**Joanie's Winter Vacation**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

After my first semester freshman year, exhausted from finals, and still reeling from losing my virginity and engaging in (what I considered to be) outrageous sexual experiences with Mike and his roommates, winter break (also known as Christmas vacation) arrived, and I gladly went home to my parents with their unconditional love and home cooking. My Mom made all my favorite dishes to welcome me home.  
  
I grew up in this small town, and all my friends from high school were home too and I looked forward to seeing a lot of them. It seems a wholesome change from my adventures during my first semester of college. Little did I suspect what would happen, however.   
  
After a couple of days of rest and catching up on sleep, I looked for a seasonal job and got one as extra Christmas help in the shoe store out at the mall. I had worked there the summer before college, so they knew me and were happy to hire me. But now I was a different person.   
  
One day I wore a boat neck blouse to work, in all innocence. Sometimes I am really dumb. Of course, when I would help a male customer try on shoes, my blouse would move away from my body as I kneeled and leaned forward, just enough to give anyone who cared to look a nice view of my bra covered breasts; and everyone looked, it seemed to me. At least all the male customers did. Well, that was not too bad, as my bra was very conservative, and so what if they could see it? All was covered.   
  
But of course this gave me ideas, and on the way home I visited Victoria's Secret, which was also in the mall. The next day was slow at the store, but a couple of men got really nice views of my new lacy, partially transparent bra not doing much to cover my breasts. I did this for a while, and apparently word got out as more and more male customers came to the store when I was there.   
  
I was getting only small rushes from this bit of exhibitionism, since after all it paled in comparison to what Mike had done with and to me, so I raised the stakes and bought a completely transparent bra. The blouse down lookers could see my entire breasts, nipples included. I became popular and sales at the store increased dramatically, and my commissions were piling up.   
  
The week before Christmas I took things to the next level and went braless. That was amazing. My sales skyrocketed, and I was constantly wet between my legs. Then two days before Christmas I took it to the final step: I bought a dress with a boat neck that had the same effect of letting people look down it when I helped them with their shoes, but I went naked under it, with no bra, and no panties.   
  
Now if they were lucky and positioned right, the customers could not only see my breasts, but all of me, down to my feet. Some men must have had great Christmases; it also had the effect of having men try on more shoes than usual so they could get more looks. I was by far the best salesperson the store had ever seen.  
  
When men asked to try on more and more shoes, I had to keep going to the back storeroom to get the right sizes of the different styles. One time my boss, Mr. Ebersmith, who had figured out what was going on, was waiting there for me. I thought he was going to fire me. But instead he said "Come here, Joanie. I see you grew up while at college."   
  
Mr. Ebersmith pulled me to him and shocked me by kissing me. I was horrified, this was sexual harassment, not that I did not create the situation that inspired it. I pulled away and was about to slap him (he was at least 15 years older, too), when I realized he would fire me if I did, and I needed the money to afford college, so I relaxed and let him give me a long and a bit too intimate kiss.   
  
He pulled my dress up to my neck and began to fondle my breasts while still kissing me. Mike and Steve had taught me by example what would come next as his hands drifted south. So I pulled away and reminded him that a customer was waiting, and he let me go, with a smile on his face.   
  
The next day was Christmas Eve, and nobody buys shoes on Christmas Eve. But this year was different for male customers, and I guess you know why. I got turned on showing myself off; everyone knew I was exhibiting, I'm sure, and I knew they were deliberately looking, but there was a conspiracy of silence, and that is what made it work. We closed early that day at 3pm for Christmas Eve. Mr. Ebersmith asked me to stay a few minutes to help close up.   
  
He told me he had a Christmas bonus for me, and he hoped I could give him a bonus, too. I had not even thought to buy him a present, but then I realized that was not what he had in mind. Sometimes I am so dense. He took me into the storeroom once the doors were closed and locked, and he gave me an envelope that had $500 in it, a sum that for me at that time was astronomical. I was so grateful I kissed him, and that was a mistake.   
  
He kissed back and soon my dress was up at my neck again, and his hands were all over me, and they felt good. I was already in a heightened state from all the exhibitionism I had enjoyed during the workday, and actually wanted some release, which I had already planned for later in my bedroom with a cucumber I had bought. I was a bit freaked out by how old he was, and that he was my boss, and especially that he had just given me so much money.   
  
It seemed like prostitution if it went further. I was not drunk, and as we all know by now, when I'm drunk my judgment goes out the window. So I was able to resist, and while he did get to finger me a fair amount, getting me quite hot and bothered, he did not get to fuck me. He was frustrated, as he had obviously been thinking of nothing else for some time, so I decided to give him a Christmas present.  
  
I dropped to my knees, undid his pants, and gave him a nice blowjob, much better than the one I had given to Mike's roommate John under duress. He clearly would have preferred to add me to his fuck conquests, but since he was older, I knew it would be a while before he could get hard again, unlike the horny four of college: Mike, Steve, John and Tony, who seemed insatiable at times. I told him I had to go, my parents were expecting me at home, and beat a hasty exit.   
  
Now with my $500 bonus, plus my commissions on a large number of shoe sales, mostly to men, I was sitting pretty financially and did not return to work to deal with Christmas returns. Mostly I did not want to deal with Mr. Ebersmith again. While at home I began to date some boys I knew from high school that had never before given me the time of day. Sexy events began when I ran into one of them (Frank) at the local coffee shop.   
  
I was wearing my usual uniform after my time with Mike et al, namely a vee necked blouse with a lacy bra, a short skirt, panty hose, and shoes with small heels. I guess I looked very different from when I was in high school, when I hid my figure, and now I was showing it off.   
  
Frank being a healthy young man, noticed. He could not believe it was really the Joanie he knew just a year ago in high school, the girl who was a computer nerd. I reassured him I was still Joanie, and still a computer nerd, but of course that is not what he cared about.   
  
