**Dressing Up**

by[harveypotempkin](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1623205&page=submissions)©

**Dressing Up Ch. 01**

It wasn't long ago I'd have thought this ridiculous and unseemly. But here I am, adjusting the video camera as I prepare to film myself modeling the most daring Halloween costumes the internet has to offer. And then I'll do lingerie in the afternoon. It's my paying job, the two days a week of working at home that allows me to spend three days a week interning as an environmental journalist and have weekends off.

And besides, the modeling makes me so hot.

Maybe I should start at the beginning. I'm Christine and I'm 22. I graduated from a big state school in the spring and (thank goodness!) landed that internship here in the city pretty quickly thereafter. I'm 5'6", slender from the cross-country I ran in high school and the running I still do, and have, if I may, fantastic breasts. They're 32Cs, stand firm on my chest, and have small, responsive nipples.

This story starts last year, I guess, in October. It was two weeks before Halloween, which was a big holiday for my friends and me. My two roommates - Toni and Jane - were in our dorm common room, shooting the shit, when Toni pulled up an article that had been making the rounds on facebook. It was a gallery of ridiculous "slutty" Halloween costumes. We laughed about the sexy shark, giggled about the slutty ladybug, and guffawed at the sexy watermelon.

And then Jane said, "wait, ladies, what are we going to be for Halloween?"

The holiday was two weeks away and we were swamped with classes, making plans for the next year, and the stress of figuring our lives out. There was no way we could do the elaborate costumes we had before. Once we'd dressed, with a couple of guys, as a pirate ship made from paper mache. The costume had taken weeks to imagine, a week to put together only to realize that it didn't work, and then another two weeks to finally construct. We just didn't have that time this year.

"A sexy watermelon wouldn't be so bad, I guess," Toni said, clicking to the site that sold the costumes, "and it's pretty cheap."

"I could dress up as that slutty strawberry," Jane said, "and you can be the banana, Christine."

We took delivery of the costumes the next week - it was way easier than the pirate ship.

Halloween was, if I recall, a Wednesday last year, and the package arrived the Friday before. We'd be going to costume parties on Wednesday - Halloween itself - and the Saturday night following. The people at each would be different enough that we thought we could get away with just one costume each.

As we got back to the suite from our Friday classes, we each looked at the brown box from Yandy.com with the costumes in it, none of use brave enough to open it up. I was probably the shiest of the three of us, but we were all pretty quiet girls. We looked good, so we never wanted for attention at the bars, but we all found ourselves pretty tongue-tied around cute boys. Me in particular. I don't really know why we'd so easily talked ourselves into "sexy" Halloween costumes - it was something we'd never done before and out of character for us.

"Toni, Jane," I said, more certain than I felt, "let's do this."

So we opened the box and each found our costumes. Toni volunteered to try hers on first (or, rather, Jane and I talked her into it). While she changed in her room, Jane and I examined our costumes. All three were strapless dresses that looked like they'd cover our asses, but not much more. I'd never worn anything with that short a skirt and I was already nervous.

Toni came out of her room in the watermelon costume. There was a big "bite" out of the side of the costume from Toni's ribs to her hips, revealing her toned and perfect skin. She must have put a push-up strapless bra under the top of the dress, because her cleavage spilling over the strapless top of the dress was lovely. The dress came down to maybe a third of the way down her thighs, showing off her shapely legs (she, like me, was a runner). And she'd put on a black pair of kitten heels. I was getting flushed looking at her - that costume would drive the boys wild!

"There's one problem," Jane said, "you can just about see your underwear through that hole."

"I'm embarrassed just trying this dress on! There's no way I'll wear it without panties!"

We agreed to find some panties that wouldn't show through the dress, and Toni agreed to wear the dress. Which just raised the pressure on me to wear mine. Would I dare? I had a couple of minutes to build my courage while Jane changed into her strawberry costume and Toni changed back into her clothes.

Jane came back out wearing her costume - a similarly cut dress as Toni's, but without the hole, but with a strawberry leaf hat. She'd also put on a push-up-type strapless bra, evidenced by her breasts looking so good, too. And her red 4" heels had me following her legs all the way up. I knew, now, how boys felt around us. We were sexy.

And then came the moment of truth. I stepped into my room with my new banana costume over my arm and slid off my pants and sweatshirt. Looking at myself in the mirror, dressed in just my panties, I assessed what I had to work with. Those fantastic tits of mine always stole the show, and I hardly ever wore a bra. My flat belly showed off the hard work of lots of sit-ups, and my long legs the benefit of genetics and running all those years.

I looked at the costume, plush yellow on the outside and plush white on the inside, with a zipper up the front. I stepped into it, pulled it up, and zipped it up. The top of the dress ended in points that were to be folded over to look like the banana's peel, and it seemed like I could adjust the zipper and where the dress was on my body to choose how much leg I'd show, from having the dress hardly cover my panties, to about halfway down my thigh.

I chose to go conservatively, and put the dress about a third of the way down my thigh, like Toni & Jane had. I put on some black heels and, taking a deep breath, went into the common room.

Toni and Jane whistled. I must have looked as good as I thought. They made me turn around, and told me how good the dress made my butt look.

We were really going to do this.

I returned to my room to change back into sweats, and faced the mirror. As my hand moved to the zipper in between my breasts, my heart fluttered. There's going to be only this zipper between me and being topless at the parties next week, I thought. I felt a warmth in my pussy. That idea turned me on in a way I hadn't expected.

Mark, the boy I had maybe a bit of a crush on, was going to be at the party on Wednesday.

My hand moved the zipper a little lower.

Maybe he'd dance with me.

I pulled the zipper a little lower; now the inside curves of my breasts were clearly visible in the mirror.

Maybe he'd put his hand on the zipper.

I lowered the zipper to the bottom of my ribs.

Maybe he'd slide a hand in my dress.

I pulled the zipper down to my belly button and slid my left hand to caress my right breast.

Maybe he'll whisper into my ear how sexy I am.

Maybe he'll breathe on my neck.

Maybe he'll kiss me.

The dress was off, my hand was in my panties, and my heart was racing.

-----------

Halloween came quickly.

Wednesday night, the three of us got dolled up before heading to the off-campus party. We put on our dresses, took a shot of tequila to calm our nerves (I took two, needing extra liquid courage). And then, at 9pm, we went out into the cold.

It wasn't such a bad walk - just a few blocks - but we got stares and catcalls all the way. I felt sexy, maybe more than ever before. And I was ready to try letting loose in a way I'd never done before. But not too much - I still had class on Thursday.

James greeted us at the door - he went as a plumber, the most obvious sign of which was his very evident butt crack. Creative guy, James. Toni and I hurried past while Jane stayed with James; they were friendly for some reason.

I found the drink table and made a college margarita: a bit of lime juice in a bunch of tequila. I was going to need it, because at that moment, I saw Mark. Mark was dressed as a firefighter, wearing pants with some reflectors and suspenders, but no shirt. He'd smeared oil and something black on his chest. I looked him up and down as he stood across the kitchen from me, taking in the whole package, until I got to his eyes.

Which were looking at me. I blushed and felt the blush spread down my chest and then turn into something else in my panties. Would he dance with me?

I walked over to Mark. "How're you doing on our psych homework this week?" I asked, having no idea how to flirt.

"Haven't started. Do you need a drink?" And then he saw the full drink in my hand.

We were off to a great start.

Mark prepared himself a drink while I silently took in his backside. His back muscles looked firm and rippled when he moved his arms to pour himself a drink. And his bum looked great in his pants. I just wanted to eat him up.

When I looked up, Mark had, again, caught me checking him out.

"You find something a-peel-ing?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Puns I could do. Perhaps I could still salvage some flirtation out of the night.

"I'm just wondering, Mr. Firefighter, where do you keep your hose?"

Mark stuttered, thought for a minute, and then admitted he was out of puns.

"Me too," I said, "want to dance?"

We followed the loud music to the makeshift dance floor. Toni was already there, dancing with a guy in a horse head. Mark and I danced to the uptempo song for a bit, shyly keeping a safe distance from each other, until a slow song came on.

Mark held me close, his hands around my waist, and mine around his neck. He looked into my eyes as we swayed, and then I moved my hands to his chest and put my head on his shoulder. "You're so sexy," he whispered into my ear, his breath on my neck.

I didn't know what to do with myself, so I just nuzzled closer, hoping he'd pull me in more forcefully. He did, and I felt heat and a bulge coming from his crotch. He was getting just as turned on as I was.

