**Holly and Jamie**

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**Holly and Jamie Ch. 01**

During my freshman year of college I went out to a Sevendust concert with a couple of guys, Jake and Tommy, and my roommate Jamie. The guys shared another room in the dorm and we hung out together periodically. None of us had a significant other, so there was some flirtation in our group, but nothing more than that. I wouldn't say that Jamie and I were huge fans of Sevendust, but we had heard of them and enjoyed hanging out with the guys. Neither Jamie nor I had ever been to a hard rock/metal concert before and we were in for a surprise.

After the opening act, the crowd became livelier. The crowd noise increased, and the floor got packed with fans. Then it happened. About ten feet in front of us, a girl got up on the shoulders of a guy. I thought it was to just look around, but the crowd started chanting, "Show your tits!"

After laughing a bit, she reached down and pulled up her shirt, showing her bare breasts to all around. The crowd cheered, and people even started taking pictures with their cell phones. Jamie and I just looked at each other in shock. Even Jake and Tommy took some pictures, creating slight pangs of jealousy. She continued laughing as the guy turned around to give everyone a look. A few moments later, the crowd groaned as she pulled her shirt back down and came down from the guy's shoulders.

No sooner was she down when another girl popped up. The chants started immediately. She seemed to be having some sort of conversation with the guy she was on, like he was trying to convince her to do it and she was hesitant. But then she gave in, and pulled up her shirt and bra. She was quite flat, but the crowd didn't care as it went wild again and more pictures were taken. Over the next five minutes or so, several girls got up and gave the sea of horny boys a look at their breasts.

Then Jake nudged me, and asked me if I wanted to go up. I was shocked, but also excited thinking about it. Jamie had heard the question and was carefully watching my reaction. Then she started encouraging me as well. I still wasn't sure, so I turned it around on her, telling HER to do it, and the guys soon began working on her too. I then got carried away with the pressuring, and without really thinking about it, told her that I'd do it if she did it first. This caught her attention and she got momentarily serious, before saying "Deal" and breaking into a big smile.

As I realized what I'd just agreed to, I wanted to take it back but she was already being lifted into the air by Tommy. The crowd cheered at the new prospect and began the chant. She looked down at me and I could see the excitement in her eyes. She grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it slightly, causing a cheer from the crowd. But she was teasing, lifting it only to the bottom of her bra-covered breasts.

The crowd broke into a new chant, "Higher! Higher!"

Jamie giggled and looked back down at me and said, "Holly, you're next!"

She then looked out into the crowd, wrapped her fingertips underneath her bra and lifted the shirt and bra, releasing her breasts for all to see. The crowd cheered madly. I could see Tommy trying to look up, but it didn't look like he could see too well. Jake, however, had a close-up view of Jamie's tits and began snapping pictures. I gave a mock scowl, but it didn't seem to faze him. He certainly wasn't the only one taking pictures either. After several moments, she let her shirt drop down and got off of Tommy's shoulders. She looked at me and I could tell that she enjoyed that. She also enjoyed informing me that it was my turn.

As I got onto Jake's shoulders, I couldn't believe what I was doing. It felt like I had no control over what was happening. One moment I'm getting on his shoulders, then I'm being lifted up, and then hundreds and hundreds of people are staring at me, calling for me to flash my tits. I looked down at Jamie and see that she had a grin from ear to ear. So did Tommy as he looked up in anticipation. I couldn't believe that I was about to let him see my tits. I looked back to the crowd and watched the faces of several nearby guys, all eager for me to show my breasts. Not doing so was not much of an option at this point. After my deal with Jamie, I would never live it down. Besides, I too felt excited with all of these guys anxiously awaiting me to lift my shirt.

I then decided to just do it. I reached for the bottom of my shirt, and after one more look to Jamie, lifted the bottom to my neck as I closed my eyes. I heard the crowd cheer, and then boo. I opened my eyes in confusion and then it dawned on me that I still had my bra covering my tits. I reached down and grabbed the bottom of my bra, and lifted it to my neck. The crowd roared. I looked out to see all of these faces staring at me. I could also see a lot of cameras being held up, pointing in my direction. I couldn't believe that all of these people were going to have pictures of me with my breasts exposed. Luckily, most of them wouldn't know me. Then I thought of Tommy and Jake. I looked down to see Tommy grinning, taking several pictures of me. Jamie was using Jake's camera to take pictures too. I gazed back to the crowd and looked for a few moments more at the expressions on many of the guys' faces. Jake bounced up and down a bit, which caused my tits to do the same. The crowd responded with another cheer. I was so embarrassed and aroused at the same time. I figured that I was probably the darkest shade of red I'd ever been. I realized that my "flash" was probably longer than it needed to be, so I let my shirt drop and tapped Jake to let me down.