Maybe because we were home in our small town where our parents lived, or because he had known me for so long throughout school, he was not nearly as sexually aggressive as Mike, Steve, and John (and Tony, but he was into my best college friend Mary).   
  
Also Frank did not have Mike's sick desire to put me on display for other men. Women too actually; Mike was equal opportunity in that regard. I must say I sort of missed that. Instead, he was a wholesome, nice guy, thoughtful, who awoke to the fact that I was a woman worthy of his attention. I enjoyed my time with him, especially because a boy in high school had never asked me out, even once. This made a boy from my old high school now lusting for me (and he did it was clear even if he was too shy to act on it) a real treat, even if my times with Frank were a bit dull.   
  
Too dull, actually, so I hatched a plan to spice things up. Our town was about 60 miles from a nice big city, and I asked if he wanted to "go to the city" with me, for a night on the town. Since we would inevitably be drinking, we decided it would be better not to drive home after such an evening, especially in the winter. So we reserved a room at a hotel in the city, and of course I insisted on two beds, and warned him no funny business.  
  
Mike agreed in a heartbeat, and off we went. We went to a few bars, and being an idiot, I drank too much once again. So did he, and probably due to his inebriation he told me he had heard about my antics at the shoe store. Not with Mr. Ebersmith, of course, but with the customers seeing me down my blouse. He was wondering if I knew what I had been doing, and in fact very sweetly assumed I did not, and wanted to warn me.   
  
At this point I thought he was adorable, and my affection for him exploded. Again, I was drunk. So I told him, right there in the bar, that I had discovered in college that I was an exhibitionist. Of course I did not tell him how I made that discovery, or that it was my times with Mike that had awakened this bizarre aspect of me, nor did I tell him of the night being intimate with three men, or anything about explicit sex. I kept it vague and abstract, even though Frank kept asking for details.   
  
Finally I told him a little, that I had got drunk and had got roped into a game of strip poker. Of course he wanted to know how far I went, and I told him the boys got me down to my panties, but they got my friend Mary naked. He was especially interested that it was four boys and only two girls, and clearly he wondered if things had gotten sexual, but fortunately I was not that drunk, and stopped the story right there.   
  
Frank told me that he had thought I might have become an exhibitionist since it would explain the stories he had heard about the shoe store. He told me there was some debate among his friends whether or not I knew what I was doing. Clearly his friends were boys, since any girl would know that no girl shows anything inadvertently. But boys do have their fantasies.   
  
Frank said my perversion was fine with him, and maybe he could help me exhibit myself if I wanted to. He explained it was much safer to use the anonymity of the big city than to use a shoe store in a small town, and my hometown to boot. That made sense.  
  
After even more drinking at a bar we found that had wonderfully delicious cocktails, we later went to the hotel and sure enough our room had two double beds. Good. The hotel had a courtyard, and our room faced the courtyard and therefore it looked directly at rooms across the courtyard. For this reason, all drapes were closed for privacy.   
  
Frank turned the lights off, and opened our drapes. He explained that at night, one could not see into a dark room, but if the lights were on, anyone who wanted to could see everything going on. He told me to leave the room and go into the courtyard and he would demonstrate.   
  
I did, and once I was out there, he turned on the lights in our room, and he was right, I could see everything! Then he closed the curtains, but not all the way, leaving a gap, so I could see only a small part of the room, but I could see that part clearly. It just looked as if someone closed the curtains a bit carelessly, and unwittingly left open that large gap.   
  
I came back to the room, shivering from the winter cold, and my nipples were hard as rocks. Frank said now I could pretend complete innocence and show whatever I wanted. Nobody may be looking, but you would not know if they were or not. I knew Frank was hoping I would rise to the bait, mostly because he would get whatever show I wanted to put on, close up and personal.  
  
I said thanks, but no thanks, and excused myself to take a shower. When I emerged I was wrapped in some large towels, maintaining modesty. And I went to my overnight bag to get my nightgown. I had brought two, a modest and correct nightgown, and a practically transparent negligee, depending on my mood and how things went with Frank. Since I was drunk, and impressed with Frank at this point, you can imagine my mood.   
  
Nevertheless I reminded myself I was no longer a slut, and I chose the conservative one, and went to the bathroom to change, and even kept my panties on. The bathroom door had a full-length mirror on the inside, and my one concession to my drunken state and its tendency to make me slutty was that while changing, I did not completely close the bathroom door. There was another mirror over the sink, and if I looked at it with the correct angle, I could see Frank. He was not looking at me, but changing into his pajamas, so I got a little voyeuristic thrill watching him.   
  
Before I put on my nightgown I faced the mirror, examining my naked body save for my panties. To my slight disappointment as far as I could tell Frank did not take advantage of this to get a free peak at my body.   
  
I returned to the room from the bathroom and Frank asked if I wanted a drink. He was holding a bottle of white wine. Where that came from I never learned. He looked so cute and earnest, and I knew the wine would make me even drunker, not a good thing since I was already wobbly on my feet. Also we know what happens when I drink too much. In fact my judgment had already decided to take the evening off and I said yes.   
  
We drank the whole bottle, laughing and enjoying talking. All of a sudden Frank kissed me. I did not see this coming, so I was unprepared and did a poor job of kissing back. He even almost missed my mouth, as I instinctively pulled away from the sudden threat to my face. Frank was crest fallen and looked devastated.   
  
I walked up to him, took his head in my hands, and gave him a kiss he probably will never forget. Then I let my hands go down to his cock, and it was erect and hard as a rock. I started to stroke it through his pajamas, and this made him much bolder, and he began to fondle my breasts through my nightgown. I unbuttoned the top of his pajamas and took it off, running my hands through his chest hair, and in return he unbuttoned my nightgown and then slipped it off my shoulders. He feasted his eyes on my almost naked body, with just my panties keeping me a little bit decent.   
  
I realized this was happening in the gap in the curtains, where Frank had wandered to when his failed pass embarrassed him. I don't think either of us planned that, I know I didn't, but there we were, visible to anyone awake at that time of night who wanted to look. Probably nobody I thought, so I was not worried.   
  