The music changed again, and we were dancing to the hit of the summer and bouncing around. I didn't let go of Mark's suspenders or his chest, pulling him close to me any chance I could. And he held on to the sides of my banana dress, occasionally reaching out to caress my neck.

Once, when I was grinding my ass on his crotch, Mark ran his hand down my neck towards my cleavage. He kept going and gently grasped the zipper at the front of my dress. His hand stopped and his mouth was on my neck, kissing me sweetly.

"Just an inch," he whispered.

"Please," I croaked, just beginning to realize how much I wanted to show him what was under my dress, and how much I wanted to show everyone at the party.

Mark pulled the zipper down a half inch, and then an inch, exposing the tops of my creamy breasts. I almost came right there. His hands, brushing my breasts, his cock pressing into my butt, and his breath on my neck: I was over the moon.

After another few minutes of dancing with Mark, Jane came over and insisted we follow her.

Jane, Toni, the horse-head guy, and a couple of others were in the basement and starting a game of truth or dare. Mark and I joined, sitting next to each other on the floor.

A few goes in, we had learned that the horse-head guy masterbates twice a day, we'd seen all of the plumber's butt, and Jane had admitted to owning two vibrators. Mark was next. "Dare," he said, and promptly removed his pants, showing us a bulging pair of red briefs. I liked what I saw.

"Christine."

"Dare."

"Take off your panties and give them to me."

I blushed, wishing that I'd have said truth. But I stood, hitched my dress up enough to grab the straps of my panties, and shimmied them down. They were sopping wet, a fact I hoped no one but Mark noticed. I (very carefully) sat back down and handed him my panties with a kiss on the cheek. Mark noticed how wet they were and winked.

We were all pretty drunk at this point, so when Toni asked for a dare and I suggested she let the horse-head guy find out if she shaves her pubes, she was game. He stood behind her and reached his hand through the "bite" hole in her dress and snaked toward her pussy. He felt around for a bit while Toni looked bored, and then he asked Toni to spread her legs a bit. Toni obliged and her expression started to change to surprise and then pleasure.

Things got a bit wild after that. Almost everyone was in their underpants - expect me; I stayed naked under my dress. And then Mark was dared to unzip me with his teeth. He put his mouth between my breasts to find the zipper pull, and held my sides gently as he slowly unzipped me to the middle of my ribcage. I was still decent, but breathing heavily and feeling very exposed.

"Take me home, Mark," I demanded.

For the short trip home, we walked hand in hand, not talking much. Upon reaching my dorm, I kissed Mark full on the lips and thanked him for a memorable night. But I couldn't bring myself to invite him up; I wasn't that type of girl. At least not yet.

-----------

It was when I got home that night that my adventure really started. I was so wound up from flirting with Mark and so turned on from the hints of skin that I'd showed. In a spur of the moment move and, to be honest, with another splash of tequila, I knew what to do.

I took out my laptop and set up the webcam recording program. I turned on some Barry White, quietly, and then went to the mirror to make sure I looked just right.

Remembering that the dress could be made shorter by folding over more "peel" at the top, I did just that, leaving the bottom hem of the dress just a hair below my pussy. I put on red lipstick and the highest heels I owned. I looked like sex in a banana costume.

Then I went back to the computer and hit record.

"Mark," I said, leaning in to the camera to show it my cleavage, "tonight was fun. So here's a little something to remember it by until we make more memories."

I stood up, smoothed my dress down, and turned around, showing the camera my ass. I sashayed that ass toward the wall, showing Mark my best catwalk walk. Returning to be in front of the camera, I told Mark how much I loved the way he unzipped me, while moving my hands up the sides of my body to cup my breasts.

I took the zipper pull and slowly lowered it to the middle of my chest. I leaned in to the camera to show Mark all the way down my dress. "I hope you unzip me again, soon."

I stood, pulled the zipper down further, past my belly button, until the dress was threatening to expose me entirely, when I turned around, finished unzipping the dress, and let it fall to the floor, showing Mark my bare back and ass. Draping an arm across my breasts and a hand over my pussy, I turned again to face the camera. "Keep the panties," I said, and stopped the camera.

Before I could think it through or sober up, I emailed the video to Mark. And then, obviously, masturbated myself to sleep.

---------

Mark was in my two pm psychology lecture, I realized in a panic when I woke up at half past noon. What should I wear? What should I say? What would he think of me?

I double-checked that I had sent him the video, and then watched it again myself. I was sexy.

After a leisurely shower, I was running late. I threw on jeans and a hoodie and ran to class.

I slumped into the back row of the psych lecture just as the lecture started. Two minutes into the professor droning on about sublimation or something, Mark snuck into the seat next to me.

"Hi," he hissed.

"Hi yourself."

"You're something special, you know?"

"Yeah?"

"I've been rock hard since last night's party."

I blushed. Mark took my hand and slowly brought it to his crotch. He wasn't kidding.

"I can't stop watching your video."

I blushed more and felt my panties starting to dampen.

"If you ever want a videographer...."

"I might want more than that."

"Like a co-star?"

"We'll see."

"Are you coming to the party Saturday night?" he asked. I knew which party he was talking about. The wild, fraternity-council-sponsored party. It would be a crazy time.

"Will you take me?"

"Will you come as a banana?"

"Will you come as a firefighter?"

"You're on."

------

Saturday arrived before I knew it, and I had slipped into the banana costume again and adjusted it to show as much skin as possible. The hem was just below my panties - I'd chosen red lace for tonight because I figured someone might see them. And the banana peel top was folded over to show plenty of my breasts. I applied lipstick to match my panties and was ready to go. Which was convenient, because Mark had just stopped by to walk over with me.

We hadn't spoken since that afternoon class, and here we were with ten minutes of a walk with only each other. My heart was racing.

"So that video," Mark opened.

"You liked it."

"Of course. But what made you send it?"

"You made me feel so sexy that night. I just wanted to show you precisely how sexy you made me feel. And making the video turned me on."

Had I said too much?

"It can't have turned you on as much as it did me."

"I'm getting turned on now, just thinking about that video."

"Prove it."

I stopped him and pulled him behind a bush on the sidewalk. I hooked my thumbs under my dress and into the waist of my panties and pulled them halfway down my thighs.

Mark's jaw hit the ground and he stood motionless, so I took his hand and brought it to my wet pussy. He got the idea eventually and ran his middle finger up my slit, feeling my wetness and rubbing my clit. I knew, as I pulled my panties up, that I was going to fuck him that night.

Somehow we made it the rest of the way to the party, which was in full swing by the time we got there. The house hosting it was filled with slutty nurses, slutty red riding hoods, and college guys in uninspired costumes. My firefighter Mark was a hot item and I'd need to hold on to him.

Mark went to get drinks and came back with two rum and cokes. We sipped them in a corner of the party, watching sloppy drunk freshmen trying to dance, trying to make out, and excusing themselves to vomit. This wasn't really my scene, and it seemed like Mark felt similarly. So we went to the dance floor, which was packed.

We danced. Mark hardly let his hands leave me. Sometimes on my neck, sometimes on my side, sometimes on my thighs, and occasionally on the zipper pull between my breasts. He was in his bare-chested firefighter costume again, and my hands felt every inch of his chest. I'd pull his suspenders to bring him close, and sometimes grab his waistband to put him where I wanted him. Which was always pressed against me.

Mark pulled the zipper down an inch or so over the course of a few songs, and then we were grinding, his hardening cock pushing into my ass. I threw my arms behind my head, around his neck. My pussy was on fire, partly because of Mark and partly because of the display I was putting on for everyone in the room.

I lowered one hand from Mark's neck to his crotch and unzipped his fly. I snuck my hand in his pants and began to rub his cock. He was wearing boxers and I could get my hand through the fly and touch his cock without any fabric in the way.

"I want you so bad," he breathed on my neck.

Mark's hands were at my hips, under my banana dress, and fiddling with the waist of my panties. He dragged them down just a bit and I pulled his cock free from his boxers.

I leaned forward, keeping my ass pressed to him on the crowded dance floor. He lowered my panties maybe two inches, enough that they were below the hem of my dress and obvious to everyone at the party.

I pulled his cock free of his pants and brought it to my aching pussy. Mark thrusted, filling my pussy with his cock.

My hands went back around his neck while Mark fucked me on the dance floor, one hand on my hip and one hand on my clit, rubbing me to a rising orgasm. When he moved the hand from my hip to slide inside the top of my dress and start tweaking my nipple, I was done for.

