**Home Show**

by[Ashson](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1445967&page=submissions)©

"Wendy, why does Harry say you're an exhibitionist, and what is an exhibitionist, exactly? I've never been quite sure."  
  
Emma posed the questions to her friend, genuinely curious.  
  
Wendy considered. "Answering those in reverse order, an exhibitionist is someone who likes showing off their body in public and Harry thinks I deliberately let men look at me."  
  
"You mean like wearing that ultra small bikini you have?" giggled Emma.  
  
"No," said Wendy thoughtfully, "more like not wearing that ultra small bikini when I should. I told Harry it was an accident and I thought I had it on under my dress, but I don't think he believed me."  
  
Emma stared at her. "Care to explain that a little more?"  
  
"When we went to the beach on Saturday, I whipped off my dress thinking I had the bikini on. It turned out that I didn't and I had to put it on fast."  
  
"You flashed at the beach?"  
  
"Accidently, I assure you. I wouldn't do that deliberately."  
  
The two girls stared at each other, and then started giggling.  
  
"No wonder Harry is annoyed with you," laughed Emma. "He's does tend to get jealous easily. Why do you do things like that?"  
  
"It's fun and it's exciting. I like knowing men are looking at me and wanting me and knowing they can't have me. I only do a bit of flashing every now and then. It's harmless really."  
  
"What sort of flashing do you do? Have you ever streaked?" Emma was getting interested in the subject.  
  
"I go commando sometimes, with a short skirt, or have a little accident with my bikini. I have streaked in the past, but not now. Oh, and I haven't ever had sex while people are watching. To my definite knowledge, that is."  
  
"Why do you say 'to your definite knowledge', like that."  
  
Wendy smirked. "My last boyfriend had this thing about having sex with the lights on and the curtains open. I always wondered if he was putting on a show."  
  
"And you let him?"  
  
"I didn't know for sure," said Wendy, "and it would have been most insulting to suggest he was doing so if he wasn't," she added innocently.  
  
"I'm quite convinced you're crazy, you know," sighed Emma. "Isn't that sort of thing dangerous?"  
  
"Not really if you take a few simple precautions. I didn't accidently strip at the beach without making sure that Harry was close by, you know." Wendy laughed. "He might have been furious, but it also made him incredibly horny."  
  
"Why did you start doing that sort of thing?"  
  
"Purely by accident. I'd had a shower and was only wearing a towel when the doorbell rang. I was decently covered so I answered it. It was just the postman, wanting a signature for a registered letter, but while I was signing it the cat jumped up on me. Claws sunk into the towel and then cat and towel hit the ground and there I was, signing for the letters, starkers."  
  
"What did you do then?"  
  
"I signed the form, accepted the letter and closed the door. Then I started laughing thinking about the stunned look on the postman's face. It sort of grew from there. Why don't you try it sometime."  
  
Emma gave a declining laugh. "Not me. There's no way I'm going down the street with no panties. I'd be terrified that someone would see."  
  
"That is the idea of it, you know," said Wendy dryly. "Anyway, you wouldn't have to go down the street. Do what I did. Answer the door naked sometime and watch the reaction. It's fun and it's harmless, really."  
  
"I'll pass," laughed Emma.  
  
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Emma recalled the conversation a few days later as she saw the two young men walking through her gate and heading confidently towards her door. She knew the type of people they were, so sure of themselves and their mission. They'd bail her up, talk their way in and chatter to her for hours about sin and redemption and the way to holiness.  
  
"I," thought Emma bitterly, "am just too polite for my own good." She knew she wouldn't have the nerve to say not interested and close the door in their face, and she was too polite not to answer when they knocked. She needed an idea.  
  
"Answer the door naked sometime and watch the reaction"   
  
Why not? It'd be harmless and those nice young men would fall all over themselves apologising and removing themselves. Trying not to laugh, Emma stripped of and waited.  
  
With the expected knock on the door, Emma sauntered casually over and opened it. She hadn't expected to feel so excited while she did it. Nervousness she could understand, but that little twitch in her libido was unexpected.  
  
Smugly, she faced the startled visitors, and opened her mouth to apologise.  
  
"I'm, sorry," she gushed, "but you've caught me at an inopportune time. I have to..."  
  
That was as far as she got before the first man brushed past her and into the house, his friend close behind him. His voice rang out in an entrancing baritone.  
  
"How fortunate that we have come by," he cried. "It is obvious that you have been caught up in the sins of the flesh and need our help and guidance. I am Brother David and this is Brother Michael."  
  
Emma stared at them, flustered. They weren't supposed to come in. They were supposed to turn and head for safety, away from her wicked wiles.  
  
She started again. "Excuse me, but as you can see I'm not dressed..."  
  
Again she was cut off by that ringing baritone.  
  
"Indeed we can see that, but have no fear. We will be only too willing to help you past these temptations of the flesh. I will personally help you ease open the gates to paradise, after which Brother Michael will lead you down the road to salvation."  
  