I raised the stakes and pulled down his pajama bottoms. He was not wearing briefs, so I saw his erect and hard cock, and it looked lovely. Then came the unexpected: He apologized that he was inexperienced, that he had not dated much in high school, and not yet in college, either. I just smiled and kissed him, and pressed my breasts into his chest.   
  
His hands eagerly roamed my back while we kissed, and my hands went through his hair, which was thick and soft. This gave him courage and he began to massage my ass. When I did not resist and just kept kissing him, he seemed to relax. He did not try to remove my panties. I was impressed.  
  
We explored each other for a while and then I realized we were not on display any longer as we had drifted, and I took him back to the curtain's gap. I began to stroke his cock while he fondled my breasts, and then I decided to give him a treat and dropped to my knees to give him what turned out to be his first ever blowjob.   
  
In no time at all (seconds, or at most a minute) he came in my mouth, and ejaculated with such force it surprised me. But I swallowed all of it, a first for me. With John I stopped before he came and he squirted onto my back. With Mr. Ebersmith, I had arranged for him to squirt onto the floor of the storeroom. He could deal with the consequences of that himself. So this was my first taste of cum, and I liked it. It was by no means my favorite taste, but it was nicely salty not at all unpleasant.   
  
At this point Frank turned me around so that I was facing the window again, letting anyone looking see my breasts. Next he finally removed my panties, but slowly, perhaps to see if I would protest (I did not) and then he began to fondle me down there.   
  
Somebody across the way was sleeping through quite a show! Or maybe nobody was, we could not tell. That's what makes it erotic. After a little while of us standing like this, with me facing the window, I noticed movement in the second story across the courtyard, facing us. In the dark I could just make out the form of a man watching us.   
  
I watched him watch us for a while; I'm sure he thought we could not see him. But I have, apparently, really good vision at night. I realized he was undressed, and then I realized he was pleasuring himself while watching us. I whispered this to Frank, who blushed, but then laughed at my whispering, since obviously nobody could hear us.   
  
Then Frank surprised me by saying, "Want to give him a show he'll never forget?" I was silent for a while and then whispered yes, as I was so turned on, and downright excited. So Frank opened the drapes all the way, making things brazen. The mystery man across the way must have known we were now putting on a show.   
  
Frank really surprised me, saying he was hoping against hope something like this would happen. He took out a flask and told me to take a stiff drink. I was already pretty drunk, and when I am drunk if a man talks firmly I am compliant. I had noticed that with both Mike and Steve. So I drank. Then he reached into his bag and took out two silk ties. I began to laugh, saying he was missing the rest of the outfit.   
  
It did not occur to me at the time to wonder why Frank had packed silk neck ties, since he did not bring the clothes that would go with the ties. But in any event he ignored me. A few minutes later he told me to get on my back on the bed and stick my arms out. I must have looked like an ancient Roman thief on the cross.   
  
His voice was firm, and it turned me on, so I did as he said, wantonly displaying my nudity both to him and whoever was watching. Then he used the ties to tie my hands to the grillwork of the headboard of the bed! I was on display, tied to the bed. I almost came right there. He saw the surprise in my eyes, and misinterpreted it, telling me not to be afraid. He was going to dominate me, and I was his slave.   
  
I began to laugh, but he was serious and reached again into his bag and brought out a small whip. I stopped laughing right away. "That's better," he said, and he put down the whip. Frank was much more kinky than I had ever imagined.  
  
Next he went to the window, which was a sliding glass door that opened to a small patio for when it was a warmer season. This meant that a bit of cold air rushed in and it also meant that any noise we were to make could be heard in the courtyard. Of course nobody was in the courtyard, but if people across the way opened their windows, and the noise was loud enough, then perhaps they could hear. But enough hypotheticals, the immediate effect was that my nipples got hard again from the cold, and I got even more turned on by this new dimension of sound.   
  
Frank got on the bed and fingered me until I had the violent, shaking orgasm that I had seen Mary have with Tony. It was amazing, and I told Frank so, once I had recovered enough to be capable of speech. "Well you gave me one, I thought it was only fair", he said.   
  
This was the first time a man had been concerned for my pleasure. Mike and Steve just wanted to have sex, and of course Mike had his own perverted ideas about turning me into an exhibitionist for his own jollies, and boy had he been good at it. For a while we just lay there on the bed, both naked, side-by-side. I was happy.

Then Frank dropped the bombshell. He told me that this was his first time with a girl. I was even the first girl he had seen in the flesh without clothes. He of course had seen plenty of naked women via pornography, and he thought I was beautiful. Nobody had ever told me I was even pretty before, let alone beautiful. Sexy, yes, especially when I was on partial display, but pretty and beautiful, this was the first time. Flattery is very effective with me.   
  
So, and this is the liquor talking, I said, "Frank, I'm on the pill. Do you want to go beyond just a blow job?" When I said this, his soft penis began to stir, then it began to grow and harden. Bear in mind I was still tied to the bed, and the drapes were wide open, and the glass door was open. I could detect now several people watching us.  
  
One man had opened his window so he could hear too, in case there was something to hear. Frank climbed on top of me and tried to stick it in. He could not find the entrance, but being tied up I could not help him with my hands, so I squirmed around until he entered me. To encourage him, and over stimulated by being tied up and also putting on a show, for the first time I became vocal while we fucked. I began with gasp, followed by a sigh when he finally found the entrance, and continued with loud moaning and saying "Yes, yes!" a lot.   
  
I was anything but quiet, and the fact that someone could hear us turned me on to a large extent. Frank fucked me without any skill, but strongly as he pounded away for a long time, and just as I was nearing orgasm he came, shooting deep inside me and groaning loudly, perhaps for the benefit of the listeners. Looking over, I could see our voyeurs clapping in appreciation. I could even hear them, albeit faintly.   
  