I screamed in pleasure as Mark brought me to orgasm, knowing that I was the center of attention at the party, the chick being fucked on the dance floor. The eyes of every man in the room on my wanton behavior turned me on that much more. I soaked in their lust and it made me even hotter. Mark didn't last much longer than I did, filling me up with his spunk.

What was it about this dress that had me performing for a crowd? I'd never been so brazen before, but, dressed as a slutty banana, here I was.

Mark and I tidied ourselves up and found the door, not wanting anyone's congratulations or shame.

--------

Back in my dorm room, Mark and I had poured ourselves a drink. We had changed when we got there; him into an old shirt of mine that managed to fit him and his boxers, and I'd stripped out of the soggy panties and the banana costume and replaced it with just a t-shirt.

"I didn't know there was that side to you," Mark said.

"Neither did I. That banana costume did something to me. The video and what we just did: I guess I'm learning that I like showing off."

"I like it when you show off!"

"I'll bet."

"Where'd you get the banana?"

And so we went to my computer and brought up Yandy.com, the site where my roommates and I had bought our costumes. The banana costume was on the front page, and Mark clicked on it.

"You wear it better."

We watched the video of the model wearing the costume. She walked back and forth a bit, and then it was done.

"Your video was so much sexier. God, imagine if this website had videos like yours of all of these clothes."

He followed a link to a "beer maiden" dressed in a short skirt and a bodice, and then to what they called an "Apron, Pasties and Bowtie Set" - a women in an apron around her waist and pasties covering her nipples. And then a sexy school girl outfit, and then a sheer mini-dress through which you could see the model's g-string.

"Yeah? What do you want to see me in?"

The thought of wearing these scandalous outfits for Mark was almost overwhelming.

But in no time, Mark was filling a virtual shopping cart. A black lacy baby doll that came with a matching thong. A red dress with an open back and a neckline that plunged to the navel that tied at the top and had cinched sides to allow it to be made shorter at will. And then he found the lingerie section. A crotchless panty set with what they called a "peek-a-boo bra" made the cut. And then, because it was Halloween, he also added a "sexy bat" costume, a halter top with booty shorts and wings.

Before I could say anything, he'd made the purchase and had the items shipped to me.

That's how this adventure began.

**Dressing Up Ch. 02**

Mark and I hadn't really spoken since he ordered my new outfits after that Halloween party, but we'd sat next to each other in the psych lecture. I wore something special for him that day, hoping to keep his attention. I skipped underwear, went without a bra as I usually do, and wore a skirt that came halfway down my thighs. On top, I put on a tight and thin white t-shirt and, since it was November and a bit chilly, I threw on a blazer. I was smartly dressed, if I do say so myself, but if I opened the blazer only a bit, my nipples, made hard by the cold, would be obvious through the flimsy shirt.

Mark and I ran into each other outside the lecture building and chatted briefly about the class, the weather, basically anything but how much I wanted to fuck him again. I casually pulled my jacket open while putting my hands on my hips, and Mark's eyes left mine. He stared at my tits (who could blame him!) for the next few minutes until we went inside for class.

We sat next to each other, again towards the back of the lecture hall. Mark's hand stayed on my knee for the first ten minutes, but then started its way up my thigh. He stopped at the hem of my skirt. I lightly touched his hand before moving my hand to his thigh, where I left it. Then I started to spread my legs.

Mark took the hint and let his hand slowly walk up the inside of my thigh. I followed his lead and let my hand work its way up his thigh too.

Before long, I'd found Mark's cock through his jeans. Mark's hand was approaching my now very wet pussy. When he found it, his eyes bugged open. He turned to look at me. "You're not wearing anything under that skirt!" he hissed.

I winked.

Mark's fingers explored my pussy, opening my folds, rubbing my clit, and making me squirm and bite my tongue to not call out in the middle of the lecture.

Class ended. Mark had to run to his next class, to my great disappointment. I kissed him as he left. "To be continued," I smiled.

------

The package from Yandy.com arrived the next Wednesday. I didn't have anything particular in mind when Mark ordered those outfits for me. Maybe I'd make him another sexy video like I had when I stripped out of the banana costume. Maybe I'd show him more skin - the banana video, after all, didn't expose anything even though I ended up naked. Maybe I'd have him direct a video.

What happened was wilder than I could possible imagine.

As I took the box into my room, I was getting turned on imagining what he'd have me do. I tore into the packaging, eager to explore. What would I do to let Mark know that the package had arrived? What would he want to do with the outfits? With me? I couldn't wait.

Where would I start? The tiny, sexy, apron that came with pasties? The lace babydoll? The sexy red club dress? The panty-and-bra set that had "peek-a-boo" holes for my tits and pussy?

Since it was still Halloween season (at college, Halloween lasts for the three months between Labor Day and Thanksgiving), I went with the sexy bat costume.

There were five parts to the bat costume. It had a little bat-face hat, black arm warmers, wings, a halter top, and booty shorts.

I stripped to my thong and took the booty shorts to my mirror. They had six snaps on them - three on either side of my pubic area - that matched the snap front of the halter top, but otherwise were plain black. I pulled them up - they were pretty snug. The shorts sat just below my hips, highlighting my toned belly and my hip bones peeking up above them. I turned around to look at my ass in the mirror. It looked good. The shorts fit me like a glove and exposed just a bit of my ass cheeks underneath them.

I grabbed the top next. It was basically a halter top that fit like a vest with three snaps in front. It had a collar that came all the way around my neck, leaving just a small gap in the front. Two strips of fabric came down the front from the collar, each covering one of my breasts but leaving a keyhole of cleavage in the middle of my chest. The back was open from collar to the three-inch strip at the bottom of the halter top, about two inches above my belly button.

I had to work to snap the three snaps that sat between my tits and my belly button, but how tightly the top fit served to make the cleavage it highlighted particularly stunning. I was a hottie, I decided, looking in the mirror, and Mark would eat this outfit up.

I put on the wings, which were held on by loops over my shoulders, the arm warmers, and the headpiece to complete the costume. This was indeed a sexy bat costume.

Now how would I show Mark how sexy of a bat I was?

I could walk to his dorm, but the lack of pants would make it a miserable walk in the cold and I would probably be embarrased to the only one in a Halloween costume on campus on a non-Halloween Wednesday. I could send him a text telling him to come over. Or I could snapchat him a picture. I could make another video.

I decided on snapchat. I took a picture of myself in the mirror and set the timer for ten seconds before the picture would erase itself. Eat your heart out, Mark. I added the caption "the package arrived" to the picture and hit send.

One picture wouldn't do, though, really. I unsnapped the three snaps on the halter top, but made sure it still draped over my tits well enough to hide my nipples. Ten seconds again, I figured, would be ok. No caption this time - and I hit send.

I took off the top for the next shot, but left on the wings. With one arm draped across my tits, I sent another snapchat. "It's getting hot in here!" Ten seconds, again - I wasn't showing anything R-rated.

I stuck my fingers in the waistband of my booty shorts and started dragging them down, along with my thong. Showing a hint of my neatly trimmed pubes, I took another picture. My tits were clearly visible in this one. I changed the timer so that picture would erase itself after Mark saw it for only three seconds and hit send before I could decide not to.

In a flash, the shorts were on the floor and I was nude in wings, arm warmers, and a bat headpiece. I snapped another picture in the mirror. Two seconds. I sent it to Mark.

Mark didn't reply, which had me on eggshells until the psych lecture the next day. Mark sat next to me again, but we both arrived just in time for the lecture to start and it was all about the test the next week, so we couldn't fool around or whisper to each other.

After the lecture, Mark told me that his class that usually met after pysch had been cancelled that week. I was relieved and dragged him up to my dorm room, where we sat on my bed.

"You were so sexy in that bat costume."

"I know. And I know that those pictures turned you on, which got me wet."

"I need to confess something to you, Christine."

"What?" I was terrified. Did he have some secret girlfriend? I was pretty sure he wasn't gay. What could it be?

"When you sent me that first snapchat, I was playing video games with my friend Rob. And he saw that first picture over my shoulder. When I wouldn't show him the one with you unsnapped, he grabbed my phone."

I thought I knew where this was going and I knew I should be mad. But my body wasn't responding that way. I was thinking about Rob - we'd seen each other at a few parties and he was cute and a pretty nice guy. What did Rob think of me? Did he like the bat costume when he first saw it? The third picture I had sent was the topless one where I was covering my tits - did that turn him on?