"Thank you," said Emma desperately, "but there's no need..."  
  
"There is every need." She was interrupted again. "What sort of people would we be if we saw a poor sinner struggling with temptation and did not stop to help her?"  
  
"No, really," Emma began, followed by a much sharper "What do you think you're doing?"  
  
Brother David had casually reached out and cupped one of Emma's breasts, squeezing lightly.  
  
"I but test the depths to which you have sunk," she was informed, while Brother David's other hand was reaching to cup her mound.  
  
"Stop that," Emma shrieked, stepping back and away from him.  
  
She received another nasty shock at this point, finding that stepping back had placed her firmly against Brother Michael, who promptly took her wrists and held them behind her back.  
  
Held in place by Michael, Emma could do nothing to stop David from stroking her breasts and private places.   
  
Struggling was useless, pleading to be let go was ignored and screaming was of no avail as she was too far from neighbours to be heard.  
  
With her breasts tightening and her nipples hardening, Emma struggle harder, while David took full advantage of her nudity. Now his fingers were not only playing with her pussy, but they were slipping in-between her lips and probing her internally.   
  
She could feel her excitement reluctantly rising, both warmth and wetness pooling below David's trespassing touch. Frantic, Emma tried kicking him, and quickly found herself in even worse straights.  
  
Michael had deftly transferred both of her wrists to one of his hands, leaving his free hand available to catch her leg when she lashed out. Expertly hooking his hand around her thigh he lifted her leg even higher, running his hand along it until he held her ankle.   
  
Emma was now standing on one leg with the other lifted almost vertically, hands still behind her back. If Michael hadn't been behind her, bracing her, she would have toppled over.  
  
David now had much easier access to Emma's love mound, and wasted no time taking advantage. His fingers were spearing deeply in, agitating and stroking her, setting her nerves alight.  
  
Emma protested bitterly, objecting to every move the two men made. When David stepped away she felt a moment of relief, a relief soon dashed to be replaced by a tinge of dread as she saw him unfasten his trousers.  
  
"The time has come," David announced, "for me to open the gates, that Brother Michael may later lead you along the road to salvation."  
  
Helpless, Emma watched as David moved closer towards her, his intention clear.  
  
"God help me," she moaned. "That's not a cock. It's a battering ram."  
  
Still held firmly by Michael, there was nothing Emma could do as she felt David place the head of his cock against her soft flesh and start pushing. Having no need to hurry, with his victim unable to struggle, David gently eased his way in. Emma found her natural lubrication was allowing him to slip in, while a touch of oil from his cock had moistened the head of it, letting it smoothly press between her unwilling lips.  
  
Emma was not a virgin, and her body was expecting this invasion and quite happy to deal with it. It had dealt with similar incursions before, and if this one was a trifle thicker and a little longer, no matter. Emma could feel her body happily stretching to accommodate that extra size.  
  
"Truth to tell," she thought to herself, "it's not really all that large. Maybe a little larger than normal, but not too bad. I could even enjoy it if it had been my idea. I am going to kill Wendy."  
  
Now Michael was pushing her leg down and around to hook around David's waist. Then switching the hand he was using to hold her hands, he reached down and scooped up her other leg. Resignedly, Emma didn't try to resist, hooking her other leg around David.  
  
Michael now released Emma's hands, sliding both his hands around her chest and holding her breasts. With David holding her hips firmly, Emma was now held in midair between the two men, while David started taking his pleasure.  
  
David's splendid baritone rang out. "The gates are open and ready. Now it is my task to ensure that the way is prepared for the ordeal yet to come."   
  
"What ordeal," Emma thought, but was afraid to ask. "I'm being screwed to prepare me for something more?"  
  
David was enjoying himself, thrusting in hard and feeling Emma coming to meet him. Her legs were clutching him and drawing him in with each thrust, while slackening to allow his partial withdrawal before the next thrust.  
  
Emma found herself panting heavily as David repeatedly hurled himself against her. She could feel his motions getting shorter and harder, and cursed him under her breath. He was about to climax and there was no way she was just yet. At least it would be over soon.  
  
With a few short strokes and a cry of relief, David had his climax, emptying himself within Emma. Holding himself inside her for a moment, he smiled and announced. "The way is prepared. Brother Michael will now lead you along it."  
  
Emma bit her lip to keep from screaming. "Great," she fumed. "First the boss and now the underling. Why is this happening to me?"  
  
Emma found her feet being set back on the floor. For the first time, Michael spoke.  
  
"Hold her while I get undressed," he said to David. "Don't let her get away."  
  
"Then don't scare her so she panics," returned David, while taking a firm hold of Emma.  
  
Emma could hear Michael getting undressed behind her, and almost wilted at the thought of having to go through the ordeal a second time. Then to her surprise, Michael laid down on the floor, and now David was turning her around to look at him.  
  
