**Exposed**

by [suzie3w](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=994187&page=submissions)©

Some of you ladies know what I mean. When a strong, manly man takes control of me, I can just melt. He can make me do things - willingly - that I would never think of doing. But with him leading me, I not only do it, it turns me on so much that I love doing it.

I didn't notice this part of my personality in high school, probably because the boys were mostly unsure of themselves. They were inexperienced, cautious, interested in themselves, excitable - well, you know. But in college, the boys - men! - had more experience and knew what they wanted to do. And they knew what they wanted the women to do. And also were interested in experimenting with more than just regular sex, and that pleased me very much.

I am very attractive to men. I have been told that I give off the feeling of wanting sex, of being good at it, and even perhaps wanting to be dominated. I don't wish to sound conceited, but in truth my average height is the only thing average about me. Not beautiful but cute, a thin shapely figure and fairly large breasts, I seem to always attract attention from men, wanted or not.

During normal sex I can take the lead, but am much happier when the man does. I get even more excited if he becomes dominant, "forcing" me to do what he wants. Now this is important - I DO NOT mean pain. By forcing, I simply mean dominant, not making me do things I don't really want to do, but making me do the things I really want to, but may not admit it. I know - women can be quite complicated.

One of my first good examples of this happened on a Saturday night at college when we were having a party at someone's apartment. Not an actual party, but like most in college simply a gathering of kids drinking and perhaps doing some light drugs. One guy in particular had been flirting with me, and soon we seemed to be a couple for the evening.

In the kitchen for another drink, we were talking and I ended up leaning back into "Bill." He had his arms around me, feeling my stomach, talking into and nibbling my ear, getting me excited.

"It's a great view from here," he said.

"What?" I asked. "What are you looking at?"

"Oh, I'm just looking - down," he said.

I tried looking at his eyes, but couldn't turn that far. I looked down, and assumed he was staring at my cleavage. He did have quite a view down my low-cut scoop neck peasant blouse. "Do you like that?" I asked, trying to sound flirty.

"I do. A lot," he answered. He must have felt encouraged by my reaction. At least I hoped so. His right hand moved up to cup my breast. A small shock shot through me at his touch. I gasped as he squeezed it with his hand while his thumb and finger pinched my nipple. I felt entirely in his control as he turned me on with just one hand. There is a reason that I don't wear a bra at parties.

"But I think this would be better." With that, he reached up and took my low cut blouse in his fingers and pulled down, exposing me as the material caught underneath my bare breast. I was shocked, standing there with a breast completely exposed to whoever might be looking. I wasn't prepared for him doing any such thing. My eyes closed in the simple pleasure of his touch, as well as the excitement of feeling my naked breast there for anyone to see.

I was more shocked as his hand settled in my cleavage, his open palm sliding over my other breast. As it slid, taking full advantage to feel all the flesh I had, it pulled my blouse over my other breast, now exposing my chest fully. With the material tucked under my breasts, Bill lightly stroked my bare flesh as another couple who had recently entered the room looked on in surprise. I saw movement in the doorway, assuming at least one other person was looking, but I paid little attention. I was so excited by his touch, and surprisingly by being publicly exposed, that I could feel my panties getting wet.

I reached my hands around behind me, and settled them in his crotch where I found his prominent erection. I held onto it, mostly simply a reaction to the shocks shooting through my body. Bill was certainly encouraged by my actions as he squeezed my breasts and pinched my nipples hard.

This seemed to last for minutes, though I'm sure it was much less than that. Bill sucked on my earlobe and kissed my neck, then pushed himself away from the counter, me with him. He guided me toward the door. With his arm around my shoulder guiding me, my erect nipples led the way. I realized that we were walking into the living room where the rest of the people were, and my breasts were totally bare for all to see, but I felt as if it was happening to someone else and I was just a spectator.

I later heard that a couple people didn't see us cut through the room and head into the bedroom, but most of the 10 or 12 there watched, surprised to see a nice set of tits displayed so openly. I remember a vague feeling of regret as we entered the bedroom, because no longer was I displaying myself to the crowd. This was a surprising feeling, but my mind was too much in a fog to be able to register my many feelings or sort out my thoughts - though I was proud to hear some murmurs of approval.

Bill turned me around to face him as he kissed my neck, my ears, my lips. His hands enjoyed my breasts until his lips moved down to take their place. I felt myself falling backwards, and I landed on the bed. Bill's mouth was now on my stomach, but that was soon covered as he pulled my skirt up. I felt his mouth on my mound as my panties were pulled down.

My panties came off easily as my butt was just barely on the bed, my legs completely off. I felt relief to have my pussy bared, because it was hot. My panties were soaked and had been clinging to me. Bill's mouth was missing for only a few seconds while he removed my panties, then it was back. Evidently he was pulling his own pants off at this time.