We fell sleep, and I woke up in the morning, still naked and still tied to the bed. Frank was already up and had on a robe. I asked Frank to untie me, and he said, "No. Not yet. I have another surprise." I could not imagine, but then there was a knock at the door, and room service arrived. I got hysterical and yelled at Frank to cover me up! Frank was surprised, but he threw the covers over most of me just in time. I did not realize it immediately, but he missed covering my breasts.  
  
When the waiter came in with the food and saw me tied up, he got the picture all right. He did not miss seeing my boobs. Obviously he also saw that my hands were tied to the headboard. Looking back, I wonder if Frank left my breasts exposed on purpose. Well, this turned me on in the extreme. The waiter took his time, openly staring and enjoying the view.   
  
My mother had often told me that when I was at a loss what to do, or to handle an awkward situation, always to smile. Girls looked prettier when they smiled. This was one of those times: Not knowing what to do, I smiled sweetly at him, and he smiled back and winked.   
  
When the waiter finally left, Frank apologized; he thought I would be happy being exposed tied up and naked on the bed. He did not understand me at all. I wondered privately if he had hoped I would let the waiter fuck me while I was tied up so Frank could watch, but I did not say I thought such an evil thing about him. Nevertheless the thought that just that scenario might have happened had I not forced Frank to cover me up made me wet and at the same time disgusted with myself for feeling that way.  
  
We talked about what he had done, and I lost my initial anger. After our discussion he kissed me and I kissed back, and then he took off his robe and climbed on top of me and we made love. I realized that the sex with Mike and with Steve, or the blowjobs for John and Mr. Ebersmith, were just sex, and this was in fact the first time I was making love. It was nice and I really liked it. I felt warm and happy. Too bad it did not feel as erotic making love as it did to have tawdry exhibitionist sex.   
  
Frank was anxious to please me. He cared for me. So he suggested we meet in Florida for Spring break, at Fort Lauderdale, or Key West, or one of those places where people do sexually outrageous things during spring break. That way, we could have fun and indulge my strange erotic desires, if I wanted to, that is.   
  
I told him I would think about it, but even if I decided to meet him there, I was not sure I had the money to do it. Frank said he would need a room, and I could stay with him. Well I knew what would happen if I did that; we would be having sex all the time, and even though we had just made love, I was not ready for that kind of commitment, so I said I would think about it. And I meant it.   
  
In the meantime we had one week left of vacation before we had to return to our respective colleges. I knew Frank wanted to continue having sex, having tasted its pleasures the night of the hotel. However for me, I was no longer horny, after all the exhibitionism and my time with Frank in the hotel.   
  
On top of that, there was no place to have sex. Outdoors was not an option, it being a cold winter, and we could not use the home of either of our parents. Frank thought we could do so undetected, but I refused. And I refused to have sex in his car. This frustrated Frank, but I was secretly fine with it.   
  
Frank got hope when one of my best friends in high school Susie told me her parents were away for the weekend, and she was throwing a going back to school party Friday night, with her parents' permission (!) Susie had the reputation of being a bit wild in high school, although I did not know why she had that reputation, and whatever may have inspired it no doubt paled in comparison with my times with Mike and his roommates, although I was glad nobody in town knew about that!   
  
I told Susie when she invited me that I would be there. I asked who else was coming, and she showed me the invite list, and I was secretly thrilled Frank was on it. I knew Susie did not like Frank much, but she said he was a friend of her older brother Adam, and Adam would be there.   
  
Adam had invited some of his friends from when he was in high school, all older guys like him, but he also invited Frank. Nevertheless most of the kids invited were friends of mine from high school although some I barely knew, and most of Adam's friends I did not know at all. Susie's brother Adam was 21, as were his friends, and he was going to get alcohol for the party. Knowing Susie, there would be great dancing music, too. I was excited.   
  
Nobody knew about Frank and me, and I wanted to keep it that way for now. So we decided to arrive separately at the party and to do some circulating separately. When Frank and I discussed it, I reminded him of how dangerous alcohol was for me, and made him swear he would make sure I did not put myself in sexually dangerous situations, and if I did, then he would rescue me. That would allow me to drink, relax, and thoroughly enjoy the party.   
  
My mother knew I was now sexually active, since she knew I had spent the night in the city at a hotel with Frank. The sexually active part was an obvious inference. The day before the party she took me herself to the city for some new clothes. My mother was amazing, and she told me that now that I had discovered boys (actually, they had finally discovered me, but I did not correct her), maybe I should lose the geek look and dress more stylishly.   
  
Mom did not say it, but it turns out she meant that I should dress in a more sexy, provocative manner. First she took me to her favorite hairdresser and got me a haircut. My hair now looked so good I was amazed. Then she took me shopping for clothes, and bought me low cut blouses (one of them was exceptionally low cut, she called it a "fuck me blouse.") This was a side of my mother I had never seen!   
  
She bought me sexy pantyhose, with a kind of whorish pattern to them, silver bangle bracelets, a dangle necklace that fell in my cleavage, much like Mary's cross did, and dangle earrings. She got me some red lipstick and took me to the perfume counter, buying me a French musky scent designed to drive men crazy with desire, and showed me how to apply it (I had never before worn perfume).   
  
Besides my neck and behind my ears, she told me always to put some underneath my boobs ("you never know...," she had said). Then she took me to her favorite lingerie store where the woman took one look at me and told me the bras I was wearing were one size too small. She got me a selection of expensive bras that fit my breasts perfectly, and when I looked in the mirror wearing one of my new low cut blouses with one of my new bras, the lipstick and jewelry, and my new haircut, I was unrecognizable even to myself. I looked sexy and great and now I could not wait to go to the party and show off my new look to everyone who remembered me as a full time geek.  
  
When I entered Susie's home the next night, she did a double take and said "Wow, Joanie. You look hot!" I entered and all the boys' eyes began to follow me around. I made a beeline for the punch, and two boys competed to give me a drink. I ended up with two cups of punch.   
  