It took some time to recover after getting down. It was kind of a blur, but I think I hugged Jamie. I also noticed Tommy showing pictures from his camera to Jake, and Jake seemingly enjoying the view. I was just overwhelmed and somewhat relieved when the lights dimmed and Sevendust came on stage. The concert itself was anticlimactic. I couldn't stop thinking about what had just happened, flashing my breasts to a huge crowd of horny guys with many of them taking my picture. The expressions of several guys kept going through my head. I thought of Tommy, a guy that lives down the hall in my dorm, watching my tits and taking picture after picture. And I thought of Jake, looking lustfully at pictures of me. All I can say now is that it was quite a concert.

**Holly and Jamie Ch. 02**

The morning after the concert, Jamie and I couldn't stop talking about it. While I had to admit that flashing a crowd of guys was exciting, I was concerned about the pictures and whether Jake and Tommy would tell anyone else about the evening. The guys had assured us on the way home that they would keep it to themselves, but it was difficult to really trust in that. It was hard to imagine them not showing the pictures to their buddies. Jamie seemed less concerned about that. In fact, her whole reaction was that it was not that big of a deal. She would tell me that we just got caught up in the excitement and that we were just two of many girls that flashed that evening.

A couple of weeks later, Jamie and I were getting ready for a frat party. Jamie and I had just taken showers (separately, perverts). We were both still in towels and I had just started blow-drying my hair when there was a knock at our door. Jamie headed for the door while I continued drying my hair. I couldn't hear what was happening, but I expected that Jamie was just going to send away whoever was there. So I was quite surprised when I peeked back out of the bathroom to see Jake and Tommy in our room. They were like, "Hey, what's up, Holly," and smiling broadly.

Jamie too was smiling. I called out and asked what was going on. Jamie just said that they had come over to accompany us to the party. I called out, "Couldn't they wait outside until after we were dressed?"

She responded, "They've already seen us half-naked!", like I was being absurd or something.

I stayed in the bathroom, drying my hair, expecting that they would leave in a few minutes. When I turned off the dryer, I was surprised to hear that they were still in the room. I wrapped the towel around me tightly and walked out of the bathroom. Jamie still had her towel on, so we were both standing there in front of them wearing just towels. Even though the towel covered the essentials, I still felt rather exposed in it and was worried that it would come open on the sides.

I turned to Jamie and said, "So?" expecting that she would tell them it was time to step outside.

She said, "Yeah, we should get dressed."

What she did next shocked the hell out of me. She gave me a slight smile, turned away from the guys and towards her dresser, and casually took off her towel! She was completely naked, standing in front of the guys but facing away from them. They could clearly see her butt and the sides of her firm tits. Tommy muttered, "Damn!", and I could see Jamie smile proudly. Jake said something about wishing he'd brought his cell phone, to which Tommy responded, "No kidding."

She opened up her top dresser drawer and started inspecting her assorted panties. I couldn't believe that she was just standing there with her naked ass exposed like that! She took her time selecting a pair before reaching into the drawer to pull out this small pair of red panties. She smiled back towards me, stepped into them, and pulled them up. She then reached in for a bra, but instead of putting it on, she turned to face the guys. They could now see her naked tits and thinly-covered pussy as she stood perhaps ten feet in front of them. The guys just gawked at her. She was clearly enjoying every single moment of this. She stood there just letting them stare at her tits as she slowly worked her bra on. She then turned back to the dresser, dug out a pair of jeans and a t-shirt, and finished getting dressed. Meanwhile, I was in shock at what she had just done, openly flashing her naked body in front of Jake and Tommy. It's true that they had already seen her tits at the concert, but still!

Jamie then turned to me and asked, "Are you going to get dressed, or are we going to stay here all night?" It took me a moment to process her question. She expected me to follow her lead! A flood of emotions came over me as I thought about pulling off my towel and standing naked in front of the guys. As I stood there dazed, an inner voice came out of nowhere and told me, "Just do it! Jamie did it - so can you. "

I decided to do it. But whereas Jamie's dresser was on the other side of the room from our small couch where the guys were sitting, my dresser was right beside the couch. They were about to get an even better view of me than they got of Jamie. I was still dazed as I walked over to the dresser. Jake was sitting on the couch, just a foot away from me, with Tommy next to him. I thought to myself, "here goes nothing", and pulled the towel off.

