**Going Public**

by [Cooksie](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=127080&page=submissions)©

**Going Public Ch. 1**

It was a few months after my eighteenth birthday that I went to see my first x-rated movie. It had been something I'd thought about for awhile - a way for me to find out about sex. I wasn't very experienced sexually, unless you count the hours spent masturbating. Well, truth. My previous experience with sex was dismal.  
  
I was already 5'8" my sophomore year, and 5'10" by the time I graduated when, thank god, I finally started filling out some of my gangly figure with more rounded shoulders and hips. The boys may have liked my long, long legs and dark, chocolate eyes, but I don't think they liked me towering above them very much. Anna the Amazon they'd call me. I suppose I did look a bit intimidating, though I like to say exotic - pale white skin thanks to my Welsh ancestry, and glossy black hair.  
  
At any rate, I didn't have many dates. I'd had sex with couple boys in high school, usually at a party, but it wasn't much to talk about. Some squeezing of my titties and a hickey on my neck; or if I was lucky, some groping under my skirt, and then a few minutes of furious humping. I never got more than a glimpse of the boy's cock, and I never came. I knew from the experience of my own fingers, though, that there must be a lot more to sex than those boys had shown me. Actually, it was masturbating in front of a mirror that gave me the idea in the first place.  
  
When I get hot, my pussy lips swell and open up wide. I mean wide like to shove a baseball bat up. I didn't know whether other girls were like that since guys only seem to talk about tight pussy, but mine is big - too bad for the guys, I guess, but bigger is better for me especially when I go shoving things into myself. And, yes, I have fucked myself with a baseball bat... with the help of some oil. I got the barrel of the bat several inches into my pussy, but the knob end of the bat was even better.  
  
It was something I liked to watch in the mirror... All of it. How I would start with a nice gentle fold of flesh, my inner labia tucked neatly inside a hairy slit - then as I got more and more excited, the sides of my pussy would spread and my lips puff out until they were like fleshy flaps on either side of that glistening, hungry looking hole. Oh, I'd had lots of fun feeding that hole with my fingers and with anything long and round and hard and thick, watching it stretch the flesh around my vagina as it slides in. Then pulling it out, I'd stare at the gaping gash as I flicked a fingertip rapidly over my clit until I came with a flood of juices.  
  
As much as the physical sensations, I just loved the sight of my pussy spread open or some object jammed into it, and after I turned eighteen I realized I was old enough to get into a porn theater where I could see more. I didn't have a VCR or the money to get one, and I was curious... no, I was hungry to see more. Hungry enough to overcome my inhibitions. Well, after awhile at least. It did take me some time to work up the courage, but by that time I was fairly well obsessed with the idea, and the mirror at the foot of my bed had become a permanent fixture in my room. I was frigging myself constantly, imagining the big cocks I'd heard about and women sucking them or being fucked... things I really wanted to see.  
  
One day, I finally decided to just do it. I thought I should make myself inconspicuous so I dressed in a pair of faded jeans and a white t-shirt. The jeans were old enough for the fabric to have worn thin, especially at the knees and my ass - comfortable even though they fitted tightly over my hips. I worried at that a moment. I have a narrow waist and flaring hips that do seem to draw men's eyes straight to my ass, or to my crotch if I'm facing them. The tight jeans were nondescript, which was what I wanted, but they did nothing to hide the shape of me.  
  
My breasts are relatively small, though. I wear a C cup, but I like to say they are shapely. A friend once told me that women with large breasts look great in clothing, but smaller tits are sexier if she's naked. I liked that idea, and I did think my tits were shaped nice. At least when I look at them in the mirror, they stand up high on my chest, capped with dark almost conical aureoles and nipples that are always pointing up and out, even more so when they get hard.  
  
Anyway, I wore a bra and the loose t-shirt meant they only stood out when I stretched my arms. My long black hair, which fell to more than midway down my back, helped cover them too when I brought it forward over my shoulders. One last look in the mirror, one last hitch in my courage. I grabbed my keys before I could start thinking about it, and headed out the door.  
  
The theater wasn't quite as seedy as I'd imagined. Honestly, I don't know what I'd imagined - maybe some greasy old man taking tickets with a leer. Thankfully, that didn't happen or I think I would have turned tail and run before even going in. And then where would I be? Not having nearly the fun I do now, I'm sure.  
  
As it was, I got my ticket and sat stiffly in the seat as I waited for the movie to begin, my heart racing, not really knowing what to expect but excited by the prospect and feeling naughty just being there. There were only a few other people in the theater, but I was self-conscious and wishing the dim lights would go dark. It was ridiculous, I know, but I was afraid someone would recognize me and it didn't help that a man a few rows down from me kept glancing back. He would look over his shoulder like he was checking the entrance or something, but his eyes would stop on me for a second as he looked back and then again as he was turning back around. Yeah, he was checking something over his shoulder alright: me.  
  
I was about to get up and leave when the lights went out. In the darkness, I couldn't see the man, and figured that meant he couldn't see me so I relaxed a bit, anticipating the sights I was about to see. I wasn't disappointed. The movie opened right up with a woman playing pool with a dark haired man. Every time she bent over to stretch across the table to make a shot, her short skirt would ride up her ass cheeks, exposing her, and with her legs set apart you could see her shaved pussy. That answered one of my questions because, even though she was obviously hot with her pussy lips slicked, I could see her labia didn't open near as wide as mine did.  
  
The guy had her stripped and flat out on the pool table in no time. My mouth went slack, falling open as he stepped between her legs and dropped his trousers. The guy had a huge dick. It was maybe ten inches, but thicker than my wrist and it really stretched the actress' pussy as he took her. Of course I was imagining that I was the one being fucked, and it was definitely turning me on - watching that thick cock sliding in and out, in and out...  
  
Five minutes into the movie and my nipples were already rock hard, straining against my bra. I reached up under my t-shirt to stroke my titties. I massaged them through my bra a moment, and then pulled my hand away, embarrassed. What was I doing? A quick look around the theater confirmed that no one had seen me, at least I didn't think so. I couldn't see very far in the dim glow from the screen.  
  
Luckily, the scene shifted to one with no sex, giving me time to recover. I made it through the next sex scene without incident. Well, with no more than the excitement that was filling me and that got me to taking shallow breaths all over again, but I was in control.  
  
Then the dark haired man was back with his sledge hammer cock. Back with two buddies it seemed, and their cocks were almost as impressive. More long than thick, but they were definitely hung. As they lounged in a sauna, a busty blonde came into the picture and knelt before the dark haired one. She brought his cock up with her hands, long strokes with a twist around its tip until he was fully hard. Then she lowered her head to take him in her mouth. Barely able to get her lips around his cock, her mouth gaped wide as she held onto to his hips for support and he gripped her hair. His thrusts become deeper and deeper, and the end of his cock would push out the side of her cheek only to disappear as it went down her throat. The other two guys stood by fondling her massive bosom and themselves.  
  
I slid my hand into my shirt and under the fabric of the bra for a bit of fondling myself. Pushing the cup down with the back of my hand, I freed one tit and then the other, rubbing my thumb over my aching nipples and pinching them. Noticing that as I massaged my tits my shirt was being pushed up to expose them, I slid lower in the seat, not wanting to stop. I told myself that it was the cool air on my tits that felt good, but if I was honest, it was thrilling to have them exposed with strangers only a few yards away. Even if it was mostly dark, it added to the excitement of watching those larger-than-life cocks on the screen. Made it almost unbearable, in fact, and I felt the rush of warmth in my pussy that meant my clit and labia were becoming engorged.  
  