The punch was delicious, even better than the fateful punch that removed my inhibitions at the boys' suite last semester, starting me down this strange and wild road. I said "Great punch!" as I drank, and a male voice said, "Thanks, I made it." The voice came from Adam, Susie's older brother, and I turned around to see him for the first time, since I had never met him in high school because he had been away at college.   
  
I froze: I realized Adam had been one of my customers at the shoe store, I think during the naked boobs stage. This was not good. I looked down and mumbled "nice shoes." He replied saying thanks again and a knowing grin lit up his face. I was glad Frank was coming because this spelled trouble.   
  
I beat a hasty retreat and spoke with Connie while drinking my punch, until two boys came and asked Connie and me to dance. Connie is really pretty and always had been. She has a beautiful doll's face and a perfect figure, with curves where men like them.  
  
The boys were Jim and Eric, and they were both good dancers, and Connie and I traded partners a few times, taking the occasional break for punch. Still no sign of Frank, but I knew he was planning to arrive a half-hour after me. The boys, and Jim especially, kept plying us with more punch. After my experiences with Mike, I knew what he was trying to do, but Connie was more naïve. In any event, we kept drinking. I had no worries, since I knew Frank would save me from myself, unless he himself found a way to take advantage of me.   
  
We had been dancing a long time, close to an hour and a half, and we were getting hot and a little winded. There had been only a few slow songs, and Jim had managed to monopolize me for those, holding me close and pressing my breasts into his chest while planting his hands on my ass. I would have removed his hands had I been less drunk, but I was at this point quite drunk, and his hands felt good.   
  
Fortunately Jim did not try anything else. Still no sign of Frank, but I was having no worries and enjoying all the attention and clear desire in the eyes of a fair number of boys. When we took a break and Jim and Eric brought us each two more cups of punch, we happily drank them while the boys chatted us up.   
  
Adam had set up a game room in the basement, and Eric suggested we all take a break from dancing and play some games. Connie liked this idea and apparently did not see the dangers I knew must lurk in the basement in our drunken state, but anyway I agreed both because Connie wanted to, and also because I had no worries since I had my ace in the hole with Frank.  
  
I found out later Frank never made it to the part. He had called to cancel because he was needed at home due to a crisis, but Susie did not tell me because she did not know Frank and I had dated or anything. So I had no knight in shining amour who was going to come to save me. But I did not know.   
  
When we got to the basement, Susie was down there and she pulled me aside. She told me she had some bad news and was I OK to hear it. I had no idea what she was talking about, but I said sure. What she said and did changed everything. She said she had by accident found a picture in Adam's room she thinks he used for masturbation or something, and she needed to show it to me.   
  
It was a full-page color printout of me. I was naked, tied to the bed, and my legs were apart. All of me was on display. If that were not bad enough, you could see Frank's white cum oozing out of my cunt. He must have taken it with his cell phone when I closed my eyes in bliss after we fucked. I almost fainted, and fortunately I did not scream. Susie was quiet and looked at me sympathetically, knowing at that moment I felt betrayed by some man I had cared for and trusted enough for this to have happened.   
  
It took a while, and when I regained my voice I asked, "Who else has seen this?"  
  
Susie said, "As far I know, only Adam and me at this point. But if Adam has it, well then I can only guess who else might have it." She let that sink in, and we sat in silence for a while.  
  
I said, "It was Frank who took it. We spent one night last weekend in the city."   
  
Susie, who knew Frank from high school of course, surprised me once again when she said, "That figures." Frank had always admired the older Adam and they had become friends, so she knew him well.   
  
Susie went on to tell me Frank was responsible for her wild reputation, as he had spread false rumors about her after she would not put out for him. Apparently he had seen some risqué pictures of her, or so he said to people, but nobody had ever taken any, so that was another lie. Apparently Frank was a real bastard, and I was once again much too naïve.   
  
I was horrified beyond belief and felt extreme shame and embarrassment. I realized the picture was circulating among the boys of our town, apparently proving to them that Frank really could get laid, and I had no way of knowing who had seen it, and who had not.   
  
Susie told me, continuing to get all the news out at once as a gesture of mercy, everyone knows about the shoe store, too. Susie added that Frank could not come tonight, which now seemed a good thing, and lucky for him.   
  
I said, "I need a drink," and started to cry. Susie held me while Connie saw us and following Susie's gestures she brought over two large glasses of punch. I drank them both, and gradually my horror turned to anger.   
  
I looked again at the picture, and while it was humiliating, I did look both pretty and sexy, and truly hot. I also felt a new freedom to behave however the mood struck me at the party, since by now I could only imagine what everyone thought of me, and at least in terms of reputation in my home town, I had little left to lose.   
  
Susie was now my protective angel. After having broken the news to me as only a good friend could, she stayed close to me and whenever a situation showed potential for danger, she would give me a look to see if I wanted to be rescued.   
  
For the first hour or so, Susie did not need to rescue me, as I continued to sit on the basement couch crying and whimpering, and while people were curious as to what was going on, they nevertheless gave me a wide birth. I looked at the picture a third time, and now my thoughts were, well at least I looked good.   
  
The picture flattered my naked body, and I looked really sexy with the cum oozing from my cunt with a smile on my face and eyes closed. It could be worse. As I gradually recovered my wits, Connie brought me another two cups of punch that I downed quickly, and my thoughts turned from devastation and self-pity to anger and revenge. I realized Frank would not know that I knew the picture was circulating, and in fact probably nobody other than Susie knew that I knew what was going on.  
  
I stood up, a bit shaky on my feet due to all the punch in my system, but Susie steadied me, and reminded me I looked great, and super sexy; I should try to have a good time without Frank, especially without Frank, it was the best revenge.  
  
I told her thanks and that I loved her and stumbled over to where a group of people including Connie were sitting on the floor playing a game. Before I knew what the game was I asked if I could join. Of course they all said yes. And as I looked around, I saw that the game was spin the bottle, and all the players were missing some pieces of clothes. I cursed my luck but then thought well hell I can handle this. I asked what the rules were, and after being told the rules the game re-started, now with me included.   
  