My breasts shook as the towel came off, and I couldn't help but look over at the smiling faces of the guys. I heard a "Wow" and a "Whoa" come from the guys, as they stared at my completely naked body. From where they were sitting, they had an excellent profile view of me with a good view of the side of my left tit. They could also surely see some of my pussy patch and ass, but neither terribly well from the side. I could tell that they were crooning their heads to get better views of each. I started to reach for my underwear drawer when Jamie instructed, from the other side of the room, "Bring me your towel."

I was confused. My brain wasn't really working right with all of the adrenaline and blood flowing through me. But I managed to ask her, "Why???"

Jamie responded impatiently, "Just bring it, I need it!"

Again, my brain wasn't working. I didn't understand, but I wasn't going to stand there completely naked while I tried to figure it out why she needed my towel. So I started walking across the room, totally exposed, to bring her the towel. I realized that the guys could now get the same straight-on view of my ass that they got of Jamie, so I'm like, whatever. I involuntarily gave my butt some extra wiggle as I walked across the floor. I discovered that it's hard to not be conscious of the way your butt looks when it is being openly stared at. After handing my towel to her, I realized that I needed to walk back to the dresser, and doing so would give a full frontal view to the guys. I could walk backwards or cover up my beaver, but I figured that at this point, it was a little late to begin getting bashful. So I turned and faced the guys, wearing nothing but an awkward smile. The guys absolutely loved it. I don't know what was going through their heads, but the expressions on their faces showed this bizarre combination of excitement, lust, and pure enjoyment.

I thought, "Omigod, these guys are seeing my entirely naked body! They just watched my ass as I walked across the room and now they can see my tits and my pussy! They've seen everything!"

I realized that I was just standing there letting them stare at me, so I started walking back to the dresser and towards them. When I got to the dresser, I turned to face it, giving them back their profile view, and opened up my underwear drawer. I was starting to feel quite embarrassed at this point, so I quickly found some panties and pulled them on, followed by a bra. I looked back to the guys and was amazed that, even with panties and a bra on, they seemed like they couldn't take their eyes off of me. I couldn't help but laugh and then finished getting dressed.

At the party, away from the guys, I asked Jamie what the hell she was doing. She said, "Don't tell me that you didn't enjoy that!"

I couldn't tell her she was wrong.

**Holly and Jamie Ch. 03**

A couple of days later I was talking to Jamie and she told me that Tommy had asked her out. I responded excitedly, "Really, what did you say?"

She told me that she turned him down and explained that she enjoyed the four of us being friends and didn't want to ruin it by dating. When I heard that, I was kind of relieved, as I had been sort of thinking the same thing. I asked her about his response and she said that at first he was disappointed, but seemed to accept her reason.

The next night the four of us planned to go out to a movie. Jamie told me that they would be over around 9 to pick us up. Around 8:30, Jamie had already gotten showered and dressed and I was on my way in to shower when they knocked at our door. I told them that they were early and they were quick to offer that they'd wait. How graceful of them! It was surely convenient that they were probably going to get another chance to see me naked! Then I thought, "whatever, they've already seen all of me."

Jamie let them in and I headed for the bathroom. I started to close the door for my shower but Jamie stopped me. She told me that she was still getting ready and would need to come in and out several times, so I might as well leave it open. I rolled my eyes and mumbled, "Figures."

Now they were certainly going to see me naked again. With the door open they could see the entire shower from where they were sitting. The shower door was glass, with a simple design in it that would only partially obscure their view through the door.

I started the water, getting it to the right temperature. As I prepared to undress, the three of them were sitting in the main room, each with a good view into the bathroom. I undressed quickly, realizing that I had a long way to go before I would be covered again. I whipped off my shirt and jeans in about five seconds, and glanced over to see them watching me intently. I gave a slight scowl as I thought, "Haven't they seen me enough?"