Seeing the woman sucking that cock was exciting. But seeing those guys with their dicks in their hands was even more so. I hadn't expected to see men pleasuring themselves, and it was amazing. Dicks glistening from the steam or oil or something, they yanked and tugged on themselves as they watched their buddy getting sucked. One had both his hands sliding up and down his shaft, squeezing his fist over the head.  
  
My pussy was positively throbbing. I squeezed my thighs together and rolled my hips forward a little to pull my jeans tight against my groin. The hard little knob where the seams came together at the crotch pushed against my vagina, and any movement of my hips had it rubbing my clit. It made me gasp, and I couldn't stand it.  
  
I leaned back again to part my legs, but that just made acutely aware of my pussy. That it was steaming hot. That there was nothing filling it. So I pinched my nipples, trying to distract myself from the fact that my pussy was crying out for touching. Wrong thing to do. It sent a shiver straight down my tummy, and reflex made my legs squeeze together again. In no time, my breath was ragged and I was rocking in the seat.  
  
A squeaky seat! It must have taken me a minute to realize that because I remember my eyes popping open in alarm when I had no idea I'd even closed them. I thought I was watching the movie. I felt a fresh wave of heat flood through my groin as the shock from thinking my activity had been revealed. It set my whole body to tingling. Even the aureoles of my tits were tightening and thrusting my already fully erect nipples up even higher. Oh, yes, it felt absolutely delicious.  
  
There was nothing for it, and I was so freakin horny at that point that I just didn't care anymore. I unsnapped my jeans and pulled the zipper down. With one hand hooked on the top of my panties and jeans to pull them away, my other hand slid down over my pussy.  
  
Lordy, but I was wet. Sopping wet. I could feel how drenched my pubic hair was as I pressed my fingers through it and against soft sides of my pussy, and I knew my pants must be completely soaked for my juices to have spread all the way up the mound of my pubis. I didn't care. It felt so good to have my hand down there touching my swollen and tender folds, and the slickness from my juices only made it better, only made it easier to rub all over myself. And I did. Oh, yes, I did.  
  
My pussy was loose and open, and my fingers slipped over my aching clit and right into my vagina. I pushed them in deep. If my pants didn't keep my wrist from bending more, I would have had my whole fist up my pussy. As it was, I had three fingers in up to the last knuckle and grinding them around against the walls of my vagina.  
  
Onscreen, the woman was rubbing cum over her tits, pushing them up to lick it from her nipples. And there was lots of cum on her. I mean lots. Three guys had pumped their loads onto her, onto her tits and onto her face. I watched as she dipped two fingers into the pool of pearly cum between her tits and brought it to her mouth, rubbing it around like it was lipstick, and then she ran her tongue over her lips to lick it up.  
  
I thought about what it must taste like, thought about what it must feel like. The cum looked so gooey, not like the thin slipperiness of my own juices, but heavy and thick. It slid across the woman's skin so... slickery, that was the word that kept coming to mind. God, it looked good.  
  
I was frigging myself really hard by now. I couldn't get enough of my own pussy, jamming two and three fingers up my twat as far as I could and squishing them around in all that wetness, and then pulling them out to rub back and forth against my clit so fast that drops of moisture from my pussy were splashing up onto my belly. It didn't take long like that. I was whimpering as the waves of my orgasm rose up around that knifepoint of ecstasy at my clit. It shook me deep from thighs and groin all the way up through my chest as my legs clamped tight around my hand and my spine arched up to thrust out my hardened nipples and fling my head over the back of my seat.  
  
And then I had something else to gasp at. I'd fought to keep my eyes open see to the action on the screen, but when my head went back I saw a man standing in the row behind me - well, not really. What I saw was his cock and his hand wrapped around its bulging head. He had his cock squeezed tight in his fist and was pumping on it hard.  
  
I remembered the squeaking seat and knew he must have come over to get a better look at what I was doing. My heart stopped. I was mortified that he had seen me touching myself, had watched me coming... was still watching me, my hand down my pants and my titties poking out from under my hiked up shirt.  
  
I just stared, frozen. And stared as a jet of cum shot out from the tip of his cock. Arcing up over the seat in a gloopy stream, his cum landed on my arm - landed heavily with a splat it seemed to me, and warm where it soaked into my thin t-shirt above my tits. He pumped his fist a few more times and still I stared. More cum shooting out towards me.  
  
When a glob of cum hit me in the cheek, I snapped out of it and was just plain scared. I ran so fast that it wasn't until I reached the lobby that I remembered my pants were unzipped, and then it was only because they were beginning to slip down over my hips, making it awkward to run. Thank god my shirt at least had fallen down enough to cover my tits.  
  
I tugged at my pants, frantically trying to get the snap together as I half-ran through the lobby. My mind was racing without thought, sheer panic because I couldn't get my pants done and I stumbled straight into the ticket-taker by the door. He just grinned, holding me by my shoulders a moment to steady me because I would have fallen down if he hadn't.  
  
'Oh, god!' I thought. 'Oh, god!' I kept repeating in my mind. I think I even said it out loud a few times as I looked down to hurriedly button my pants, but that only made my state of mind worse. My bra pulled down under my tits and pushing them out at an obvious angle. A shiny spot of cum on my shirt turning the white cotton sheer against top of my breast. My jeans stained with my own juices. And my face... oh, god my face with a streak of cum that I now felt icy against my burning embarrassment.  
  
"Good movie?" he asked with a smile.  
  
I got my pants done up, and slapped at my face quickly to wipe away the cum as I shouldered through the front door. It stuck to my fingers, and I made a fist - trying to hide it, I guess - and felt it squishing around my palm.  
  
Outside, a man sat at a bus stop. He turned and looked directly at the wet spot at my crotch as I passed him. Others walked by, and I swear they all looked at me. Each glance a needle in my heart, shooting adrenaline through my body. I'd become hypersensitive to everything around me - the smells, the heat of the sun on my skin... all the people on the street.  
  
I made it to my car and sat with my hands gripping the wheel, breathing hard from my hurried flight. No, I realized as soon as I'd taken a moment to close my eyes. It was the excitement. It was people looking at me that was making my heart pound. I twisted the mirror to look at my face, expecting some dramatic change maybe. Just me, eyes wide and dilated, skin flushed. But still me. The only sign was a dollop of cum hanging in my hair.  
  
I couldn't help it. I wiped the drop of cum from my hair and then licked it from my finger. I don't think there was even enough to really taste it, but I'd done it. I'd put cum in my mouth. Some stranger's cum! I could hardly believe it. I could hardly contain the thrill that thought sent racing through me, and the thought of that stranger watching me, and thoughts of seeing him cum... thoughts that chased me all the way home.

**Going Public Ch. 2**

There had been so many aspects of my experience at the theater that had aroused and thrilled me. The watching, and the being watched. The precariousness of being in public, and the presence of strangers.  
  
At first, I thought about going back to the theater to try to repeat the experience, but that just didn’t feel right. I sensed I should sort things out a little before returning to act out the half-formed fantasy that rolled around the back of my mind. It was too outrageous, and truth, it scared me - when I really knew what I was doing, and had control, then maybe I would return.  
  
