**Rehearsal**

by[JoandJ](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2008118&page=submissions)©

For a better understanding I advise you to read 'An All Natural Walk' first.  
  
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On Tuesday, John had already contacted Henk, the one who had given his phone number.  
  
The two agreed to organize a party in a hall with the men we had met in the woods.  
  
The date was already set for Monday next week, which did not allow much time to prepare...  
  
As always, I trust in Johns' judgment, so, although I grew a little red in the face when I heard what John had agreed to, I told him that it was OK with me.  
  
Then he told me he had allowed Henk to double the audience to make it a real performance, but not to worry as there would be a rehearsal first, on Saturday.  
  
Only six men were selected for the party in addition so far, but John and Henk were still working on it.  
  
...  
  
I wrote an email in answer to my dear girlfriend Tessa about what happened to me so far and to hear her opinion.  
  
Hi Tessa,  
  
Sad to hear you're lonesome after the great night you had before. It must be extra heavy!  
  
You don't have any contact with the two guys from the weekend? Can't Harry give you their phone numbers?  
  
Thanks for the compliment; John does a lot to organize all in a perfect way with Henk. And I do assist John in organizing, thinking together with him, brainstorming about, for example, how to make workable teams on the bed without causing too much jealousy.  
  
There will be no cameras as the whole event started with John preventing pictures being taken by the men while I was walking in the woods in the nude but instead allowing them to inspect me...  
  
I'm not sure yet if I'll be there in the hall when the men arrive (me, naked or not) or that I will arrive later and undress in the cloakroom when I arrive, before going into the hall or undressing inside the hall in front of the men. What do you think?  
  
You're right in your concern about the comfort level of the hall; that's the reason I am to see it at forehand. John told me he'll see to it that it'll be as cozy as possible. Apparently, there are some decor-pieces that could be used, and the lighting will be optimized so everyone can see me clearly, but lighted softly.  
  
There is a bar, so proper drinks won't be a problem and the room temperature will be set at a comfortable level 'in relation to the activity'...  
  
The evening will start as what appears to be a proper CMNF evening, so everybody will get comfortable before the action starts.  
  
Looking forward to your reaction, if you have any advice, please let me know! I want to do this properly on Monday and preparation time is short and running out.  
  
x Joan  
  
For privacy reasons her emails were left out, but my answer stipulates what it was about anyway...  
  
Hi Tessa,  
  
Our weekend started 'as usual' on Friday and as dinner was already prepared all I had to do was put it in the oven so there was plenty of time for a drink together. As I had served John already of course, I poured myself a glass of cool white wine and wrapped my white pareo around me, making myself comfortable pulling up my legs on the couch with my feet towards John. John started automatically massaging my feet and toes while we were in conversation.  
  
Sitting together cozy like that, we had the time to talk and discuss the plans for the coming event together; I told John about your idea of wearing underwear or a bikini at the start of the evening, and we came to a compromise on that!  
  
First John informed me there will be one man more, so there'll be fourteen - plus John and Henk, making sixteen - but not to worry as no more men will be expected or allowed (!).  
  
John explained what he wanted me to do. There is a nice bar in the hall, right when you enter, to the left. That's where I would meet our guests; I'll be behind the bar meeting them and pouring them their drinks, wearing silky stockings, high heels, an open cup bra, covering my breasts on the lower side but leaving my nipples clear and visible and an open slip in butterfly look leaving my pussy uncovered, both in black lace.  
  
In the cloakroom at the entrance, before going in, the poster you know of me, (naked outdoors under a tree) the one that's normally in our bedroom printed on canvas. It will be hung and exposed there, so the men who haven't seen me yet will know my face before entering.  
  
John had figured out a very practical plan. When entering, all the men would have to pick up a card with a number on it, and pin it up with a safety pin on the left top of their clothes, wearing it all evening, whether it's on a T-shirt, a jacket or whatever, always visible for a few simple reasons I'll explain later.  
  