Then I continued, unsnapping my bra and pulling down my panties. So there I was, completely naked in front of them again. Before getting in, I stepped over to the vanity and took out my contacts. I slid open the shower door and stepped in, very aware the entire time that these two guys were staring at me. It was real strange showering, knowing that two guys are watching your every move and gawking at your naked body. I did find it arousing, and couldn't help but slide my finger across my pussy a few more times than necessary. As I washed my breasts I wondered whether they enjoyed seeing me touch my tits. After several minutes, I was done and turned the water off.

I slid the door to one side to retrieve my towel. Doing so, gave them all an unobstructed full-frontal view again of my body. I became very aware that the cold air was making my nipples stick straight out. I couldn't really see them now without my contacts, but I was sure that they were still gawking. As I reached for the towel I heard a click and saw a flash of light, and realized that they had just taken another picture. I called out, "Remembered your camera this time, huh?" with a slight tone of disapproval.

Jake called back enthusiastically, "We sure did!"

I just thought, "Great, more pictures of me."

I realized that they now had a picture of not just my tits, but also my pussy, and were probably taking them while I showered too. As I dried myself off, several more pictures were taken. One of them even came up to the bathroom door to take a couple of close-up shots of me. The thought that they were going to have all of these pictures of my naked body was arousing and scary at the same time. Whenever they wanted they would be able to pull up the pictures to see my tits and pussy from a number of angles. Would they beat off to them? Would they show them to their friends? I was completely exposed, and they were taking pictures to record it forever.

Once I finished drying my body, I stepped over to the vanity to reclaim my vision. They couldn't see me where I standing, so I was relieved to have a brief moment to myself. I began to wrap the towel around me. It was, unfortunately, a bit small. I wondered if Jamie had changed it on me. Regardless, this is what I had. If the bottom just covered my ass and pussy, then the top was just below my nipples. There was just no way to cover all of the essential bits. I decided to just wrap it around my bottom as they were already quite familiar with my tits at this point. I still had to dry my hair, but given the circumstances, decided that I wanted to get dressed first to get the exposure over with.

I headed back into the main room, and had quite a shock. Without my contacts, I hadn't been able to see into the room since I had gotten into the shower. So I was surprised, to say the least, when there were three - not two - guys in our room, along with Jamie. They were, of course, all watching me as I stood in the door with just a towel covering my bottom half and my tits totally exposed. I recognized the other guy, Bill. He was also in our dorm, in a room next to Jake and Tommy. He had a digital camera. This was not a wimpy cell-phone camera, but some souped-up thing that could probably take high-quality pictures. He even had it resting on a tripod. He realized that I was confused by his presence, so he called out, "Hey!", and snapped a picture.

He was clearly excited and had a huge grin on his face. Jake and Tommy each took another picture as well. I realized that all of them were enjoying my reaction to all of this, so I tried to get a grip. I asked what Bill was doing here and Jamie told me that Jake and Tommy had invited him along. Obviously I hadn't heard him enter while I was in the shower. I asked why he had THAT, motioning towards the camera, and Jake explained with a smirk that he told Bill that there might be something worth taking a picture of. I responded, "Cute!" with mock disapproval.

Inside, I was rather flattered to have all of this attention on my body. I had to get dressed, so I just decided to not focus on their presence. The guys, now three of them, had clearly seen me completely naked and already had a bunch of pictures. There wasn't much reason to minimize my exposure to them now. I shook my head while trying not to smile and said "Alright!" conceding the exposure.

Jamie grinned and Jake cheered, "Woohoo!"

I pulled off the towel, held my arms out to the side and said, "There, happy?"

They were. The guys started complementing my body while I stood there on display for them. "Nice! You've got a great set of tits, Holly. Wonderful curves! Beautiful." were some of the things I heard. I'm sure that I was bright red, from both the embarrassment of standing there naked and being smothered in complements. When they asked me to turn around for them, I obliged.

While I stood there letting them gawk at my body more pictures were taken. At some point I realized that Bill had stopped taking pictures, which I thought was strange. Then I noticed that a red light was on, so I figured he was probably filming video instead. To this realization I could only smile and shake my head again. Pictures weren't enough - now there would be video too. Over and over, they would be able to watch me standing in front of them completely naked. I started to get pulled back into worrying about it again when I snapped myself out of my train of thought and reminded myself that there was nothing that I could do about it now.

I pulled my arms down to signal that I was done posing for them and started towel-drying my hair. My breasts bobbed from the drying action, eliciting a "Yeah, keep doing that!" from Tommy. Still working on my hair, I walked over to my dresser and started trying to figure out what to wear. I found it difficult to concentrate however, so it took me several minutes to pull out underwear and jeans. I also had to cross the floor a couple of times to get to the closet to try to find an appropriate shirt.