But for now, it was one step at a time. Exhibitionism. That word I knew, and knew too that I had a healthy streak of it. Problem was, I didn’t have any good clothes. Well, nothing sexy, at least. I had plenty of nice pants, some ankle-length skirts from the gypsy-look I’d once gone for. Wasted effort, that.   
  
I’d thought the style would give me a mysterious-stranger air, and that it would compliment my straight black hair. Plus, I could wear the flat shoes that went with, and maybe disguise the fact that I was as tall, or taller, than most guys. Yeah, it hid my height. Made me invisible - or at least no one ever cared to look twice at the girl with the drab colors and lonely eyes.  
  
Well, I was going to get someone to take a second look now, wasn’t I? There was a thought that had me grinning with delight and wanting to pull my clothes off if I hadn’t already. In the weeks after going to the theater, I’d taken to going naked whenever I was in my apartment.  
  
It was a small studio apartment on the third floor of a walkup. Not much, but close to the office where I worked as a receptionist. I left the curtains open to its single, full-length window so someone could pretty much see everywhere from the kitchenette to my bed. It would have helped if there was anything within five hundred yards besides the empty lot where they were going to build a strip mall one of these days.  
  
Still, just having the open window made my skin tingle. And there were always imaginary strangers peering in. Eyes out there somewhere as I strode about the apartment nude. I just loved it. Loved the idea, loved the feeling. Amazing how many little excuses I found to get up from the TV - another sip of water, a check of the thermostat, anything really.  
  
I’d also turned my reading chair towards the window a few feet away. Sometimes at night, I would sit in the chair for an hour and more. Just sit with my legs draped over the armrests, staring at my fully exposed pussy in the darkened glass. I wouldn’t touch myself, but drift in the idea of someone watching me and enjoying the subtler sensations as my pussy lips swelled in anticipation or the cool air caressed my wetness.  
  
Sometimes, too, I would touch myself. Ok, most times. I mean, I was damp all the time, and more often than not, I was hot enough for my clit to start peeking out from under its hood. God, I was constantly horny, and I fucked myself in that chair with anything that came to hand, yessiree.  
  
But those were private pleasures. No one really watching, or if there was, I couldn’t see them, which was something I very much wanted to do. I would have to leave my apartment to get that, though, only my wardrobe was ill-suited to the task.  
  
I experimented with a pair of tight shorts a little, pulling them up to get the seam wedged in my slit; or I’d sit with one foot up on the seat so my mound was plainly outlined. It worked, sorta. I mean, I drew some stares, but it wasn’t like they were really seeing me - not as though my pussy was actually exposed or my titties revealed any more than half the other women who walked around with no bra. I’d have to do something totally blatant like lifting up my shirt if I wanted to truly bare myself. Of course, that was exactly what I wanted to do, but not at all subtle. What I needed, I knew, was a special wardrobe. Something that made it easy to show off.  
  
The clothes boutique a few blocks from my apartment would be perfect, I thought. It was in a small shopping center, next to a supermarket so it didn’t get the heavy flow of casual customers that a mall store received. I didn’t necessarily want to be constantly checking over my shoulder while trying out the clothes.  
  
I arrived at the boutique shortly after it opened, and except for the two salespeople, I was the only one in the store. One girl, my age or a little older, was behind the counter rearranging earrings and other accessories. The older woman, probably the owner, I thought, waited at the edge of the small open area near the door. I say older, but she was at most thirty-five with a well-toned body and smooth, high cheeks. She wore a muted-blue print dress with simple lines that fell below her knees, looking the picture of friendly service.  
  
She greeted me pleasantly and offered her assistance. Not what I’d planned, so I said I’d let her know later if I needed help and headed deeper into the store. After a bit of browsing, I picked out a thin, white linen blouse and a black miniskirt.  
  
The dressing room was so tiny I could not even put my elbows out without bumping the wall. Worse, there was no mirror. Well, there was the set of large, angled mirrors just outside the dressing room. They would be better anyway, I realized, giving me several simultaneous views; nor was I unconscious of the fact that they were out in the open where anyone might see. Mmmm.... delicious thought, that.  
  
I quickly pealed off my pants and top, dropping them on the molded plastic chair along with my bra and underwear. When I had pulled on the skirt and blouse I’d chosen, I stood a moment to soak in the sensations. ‘Kinda breezy,’ I thought, unable to contain a ticklish grin, nor the flush of warmth in my groin.  
  
I slipped through the dressing room curtain to stand before the three tall mirrors that formed its own shallow alcove. The miniskirt was definitely short. My legs seemed to rise up from the ground forever - long, straight shins and the smooth curving of my entire thigh. Almost. The hem did extend about three inches down from my crotch. I lifted its edge to unveil a delta of wispy black pubes; like the delicate feather fans Victorian women hid their faces behind, mine harbored secrets too.  
  
It was choice view, I thought, and I played with the hem a few more times. Yes, this would work very well, thank you. The blouse was disappointing at first, though. The material was loose and stiff, so it hung away and left my tits as only vague shadows concealed behind its curtain. I just didn’t have the big boobs that could turn any shirt into a well-upholstered loveseat. No, mine were more like throw pillows, compact and decorous.  
  
I rolled my shoulders back to pull the fabric tighter across my chest. No problem seeing my titties now. The thin cotton tinged peach where it curved over my breasts while the dark circles of my aureoles stood out in contrast. Maybe I could contrive a way of spilling some water on myself. Then the material would be all but transparent. Many ideas flashed in my mind.  
  
Imagining a slutty position to take, I turned my back to the mirrors and bent over to grab my ankles, peering around my legs to see into the mirrors. The miniskirt rode right up over my ass cheeks. I was pleased to see my slit opening up and the hump between my legs that was made by my pubis with its puff of dark, curly hair. Lordy, but I was tempted to frig myself right there.  
  
I straightened up just in time, though. The older saleslady appeared around a rack of clothes just as I was pulling the hem down from where it had stuck on top of my ass.  
  
“Are you finding everything you need?”  
  
“Uh huh,” I said, still a little lost in my own thoughts. “I mean, yes, I think so... thank you.” I tried to sound casual, like I knew what I was doing.  
  
Still, she hovered. She probably thought I was trying to shoplift. Whatever, it put a damper on me practicing ways to reveal myself in the miniskirt. I picked absently at the pants in a nearby rack, hoping she’d go away.  
  
“Perhaps I could help with a few suggestions,” she said, drawing closer. “Were you shopping for a special look?”   
  
‘Oh, you bet I am,’ I thought. She was obviously determined to keep an eye on me, and I considered just going ahead with the miniskirt, but I didn’t want to just buy the first outfit I tried on without at least comparing it to one or two others. Then I thought, ‘Well, if she isn’t going to leave me alone, at least she can make herself useful.’  
  
“I was looking for something, well, you know, sexy.”  
  
“Ah.” She smiled. “The miniskirt is certainly sexy. But with such long legs, I think it is a little out of proportion. You want something with a longer line.” Her arms crossed over her breasts, eyes sliding down as they took me in. “And your narrow waist and rounded hips are shapely enough to carry a fuller skirt. May I show you an outfit that I think will do justice to your lovely body?”  
  
“What the heck,” I said. “I mean, yes, that would be nice of you, ma’am.”  
  