When I decide the time for sex has come, John and Henk will undress in the cloakroom except for t-shirts with cards marked XX pinned on their left front shoulders. Then they will approach me, each take one of my hands and guide me to the mattress that'll be on the other side of the hall on a podium where they'll totally undress me. They'll hand me a small pair of low-tinted cyclists-type sunglasses I'll wear to protect my eyes from cum - John knows I hate to have even the smallest bit of it in my eyes as it stings.  
  
In front of the podium there'll be my personal deckchair for relaxing at break time opposite to a row of chairs put in a half circle where the men are supposed to sit, having a view of the performance on the podium over the chair that is reserved for me.  
  
Then I'll lie down and spread so John can lick me to make sure I'll reach an orgasm in front of my audience, warming them and me up.  
  
When I'm done, John and Henk will spit-roast me, Henk using a condom and fucking my pussy while I'm giving John a blowjob.  
  
John will cum on my face, while Henk, after ejaculating in his condom, will empty it over my face. To accommodate that properly, I'll turn on my back to receive the cum, and the men in and on my body after that.  
  
Following the demonstration, the men wearing the numbers 1-7 will be asked to come up on stage to continue.  
  
John and Henk will keep track of whatever positions the individual men have engaged on me using the numbers on their list to give all the men an equal share of me as far as possible. At least to prevent one guy from fucking me twice while another one will only have jerked himself off over me.  
  
That all seems fair enough to me, don't you agree?  
  
I think I'll need the break after the first 7 men. But anyway, the second party will be the numbers 8-15 (as there'll be no number 13 out of consideration for superstitious persons)  
  
After that I'll have a long break until I'm ready for the next round here I can relax and have a chat with the guests, while John and Henk will provide drinks and snacks for me.  
  
On Saturday evening, everything will be ready for a general rehearsal; this will be performed with John, Henk and two assistants doing the lights and to assist with everything that might occur. They'll be the stand-ins for the numbers 1-7.  
  
I think it'll be great fun tomorrow. I'm looking forward to it as John does too.  
  
Looking forward to reading your reactions and suggestions!  
  
x Joan  
  
Hi Tessa,  
  
How was your day? I hope the weather didn't stop you from going to the nude beach or having another activity to enjoy.  
  
I think I can say our planning turned out to be excellent, we all had a great evening and everything went well, as it was supposed to.  
  
In fact, we started to prepare in the afternoon, as it's a general rehearsal. John had put a garden chair in the living room for afterwards, with a large towel on top of it.  
  
We didn't have to take any condoms or lubricant with us, as Henk will take care of that, just as he is also taking care of drinks and snacks.  
  
I took care of preparing the cards, numbering them with a felt pen. As I didn't want to ignore an eventually superstitious person, I numbered 1 to 15, not using 13. I folded the cards and put a safety pin on each one of them, so their number wouldn't be visible in the bowl. I also made two with 'XX' on them, that I laid on top.  
  
I made four other cards for the rehearsal in a second bowl.  
  
We took a bath together after John gave me a close shave, leaving my beloved trimmed triangle in good shape. I dressed up in my 'bartender' outfit for John to enjoy for the resting hours; I must say it looks very sexy, thanks to your input!  
  
I put up my hair like I will on Monday, and I used my waterproof mascara for the finishing touch; I took a shawl to cover my hair on our way home to keep the headrest clean.  
  
On Monday I'll take along a poncho to wear afterwards, and a bathrobe to wear over that against the cold in the evening. We'll also take some towels, the two bowls, the prepared cards, numbered lists and some pencils with us.  
  
John took the wood framed canvas poster from our bedroom, the one in which I'm standing naked under a tree.  
  
He covered it with a sheet to protect it from unwanted views when transported laying in the car.  
  
After a light meal John asked me to take my place in our leaning chair, hanging my legs to the sides over the armrests so he could put on my clit-clip in place.  
  
The clip is mounted at the back end of both sides with shiny red pendants hanging down on small chains. It was very thoughtful of John and I thanked him. We went on our way to arrive in time at the hall, me wearing a jacket over my outfit; not too long, as we call it 'three quarters' length.  
  