I wanted to turn Rob on, I realized. And I was fantasizing about what Rob did after seeing me in that costume. Did he jerk off thinking about my body? Did he make himself cum while imagining me in my bat costume? Maybe imagining me out of my bat costume? What did he see?

"Christine?"

I must have gotten a glazed look on my face and stopped paying attention to Mark.

"Christine, I'm so sorry."

"What happened next?"

"Well, the next picture was you in the shorts with only an arm over your breasts, and Rob was holding the phone when that came in. He held me back, but let me see it. I couldn't get the phone away from him, Christine."

"Go on."

"You were topless and pulling off the shorts in the next picture - I was so hard already with you just teasing, but that shot had me ready to burst. But Rob still had the phone - he saw that picture."

I was starting to blush and it was all I could do not to touch myself. What was happening to me? Who was this sultry seductress getting off on turning strange men on, and what had she done with the real me, the shy but sexy college girl?

"Rob still wouldn't give me the phone, even though I begged him to. He saw you naked, Christine. I'm so sorry."

"What did you think of the pictures? And what did he think?" I croaked.

"You're the sexiest girl I've ever seen, Christine. And Rob was getting turned on. He recognized you from that party a couple of weeks ago and wanted to know why you were sending me these sexy photos."

"What did you say?"

"Well, he wouldn't give me my phone back unless I told him the whole story. So I told him about dancing with you, and daring you to take off your panties, and the video you sent. And I told him about when you fucked me on the dance floor and how we came back here to order more outfits."

"What did he think?"

"He demanded that I show him the video."

"Did you?" I wasn't sure whether to pin Mark down and fuck him, which was what my body was telling me to do, or to throw things at him, which is what I knew I should do.

"He made me, Christine. I'm so sorry."

"Did he like the video?"

Who was the girl asking these questions?

"He kept his hands on his crotch while we watched it."

I decided to be honest with Mark and told him how turned on I was and how mad I wanted to be at him. Mark gave me a big hug and kept apologizing. He's a nice guy - the whole package, sweet, thoughtful, and hot as fuck. He just ended up in a pickle the night before, I guess. But still, even when he was showing off my body, I was getting turned on.

I didn't want to make Mark feel guilty anymore, and I did want to have some fun with him.

"I'll forgive you, Mark. But you have to do something for me."

"Anything." Mark was sitting on my bed, his legs hanging off the edge.

I found a pair of black tights and fashioned them into a blindfold. "Hold still," I said as I tied it over his eyes. "And strip to your underwear."

As Mark stood, blindfolded, and took off his pants and shirt, I quickly stripped and shimmied into the bat costume.

Mark was back sitting on the edge of the bed with an obvious bulge in his boxers, and I took off his blindfold and handed him my camera. "Tell me what to do. I'm your sexy bat plaything."

Mark posed me in various positions around the room. He had me in front of the window, bending over to pick something off the floor. He actually took that picture twice - once to see my pussy lips pressing against the booty shorts and again from the other side to see my barely-contained breasts hanging down. After maybe twenty pictures in as many minutes, Mark had me stand in the middle of the room and unsnap two of three snaps on the front of my top.

As I slowly unfastened and opened my top, taking pains to keep my nipples covered, Mark took picture after picture. He had me open the top completely and just cover my breasts with my hands, and then with an arm. Mark's cock was a full attention and peeking through the slit in his boxers.

I licked my lips.

Mark asked me to take off the top and pose without it, a request with which I eagerly complied. He wanted to still tease, so I kept my nipples covered with my hands, and then he had me bend the wings forward to cover my tits.

Mark had me crawl toward him on the floor, my arms hiding my nipples from the camera, and then asked me to roll around on the floor, snapping shots all the while. I laid on the floor, topless, and rubbed my tits for Mark's camera. I pinched my nipples and, instinctively, one hand found its way to my shorts, and then inside.

Here I was, writhing topless on the floor of my room, touching my pussy for the camera. Taking pictures was turning me on so much.

Mark interrupted me after a couple of minutes and had me stand again. My hands at my hips, the camera took in my full, perky breasts and nipples hard as rocks.

I slowly brought my hands to the booty shorts and lowered them for the camera. As my pussy came into view, Mark had me just take off the shorts and pose nude. I kept a hand over my tits and the other covering my crotch. The camera snapped away.

I kept a hand loosely over my tits, but moved my other hand to cover my pussy with just my fingertips from behind. My fingers covered my pussy and nestled in my well-maintained pubes. My touch made me moan, and the display got Mark's cock out of his shorts. Mark had one hand on the camera as the other gently stroked his seven inches of manhood.

I sure was a sexy bat.

I couldn't wait any longer. I pushed Mark onto the bed. "Tell me what you want," I said as I straddled him, pressing my soaking pussy into his hard cock. He took a picture.

"Fuck me, Christine."

I positioned his cock at my entrance. "Do you like taking pictures of me?"

"Yes," he croaked, as he took another picture of his cock just outside my pussy.

I slid the head of his cock into me. "What do you want to do with those pictures?"

"Oh god. I'm going to look at them while I masterbate, thinking of you." He snapped another picture of his cock entering my pussy.

I lowered myself halfway down his cock, moaning. "Tell me that you'll show Rob."

"Oh, Christine. I'm going to show Rob those pictures. We'll sit in the common room of the dorm, looking at them on a laptop. In full view of whomever walks by."

He took another picture. "I'll show him this picture and tell him about how you begged me to fuck you. And how you insisted that I take the pictures. As a crowd gathers, I'll explain that you asked me to show all of them how much you want me."

I impaled myself on him, taking his full length in my hot pussy. I moved my hands to my tits, tweaking my nipples. He took a picture.

"I'm going to frame this one, with the sexy, topless bat riding my hard cock and getting off on having her picture taken."

Mark kept thrusting into me and taking pictures as I rode him closer and closer to a rapidly approaching climax.

"I'm going to print these pictures and make a magazine," Mark thumbed my clit.

"I'm going to put copies of the magazine in every newspaper box on campus."

"Everyone will see you stripping and getting the fucking of your life."

I exploded in one of the best orgasms of my life.

I slid off of Mark, a hot mess, and laid on the bed. He grabbed the camera again and took pictures of his cum leaking out my my pussy, the royally fucked sexy bat.

------

When we'd recovered from that fantastic fuck, we looked through the pictures Mark had taken of me. I looked hot, wanton, a mad women. A woman possessed.

Mark told me that he'd never share the pictures without my permission even if I gave them to him - which I didn't have to, he insisted.

What a gentleman!

I couldn't have my naked body plastered around campus, I thought. People would recognize me. What would my professors say? What would graduate schools or employers think?

Then we hit on it. I wanted to be displayed. Maybe needed it, now. But it didn't need to be obviously me!

We went through the pictures and cropped my face out of all of them. We didn't use the ones where we couldn't easily crop my face out, but by the end we had a respectable and hot collection of pictures.

Over the weekend, in between marathon sex sessions, Mark and I put together the magazine he'd imagined while fucking me, just without my face. We found a printer, paid in cash for a hundred copies, and signed up for an anonymous email address and included a note at the end: "Want to join us for the next issue? email us!"

At two on Monday morning, we put on black clothes and put copies of our sex mag in newspaper stands across campus. My new life really had begun.

**Dressing Up Ch. 03**

"Shit," Mark said, as we came back to my dorm from putting our magazine of pictures of me stripping out of the bat costume and fucking Mark in newspaper boxes around campus. "Rob will know it's you if he sees the pictures."

He was right. So Mark called Rob and had him come over to my dorm. We all needed to talk. We were lucky that Rob was a night owl - he was still up at 2am.

Rob looked like he thought he was in trouble. Maybe he thought I'd just learned about what he did with Mark's phone and my snapchats. And maybe he thought I was mad. I figured I could play on his fear.

"I heard what you did last week. Who have you told about those pictures?"

"No one, I swear."

"It's going to stay that way. You know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to make it worth your while to keep your mouth shut."

I told Rob about how turned on I got taking the pictures he saw, and then I told him that there were more pictures that got even sexier. Rob was itching to see them.

"If you show me those pictures, I'll never tell anyone."

"I'll do you one better. I'm showing the pictures to the whole campus. In fact, they're on newsstands now."

I took one of the copies of the magazine that we'd saved and gave it to Rob. He opened it and paged through it, his eyes widening at every page. And then he realized the urgency of my situation.