“Please. Call me Helen.”  
  
“Oh, like in the myth - the beautiful Helen of Troy.” Well, she was very pretty with her wavy, light brown hair and slim figure.  
  
“You’re too sweet, Honey,” she said, lightly touching my shoulder. A touch that felt intimate despite its only momentary contact.  
  
“Anna... my name is Anna.”  
  
The saleslady smiled tenderly as she retreated into the maze of clothes racks. I glanced around. The other salesperson was still at the register, and another woman was looking through shirts on the far wall. I could only see her blonde hair over the racks. Alone again, I flipped up the hem of the miniskirt a few times, getting a kick out of flashing myself.  
  
“Here you go, Anna.”  
  
I jumped half out of my skin. She’d appeared out of nowhere. I stammered a thank you as I escaped into the dressing room with the clothes she’d held out. How much had she seen? I couldn’t convince myself that she’d seen nothing. My mind was a frantic jumble. Exhilarated. Abashed. Aroused. Lordy, yes, aroused. I hardly knew what I was putting on. Completely forgot my bra and panties.  
  
Taking a deep breath, which did nothing to calm my thumping heart, I stepped out of the dressing room, moving in front of the mirrors under the saleslady’s appraising eye.  
  
The skirt was a dark, almost black, maroon with a satin lining more lightly shaded which whispered with my legs as I walked. The waistband was high, crossing at my navel so the material hugged the full curve of my hips and lay smooth across the flat of my tummy before being drawn into a slight flare by the slit than ran off-center all the way down to the hem, just inches above my knees. The top she had given was a modest, long-sleeved blouse with tapering side panels made of a light, creamy green silk that set my black hair to glowing. I had to admit that the outfit was beautiful.  
  
The silk blouse was not in the least transparent, though, and the skirt covered my thighs entirely. ‘Helen must have a prudish idea of sexy clothing,’ I thought. Then I twisted my torso at the waist to get half a side view, and the silk blouse pulled close, conforming to every slope and uplift of my breast.  
  
It was an amazing effect. You couldn’t see my tits at all, not like through a sheer fabric; but I felt naked - only more so because the silk caught the light wonderfully to create scintillating highlights that accentuated the finest detail of my breasts - the slight lift of flesh where my aureoles began, the dimple at the very tip of my nipples.   
  
The material glided over my skin with a feathery touch as I twisted one way and the other. Need I say how excited it made me? Each caress of the fabric was a shivering thrill that tightened the skin around my nipples as they came erect. Warmth was spreading in my groin as well. God, I should have wiped myself while I was in the dressing room. I felt a dribble escape onto my inner thigh.  
  
“I think it is beautiful on you,” smiled the saleslady... Helen, I remembered. She stepped up behind me and began adjusting the fall of the blouse with precise tugs at the shoulders. Tiny cascades of shimmering fabric rippled across my breasts, titillating my nipples. There was no hope of disguising their hardness. They stood out like the round doorbell ringers you find on old houses, plump bulbs with their protruding button in the center.  
  
“And still sexy, don’t you think?” she continued. “See how the slit allows just a glimpse of your leg when you move, while the flash of satin lining is enticing, almost like getting a peek of underwear.”  
  
“Uh, well...” I took a few steps in front of the mirrors. A bit of skin did show when I walked, but it didn’t seem very revealing. “It’s a bit too long, I think.”  
  
“Too long for what?”  
  
What was I supposed to say? I suspected she knew perfectly well what for. She had paused in her fine adjustments at my clothes to gaze up at me with calm, expectant confidence. Well, being shy wasn’t exactly getting off in the right direction if I was going to do this.  
  
“Too long for showing myself,” I said finally, holding my breath as I tried to avoid her eyes, which wasn’t easy as I was several inches taller even without shoes on.  
  
“If want to show off your pussy to strangers, this skirt with the slit is perfect,” she said smoothly, the perfect salesperson. “My dress is much longer than that skirt and I’d have no trouble at all exposing myself.”  
  
I must have looked dubious. Or maybe I looked eager. I know I looked at her - well, stared - at her hips and the folds of fabric between her legs, suddenly acutely aware of what was hidden beneath.   
  
“See, you can hold your skirt at the hips like this,” she said, pinching just a bit of the fabric between her fingertips. “That way, you can guide your hemline over your knees or thighs. Then squat down like you’re taking a pee in the woods. Slowly, though, so the back of your skirt falls behind your heels. It’ll ruin the view if it gets trapped between your thighs and calves.”  
  
She demonstrated the maneuver, moving with exaggerated slowness as I watched. Her dress fell away just like she’d promised. Even standing, I could see right up her skirt, her creamy inner thighs and the triangle of satin-white where her panties stretched over her mound. There was a little furrow in her panties at her vulva, mesmerizing me. I blinked as she stood up.  
  
"Show me again..." I looked at her hesitantly. "I mean, how do you do that?" I added, backtracking.  
  
She smiled and dipped down again. This time she stayed in her exposed position much longer, and I was eating it up.  
  
"And with your hands at the bend in your hips, you can also pull at your panties." As she spoke, her leg parted a bit more and the edge of her underwear was pulled back to reveal soft pubic hair curling over a puffy fold of white skin. "See?" The edge of her panties slipped further over and bit down into her slit where I could see her pink inner flesh.  
  
"I... I don't have any underwear on."  
  
"Mmmm," she murmured as she stood up. "That isn't exactly a problem now is it? Let’s see you try it."  
  
I took a bit of fabric between my fingertips as she had instructed, and with eyes glued on my crotch in the mirror, I squatted with my knees well apart. The slit in my skirt fell away to the sides, baring the top of my thighs while the inside of my legs drew a line straight to my pussy, a glorious display of glistening flesh - petalled vulva unfolding around rippling red skin at my hole, crowned by my popping clit.  
  
My heels dug into my ass cheeks as I sank down, tugging the skin around my rectum tight as I wobbled on their unsteady support, intensifying the feeling of exposed vulnerability. I would need practice to learn balancing myself in this position.  
  
That low to the ground, I could see beneath the racks of clothes behind me. Shoes. A pair of navy pumps with slender ankles and shins climbing out of them. Helen wasn’t my only audience, I realized with a flush of excitement. I opened my legs further to widen the view - or tried to. The shift in position tumbled me back onto the floor where I laid knees up, resting on my elbows. I let the weight of my legs drag them apart, wanting to ask the hidden woman if she could see me now, see my pussy stretched and hungry.  
  
"Sweetie," whispered Helen, "you are absolutely gushing."  
  
And I was. Wet like a drowning eel. In the mounting heat of arousal, I always cooked up an abundant overflow; and when I came, I’d boil over with an even bigger flood, leaving large wet spots on the bed after I masturbated. I hadn’t touched myself, but oh, yes, I was terribly excited. I peered into the mirrors between my spread knees. Drops were collecting in the folds of my labia, dripping onto the carpet.  
  
“It’s big, isn’t it?” I commented, to myself as much as to Helen.  
  
"It's luscious," she replied. “I can see now why you want to show it off.”  
  
There was a long moment of silence. Her gazing at my pussy, me watching her - until her hand trailed down my inner thigh to gently trace her finger across my vulva. That just lit up my clit. My breath caught sharply, and there was an echoing gasp from the rack behind me.  
  