When we arrived, the men were already present. The two assistants were guys I hadn't met yet, so we shook hands and I kissed them on their cheeks. They helped John, who took the wood framed picture poster out of the car, hanging it in place in the cloakroom.  
  
I took off my coat and handed it to Henk. The assistants said: 'Wow...' and 'Beautiful...'. I thanked them for their compliments.  
  
Henk locked the front-door and showed us into the hall. I must say they had done a great job!  
  
The decorations were obviously normally used for weddings. Some standing-tables were positioned next to the bar and covered with white cloth. John put the bowl for the rehearsal on the table closest to the entrance. Meanwhile, I removed my shawl, laying it on the bar. John took my pair of sunglasses, the list he had clipped on a board, and the pencils with him and we went over to the podium. It was decorated as a bedroom for a wedding night, a canopy of cloth over the mattress and a side table with a pitcher filled with water, a drinking glass, a box of tissues, a dispenser with lubricant, a bowl with condoms and an empty bowl next to it. It was clear they had thought of everything!  
  
In front of the podium they had put a deckchair for me with a large red towel on it and a side table with another box of tissues.  
  
There was a row of chairs put in half-circle row, facing the deckchair and the podium. It all looked very good so I went back to the bar, taking a seat on a high bar stool behind it. Now it was all gonna start...  
  
The two men went back out the door and John took his place next to the entrance. When they came back in, John presented them each a card from the bowl, instructing them to unfold and pin them to their upper left of their torso. They helped each other and a large 1 and 2 then were displayed.  
  
I welcomed them at the bar and offered them a drink. I'm sure they had a good view serving all of us drinks. After that, I took my place on the bar stool. Lifting my right leg and resting my foot on a small cabinet just below the bar surface, I was sitting comfortably while giving the men a good view of my pussy, decorated with the two glittering pendants hanging on small, short chains on each side of my outer lips with my large protruding inner lips (which I'm proud of) in the middle.  
  
No one mentioned it, but they were all peeping at my pussy while we had a conversation about walking in nature and how we met the group while doing so.  
  
We had another drink. On the bar there was a large glass container with boiled eggs in it. John suggestively mentioned that they might be very useful later. In the meantime there was a plate with cheese and sausages on it. Henk winked at me, suggesting that perhaps the sausages should not have been cut.  
  
I answered him that I would love to have a couple of warm sausages. He took the hint and he and John went out to change, taking the cards marked XX with them.  
  
When they came back, they looked great wearing only their t-shirts with the cards on them, their manhood swinging proudly in all their glory. John gallantly offered me his bended left arm, asking me to come with him to the podium, Henk offered me his right arm and off we went.  
  
We climbed the steps while numbers 1 and 2 took their places on chairs close to the front of the podium. John and Henk undressed me; when only my clit clip was left I laid down on the mattress, spreading and pulling up my knees for John to continue. He first very slowly removed my clip and handed it to Henk, before he started to lick me. First he suckled on my inner lips, slurping loudly, then he pushed his tongue into my pussy. I grabbed his head, pulling him closer. He started to torment my clit in an ongoing struggle, his tongue swirling around it. I couldn't resist my orgasm taking over. I tilted my pelvis and my hips shook. I gave John a hand signal to stop and I let go of his head.  
  
The 'audience' applauded and after I came fully back to awareness again, we stood up from the bed and bowed for them, holding hands. While bowing several times, I held my breasts in place with my right arm and hand.  
  
Now we would be going for the works. John handed me my sunglasses while Henk had taken a condom that he unrolled over his dick. I took position on the bed again, this time on my hands and knees to give my 'public' a good view! John took his place on his knees too, offering me his dick. I took him willingly into my mouth, holding him in my right hand. I started sucking him off. Massaging his balls with my left hand and fingers, I teased him with my nails on the skin of his sack. In the meantime Henk was on his knees spreading mine even more, shoving his dick into my slick pussy.  
  