Even with my joining the game there were several more boys than girls, and when a boy spun the bottle it could only fall on a girl and vice versa for the girls. If it did not, the closest girl clockwise from the person it fell upon was the lucky one. Then the boy who spun the bottle could choose a kiss or to remove a piece of the girl's clothing. If the girl refused, she had to quit the game.   
  
The girls were pretty drunk, maybe even more so than I. Jim, Eric, Adam and Connie were some of the kids in the game. Connie was missing her pantyhose, but that was all as far as I could see. Several of the boys had lost their shirts. Mostly it was kissing instead. Since there were more boys than girls playing, I realized the girls would be undressing faster than the boys.   
  
After half an hour I had been kissed twice, once by Eric and once by Jim. When Adam got me, I did not want to kiss him after the episode with the picture, so he removed my pantyhose, giving my panties a serious brush "by accident" while doing so. He took full advantage to completely feel up my cunt through my panties. I glared at him, but let him do it. I was not ready to create a scene.  
  
When I spun the bottle I got Adam and removed his shirt, but kept my arms straight while doing it, symbolically keeping Adam at arms' length. Eric spun next and he got another kiss. The bottle found other people for a while, and then a boy I did not know spun it on me. The boy was named Michael. He reminded me of my Mike not just due to his name, and so I did not want to risk kissing him.  
  
I asked him to choose the clothing option, and Mike removed my blouse. Following Adam's lead, he used the equation to feel up my breasts through my bra. Again, I let him but pulled away when it took him too long. I was now the only girl without a blouse, but apparently I had broke the ice and after some more spins all the girls had lost their blouses and all the boys were without shirts, and Adam was down to his briefs.   
  
Jim got me next and I asked for a kiss, but he invoked the clothes rule. I'm sure he would have loved to kiss me, but he wanted to see more of me even more than another kiss. I pleaded with him for a kiss instead of clothes removal, but he was firm. I decided I no longer cared and Jim told me to stand up so I did, and he removed my skirt.   
  
Like Adam before him he accidentally brushed my cunt as he did so. Jim went farther than Adam had, thoroughly feeling up my cunt now protected only by my flimsy and skimpy panties. He even pushed my panties inside me with his finger. Again, I just let him do it. It turned me on a little, to have this openly done in fromt of the group.  
  
Finally I squirmed away. Jim smiled and in that instant I knew from his smile that he too had seen the picture and probably heard the stories about the shoe store. I guess all the boys had. There was no hope for me.   
  
Now I was down to my bra and panties. It seemed familiar. Once again apparently I had set the precedent, and before too long all the girls were down to their bras and panties, after all having been seriously groped. The boys were down to their briefs; none of them had been groped. At this point all the girls except Connie decided to quit the game. Adam sternly reminded them they had to stay dressed this way for the rest of the party.

I did not understand why Connie remained. Apparently she was very drunk. Since Connie stayed, I wanted to be a good friend, so I tried to pull her up and said, "Come on, Connie. We should leave the game now with the others and maybe go back upstairs and dance." But Connie wanted to stay, and I reluctantly stayed with her in solidarity since we were friends.   
  
The rest of the girls paraded upstairs to join the dancing. I heard a roar of approval from upstairs when they entered the room dressed only in their underwear. It was quite a suggestive and brazen thing to do.  
  
Connie and I did not stand a chance against all the boys who remained. Even though I tried to get kisses instead, it worked for a while and the groping during the kisses escalated. Ultimately Michael was the lucky guy who refused to kiss me and he got to remove my bra. He took full advantage, completely feeling up my breasts in the process and even tweaking my nipples. I was so upset still by the shock of the picture Frank had taken and circulated, I just let him do as he pleased.   
  
A little later Adam got to remove Connie's bra, and I guess she had decided to follow my lead, and he had a really good and somewhat prolonged time enjoying Connie's breasts with his hands and mouth too as we all watched. He also gave serious attention to her cunt, but through her panties.   
  
When he finally stopped, Connie was breathing heavily, and so were several other people just from watching, including me. Now Connie and I were topless and down to only our panties. Mine matched my fancy bra, and were skimpy.   
  
Remembering what could happen at this point, I finally convinced Connie that now we should quit the game and join the party. I reached for my bra but Adam quickly grabbed it and reminded me of the rules.   
  
Connie and I got up, but we did not know what to do. We were dressed only in panties, and we both had fairly large boobs, which were on display.   
  
"How can we enter the living room dressed only in our panties, with everyone else there?" I said to Connie. She nodded and mumbled, "I don't know."   
  
I said, "Dressed in only our panties, our appearance could be misinterpreted as an invitation to the boys in the room."  
  
Connie replied, "Joanie, it IS an invitation. We will be entering a room almost naked, full of our friends, most of them drunk like us. Of course they will think we are up for grabs. And personally I am."  
  
I said, "Connie you are only saying that because you are drunk. Think of the consequences!"  
  
Connie said, "Joanie, you are kidding yourself. Alcohol lets you do what you want to do anyway, and personally, I want to have some fun with a boy; no boy has ever even removed my bra until tonight, nor touched my breasts before our game of spin the bottle just now, and tonight I want to fool around."   
  
This surprised me, to say the least, and we stood and continued to discuss our situation at the bottom of the stairs. We ended up making a pact that we would hang together and defend one another. We decided to re-enter the party smiling.  
  
At the top of the stairs I took a big breath and then opened the door. I had to force a smile, but Connie's was natural. I think she was looking forward to all the attention; I thought she was being naïve and reckless. I wondered if my smile looked forced, but then I realized nobody would be looking at my smile, but rather they would be looking at the rest of me. Once they had recovered from the shock of two girls re-entering the party almost naked, that is. We were wearing only our panties.   
  
When I looked into the room, I was stunned by what I saw. All the girls who had left the game in bras and panties had paired up with guys and were making out. Quite a few of the girls who did not go downstairs were also making out and their partners had got them partially undressed. One was even down to her bra and panties, too.   
  