Helen’s glance went to the rack behind me and stuck there a moment. Obviously, she had discovered our not-so-quiet observer. I pleaded with her silently to look back at me, locked my eyes on her face with an intense craving for her attention. Her finger flicked lightly over my clit as she returned to me with a pleased expression.  
  
“How big is it?”  
  
I grinned. “Huge.”  
  
“Big enough for this finger to go in?” Helen held up her index finger, her long, polished nail catching the fluorescent light before she slipped it into my pussy. “Or two?” she added, inserting a second finger.  
  
“Big enough for all of them...” I pulled my knees back to my shoulders, lifting my ass off the floor and giving her full access to my pussy.   
  
Helen wasted no time taking advantage of my position. Now with four fingers in me to the second knuckle, she scooped her fingers around the rim of my hole, pulling down against my perineum and to each side. Round and round, slathering the juices around my cunt and coating her fingers. My crotch was a gaping hole of pink and swollen flesh, drenched and sounding sloppy as she opened me up.  
  
“Fuck me with your hand,” I rasped. I tugged harder on my legs to pull them further apart. “Shove your fist up my cunt.”  
  
God, I almost screamed with that mounting, aching desire. I rocked my hips forward, trying to push myself onto her hand.  
  
She brought all her fingers together at a point with her thumb tucked under her palm, making her hand into arrowhead shape. She rubbed the end of her fingers around my hole before pressing into me. Tentatively at first, she plunged her fingers in and out slowly, always stopping when her top knuckles began pressing against the sides of my hole. Just where her hand bulged widest, just when my cunt was getting stretched, she pulled back.   
  
I hooked my elbows behind my knees, holding myself up and forward to see into the mirrors better. With each thrust of her hand, my vulva would tighten and dive in after her fingers. Under the rack, the shoes had become two bare knees and one hand splayed out in front. ‘Where was the other hand?’ I wondered, spurring my hunger.  
  
“Deeper,” I growled. “Fill my pussy.”  
  
She eased her fingers in, met increasing resistance, and then pressed her knuckles hard against my opening. With a rush of fullness, her hand plunged past the constricting muscles of my vagina. I winced as her long fingers pushed deeper into me, a small yelp escaping my lips.  
  
"Does it hurt?" she asked.  
  
I shook my head. "Just your nails... poking me..."  
  
She balled her hand into a fist to sheath the nails, forcing her knuckles even harder against the walls of my vagina. It drew a hissing intake of breath from me as her tightening fist grew inside me.

She pushed deeper. I watched in the mirrors. Her fist buried in my pussy all the way past her wrist. She was twisting her fist around inside me, wide rolling pressure filling me everywhere, hard lumps at her knuckles surging through me. Her other hand was sliding around my mound, thumbing my clit and pressing at the flesh alongside my hole. Lordy, it was good.   
  
I was panting hard and clenching fistfuls of my ass as I plummeted through the depths of rapture toward orgasm. The woman behind the rack started gasping, crying out in quick bursts of, “Oh, fuck.... Oh, fuck...” and ending with a long, tightly held squeal. Hearing her come sent me reeling into the abyss, and I squealed too as the first wave of orgasm crashed down on top of me.  
  
I couldn’t hold my legs anymore and dropped my arms and feet to the floor. It gave me the leverage to thrust myself onto her fist harder. My pussy clamped tight around Helen’s fist, jerking at her whole arm as I was bucking back and forth, and my stomach convulsed in wave after wave of sharp and bone deep shocks, thunder and lightning erupting through my body. If I screamed, I didn’t hear it. I was so lost.  
  
I collapsed flat on the floor as the crests peaked and began to dull. I don’t know how long I laid there, oblivious to everything but Helen’s hand still inside me and my pussy twitching at each microburst of pleasure.  
  
Slowly, my muscles relaxed and I could breathe again. Helen eased her hand from my vagina, gently holding me together as she gradually worked her hand loose. One last upsurge of pleasure bordering on grief when her hand pulled free. Then the air she’d pumped into me escaped with a slow whoosh, and I curled in on myself. Mmmm... just a bowl full of mush, warm and smiling.

**Going Public Ch. 3**

I was exhausted after our little floor display, but Helen was as accommodating as ever. She modeled an entire line of seductive clothing for me, demonstrating each outfit’s unique advantages as I lounged in a chair opposite the mirrors. The show collection, she called it. Dang, but the woman sure knew how to sell a body.   
  
I came home from the clothes boutique with an armful of fabulous outfits. The shopping trip hit my pocketbook harder than I could really afford even with the discounts Helen gave me, but it was worth every penny, yes indeed.  
  
My favorite, at least for the time being, was a powder blue dress that reached mid-thigh. I’d wanted it in white, but Helen explained that my skin was too fair to make the contrast with something white and not to worry, my aureoles would show through the blue every bit as well. She was right as always, and I wished her thanks when I stood in front of the mirror that evening to pick out what I would wear the next day. One look and my decision was made.   
  
Two and four looks later and I was in love. The light knit cotton of the dress gave it soft, playful look, but its lines were a font of watery elegance. Gathers at the shoulders made for deep, looping folds down a bare back. They formed a shallow basin to catch the cascade of black hair flowing over my shoulders, while in front were smaller half-circles expanding out from where my collar bones met, like ripples from a cast stone washing up against the top of my breasts.   
  
And I really liked the way the fabric shimmied up under my tits to make an exquisite mold of their upsloped ellipse, giving the impression of being able to feel their weight just by looking. The dress’ close embrace continued down my sides. It dipped in above my pelvis like the trough before a wave, then flooded up over the swell of my hips.  
  
Standing straight so the rounded ridges where my pelvic bones thrust forward to frame the fabric’s smooth glide across my tummy, my mound was discretely obvious - a shadowed vale nestled above my thighs.  
  
I smoothed the material over my pussy - not that the stretchy fabric had wrinkled, although my pubic hair did make for a untamed cross-hatching of tiny crinkles in the fabric; but no, I just wanted to feel its pillowed mound. I could appreciate why you’d call it a muff. Something to keep a body’s hands warm, mm-hmmm.  
  
It was time to take this show on the road. I called in sick for work the next day, was showered and ready to go by nine o’clock. I was such an eager little beaver, yes, I was.   
  
But the mall wasn’t even open yet and I was quivering with anticipation, my pussy growing wetter and hotter as the thoughts tumbled through my mind. Nine-thirty and I was frigging myself at the kitchen counter. One foot propped up by an open drawer and my dress hiked up to my waist, I was thrusting a cucumber in and out of my cunt and rubbing tiny circles into my clit. I came quickly, and in a rush of spasms piling up on top of each other in my pussy.  
  
Sweet release, it appeased that voracious snatch of mine to where it was only growling with a muted but insistent hunger. Satisfied me enough that I could at least stand in one place without clenching my legs together.  
  
I toweled myself dry, and waited. Tried to think dull thoughts. Oh, yeah, that worked. Turned the TV on. It was the clock on the wall that held my attention, though, and I sat calculating down to the minute when the best time would be. Only the sale junkies would show up when the doors opened at ten, and really, any time before eleven would just have moms on a mission. But if I waited until eleven-thirty, I would catch the early lunch crowd.  
  
