” he says as he slides the full length of his dick inside me.

After a few deep but gentle thrusts, he takes hold of my ankles and begins to nail me as I cling on for dear life. Two more cars arrive whilst this is happening, one of which parks facing us and leaves its headlights on, illuminating us for all to see. I don’t care though; all I care about is the promise of a second orgasm, which I can sense is on its way if he hits the right spots.

As if reading my mind, he pulls out and flips me over, my tits pressed into the warm metal of the car bonnet. Like an actor performing for an audience, he glances around to see who’s there before playfully spanking my ass. I’m sure that this cos-play performance, the macho, lusty pirate fucking the brains out of the naughty schoolgirl, is somewhat of a treat for the regulars who meet here at the weekends. Knowing that I, the shy, introverted woman who hates normally hates attention, is making strangers hot, wet and horny, gives me a thrill I cannot describe.

I’m brought back to reality as his cock is buried deep in my pussy again, this time, without the gentleness of earlier. He fucks me aggressively, roughly and in a way that makes me feel so used, but so desired. At one point, he grabs the tie from underneath me and uses it to pull my head back, as if it is a lead. This causes more cheering, whistling and even shouts of phrases like, fuck her good, what a dirty little slut, and, make her take it.

My knees begin to buckle from pure lust, and I stretch my arms out in front of me, palms splayed out on the glass of the windscreen as I cum noisily for the second time. This time, I take him with me as the tight contractions from my pussy vigorously milk his cock. He growls as he cums, an almost primitive noise that I know will be forever imprinted on my brain.

He pulls out and helps me up. As I pick up my discarded panties and the condom wrapper, people are clapping. I can’t see their faces – it’s dark and they are too far away – and I am thankful that they cannot see mine.

I sink back into the passenger seat, still gasping for air as I attempt to rebutton my blouse. He gets in, kisses me and asks if I am ready to leave yet. I tell him that I am, and he starts the engine and slowly drives out. As he passes the car parked nearest, he opens the window and stops to shake hands with a few of the guys, who all remark on what they have seen tonight and clearly enjoyed it.

It feels like we have become celebrities, trying to leave a performance and working our way through the crowds. I start to relax a little and say hi to some of them. I giggle as they ask when we’ll be coming back here as they don’t want to miss our next show.

There is one last car that we pass as we approach the car park gates and a lone male stands outside it. I turn towards him, ready to give him a smile, but then I suddenly freeze.

Oh fuck, I think as I recognise the eyes now fixed on me.

But it’s too late.

My dirty secret is out now.