"I'm the only one who knows it's you in these pictures. And they're all over campus."

"Exactly. Now you know how much I want you to keep your mouth shut. What can make that happen?"

Rob was kind of an ass, but I figured he wouldn't demand to fuck me. That was beyond the pale, even for him. But as he thought, I imagined what he might demand. Maybe he wanted Mark's role for the next photoshoot. Maybe he wanted his cock inside me on the dance floor while I wore that banana costume. I was surprised by how much I liked that image and looked at his crotch. There was definitely a bulge. Involuntarily, I licked my lips.

Rob was thinking for a long time, which gave my imagination a chance to run wild. Maybe Rob would ask to film my next costumed adventure. I thought about the outfits Mark had bought me. Maybe he'd have me in the peek-a-boo bra and crotchless panty set. Maybe he'd tie me up, exposed to the camera while he or Mark or maybe another man licked my exposed flesh and explored my bared pussy.

I was getting wet again when I was supposed to be mad.

Rob decided. "You're making another magazine?"

"Probably."

"I want in. I'll make you a website. And I want to expand it to video, too. Let me take pictures and video and it'll be our secret, just the three of us."

I looked at Mark. He smiled and nodded. This would be fun, right?

"Ok," I said, and we got started.

We apparently weren't going to get to sleep that night. Rob was excited about the new project and started brainstorming website names and sketching page layouts. Mark suggested we start taking pictures for the next magazine, and I started browsing Yandy.com, the website where we'd ordered the outfits, marveling at the array of things to show myself off in.

By 4am, though, I was pooped. I kicked the boys out, extracted another promise from Rob to keep his mouth shut if he ever wanted to be part of our fun, and kissed Mark goodnight.

The next day, the campus was buzzing. TV crews had started to arrive on campus by the time I woke up around eleven. The student newspaper's twitter was, well, a-twitter with reports about where the sex magazine was and who thought who had made it.

The campus Christians were up in arms. The campus feminist groups were split.

All because I got turned on when thinking about showing my body to the whole campus.

I checked the email we'd set up and put on the magazines - more than a hundred messages. A lot of them just wanted to know who we were; a bunch of them wrote to condemn us. Three messages seemed to come for people really eager to join in. A great start for this sexy little whim.

Mark, Rob, and I had agreed to reconvene in the evening to try on another costume and see what happened. But before then, I had to go to class.

I slid into the back of my chemistry lecture a minute after class started and sat next to my friend Jenny.

"Did you see the magazine that everyone's talking about?"

"I just got out of bed. What magazine?"

"All the newspaper boxes on campus were stuffed with this porno mag of a girl in a bat costume stripping and getting fucked."

"Yeah?"

"But apparently her face wasn't in any of the pictures."

"Weird."

"But it was still really hot. And rumor is that it's an underground sex club's advertisement."

"Oh?"

"There's an email address in it that you can send an email to asking to join."

"Huh."

"I'm thinking about it. I mean, how hot would it be to have all of the guys on campus jerking off to pictures of you without even knowing it?"

"Pretty hot. You should do it."

"I don't know if I'm brave enough. But I sure as hell want Paul to be looking at me the same way he was looking at that magazine."

Paul was the studly guy Jenny had been lusting after since freshman year. He'd only gotten handsomer, but Jenny had convinced herself that she was in the friend zone.

"Why don't you ask him if he wants to take audition shots of you to send to that email address?"

Jenny giggled, interrupting the lecture. We were quiet for the rest of class.

When the lecture ended, Jenny looked at me with a very serious face. "I might just do that," she said.

I had to get some schoolwork done before the modeling session that night, so I headed to the library. All anyone could talk about was my magazine. Apparently there were very few copies circulating and everyone wanted to see them.

"Didn't Hannah go as a bat for halloween?"

I eagerly eavesdropped.

"Yeah, but she had leather pants, not those short-shorts."

"I know those tits - I think I saw them at a Sigma Delta Tau party."

"Maybe this'll encourage my girlfriend to dress up for me. I'd love to take that bat costume off of her!"

I wasn't going to get any work done with these conversations around, so I spent the next few hours in a private study room. By the time I finished my homework, it was five pm and I was famished, so I grabbed a slice of pizza on my walk back to the dorm.

I'd just gotten out of the shower when Mark and Rob knocked on the door. I answered in my towel.

"Is this the outfit we're doing next?" Rob was a real joker.

"Come in, guys. I'll just be a minute."

I finished drying off in the bathroom while the guys went into my room. I'd brought a clean pair of black lace panties to the bathroom with me, but didn't expect company so soon, so I had nothing to wear on top.

Here goes, I guess.

I walked into my room with as much sex as I could muster, swinging my hips, and covering my tits with an arm.

The boys were sitting on my bed. Rob was speechless. Mark pulled me in for a kiss, sliding his hands around me to cup my ass. I kissed him, hard. And then I forgot myself and wrapped my arms around him, pulling his face to mine, then to my neck, and then to my tits.

Rob's hand went to his crotch and I realized that I'd just shown him my tits. He was going to see them anyway, I guess.

"What do you say, fellows? Should we get started?"

Mark went to the box of outfits from Yandy.com and brought out the apron, pasties, and bowtie set.

We opened the package and took a look. The apron was as wide as my hips, a semi-circle that would extend from my hips a couple of inches down my thighs and tie in the back. My ass would be totally exposed. The heart-shaped pasties would cover my nipples, but that was it on top. And the bowtie looked more like a collar around my neck.

"What're you waiting for?" Rob asked, eager to start.

I held the apron up to my hips and Mark tied a bow in the back. And we slipped on the bowtie, leaving only the pasties, which Mark carefully applied.

I looked in the mirror. I was sexy. The pasties and tiny apron highlighted just how naked I was and showed off my hard abs and toned legs. My breasts didn't need any support and looked tantalizing with just the nipples covered. I looked like the sexiest French maid.

Rob, clearly, agreed. He didn't even try to hide the bulge in his pants. He reached for my camera, which was still on my bedside table. He took a picture of me looking at myself in the mirror, my panty-clad ass on display and my front visible in the mirror.

Rob directed me to pose in various positions, reaching in the air, crawling on the bed, dusting the headboard with a feather duster he'd found in my closet.

And then he had me remove the panties, which weren't part of the outfit anyway. I bent over, dragging the panties down my legs, and Rob snapped pictures of my bared ass. Rob had me toy with the apron, lifting it to show that I didn't have anything on underneath, but keeping my pussy hidden.

I was enjoying teasing Rob, the camera, and Mark, still sitting on the bed, absent-mindedly stroking his cock through his jeans. I wanted to touch myself, too, but I was committed to following Rob's instructions. That, after all, was the deal. I was getting wetter anyway, and I knew that the long tease would have me ready to pounce on anything and anyone soon enough.

I'd become the wanton slut in those pictures.

After having me cup my breasts and push them together to highlight some sexy cleavage, Rob had an idea.

"Strip," he said to Mark. "I need your cock."

Mark looked at him quizzically.

"Not like that. I need your cock in the pictures."

Mark stripped.

Rob had me face the camera and positioned Mark behind me.

Mark's cock pressed into my ass and lower back, making me even hornier.

Rob came over to us to get our limbs aligned. He was standing very close to me. I could feel his breath on my shoulder as he grabbed Mark's hips and pulled him tighter into me, and Mark shifting forward pushed me an inch forward. My face was at Rob's neck, and his bulging crotch was touching my apron.

Suddenly I wanted Rob closer. I shifted another inch forward and Rob's bulge was pressing into my pussy through the apron and his jeans. Since Mark and I weren't close enough for Rob again, Rob pulled Mark closer to me. I stood still and Rob stayed planted on the ground, but pulling Mark in brought our chests together. My pasty-covered tits brushed Rob's chest.

I was getting overwhelmed, pressed between two aroused men, one naked behind me with his cock pushing into my ass crack and the other fully clothed with his bulge rubbing my pussy.

Rob stepped back, breaking the spell, and took Mark's hands and moved them to my hips.

Rob took a picture.

Mark slipped a hand under my apron, inching towards my pussy.

Rob took a picture.

Mark's hand slid further down. My pussy ached. My head arched back into Mark.

Rob took a picture.

"Kiss her neck."

Mark leaned in for a kiss at the same time as his fingers found my pussy lips. I cooed with pleasure.

Rob took a picture.

"Put your cock between her legs."

Mark adjusted his cock so his seven inches nestled between my thighs. His cock pressed upward into my pussy. I moaned.