I finally decided that quarter to eleven was close enough. I left the apartment with my heart fluttering, second thoughts warring with other more tantalizing thoughts. For the whole drive to mall, some childhood training kept reminding me that nice girls didn’t walk around with no panties, and I was telling myself that I wasn’t really going to expose myself in public, not to total strangers. I was just going to pretend, and the no underwear was just helping the fantasy along.  
  
I’m such a liar. I couldn’t even sit in the car without pulling up the back of my dress for fear of leaving a wet spot on it. And I couldn’t resist hiking the front up past my navel either. I wasn’t completely without modesty, though. I mean, I did pull the dress down when I got out of the car. Well, after I’d stood up and closed the door at least.  
  
I was pleased to find both levels of the mall fairly well populated even this early. Not crowded by any means, but there was always somebody walking by or looking at displays in front of the stores. Or looking at me.  
  
I was attracting notice just walking through the arcade of shops. Not just glances, but long, following looks and not a few unabashed stares. That wasn’t something I’d ever been treated to in the past. Always the overlooked one, I was more used to feeling all but invisible. Now I was the lone sail on a sea of attention, and towing a taut line of appreciation in my wake.  
  
It made me excruciatingly aware of my body. Every stride I took fanning the growing fire in my pussy with a whispered breath. Every bob and bounce of my tits indulging my nipples until they were engorged - gumdrop nubbies poised for the plucking.  
  
I walked the length of the mall without a thought in my head, engulfed in the warm and tingling sensations as I took it all in. The looks, the smells, all the people. Skylights down the center of the mall filled the expansive concourse with bright, natural light that often drew my gaze up.  
  
On the second level, I saw that most of the women in skirts hugged the inner half of the balcony, but occasionally I would catch glimpses of the women’s thighs when they strayed too close to the edge. I knew that was the place for me.  
  
I walked the length of the mall again on the second level, running my hand along the banister and trying not to stare down to see who was watching. Not knowing how much anyone could see only pitched my arousal higher. I was going to have to find a bathroom soon if I didn’t want pussy juice streaming down my legs. Mmm... now there was a thought.  
  
I turned into the railing, pressing against it as I flexed the muscles in my vagina, was rewarded with a trickle on my inner thigh. Below me was a seating area for the food kiosks. The only person sitting there had his back to me, but two guys were at the counter. When they turned to take their seats, they glanced up in almost perfect unison.   
  
They were both in their early twenties, dressed in refined tatters like most of the men attending the city’s university. And fine, oh, yes. The one in front had a strong forehead beneath well-groomed hair, broad shoulders and pecs that bulged under his shirt like two slabs of river rock. I wondered how smooth and firm his chest was as he placed his tray down, wondered whether his nipples were as sensitive as mine.  
  
The taller one had dusky blonde hair, was lean and narrow-hipped. He kicked the leg of his friend’s chair, forcing Muscles to scooch over as he drug his own chair around to face my way as well. I was smiling and feeling giddy from the anticipation of what I knew was my moment.  
  
I bent over my forearms that rested atop the handrail and raised my foot onto the lower cross railing, hooking it between my heel and arch. It only lifted my leg a few inches, but with my other knee locked straight and holding the back of my dress, that was enough to unwrap my gift box. I could tell because the guys below favored me with the sort of electrified stare you see on someone who just got jazzed.  
  
‘Can you see my pussy now?’ I asked silently. ‘Do you see its wet and opening lips?’  
  
I rolled my foot on the rail to open up the view even more, and it was as though a string was tied from my knee straight to their jaws, which were dropping further and further as I angled my leg out wider and wider. I closed my legs, and snap went their jaws. They must have suddenly realized that they were gaping. ‘How sweet!’ I thought, delighted by their look of lusty decorum as they tried to make like they were oblivious. That lasted about two seconds.  
  
I would close my legs or take my foot off the rail every time they peeked, but there was always a fresh display awaiting them once they had looked away. I was teasing them so bad. Having way too much fun, until they reached the end of some rope and simply stared at me with big expectant eyes.  
  
I was standing there smiling so hard, and they just wouldn’t look away. I didn’t know what to do, so I waved at them, figuring this is where I was supposed to make a graceful exit.  
  
I glanced down to catch one last glimpse of them as I stepped away from the handrail. Looking like abandoned puppies with their forlorn expressions and droopy shoulders, I almost turned back to take up my position again. They were scrambling out of their seats before the thought completed itself, though, leaving their forgotten meal on the table.  
  
A stab of fear lanced into my chest and I quickened my pace instead. A check over my shoulder showed them heading for the escalators. ‘My god,’ I thought, ‘they’re chasing me!’ I ducked into a bookstore, hoping they hadn’t seen and suddenly feeling as though I’d gotten in way over my head.  
  
I fled to back of the store and tried to hide behind the bookshelves, which at 5’ 10” and wearing heels meant I was bent at the waist and holding the tops of my knees to keep my head down. I recovered my breath, and after spending several minutes popping up to see if they’d entered the store, my fear had worked itself into disappointment. After a few more minutes, it was becoming rather tempting to go find them myself.  
  
They showed before I acted on that impulse, though, and were casting about in search of something in blue I was certain. It was so sweet of them to not give up on me too easily, I’d hate to see them disappointed.  
  
Having been clued to the provocative sight I presented by the looks I’d already gotten from others in the bookstore, I turned my back to the aisle Muscles and his friend were coming down and reached for my lock-legged knees. When they spotted me, I had an inviting smile waiting as I peered back around my shoulder.  
  
If they had fallen down, I don’t think it would have unsettled their spirited expressions in the least. Still, the tall one did grab for the edge of the bookshelf, even though he’d already come to a full stop a moment before. I kept my pose during the long stretch that followed, motionless as their eyes traced lines up and down my legs as if that would lift my skirt. Occasionally, they gave me a silly grin as they checked me watching them. They were asking so polite, how could I refuse?  
  
I wrapped my fingers around the side of my knee and then ran my hand up the back of my thigh, dragging the hem of my dress up over my ass cheeks. Then following the curve of my hips, I brought my hand back around to slide down between my legs. My pussy was wet and wide, its lips swollen and tender to the touch.   
  
I circled my vulva with the tips of my fingers, watching in fascination as blunt spearheads jabbed at the front of my followers’ trousers. The tall one put his hand in his pocket, pushing his stiff cock about in the confined space while I dipped two fingers into my hole and pulled.   
  
Suddenly, he yanked his hand out of his pocket and started backpedaling. Some lady with a nametag had pushed between him and Muscles.  
  
“You can’t do that here!” she cried.  
  
‘Oh, yes I can,’ I thought. But I straightened up quickly and started for the exit. Chatting with mall security was the last thing I wanted right then. This time they were on my tail as soon as I had taken my first step. I half-turned and wagged a moistened finger back and forth at them.  
  
“You have to count first,” I said.  
  
They caught on quickly. Muscles held up a closed hand and then began ticking off fingers. One... two... three...  
  
Eep! Now I’d done it. Started the chase with me as the fox. I hurried out of the store, trying not to run but only succeeding in making my haste obvious - legs stretching out against my dress and titties dancing about gleefully. Were they counting to ten or a hundred? Lordy, I hoped ten. Getting away wasn’t exactly what I’d call winning at this game.   
  
The ding of an arriving elevator sounded to my right where an elderly man had called the car for an easy trip down. Seeing the quick and clever escape it offered, I flew past him and was flattening myself against the back wall before the old guy finished pushing his glasses back onto his nose.  
  