Connie and I stood there for a second, taking it all in, and then when people saw us standing there topless and nearly naked, a roar of approval went up. Everyone stopped kissing and petting and looked at us. Perhaps inspired, a couple of boys started trying to remove the bras of the girls they were kissing, and there was a whoop when the girls let them. I was so glad there were now other girls topless, joining us in our state of undress.  
  
Nevertheless boys were almost drooling as they looked at us. The other topless girls were taken, making out with the lucky boys who were in the process of seducing them. In contrast Connie and I were almost naked and available. That's sexier. A few came over to us to chat us up.   
  
We stood close together, Connie and I, and conversed politely. The boys were named Josh, Stu, and Zach. There was another roar, and the five of us turned around to see now 5 girls reduced to their panties. We were getting less and less special and I was breathing a little easier, but I was still very nervous, and Connie must have been too, because her voice was shaky and she stuttered a bit every now and then as she spoke with Zach.   
  
Zach asked Connie to dance. The music was still great, and Connie looked at me to see if it was OK, given our pact. I nodded and they went to the middle of the dance floor. Connie was the only girl dancing who was topless, and her boobs were bouncing around, a real sight to see. She kept looking over to me, and seemed to be pleading with her eyes, so when Josh asked if I too would like to dance, I agreed and led him to where Connie was dancing. We danced next to her and Zach, and I could see the relief in Connie's face our presence brought.   
  
As I danced I looked over at the couples making out in corners of the room. One guy kept putting his hands into his girl's panties, and she kept taking them out. I guess she decided to change the subject so to speak, and led him to the dance floor next to Connie and me and our dancing partners. Now we were three topless girls dancing, and at the beginning of the next dance, a fourth topless girl and her guy joined us.   
  
It was beginning to seem more normal, if you could say that at all. But with our boobs bouncing all about, every single guy who was not yet paired up and making out was staring at us constantly, taking in the view, with looks of longing. I was getting off on seeing the lust and desire for me in men's eyes.   
  
Then it happened: A slow song came up, and instantly every one of the four boys pulled his partner up against him, and put his arms around her back. Josh had removed his shirt at some point earlier that evening, so my breasts were crushed against his bare chest, tickled a little by his chest hairs. I had déjà vu from the original party at Mike's.   
  
He said, "You smell nice," as he inhaled the French perfume I had bought with my Mom.   
  
I said, "Thanks," and rested my head on his shoulder. He took this incorrectly as an invitation and pulled me even closer, putting his hands on my ass. I did not want a repeat of having my panties pushed down, so I reached back and moved his hands away. This repeated a few times until I told him if he wanted to continue to dance with me, he had to stop putting his hands on my panties.   
  
I noticed Zach's hands were on Connie's panties, and the same for the other girls. The girls had not had the "benefit" of Mike teaching them by example what could come next. I kept on eye on Zach's hands and sure enough, a few minutes more into the song they slipped down inside Connie's panties and began to message her ass.   
  
Connie did nothing, just kept on leaning into him. I tried to catch her eye but failed, and then Josh asked to kiss me. Before I answered he began to kiss me, and I lost my view of Connie's ass. Josh was a good kisser and I was enjoying myself and his hands were not on my ass, when I heard another roar.   
  
I broke the kiss and looked at Connie and her ass was now naked and her panties were on the floor. And it was the same with the other two girls. So now there were three naked girls dancing around me. I was incredulous. The slow song ended.   
  
I could not believe these were the people I graduated high school with 6 months ago, many of them my friends, and quite a few of them I knew casually. This behavior did not jive with how I understood them.   
  
I remembered I had learned in college about mob psychology and how people in a group might behave differently, sometimes very badly as with lynch mobs, and do things that they would never do without the group or mob. Maybe that's what was going on? But it's not a good idea to think philosophically when one is drunk. And I was drunk, that's for sure. We all were.  
  
The boys stepped away from us girls, and stripped naked too. This was getting out of hand, I thought to myself. As another slow song began they resumed dancing, and all 3 boys had erections and pressed them against the tummies of their partners. Connie continued to dance, naked, with a naked Zach pressing his erect and hard cock into her stomach.   
  
I looked around frantically and saw that my group had broken the ice, and now 3 or 4 more girls who had been making out only in panties had also been rendered naked. My head began to spin; is this really happening? I saw that the boys who had got the girls naked were now all fingering them, and some of the girls were lying on the floor moaning softly. Meanwhile, I saw that Zach was fingering Connie as they danced, and Connie was doing nothing to stop him, even though at least 20 people were watching her be fingered.   
  
Perhaps inspired by the change in mood, Josh's hands went under my panties again, and then I pulled away and hit his evil hands with a good slap. As I walked away, he followed me begging forgiveness.  
  
I said, "Trust is important, Josh. And I do not want to be on display in front of a room of people, many of them my friends."   
  
He replied, "Joanie, you are almost naked. You already are on display!"   
  
OK, he had a point, so I eased up a little and we went to the couch to sit down and watch the dance floor. It turned out to be quite a show. The girl lying on the floor naked and who had been moaning had a noisy orgasm from the (apparently) talented fingers of her partner, and now she was lying happily on the floor in the afterglow. I was pleased to see that her legs were together.   
  
But on the dance floor itself, Connie had got weak in the knees, and sat down on the floor, quickly followed by Zach who resumed kissing and fingering her. Zach's other hand fondled her beautiful breasts. She had her eyes closed and was clearly enjoying it. So was I actually, in my voyeuristic spot, and I realized that maybe voyeurism is the flip side of exhibitionism.   
  
I had been concentrating so hard on Connie that I only gradually became aware that Josh was talking to me. He was telling me I was sexy and pretty, and then he said I truly have great breasts. Flattery is highly effective with me, so I leaned over and kissed him, and his hands started fondling my breasts for the first time. I could tell he was enjoying himself. Having learned his lesson, he kept clear of my panties, so I relaxed and enjoyed our make-out session. My breasts are not a physically erotic zone for me, it's all just psychological. I got kind of turned on because I could tell people were watching us, even though there was plenty else to see.   
  