Emma took one look and screamed, trying to snatch her arm away from David.  
  
"I know," said David. "Impressive, isn't it. That's why I go first. It makes it easier for the woman to stretch those extra couple of inches after I've had them and they're still excited."  
  
"Excited," screamed Emma. "I'd have thought screaming terror might be a better description." She looked with horror at the waiting member.  
  
"Don't get your knickers in a knot," she was callously informed. "You'll find if you take it slowly, you'll be able to handle it. That's why he lies down. It lets the woman settle onto him at a rate that she can handle, and she can stop when she feels she has enough."  
  
"Do you seriously expect me to settle myself on that thing?" demanded Emma.  
  
"If the alternative is Brother Michael bending you over a chair and nailing you himself, I'd say yes, you will," said David, laughing.  
  
As much as she hated to admit it, Emma knew he was right. To stand there helpless while she was assaulted by that monster? Not if there were any alternatives available.  
  
Hating every second of it, Emma obeyed when David steered her down until she was straddling Michael's waist. Then Michael pulled her down until she was lying on him, breasts pressed against his chest, while she could feel him directing the head of his massive cock against her quivering lips.  
  
Michael pressed firmly against her pussy, and Emma felt her lips stretching and yielding, allowing him his initial entry.  
  
"Okay, woman" she was told. "Take your time but settle yourself firmly onto me."  
  
Suspecting that if she didn't Michael would split her in two with one thrust, Emma wriggled her bottom against him, letting him slip a little deeper. Now that she had started, Emma sighed, and continued.  
  
Little by little, she wriggled and squirmed, pushing against where Michael was entering her, slowly impaling herself. Soon she found she was full, Michael having apparently taken over all the room inside her, but still he was coaxing her to continue. Almost groaning at the size of the organ filling her, Emma continued pressing down, finding that her vagina could still swell and stretch a little more. Then she was sitting on him, having smoothly taken that massive organ into her.  
  
Feeling Michael's swollen form within her, Emma made a promise to herself. As far as she was concerned, cocks now came in three sizes, small medium and too big. Even if she had to personally measure each man before she went out with him, she was not going to ride a cock like this again.  
  
"I'm quite happy to lie here and let you do the work," Michael said, "but if you want it to be that way, you'd better start."  
  
For a moment Emma wondered how to proceed. How did you ride something like this? Then she started rocking, leaning forward and feeling Michael withdraw, leaning back and settling firmly upon him once more.  
  
Emma quickly became accustomed to the motion, rocking further and faster, feeling Michael drag out of her and then ease back in. She was breathing harder now, sensations building up within her, teasing her nerves and sending her emotions rioting.  
  
She wanted more. She wanted to feel Michael plunging into her, not just sliding softly back and forth. Her motions subtly changed, no longer rocking but lifting her bottom up off that mighty pole before pressing firmly back down onto it.  
  
Then she was bouncing, lifting happily up and slamming herself back down, feeling Michael ramming deep within her. She was now intent on what she was doing, ignoring outside distractions, concentrating on taking her pleasure, feeling in control at last.  
  
Emma's earlier pounding from David had prepared the way, heightening her senses. Now the repeated hammering upon Michael was strengthening the tensions inside her, building them into a whole that would lift her out of this world.  
  
Michael could see Emma's bottom frantically bobbing, trying to devour his cock. He watched as she moved faster and faster, feeling his own orgasm coming.  
  
Emma screamed, and convulsed around Michael's cock, clamping down on it, milking it. Michael gave an answering cry, letting himself go, flooding this woman who was riding him.  
  
Emma didn't remember too much of what happened after her climax. When she finally recovered her senses she was alone. Brother's David and Michael had gone, leaving her to ponder the ways of the flesh.  
  
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Emma was visiting Wendy again. She really wanted to discuss a certain episode with her, but was wondering how to go about it. Looking out the front window, she pondered. Finally, she turned to Wendy.  
  
'Um, Wendy," she said. "Do you remember how you said you answer the door naked at times?"  
  
"I do," said Wendy laughing. "Like I said, it's fun. You should try it."  
  
"Well, there's a couple of men heading towards your door. I think they're holy rollers. Why don't you answer the door naked to see if they run."  
  
Wendy giggled and joined her at the window.   
  
"OK," she said. "Stand where they can't see you and watch the fun."  
  
Emma promptly withdrew to the bedroom, leaving the door open a fraction. The doorbell rang and Emma saw Wendy crossing to answer, naked.  
  
Wendy started to speak, but her voice was promptly drowned out by a ringing baritone.  
  
"How fortunate that we have come by. It is obvious that you have been caught up in the sins of the flesh and need our help and guidance. I am Brother David and this is Brother Michael."  
  
Emma continued to watch as a flustered Wendy was eased back into the front room, two young men with her. David's baritone continued to boom, talking of opening the gate and preparing the way. Emma settled down to watch events with interest.