He kissed my pussy lips, then I felt his tongue insert itself between my lips. He pushed in, then licked up the entire length. He did this twice before I felt his fingers reach in to pull my lips apart. I looked down to see his head buried between my legs and saw some people at the bedroom door watching us. My body tingled with excitement at the display I was giving them. He licked my slit again, this time deeper, slower, then stopping at my hole. His tongue pushed into my hole while I felt myself leaking. He covered my pussy completely with his mouth, then sucked in my juices. I was near to cumming at this point, and when he licked up my slit to my clit, I exploded. I was in heaven.

When I finished my orgasm, he raised up to begin sucking on my tits. That's when I felt his erection on my thigh, on my other thigh, and quickly then in my slit. He rubbed it up and down my slit for a moment, getting his shaft wet.

"Ready?" he asked.

"YES,' I yelled, annoyed that he would even ask. Wasn't it obvious? "DO IT!"

With the head of his dick lodged in my hole, his hands lifted my thighs into the air so that he could stand up with our groins aligned. I wrapped my legs around him so that they didn't hang loose, crossing my ankles.

All lined up now, his dick was pushing slowly but firmly and steadily deep into me. I heard a long, low, growl of a moan that lasted the entire time it took for him to sink into me. I thought at first it was him, but realized it was me moaning. It felt so good to feel his dick pushing my insides slowly apart deep within me.

He paused deep within me for a moment, then pulled slowly out. Sinking inside again, a little faster this time, I moaned again. Then he pulled out and pushed in - hard. He began pounding into me forcefully, and I heard myself moaning loudly now, as my body absorbed his force. My legs pulled him in tightly with each of his thrusts so he could pound me harder.

He continued this for several minutes, my mind reeling with the feeling of his manhood inside of me. I spread my thighs as wide as possible, allowing deeper penetration. I was loving the feeling of his dick in me, and my body was wracked with another shattering orgasm. As soon as that was over he stopped abruptly. He pulled out of me, and I moaned my displeasure.

I soon found out what he was doing, however. His strong arms wrapped around my body and lifted me up off the bed, turning me over at the same time. I was now face down now and reached my arms down to protect me. My knees bent to support my lower half, and suddenly I found myself on the edge of the bed on all fours. Bill's hands were on my hips and ass, then pushed my thighs apart. I gladly obliged as his hand rubbed my slit, his finger slipping into my hole for a moment.

He stepped up to the edge of the bed, his erect penis reaching my pussy. As his hands held my hips steady, his dick pushed at my hole and then stroked into me. His second stroke reached deeper than ever before, and I cried out - in surprise, not pain, but it seemed to please him. He moaned while increasing the speed of each thrust.

I was moaning with each thrust now, as was he, and I tried to turn my head enough to look at him. I could not turn that far, but as I turned I saw the door to the bedroom, which we had never closed, and was pleased to see many faces staring in at us. I thought I was embarrassed, but instead seemed to be turned on even more.

As I pictured in my mind what they were seeing, I felt another orgasm coming on. I thought of them seeing Bill's dick driving into my pussy, my bare ass thrust up into the air to receive the pounding. I could feel my breasts hanging beneath me, bouncing around with each thrust. Again I felt outside of my body, as if standing with the others in the doorway watching me get drilled.

I cried out as an orgasm shot through my body, radiating all over from my pussy. I could no longer control my excited body, and I collapsed onto the bed. My arms splayed out, my face fell onto the bed as I screamed my release into the mattress. My ass stayed up in the air since Bill had a good hold of my hips, and he continued driving hard into my spasming body as we were watched. I seemed to roll right into another orgasm.

I felt his dick swell inside me, and he soon was spurting his cum deep inside my pussy. I think I was still cumming as I looked again at the doorway and the faces staring at our display. My senses were totally overwhelmed. I remember feeling Bill's dick pulling out of me, but that was the last thing I remembered until I woke up. He truly had fucked me senseless.

I must have slept for only a couple of minutes, but when I awoke I was alone in the room. I wondered about the show I must have given everyone even as I slept, as I was off the bed from the waist down, my ass hanging off the mattress and my legs spread wide, displaying a good view of my pussy from behind. I stumbled to my feet, pulling my skirt down and pulling my blouse up and over my breasts. I didn't think to look for my panties.

I was still in a fog, wondering where Bill was, among other things. I looked in the kitchen, but it was empty. There were two couples in the living room making out, at least half undressed and feeling each other up enthusiastically. I heard noises coming from the other bedroom, but some of the people were missing.

As there was no one to ask, and not knowing what else to do, I let myself out of the apartment and headed toward home. My mind was hardly clear enough to think of the directions, but I made it there and promptly fell asleep. I would hear stories about that evening for a long time from people who were there and even from people who weren't, but I never regretted what happened. In fact, I believe it led to some other exciting events that I would enjoy as well.