“Sorry,” I managed to get out.   
  
I was charged - my whole body flush with the excitement of the chased. Chaste? Ha! The giddiness was definitely affecting my brain, and it must have shown on my face judging by the look I got from the gentleman across.  
  
“Will you push my button,” I giggled. Oh, I was mean. I couldn’t help it. “Down, please.”  
  
“You should watch where you’re going, young lady,” he scolded as the doors slid closed. Not that he was looking me in the eye to deliver his admonishment. Maybe he’d get to that later. Or not.  
  
“Oh, it’d be more fun if you watched me,” I answered playfully, lifting my foot up onto the hip high railing. The hem of my dress stretched and slid up my thighs until it fetched up against my hips. My pussy stretched, too. I was gliding my hand across my tummy and heading for its slippery pink slit when the doors chimed open on a waiting couple. The woman was stepping into the elevator as soon as a crack appeared as though the stores were going to vanish any second and end her shopping trip, while the man stood behind carrying bags and a heavy expression of utter boredom. But not for long, uhn uh.  
  
I scooted out of the elevator before any of them could recover, realizing that I was getting a little too carried away when the woman let out a startled shriek. Shit! Yeah, clever as a fox, I’d just blown my crafty dodge into the elevator.  
  
Up on the balcony, Muscles was waving at his buddy and pointing. “Downstairs, Mike!” he called.   
  
They had the scent now, and I hared off into the nearest, deepest brush I could find. That happened to be a large department store with an array of mannequins at the entrance, artfully posed to draw in a classy crowd. But it was all cheese. The tool display set up to the side gave it away.  
  
The mannequins made good cover, though. I caught sight of the two huntsmen craning their necks around near the front of the store, and I almost stopped to see if they would actually start sniffing the air. But off to the side was a row of low chairs surrounded by several ranks of shoe racks. I hurried over to the meager shelter it provided.  
  
Ok, the shoe department wasn’t the most ingenious of places to hide. It did have some advantages, though, like a totally unbelievable excuse. I grabbed a pair of something from the shelf, kicked off my shoes and dropped down in a chair. I sat there hunched over my legs and pretending to be putting a shoe on for what seemed forever. Plenty of time to remember to pull my dress out from under my ass.  
  
The huntsmen finally appeared, all but bounding down the aisle as they kept rising up on the balls of their feet to search left and right. I swung my foot up over the armrest and into the next seat, making sure my dress was pulled up to my belly. Resisted the urge to pull it off entirely.  
  
I leaned back in the corner of my chair, twirling an achingly hard nipple under my forefinger as the two stepped closer. With his cock driving up to his waistband to make a thick bar under his pants, Muscles stood over me and locked his eyes on my quim. I looked too - at his cock and at my tuft of black pubes with a deep cleft where a roseate of flesh blossomed.  
  
“You like seeing my pussy, don’t you?”  
  
He didn’t answer, but sat down beside me. Leaning forward to peer around my side, he slid his hand slowly from my knee up along my inner thigh. His fingers brushed across my velvety folds to come to a rest with his middle finger lying firmly between my pussy lips.  
  
“Tag, you’re it,” he breathed into my ear, pressing deeper into my slit and curling just the tip of his finger into my hole. I felt myself melting into the seat  
  
“Oh, no!” I said, forcing myself out of the chair. “You don’t win that easy.”  
  
What was I saying! Damn straight it was that easy. I wanted to climb right up into his lap and onto that rod straining against the zipper of his pants. Instead, I pulled the bottom of my dress down from where it had stuck at my hips.  
  
“We found you fair and square,” the tall one said. “You’re just being a tease.”  
  
“Uh huh,” I laughed, nodding eagerly. “Now cover your eyes so I can go hide again.”  
  
They sighed and shook their heads, but the big grins on their faces looked like a yes to me. I put my hands on my hips to let them know I was waiting, and they lowered their heads into their hands. How sweet! They were really being dolls about it.  
  
“And no peeking,” I added as I grabbed my shoes and took off once more.  
  
I was making a dash through the sporting goods department when I banged into a camp stove that was set up at the edge of a display for a large cabin tent. Oh, damn! Stretching out my arms to catch my fall as I went down on elbows and knees pulled my dress right up over my ass. And such a clatter of tin pots! I must have made quite the sight - my bare ass sticking up in the air and the long aisle leading up to my spread legs like a jet runway.   
  
It took a moment to recover from the surprise of my fall. It took another moment to soak in the stares.  
  
But I was wasting precious time, and rocked back onto my haunches to stand up. Everyone seemed to just scatter like kids caught smoking behind the gym. They didn’t want to embarrass themselves or me any further, I suppose. People are so funny sometimes. But I didn’t have many thoughts to spare for them because I knew all that noise had also revealed my whereabouts. My two hounds would tree their vixen if I wasn’t quick about finding a bolt hole.  
  
Into the tent I went. A clerk by came to fix the display, but when a few minutes passed and no one came to tell me it was against store policy to this and that, I figured I was safe. Maybe too safe, I began to think after a few more minutes had passed. And maybe just perfect, I realized soon enough, hoping that the light would dawn for those two tail chasers as well.  
  
I peered through the open slit in the flaps to make sure no one was right there, then reached through to set my shoes alongside the tent. A little encouragement never hurt, and I wanted to make sure they could pick up the trail again.   
  
I pulled my dress off and tossed it aside as I crawled to the rear of the tent. Lying naked on my back, I had my knees up and angled wide so the tendon in my leg was pulling at my groin. It accentuated my awareness of being exposed as I watched the people walking past through the window at the tent entrance.  
  
They often looked my way, but in the bright lights of the store, they seemed unable to penetrate the fine, smoky mesh of the window. Still, they would if they only came a bit closer, if they only stepped over to peer into the tent’s interior. I drew circles around my aureoles with a fingertip and caressed my pussy, imagining all the muted voices were speaking of me, that they could all see through the walls of the tent.   
  
It was hard, not fingering my clit to bring myself off as I lay there waiting. But I kept myself on a slow burn with light and continuous touches while the plastic flooring of the tent grew slick under my ass and my anticipation grew for the appearance of my hounds. But I knew they wouldn’t give up the hunt, and the waiting was an exquisite torture.  
  
“Mike!” came a sharply hushed voice. Finally! A moment later and Muscles moved into view, jabbing the air with his finger as he pointed to my shoes.

“No way...” A long pause as they stood grinning at each other, and then a flurry of movement as they dove through the tent flaps.  
  
“You found me!” I let out exuberantly.  
  
They hovered above me, motionless except for their eyes dancing across my body. I moved both hands to my pussy to brush through my pubic hair and stroke the swollen flesh of my vulva. When I inserted fingers between my pussy lips to open my cunt to them, they were stripping shoes and clothes and any indecision at fucking me in the middle of the store.  
  
Then they descended on me and I threw my arms above my head, giving myself up completely. Hands and tongues were everywhere on me. Fingers digging in my cunt, lips tugging on my nipples. I was lost in the swarming sensations and the mounting heat.  
  
One of them pressed his mouth to my pussy, flattening his tongue and drawing it slowly up my slit. As his broad tongue rolled up past my hole, it contracted to a tight and persistent tip that flicked nimbly against my equally firm clit.   
  