After only a few minutes the two reached their orgasm. John took his dick out of my mouth, ejaculating in my face. I closed my eyes, although the pair of sunglasses protected me well. I wiped the cum from my lips before I licked them and opened my eyes. Henk ejaculated in his condom. Holding it, he pulled his dick out of me. I turned over on my back. Henk, holding the condom, having it removed from his dick brought it over my face, where he emptied it. After cleaning my lips again, I thanked them both as they stepped aside.  
  
John asked that the numbers 1 and 2 undress to their t-shirts with their numbers on them, to take off their shoes and to come up onto the podium to do their duties. I chose number 1 to fuck me while I would suck number 2.  
  
It went about the same as before and when they were done, I wiped my mouth, took off my sunglasses and thanked them.  
  
John guided me down to my chair for a break. My looks must have been a mess; cum dripped from my chin on my body in slow moving threads, and this was only the start. It was nothing compared to what was going to happen on Monday...  
  
When I was seated, I asked for a glass of white wine and a boiled egg. John brought them to me. I swung my legs over the armrests and pushed the egg softly into my pussy. Then I said to Henk that if he wanted an uncut snack he had his chance ... He came over to me, kneeled and held his open left hand under my pussy. I pushed the egg out of my love tunnel into his hand, telling him to enjoy his freshly laid egg ... which he clearly did, but not before kissing my clitoris.  
  
I had a nice conversation about their hobbies with the men, as if everything was quite normal and in fact it was. When you hear these guys talking about nature it's clear they know an incredible amount about it and as a matter of fact it's quite interesting!  
  
After about half an hour I felt it was time to continue and I told John so.  
  
Now we could do this with all four together to see what that would be like. I was OK with that, so we went up to the podium; number two was to fuck me now, I sucked the other two in turns after which they had to jerk off on me. The last one was to fuck me between my breasts. I asked them to finish on my face, so I would know how that'll be on Monday...  
  
When all was done, I took off my glasses and cleaned the cum from my lips again. John guided me back to my chair to wait for him while he collected my clothes and other personal belongings; in the meantime, Henk served me another drink.  
  
After that I went to the toilet, taking my shawl with me. I looked into the mirror to see my very messy face and hair. Using my fingers, I wiped off the excess cum around my eyes and mouth and fastened my shawl over my hair to make sure the headrests in the car would stay clean. I went back to the bar, where John cleaned my body with a towel after handing me my shoes. Henk had fetched my coat and graciously helped me into it.  
  
For being so nice I couldn't resist kissing them both on the cheek - (they weren't eager to kiss me back I must say!) John gathered everything we had to take with us, thanking the men for all they had done.  
  
We wished them a good weekend, as we were to meet them again on Monday and we left after Henk had opened the door for us and we went on our way home.  
  
Back home I kicked off my shoes, took off my coat and removed my shawl. It was already sticking to my hair. My hair stayed up for the larger part of it. No wonder, as it was covered in cum. It may as well have had gel in it.  
  
I sat down in my chair on a towel. To make it easier to wash out the cum later, John massaged vinegar into my hair before wrapping it in a wet towel. Afterward he served me a drink of wine. John and I came to the evaluation of the evening.  
  
John told me he was very proud of me, and I had done very well. He thought lifting my leg and putting my foot on the cabinet behind the bar was very sexy. So we decided to do that again on Monday. The egg was also sexy, we decided. John loves to have an egg served that way at times, but not for a larger group - we should hold that in mind for back home or other occasions.  
  
I gave John a compliment on how he skilled his cunnilingus was at the start of the show. He sure is good at that!  
  
Before going to bed, I needed a shower very badly. It was quite easy to clean my hair using ordinary shampoo, as John had prepared it before so well. When I finally dried my hair we went to bed, we fucked one another's mouth in sixty-nine until we both orgasmed, John toweled his face using one of the tiny towels we always have on our bedside table for that purpose and handed it to me. I dried my pussy, after which we kissed and we went to sleep spooning.