This whole time I was completely naked and the four of them watched me continuously. They got a good long view of every part of me, from all directions, and had taken plenty of pictures - not to mention video - of me walking around. I finally got all my clothes together and got dressed. Bill stopped videotaping me, and the snapping of pictures came to an end.

I didn't enjoy the movie very much as I found it difficult to concentrate on the storyline. My mind kept reviewing the events of the evening. In the bathroom I asked Jamie whether she had set that up. She acknowledged that she had suggested to them to come a bit early and that they might catch one of us in the shower, so yeah, she had set that up. She said that she didn't know anything about Bill however, that he just knocked on the door while I was in the shower. I started to get angry with her, but she could tell that I wasn't really serious. She knew that I had enjoyed it and that I had had plenty of opportunities to limit my exposure but failed to take them. I was still feigning being upset when she offered with a smile, "It's okay, you can get me back!"

**Holly and Jamie Ch. 04**

I really wasn't mad at Jamie for setting me up last time. It wasn't like she did anything that bad to me. So three guys saw me naked. Big deal. In fact, it was rather fun. I wasn't sure that it was such a good idea for them to take pictures and video of me, but what's done is done. I thought about trying to get her back, but I really didn't have any good ideas other than to do what she did to me, and that would've been kinda lame. So I decided to drop the idea of revenge, at least for now.

One day, Jake and Tommy told us about an upcoming rock festival. It was an all-day event with a few bands that I had heard of and a bunch that I had not. Anyway, they wanted to know if we wanted to join them. When Jamie and I said that it sounded like fun, I don't think either of us were thinking about the music. We both had fun flashing our tits to the crowd at the last concert so we figured there would be more of the same at the festival.

The morning of the festival Jamie got news that her Mom went to the hospital for an irregular heartbeat. Jamie understandably bailed to visit her Mom, so it was just Jake, Tommy and I heading to the concert. I was pretty disappointed that Jamie wasn't coming but I was determined to have fun anyway.

I spent some time getting dressed for the festival. I wanted to be comfortable as we were going to be there for several hours. But I also wanted to be sexy. I ended up wearing some tight jeans and some freebee t-shirt, but I altered the t-shirt by cutting off the bottom so my tummy would show. I knew I was going to end up flashing the crowd again so I decided to just forego a bra entirely.

As we were driving to the festival, I was pretty excited. I kept thinking about getting up and flashing my boobs again to a crowd of horny guys, and how they would all look at me so lustfully. I was already aroused just from imaging their expressions.

When we arrived at the festival I was rather disappointed. It didn't seem like there were that many people there. It was not at all like the packed auditorium. But Jake explained that the early bands were lesser-known and that it would get more crowded as the better-known bands hit the stage. So we waited. We walked around some to look at what vendors were selling and bought some grease-laden food. We were just killin' time.

Over the next hour the place really filled up. The transformation was quite amazing. Just an hour ago there were perhaps a couple hundred people there; now we stood shoulder to shoulder in a sea of bodies. I started seeing girls get on guys shoulders, but at first nobody was flashing. While I was excited by the idea of flashing the crowd, I definitely did not want to be the first or only one to do so. Then one girl got up wearing just a bra and people started pleading with her to flash. A ton of guys were watching her intently just waiting for her to do so. After teasing the crowd for a couple of minutes, she reached down and pulled her bra up, exposing her tits to all around. Cameras from all around flashed to record the moment. But as soon as her boobs were out, several hands reached up and grabbed at them. She immediately fought them off and covered her tits again, and got down shortly thereafter. I was pretty shocked that those guys so brazenly tried to grope her. I wondered whether she knew them or whether they were just strangers grabbing at her tits.

I continued watching the crowd for flashers but there really weren't that many. Each time a girl would get up and flash, someone would invariably grab at her tits and she'd quickly cover up again. I didn't see any of that kind of behavior at the last concert. Here I think it dissuaded a lot of would-be flashers. I wasn't even sure any more that I wanted to go through with flashing the crowd. While it was rather exciting to think of guys reaching up to touch me, it kind of ruined the idea of flashing if you had to cover up so quickly.