He did it again. I was so full of desire and topped off with the feel of their touch that I started coming as soon as his tongue began prodding my clit. My legs clamped down around his head as the spasms in my groin overwhelmed me.  
  
I felt his lips moving against my vulva, his mouth opening wide and his tongue lapping against my hole to drink the juices flowing from me. The wet sounds of his suckling at my pussy had me wanting more even as he brought me down.   
  
I sat up, trying to keep in some contact with him when he pulled away to rise in front of me. I saw now it was Muscles, his face was glossy from my juices, and I leaned forward to kiss and lick his lips. He took my hand, pressed it to his crotch.   
  
My fingers immediately had his stiff rod gripped tightly and stroking its length. Like his whole body, his cock was meaty, thick at its base and with a knobby head. Fascinated by the way his skin moved over the rigid muscle beneath, I hauled at his shaft with long, hard drags until it became difficult against the friction.  
  
He broke our kiss to peer between our bodies, and I went down to take him in my mouth as my hand dropped to massage his balls. The taste of his precum smeared across my tongue, stirring a lust in my belly as he took my head between his hands and pushed his cock toward the back of my throat.  
  
God, I wanted to swallow his cock and feel his cum coursing into my mouth. It was all I could do not to bite down in my hunger, but the small bumps and ridges of his dick felt gratifying slipping between my lips, and I indulged myself with slow slides on his shaft and winding my tongue around the tip of his cock.  
  
He was huffing hard and I felt his ass cheeks clenching beneath my hands as he peaked toward climax. He dug his fingers in my hair, and I pressed my lips tight, wrapping my tongue around his cock and sucking tenaciously as I slowly pulled up his shaft. Plunging down again once my lips slipped over his helmet head, he erupted with a gush of cum. It filled my mouth with thick and salty spume, and I pulled away reflexively.  
  
Taking his cock in my hand, I tugged and stroked his slick shaft as more and more cum spurted from its tip to splash across my face. As soon as I swallowed the cum swirling at the back of my throat, I grabbed his cock in my mouth again, slurping and sucking that delicious cock as I frantically bobbed up and down on him until he pushed my head away with a muffled groan.  
  
I stared at him, panting and blank in my desperate craving. I lapped at the corners of my mouth, but it wasn’t enough. I turned, cum dripping from my face onto my tits and making runny tracks down my stomach - looking to suck Mike’s dick now. But he wasn’t waiting for my mouth. He was pumping his hips in rapid jerks as he fucked his hand, and he was way far gone.  
  
I’d barely gotten my hands on his hips when he started shooting his load. It splattered onto my breastbone with a soft and satisfying thump, while the next sprayed across my nose and forehead as I leaned in hoping to catch a stream of cum in my open mouth. Another wad hit me in the cheek before I managed to gobble his cock up and suck out the last driblets of cum.  
  
I was gooed from brow to pubes; and, lordy, did it feel good. Rising up onto my knees, I smeared their jism all over myself. Squeezed it into my tits. Rubbed it into my belly. Pressed it down my thighs and scooped it back up along an inside track to my pussy.  
  
The two of them watched me with obvious pleasure as I spread my labia with the fingers of one hand and jammed several fingers of the other into my hole, rocking my hips to press my clit against the large knuckle of my forefinger. And I watched them, their dicks growing heavy and plump, rising across their stomachs as I kneeled above them frigging myself.  
  
I took hold of their still cum slicked cocks, one in each hand, and worked at them until they were solid pillars of flesh. The tall one, Mike, moved behind me, pushing me over with a hand on my back. Then he buried his shaft in my pussy and my tits were soon bouncing under my chest as he began thrusting harder, faster.  
  
I bent my head back above my arched spine, watched the people pass by outside the window with Mike slamming into my cunt from behind as I knelt on all fours over Muscles. I still didn’t know his name - god, who the fuck cares. I inched forward on my knees with each thrust of Mike’s cock until I straddled his hips.  
  
Muscles was holding his dick beneath me, lifting it straight up to brush against me. I reached down and took it away from him, using the tip of his cock to rub my clit.  
  
I was getting fucked but good, and some guy stood two yards away examining camping equipment. How could he not hear us banging away? Maybe he did and was too polite to intrude. Maybe I moaned a little louder.  
  
He turned and took a step toward me, then squinted as he bent toward the window of the tent. Next, he had his hands cup around his face and pressed to the mesh, and I was pitched towards my second orgasm.   
  
I squeezed Muscles’ cock tighter, thrashing its head back and forth against my clit and shoving my ass back into Mike. I started gasping with the onrushing climax that was bearing down inside me, and Muscles started shooting his cum against my clit and through my pubic hair, spreading its gooey warmth onto my belly as he pumped his hips.  
  
“Oh, god, I’m going to come,” I pleaded with the man in the window. “Watch... watch, I’m going to come.”  
  
The man was a statue of desire and I was writhing in ecstasy before him as my stomach and pussy convulsed, seizing Mike’s cock within constricting walls. He drove his shaft into my tightening hole with frenzied thrusts, clutching my ass as he poured jets of cum into me.  
  
The man was transfixed. I looked steadily at him, my chest heaving as Mike fell away from me. Muscles moaned when I pulled my hand over his cock, but my attention was for the man in the window. I smiled and raised the back of my hand to my lips, licking the cum that spilled across it.  
  
The man spun back away from the window. I thought I’d shocked him, but it was the sound of a woman’s voice.  
  
“What are you looking at, Honey?” I heard her say as she came closer.  
  
He glanced back at me before scurrying out of view, mumbling something about wouldn’t it be nice to go camping sometime. The woman’s response wasn’t very enthusiastic, and I was wondering why he didn’t show his wife what he’d found to inspire the idea.  
  
I sprawled for awhile with my head on Mike’s chest and leg draped over Muscles, relishing the flushed contentment of my body. They didn’t look like they were going anywhere soon, and I was starting to think that maybe I should leave before things got awkward.  
  
I used my hand as a squeegee to try to clean away the leftovers on my thighs and tits, licking the side of my palm and fingers where the cum and my own juices piled up.   
  
Memories of my experience leaving the theater slammed into me. It was a long walk to my car. I was so messy. Should I? My pounding heart was all the answer I needed.  
  
I pulled my dress over my head, snugged it down past my hips. A wet spot was already growing where the fabric touched my mound. I reached under my dress to scrape the goop from my pubic hair, wiping it off against the distended tendon in my groin. It made for a large glop that immediately begun running down my leg. I dipped a couple fingers back into my pussy to gather more, this time rubbing it off on my lower lip where it pooled on my chin.  
  
My two beaus were watching with increasing interest, half-puzzled and, I noted, half-hard. I gave them a wide grin as I pushed back my hair, and then left the tent. A clerk was tending to a battery display a few yards away. He opened his mouth to say something as he turned to me, but had no words when I had straightened up and he got a good look at me.  
  
The absorbent cotton picked up every drop and smear left on my skin, turning the powder blue fabric dark where it soaked in. Some of the cum on my face was dripping off my chin in a string, while the cum on my leg had made its shiny streak past my knee to collect at the top of my calf.  
  
I put my finger to my lips for a long shhhh, then wrapped my tongue around my finger and sucked it into my mouth. The clerk just stood there blinking, and I padded off toward the crowd passing in front of the store entrance, bare feet sticking to the carpet.  
  
Lordy, but life was good sometimes.