The apron covered the action, which puzzled Rob. He kneeled, putting his camera at crotch level. "Lift the apron a bit, Mark."

Mark lifted the apron until his cock was visible to Rob's camera. Rob took a picture.

"Can you get Mark's cock to glisten with your pussy juice?"

I knew how to do that. I bent over and reached between my legs until I found Mark's cock. Slowly, I guided it to my wet entrance. I leaned back just a bit. I groaned as the head of Mark's cock entered me. Mark sighed.

I leaned back slowly, letting Mark's cock ease into my pussy until all of it was inside me. Mark's hands went to my hips, holding me there.

The camera's noise shook me out of my reverie. Rob took another picture. Rob laid on the floor between my legs, pointing the camera at Mark's cock in my pussy.

"Now slowly pull out."

I didn't want Mark to ever leave my pussy.

But Mark pulled out, Rob snapping pictures the whole way.

Rob posed us back as we were, with Mark's cock between my legs, but this time the cock was glistening with my pussy juice, just as Rob wanted. Mark lifted the apron, showing me off to the camera. And then Mark brought his hand to my pussy.

Mark spread my lips for the camera, showing off how turned on I was. He spread my lips around the length of his gently thrusting cock. And then he found my clit with his fingers.

I went wild, and Rob's camera caught every moment of it.

I needed that cock back inside me.

But Rob had other ideas.

Rob had me lay on the bed, my legs splayed, the apron on disarray, my pussy on display.

Rob stood at the foot of the bed, snapping photos. Then he came around to stand next to my head to take pictures of me from the other side.

Rob's bulging jeans were just inches from my face, and I was quivering with arousal. I couldn't help myself.

I reached for Rob's pants as he took pictures of my legs, which writhed as I ached for my pussy to be filled.

I unfastened his pants and tugged them down. Rob's cock stood at attention right next to my face.

So I slid over to him. I needed that cock. Any cock. I put Rob's cock in my mouth. He took pictures.

After a few quick tugs on his cock with my mouth and hands, I pulled Rob onto the bed and as I pulled off his shirt, Mark took the camera.

I paused for a moment, trying to figure out what, exactly, I wanted.

Two naked men looked at me. Rob was nude on his back on the bed, and Mark was a yard away, snapping pictures of me. I kneeled on the bed, straddling Rob, my dripping pussy maybe six inches from his hard cock. I was still in the pasties and bowtie. And the apron was around my waist.

Mark stepped closer, snapping photos.

I couldn't decide. So I reached behind my back to untie my apron.

Mark kept taking pictures.

I threw the apron on the floor, which left me nude in pasties and a bowtie, straddling Rob.

I inched up Rob's body, getting closer and closer to his cock. Mark kept coming closer to us, taking pictures despite the jealousy that flashed across his face.

I hovered over Rob's cock, my hungry pussy two inches above his hard cock.

Rob flexed his cock. The tip grazed my wet pussy for an instant.

Then he lifted his hips, pressing his cock into my pussy.

Involuntarily, I thrust my hips forward, rubbing my pussy along the length of his manhood.

I moaned. Rob groaned. And Mark took pictures.

It wasn't right. I wanted to be fucked. I needed to be fucked. But not by Rob. Teasing him was turning me on, but I just couldn't do it.

I grabbed the camera from Mark and handed it to Rob. I pressed my pussy into his cock one last time, making sure to coat it in my wetness. And then I stood up and went to Mark.

"Tell me what to do, Rob. Direct me."

Rob cleared his throat. "Uh, Mark, sit down on that chair."

Mark sat on the chair.

"Christine, take off the pasties and set them on the chair between Mark's legs."

"Now sit on Mark's lap. Mark - hold on to her tits."

I set myself down on Mark's lap, making sure that his cock was in front of me and rubbing my pussy. Mark grabbed my tits and squeezed.

Rob took pictures.

I rubbed Mark's cock as he pinched my nipples. I put on my lustiest face and begged the camera to fuck me with my eyes.

"Fuck me already," I shouted as Mark got my engine going.

Mark slipped his cock inside my wanting pussy and began to thrust. I wouldn't last long - I was more ready than I'd ever been for a royal fucking.

Rob kept taking pictures for a minute, and then he set the camera down. He approached Mark and me on the chair. I leaned forward and put a hand on Rob's chest as Mark fucked me. My other hand found its way to Rob's cock, and then, before I knew it, I had him in my mouth. Stuffed from both ends, I felt my orgasm barreling ahead. I came in wave after wave, and was filled with spunk in short order in my pussy and my mouth.

I leaned back into Mark as his shrinking cock slipped out of me. Rob had gotten the camera again and was snapping away, capturing my exhausted, over-sexed body covered in cum.

"This is issue two," I growled.

**Dressing Up Ch. 04**

Rob, Mark and I spent the next few days going through the pictures we'd taken at the last shoot. We, again, cropped out our heads where possible and assembled them into a story.

We also looked through our email address and started to reply to promising people who seemed like they might want to join us. I was very clear: there was no way anyone would find out this was us, so any collaboration of contribution had to happen through the anonymous email address.

Rob was also starting to put together a website for our magazine. We'd settled on the name "Campus Costumes". And on our next shoot, Rob insisted, we were going to figure out how to do video in a way that preserved our anonymity.

We were hashing out the details in a very un-sexy way when I got a phone call. It was Jenny from my chemistry lecture.

"I did it! I did it!"

"Settle down, Jenny, what did you do?"

"I asked Paul and he said yes! I never thought he'd say yes!"

"Holy shit!"

Jenny had told me how much she wanted to be in the magazine that she didn't know was mine the week before, and I'd suggested that she have her crush Paul take audition pictures to send in. I never thought she'd have the courage to ask, but what man would turn down the opportunity?

"So when are you going to do it? What're you going to wear?"

"I don't know. I'm on my way over to your place. Can we talk there?"

Shit. I couldn't let Jenny into my dorm room. There were two hunky men cutting up naked pictures of themselves fucking me. And there were the costumes from our shoots, just laying on the ground.

"I'll come to you. We'll look at your outfits together."

"Ok - right now?"

"Give me half an hour."

"See you soon."

I hung up.

"Guys, we've got another model," I announced and I put on my shoes. "And I'm going to come home with sample pictures."

Jenny was pacing her dorm room in a pair of running shorts and a white t-shirt bra when I arrived. She'd thrown all her clothes on her bed and was agonizing about what to wear.

"Jenny," I said, "what matters is your attitude. The clothes come right off, no?"

She nodded.

We hung up all her clothes.

"What sexy lingerie do you have? Anything in lace?"

Jenny pulled out a neon green thong and then, after digging for a bit, found matching a red lace thong and bra set.

"Let's do that set. Try them on for me."

I'd brought along my camera in case we needed it. Jenny turned her back to me and dropped her shorts and unhooked her bra. Her bubble butt and toned thighs evidenced time in the gym.

"Do you work out, girl?"

"You bet your ass I do. I wanted to be ready for the day that Paul saw me as more than a study buddy."

She wiggled into the thong and fastened the bra. The lace thong somehow made her ass even hotter, and then she turned around. That bra must be magic. Jenny's tits were lifted, separated, all the right things. And she was working it. She cocked her hips and arched her back. Jenny licked her lips and asked me if I liked what I saw. I took a picture.

"That's a sexy outfit, Jenny. Are you going to go with that for your photoshoot with Paul or do you have something else in mind?"

"I dunno. What do you think we could do?"

I had lots of ideas for her.

She could just do a boudoir set stripping out of the lingerie and maybe a robe. She could get a long coat and take pictures outside in a coat, then open the coat for the camera, maybe even get naked under the coat. She could put on a cocktail dress and strip out of that first. Ideas poured out.

"How about some mix of the trashy and classy?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I could do something as trashy as flashing a coat open combined with something as classy as a cocktail dress."

"I don't follow."

"How about this: I could wear a cocktail dress to a bar, show some skin and tease a bit, and then do the boudoir scene?"

"Or you could get up on the bar and strip."

"There's no way."

"That's what you would have said about asking Paul to take pictures of you stripping."

"You got me."

"Or you could take Paul to the bathroom and strip in there."

"Oh my."

"And then you could open his fly and suck him off."

Jenny blushed, even more than she had been already.

"And then he could lift you to the sink and fuck you."

"Christine!" Jenny's blush had spread to her chest and her nipples were obviously hardening.

"Look at yourself, you want it!"