But then the crowd surfing started. While a few guys had done that at the concert, here people were being thrown up left and right. I was thinking it was just something guys did, but then I saw several girls doing so as well. I really couldn't believe that girls would do that. I saw one girl go by, being supported up by several guys with their hands all over her legs, ass and back. Occasionally a hand would reach up to cop a feel of a boob and she'd knock it away. As I watched more and more girls get passed around, I started to want to do it myself. It was so much more daring than simply flashing my tits to the crowd. Instead hands would be on me and grabbing at my ass and I knew that some guys would be trying to grab my boobs. I was getting so excited thinking about it that I just had to do it.

I told Jake and Tommy that I wanted to go up. They seemed surprised and asked if I was sure. I said 'Yes, but just stay here so I can find you again'. They said okay, and hoisted me up.

Suddenly I was in the air. It was such a strange feeling. It was like I was resting on a spasming air mattress. I could feel many hands on my back and legs, and a couple of hands on my ass. Mostly they just supported me up, but sometimes someone would push up hard, sending my body bouncing further into the sea of hands. I could feel a few hands actually grabbing my ass, as opposed to simply supporting me by it, but I never even got to see the faces associated with those hands. Hands on my back would also sometimes brush the sides of my breasts, but it was never clear if it was deliberate. Then one tall guy reached up and placed his hand square on my right breast and started squeezing it. This was clearly not accidental. And at that moment my body was hovering and not moving anywhere, so he just continued to rub and squeeze my breast. I knew guys were going to get some quick feels, but I didn't expect a lengthy groping from any individual. I turned and looked at him with a "what the hell?" expression, and he suddenly seemed embarrassed about it and pulled away. Before long I was bouncing around again.

I knew I was heading towards the stage, so I turned to look to see how far I had to go before I got there. As I was doing so, I got propelled upward and flipped off my back and onto my stomach. At first I thought it was a good thing, as it allowed me to see where I was heading. But then I realized that it made my tits that much more accessible to the sea of hands. I immediately felt several hands grabbing my boobs through my t-shirt. Then one hand even shot up my cut-off shirt and started groping my bare breast. It was too much. I was laughing from the sensory overload and just couldn't handle it all. I started pushing away the one hand that was underneath my shirt. As soon as it was free I worked to flip myself back over onto my back where my breasts wouldn't be totally mauled.

I finally reached the stage and got pulled down by security. I ran off to the side of the stage, and then rested for a few minutes thinking about what just happened. It was such a thrill to be tossed around like that, with all of those hands touching me. Many of the hands were just innocently holding me up, but there were quite a few taking advantage of the opportunity to cop a feel. As I began working my way back into the crowd I knew that I needed to go up again.

I knew that it was going to take quite a few minutes to work my way over to the guys, and I just didn't want to wait that long. I saw a couple of guys hoist some dude up, so I asked them to give me a lift and up I went again. It was such a rush to be held up by all these strangers' hands. I could again feel the occasional grab of my ass and grazing of my breasts.

But then suddenly a new game started. I was on my back with my arms out at my sides when I felt someone tugging at my shirt. It was immediately clear that they were trying to pull it up over my tits so I instinctively brought my arms in to try to hold it down. I was stationary at the moment, so whoever was pulling on my shirt kept pulling. My arms were pressing the shirt into my body just below my breasts, but I could feel the shirt continue to slip slowly higher. I felt another hand pulling at the shirt and then I felt a hand trying to pull my arm away from my body. I realized that there were several people all working to get the shirt over my boobs. I couldn't help but laugh, not only at their efforts to expose my tits but also from the sensation of having my clothes pulled on like that.

I knew that I was losing the battle. The shirt continued being pulled from underneath my arms, and I kept raising my arms up to provide maximum friction. Finally the shirt made it all the way over my tits. I looked across the sea of people and there were literally hundreds of guys looking at my tits. Cameras were held up and pointed in my direction. While I came to the festival planning to flash the crowd, I didn't plan on it happening like this. It was still quite a thrill. Maybe it was even better with it being somewhat involuntary. The sensation of having your shirt pulled up while you try to keep it down was really incredible.

They didn't seem content to have my tits exposed. It sure felt like they wanted to pull the shirt entirely off me so I grabbed a handful of shirt with each hand to try to at least keep the shirt. I could feel numerous hands reach up to touch my tits. But just as I started to get afraid that it was getting out of control, somebody pushed hard on my back, sending me bouncing onto a new set of hands.