Jenny told me that she got turned on by the idea but that there was no way she'd be willing to do that. "It's gross," she said, "and besides, what if someone recognizes me?"

"Isn't that part of the thrill?"

"If you're so into it," Jenny accused me, "why don't you take pictures of yourself getting fucked in a bar bathroom and send them in?"

Maybe I would.

Jenny decided to keep it relatively tame with Paul - at least to start. We outlined what she should plan to do in case he didn't have any suggestions. She'd start in a little dress, preening in front of the mirror, and would bend over enough checking herself out to show off a lot of leg and a little flash of her thong. And then she'd lose the dress and pose on the bed, tweaking her nipples and rubbing her pussy before slowly undressing all the way.

This plan would make sure that Paul got ideas. I couldn't wait to see what pictures came in.

As I walked back to my dorm, I knew what I wanted my next photoshoot to be. Mark and Rob were gone by the time I got home, but they'd left a note: "Let's do another shoot this weekend? This is fun."

I texted Mark that I had plans for him and Rob this weekend and that they'd better have a car for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, as we'd need it.

I'd done my research. There was another, smaller, college town a ways down the interstate. I'd found a club that looked busy and a hotel a block away and hoped that we wouldn't be recognized.

When we arrived, late on Friday, we checked in to the hotel. We got one room with two beds and went to deposit our stuff. We were right next to the pool, which got my imagination going again.

After a quick bite to eat, I was ready to go to the club. Rob would take pictures while I danced, flirted, and flashed with Mark. I told the boys that I planned on getting fucked that night, but wasn't sure whether it was going to be on the dance floor, in the club bathroom, or in the hotel. Or all three.

I pulled out the red dress Mark had got me from Yandy.com. I stripped to my thong - black lace, chosen to show it off - and put on the dress. The dress had an open back and tied around my neck. The neckline in front plunged between my breasts almost to my belly button and the elasticized fabric pushed my tots together to show them off. The hem was only an inch or two below my panties, showing off my long legs.

I looked at myself in the mirror as Mark and Rob tried to devour me with their eyes. I spun slowly, taking it all in. I would be the center of attention at the club tonight, with my cleavage, and the sides of my breasts peeking out from under my arms.

When we arrived at the club at about eleven, things were in full swing. A DJ was working the crowd, who seemed young and energetic. The place was packed. I was ready to work it.

I told the boys to hang back for a bit while I made a new friend or two. Rob got a beer to nurse while he took pictures, and Mark headed to the bar alone.

Two cute boys caught my eye. They were probably around our age and looked a bit nervous, standing and watching the dance floor. Perfect for my plan. I went up to them and, being braver than I felt, just flat-out asked if they'd buy me a drink.

While one of them went off to bring me a vodka soda, the other one and I had a brief, shouted conversation. He was a student, studying engineering, and had just split with his girlfriend. His friend, the one who was just returning with my drink, had insisted on the night out. I insisted they take me to the dance floor.

In short order, I was sandwiched between the two boys, grinding my ass against one and my tits into the other's chest. They squeezed in closer on me over the next few minutes, and I felt hard-ons pressing into my ass and my belly.

Knowing that I was turning on these two strangers was getting me hot and bothered; I could feel my pussy getting wet. I grabbed the boy in front of me and pulled his mouth to mine for a sloppy kiss. One of his hands was on my thigh and he slid it up and around until it was cupping the bottom of my butt cheek, his fingers grazing my thong. His other hand was on my side, left bare by my risque dress. His touch was electrifying.

The boy behind me wouldn't be left out of the action. He kissed my neck, roughly. And as I moaned, he slipped a hand inside my plunging neckline to cup my tit and pinch my nipple.

I let their hands wander over my exposed flesh. I even let them expose more of me, pulling my dress higher to show the club my wet thong. And then there were fingers inside my thong, sliding down through my trimmed pubes and touching my wetness.

This was too far, I thought. I didn't want these strangers finger-fucking me on the dance floor. But as I articulated to myself exactly what I didn't want to happen, I moaned. And I thrust my hips into the stranger's hands. I did want this stranger to finger-fuck me on the dance floor. And then I remembered Rob, taking pictures. And Mark, probably jealously watching these boys play with me. And then the boy found my clit.

One touch was enough as I thought about my display and the pictures we'd send around - I exploded all over his hands and collapsed into his arms. As I recovered from my climax and saw the hungry look of the boys who'd been touching me, I excused myself to go pee. I needed to think about what I wanted next.

I straightened my dress out and made my way to the ladies' room, where, after taking care of business, I stood in front of the mirror to give myself a pep talk. I wanted this night to continue; I was having fun. I imagined ways the night could go. I could return the favor to my two stranger boys by taking them to a corner of the club and sucking them off. I could drag one of them to the bathroom and get fucked. I could take them back to the hotel and fuck them both. I could have Rob record them fucking me.

I was getting even wetter, thinking about how I'd get fucked. And then I remembered Mark. He was so good to me and just sitting by the bar, waiting jealously for me to finish with those boys. And he had that cock that did so well by me, that and his fantastic hands and mouth. I wanted Mark, is what I realized. And I needed him now.

That's when I knew what to do. I slid my thong off and balled it in my hand as I left the bathroom, smoothing my dress flat. I stopped by the bar to grab Mark while on the way to the dance floor, and I brought him with me to find my two strangers.

I made eye contact with the boys while I positioned Mark behind me. Mark was already mostly hard, and as I rubbed my ass against his jeans, his erection grew to full size. I needed that inside me, but wanted to tease a bit first.

I gestured for the boys to come over to me, and like horny puppies with hungry eyes, they did. Mark pressed into my ass as the boys started to feel me up again. I took one of their hands and pressed my thong into it. His eyes bugged out and he moved his hands to my thighs to see what was under my dress.

I obligingly spread my legs for the stranger's inspection while reaching behind me for Mark's zipper. After some struggle, I had his cock free of his pants and nestled between my legs, pressing at my pussy.

The boy in front of me with his hand at my pussy figured out what was going on as he stroked Mark's cock and my pussy. I leaned into his ear. "Put it in," I whispered. "Fuck me with his cock."

The boy obliged, sliding Mark's hard cock into my gaping slit. Mark thrust and was inside me all at once, filling me and overwhelming me.

I just let go of myself, welcoming and noticing all the sensations that passed through me in waves. Mark was slowly thrusting in time with the music, holding me up with his strong arms as he impaled me with his wonderful cock.

And the boy in front of me, a stranger who I'd just met, was rubbing my pussy, grazing against my clit, and feeling Mark fucking me.

The club was dark, but it wasn't so dark that no one had noticed the woman in the short dress getting fucked by two men on the dance floor: there were stares. And knowing we were being watched just turned me on more.

I pulled the boy in front of me in for a kiss. As he returned my kiss, he reached for his pants with the hand that wasn't on my pussy. I kissed him harder as he unfastened his belt and opened his pants.

He quickly had the head of his cock at my already full pussy and then, in an instant, I was off the floor and both men were inside me, fucking me with two cocks in my pussy. I was so overwhelmed with how full I was and how vulnerable and just how public this fucking was that I came in an instant. The boys weren't far behind and their two cocks exploded in me together.

As they gently set me down on my feet, I realized what, exactly, had just happened. I had two men's cum leaking out of my pussy, which was exposed to the whole club by my dress being lifted up, and my tits had popped out of the dress, too.

I pulled my outfit back together and needed to leave right away. Mark still had ideas, though.

"Come to the hot tub after a shower," he said, handing me my room key. He knew I needed to be alone for a minute.

I left the club and walked the two blocks back to the hotel, cum trickling down my legs. I felt used, but also sexy. And hadn't I used them to get me off? And what pictures did Rob manage to get? And what would we do with them? I stayed for a while in the hotel shower, slowly coming down off of my high and thinking about how much I loved what had just happened. My hand found its way to my clit, and then I realized that Mark had invited me to the hot tub. Who knows what he had in store for me.

I wrapped a towel around myself, figuring that I wouldn't need anything else in the hot tub, and went down the hall to find the hot tub already bustling with activity. Mark was in it, wearing only his boxers, and so were the two boys from the club (they introduced themselves as Matt and Tommy - Matt's the one who had just fucked me), also in their boxers. Rob was walking around taking pictures of everyone in his jeans, but had left his shirt poolside.

There were two young women in the hot tub, too. They were in their bras and panties and sexy as fuck. Ilse was blonde, athletic, and tall, and Ella was a slim and buxom redhead. Ella's black lace bra pushed her breasts together, making mind-blowing cleavage, and Ilse's smaller tits were lifted together by a red and black half-cup that only barely concealed her nipples.

They gave me a round of applause when I came in. Ilse told me that I had done the sexiest thing she'd ever seen and that she wished she was a brave as me.

I turned beet red and went silent.

Ilse and Ella had apparently been chatting Mark up while I flirted with Matt and Tommy; when the boys left the club, they'd invited the girls to join them to keep the party going, and here we all were. Tommy passed me the bottle of tequila they'd started in on and I sat at the edge of the hot tub, putting my feet in but leaving my towel on - I was suddenly bashful about my nakedness in this group of people.

Before I came down, they'd been playing a game, and the game continued as I took a swig from the tequila bottle and passed it on. They'd found a beach ball and were tossing it around. Whenever it came to you, you had to either tell an embarrassing sexual story from your past or do something sexual to someone in the tub.

Tommy caught the ball next. He asked Ella if he could make out with her, and when she nodded, he waded over to her, his wet boxers tenting and showing the outline of his manhood. He leaned in for a kiss and Ella pulled him closer with an arm around his neck. Her other hand found his cock and gently rubbed it. Tommy's hands rubbed her breasts.

"Enough, you two," Ilse interrupted. Frustrated, Tommy sat back down and threw the ball at Ilse.

"Tell us about that time in the shower," Ella suggested. Ilse blushed, and the boys knew they wanted to hear that story.

"Ok, ok," Ilse started. "It was the end of sophomore year and one of those Saturdays when you're drunk by 2pm. I guess I decided that I needed a shower after the boozy brunch, and so I stumbled my drunk ass into the dorm bathroom on my way back to my room from brunch. I don't remember much about how it happened, but I apparently stripped my clothes off in the middle of the bathroom floor before going into a shower stall that was already on.

"And it turned out that I was not only walking into someone else's shower, but also I was on the wrong floor and had walked into a men's room! So there I was, naked in the shower with a strange man, drunk off my ass. He'd been jerking it in the shower before I interrupted, so he had his hand on his rock-hard cock and just stood, looking at me in surprise.

"I guess it had been a while for me or maybe it was just that I get horny when I drink, but I got on my knees and took that hard cock in my mouth, just sucking it like a pro."

"That's not all you did," Ella interrupted.

"Ok, jeez. I also let him fuck me. And then he put his towel on and left, leaving the shower curtain and the stall door open. I fucked the next guy to come past, too, but he at least let me take his towel, which I wrapped around myself and then somehow made my way home.

"I left my clothes on the floor of the men's room, though, and by the time they made their way back to me a week later, the whole dorm knew about my exploits."

Ilse threw the ball at Ella. "Tell them about freshman orientation."

"No way," Ella said, and waded over to Matt. She looked in his eyes for a moment and then reached for the hole in his boxers, bringing out his hardening cock. She ducked her head underwater and took his cock in her mouth, and then came up for air. She repeated the performance a handful of times, but was clearly tired of coming up for air.

Red with exertion, Ella straddled Matt and rubbed her panty-covered pussy on his exposed member, leaning in for a kiss. We all watched as she bounced on his lap, the two of them starting to moan with anticipation.

"Enough," said Tommy, clearly jealous of the attention.

Ella threw the ball at Mark and turned around, but didn't leave Matt's lap.

Mark waded over to me, kissed me hard, and then pulled off his boxers, exposing his lovely cock at half mast. He kissed me again and whispered to me: "Why don't you join us?"

Mark left my side and returned to the other side of the hot tub, leaving me with his boxers, which I set on the side of the tub. He threw the ball at me.

I caught the ball and took a deep breath. Here goes, I thought, and opened my towel up, exposing my nakedness to the group. I slid, naked, into the hot tub, concealing my pussy, and waded to Tommy. I kissed him gently on the lips and then sat in his lap.

Tommy was already turned on. When I sat on his lap, I pressed his hard cock - still in his boxers - between my back and his stomach and felt it twitch. It must have been eight or nine inches long - and wide! As I leaned into Tommy, his hands moved to my hips. And then he ran them up my sides to cup my naked breasts. I shivered and cooed as he pinched my nipples. I ground my ass into his boxer-clad cock, teasing him with how close my pussy was to his cock.

I threw the ball to Ilse as I continued to tease Tommy and he continued to paw at my exposed tits.

At that point, Ilse and Mark were the only ones of our group sitting by themselves. I was on Tommy's lap, grinding my naked pussy into his boxer-covered cock; and Ella was on Matt's lap, having exposed his cock through the fly in his boxers but still wearing her bra and panties.

Ilse clearly wanted in on the action, and she stood up and walked over to Mark, where she put her tits in his face. Mark's hands grabbed her butt to bring her closer to him and in a minute, Ilse had freed her tits and Mark was sucking on her nipples and rubbing her tits. Ilse turned around and sat on Mark's lap, pressing her panty-covered ass against Mark's naked cock.

Mark and Ilse were a couple of feet away from me, where I sat naked on Tommy's lap, grinding into him. I caught Mark's eye. He looked at me with a hint of jealousy - a jealousy that I also felt. Were we boyfriend and girlfriend? Were we friends who fuck? Was it ok that I was grinding on a stranger's lap while a stranger grinded up against him?

I didn't have long to decide. Ella had shimmied Matt's boxers off, which gave Tommy ideas. He pulled his boxers off, too, and in the process pulled his hard cock from between my ass and his belly to in between my legs. His hard, naked shaft rubbed along my slit, getting me more turned on and more confused.

I rocked my hips, rubbing my pussy along the length of his cock, as I tried to decide what to do.

Ella stood up off of Matt's lap. "I've had it," she said. "Fuck me already." And with that, she unfastened her bra and dropped her panties and mounted Matt hungrily.

Tommy took Ella as his cue again and pushed my hips forward to put the bulging head of his cock at the entrance of my pussy. It was now or never. I looked over at Mark. What did he want? Did he want to watch Tommy fucking me? Did he want to fuck Ilse?

And that's when I saw Ilse's panties floating in the tub. Was he already fucking her?

I pressed back into Tommy, slowly impaling myself on his cock. Mark was having his fun, so I'd have mine.

As Tommy's cock eased into my pussy, I kept my eye on Mark, watching his and Ilse's every move. Her tits were out and Mark's hands were all over them, squeezing and pinching and really working her over. And Ilse was loving it. He head was thrown back and her back arched. She slipped a hand between her legs under the water to rub her clit and started to moan. "Fuck me, Mark," she wailed, bouncing on his cock.

Ella was in a similar state, fucking Matt for all she was worth.

My pussy had reached the base of Tommy's cock - he had filled me up while I watched Mark. I relaxed into Tommy, letting go of my anxiety about Mark and ready to be fucked again. I started to slowly rock on Tommy's hips, causing him to moan and thrust into me.

We got into a rhythm and I found myself coming closer and closer to a climax.

Ilse screamed in pleasure and slumped in Mark's lap across the hot tub, drawing me out of my concentration on Tommy and his cock. I looked up and into Mark's eyes. He stood as he and Ilse disentangled themselves from each other, and Mark approached me with his deflating cock.

I opened my mouth and Mark slid into me. His softening cock tasted of his cum and also of Ilse's pussy. I lapped at it hungrily and resumed bouncing on Tommy's still hard member. The taste of Mark and Ilse's love-making was bringing me close to cumming, and then Tommy reached a hand for my clit. I came hard, and as I came off my orgasm, Tommy shot his load in me, which just set me off again.

After that, we all sort of slumped over in the hot tub. Rob came over with his camera. "I got the whole thing - you guys are fucking amazing," he said, the tent in his pants showing his enthusiasm.

Ilse got out of the tub and went to Rob's side. "Show me pictures of me," she demanded.

As Rob showed her pictures, Ilse started unfastening his jeans. "Which one do you like best?"

Rob showed her a picture on the camera's screen. Ilse exposed his hard cock and started to rub it.

"Did taking pictures of Mark fucking me make you jealous?"

Rob groaned.

"Do you want to show him you can fuck just as well as he can?"

"Why does he get all the girls?"

"Show him how a real man fucks me."

Rob set his camera aside and pushed Ilse roughly to the hard tile ground, face down. He grabbed her hips and entered her in one fast motion.

Ilse screamed. Rob pumped himself into her hard and fast and then went rigid, filling her with his seed. They collapsed, spent.