I took the opportunity to pull my shirt down again and locked my arms down on my chest. I didn't mind having my tits exposed briefly or having a few people cop some quick feels, but I didn't want to lose the shirt. With my luck I'd probably get arrested or something.

I eventually reached the stage again and got pulled to safety by security. Now I figured I should go find the guys before they worried too much so I spent some time working my way through the crowd to find them. I hung with the guys for a while, but the desire to go up again kept rising in me. Eventually I gave into it and told them to launch me again.

I tried again to surf with my arms out but I felt someone pull on my shirt right away so I quickly locked my arms on my chest again. Even though I was moving through the crowd it felt like someone was constantly pulling on my shirt. I even felt people start to pull on my jeans. At that moment I was very thankful for having worn some tight jeans; if I wore anything looser it surely would have been pulled off.

At some point I became stationary again. I knew that was dangerous, but it wasn't something that I could really control. Several hands were yanking on my shirt and I was slowly losing that battle again. I could also feel multiple hands trying to pull down my jeans. It was all happening so fast. Despite my efforts, my shirt was being raised over my tits again. Some cool air hitting the top of my ass alerted me that my jeans had been pulled down a couple of inches. And then I felt some fingers on the bare skin of my ass. They were pressing into my cheeks and sliding underneath my jeans and panties. Someone was working very hard to slide their whole hand into the back of my jeans, and he was slowly succeeding.

I reached down with one hand to try to pull out the hand. Unfortunately, it left only one hand to guard my t-shirt and I immediately felt the shirt ripping and being pulled completely off my body. Hands reached up from all around to grope my tits. I was thankful to be on my back as it provided a bit of protection. I knew if I was on my stomach that it would be much worse. My one hand tried to fight the breast-groping hands off, but it couldn't stop them all. Then someone grabbed my arm and held it to my side, so my tits were completely unprotected.

Meanwhile my other hand had grabbed onto some guy's wrist and was trying to pull his hand out of the back of my jeans. As tight as my jeans were it was really a hopeless effort. His hand just kept squeezing my right ass cheek. Then someone pushed hard on my back sending me flipping over backwards and I guess he managed to extract his hand before breaking his wrist. I was momentarily on my stomach but all of the hands grabbing at my boobs prompted me to flip again onto my back.

People were still pulling on my jeans, slowly working them down. It felt like about half of my ass was sticking out the top of my jeans. Someone reached up between my legs and started trying to undo my top button. I was suddenly alarmed as I knew if they got that button undone the jeans would slide off me with ease. With both hands I reached down and pulled the hand away from the button.

I felt momentarily relieved. But then someone else started pushing their hand into the back of my jeans. This individual wasn't grabbing a cheek but was instead thrusting their hand along my ass crack. As their hand went further and further inside my jeans I finally understood what they were doing when I felt fingers on my bare crotch. I had no idea whos hand it was, but he was feeling up and down my muff. Then his fingers started playing with my lips, spreading them open and finally inserting them into my canal.

I was so overwhelmed by sensation that I thought I might pass out. With hands all over me, and now even inside of me it was just too much to process. It didn't feel good exactly and it didn't feel bad. It just felt - stimulating.

While some unknown guy's fingers probed me my jeans seemed to be loosening and I could feel that more and more of my butt was exposed. The front of my jeans were now starting to loosen as well and some of my pubic hair was just starting to show. More hands were grabbing my bare ass and pulling on the jeans. Finally, some element of friction gave out and I felt the jeans slide down my thighs.

My ass and crotch were instantly assaulted by a dozen hands. I started freaking out with all of those fingers on me and my last stitch of useful clothing sliding down my legs. Suddenly I felt someone pulling me down and in just a moment I found myself being brought to the ground. The dude who pulled me down was big and looked like an off-duty bouncer for a bar or something. He started pushing people off me and I was able to pull up my jeans. He then handed me his shirt to cover up and I quickly pulled it on. I was pretty relieved to be clothed again.

I thanked him profusely for pulling me down and giving me his shirt, but he seemed to be more concerned about my safety. Imagine that, a real gentleman in a place like this. He even stayed with me while I wandered through the crowd to find Jake and Tommy.

The rest of the day I just stayed with Jake and Tommy. That was enough excitement for me. I didn't want to tell the guys all of what happened, but I couldn't wait to tell Jamie everything that happened. Do you think she'll be jealous?