There was yet another roar, and I looked over to see what was going on, and a boy had climbed on top of the girl who had had a noisy orgasm and had entered her! Worse, she did not object, and began fucking him back. The room got very quiet, as everyone stopped making out or whatever they were doing to watch the couple fuck.  
  
I had seen Mary and Tony fuck, but I knew probably nobody there besides me had ever seen a couple fucking in front of them in the flesh. And Mary and Tony had an audience of three (Steve, John and me), and this couple had the entire party watching them. A waft of the smell of sex drifted over to my nose. While they fucked away, some boys saw an opportunity, and started to mount the girls they had been fingering.   
  
There were squeals and screams and several girls escaped, but two of the girls let the boys fuck them, and one of them was even noisy, moaning, groaning, and saying faster, faster! Now there were three couples fucking on full display, and I don't know what the definition of an orgy is, but it seemed to me this should qualify.   
  
Looking back at Connie, I saw that Zach had moved to fuck her doggy style, and her breasts were swaying around below her as he entered her. She fucked him back, and they really went at it. It was an amazingly sexy site. My eyes kept darting around among the three couples fucking both in partial disbelief this was happening, and also a bit wistful that I was not doing it with everyone watching me. But mostly I focused on Connie.   
  
Inspired by Connie and the others, and plenty drunk, I began to feel I was missing out. Sometimes I am really stupid. So as Josh started kissing me again, I reached down and started to fondle his cock. I felt his mouth smiling through the kiss. He made some appreciative sounds as I gently stroked his cock, trying not to over stimulate him. He started to tweak my nipple, but his hands still stayed away from my panties, and I was glad, because at this point I had lost my self-control.   
  
We did this for quite a while, and then I thought to myself "What the hell" and bent over and began to give him a blowjob. He fondled my breasts as I sucked him and stroked him with my hand. I guess this was the first blowjob of the party, since most of the girls, even those fucking, were too timid to have initiated anything.   
  
I was not worried however, since I seemed to have Josh trained. Josh lasted longer than Frank had, but not by much, and he blew his load into my mouth, and I managed to swallow all of it even though there was a lot. I was really turned on, much more so than I was with the previous 3 blowjobs I had given during my life.   
  
As my cunt was on fire, or so it seemed, Josh broke my rules and in one quick move pulled my panties down and off. I looked at him, but did nothing. Now I was naked in a room full of people, many of whom I knew, quite a few I knew well, and many of them had been watching my blowjob and now were studying my nudity.   
  
I was freaked out and hopelessly turned on. It was mitigated a bit since there were at least 6 other girls who had been naked before I became naked. (Now most of them were fucking.) But I knew I had the second best body (after Connie) of all of them.   
  
It's no surprise, I'm sure, that now that I was naked, quick as a wink Josh began to finger me. It felt wonderful, especially because I was already fire hose wet down there from being so turned on. He covered one of my boobs with his mouth as he did so. Then his mouth left my boob and began to kiss my stomach, ever so slowly heading south until he was kissing me just above my vagina.   
  
He removed his fingers and replaced them with his tongue, and began to eat me. He was the second boy to do that to me if you count the evil Frank, and the first boy to do it to any girl at the party. Tons of people were watching now, as a new barrier had been crossed. Soon a few more girls were naked and their boys were going down on them, too! Meanwhile, the couples were still fucking, although I figured the boys could not last much longer before blowing their loads.  
  
It took me a little while to relax enough to lose myself in the pleasure Josh was giving me. Every so often I would open my eyes and see people staring intently at us, and get another rush of exhibitionist sexual excitement. I was getting close, and then without warning an orgasm hit me, yet another rolling, violent orgasm with shaking and vibrating. The whole thing.   
  
It was the most powerful orgasm yet for me in my short history of public and semi public sex. I knew there was a huge danger that Josh would try to fuck me in my drunk, orgasmic state when my resistance would be down, but he did not! Then I realized he was not hard again after my magnificent blowjob. So in some sense, I had saved myself.   
  
But I knew it was a false sense of security, and I grabbed my panties and pulled them up, symbolically indicating the sex session was over. I got up, a bit wobbly from the orgasm and the effects of all the booze, and looked around for Connie. I was just in time to see Zach and Stu carrying her off towards the bedrooms.   
  
I began to follow her, and Josh followed me like a puppy dog. So with my breasts sticking out and leading the way, and with Josh's still limp penis flopping around, we hurriedly followed the boys carrying Connie up the half flight of stairs to one of the bedrooms. We were a bit too slow, since when we got there Connie's hands were tied to the headboard, and Zach was putting a blindfold over her eyes.   
  
I was stupefied and just stood in the doorway and Josh bumped into me from behind. He too was amazed as Zach spoke to Connie, who was giving no sign she did not want what was happening. Both Zach and Stu had erections, and I don't know how Zach had got another one so fast after fucking Connie in the middle of the dance floor in front of everyone. Josh had recovered his erection too at the sight of Connie like that.  
  
Zach told Connie either he or Stu or "someone else" would start to fuck her, and she would say who it was. Zach, Stu, or Mystery were the allowed answers. If she were right, she would get a prize. If she were wrong, the boy would keep fucking her as long as he wanted to.   
  
Connie said, "Sounds like fun." Then she actually asked what the prize was! But Zach was coy and only said, "you'll see."   
  
At this point I entered the room, with Josh right behind me. I walked directly to Connie and said "Hi."   
  
She said, "Joanie, is that you?"   
  
"Yes. And I need to know if you are thinking straight and want to do this. I am here to rescue you, just say the word." Zach and Stu both glared at me, while Zach motioned to Stu, and Stu left the room.   
  
Connie said, "Thanks, Joanie, you're a good friend. But I've never done anything like this. I was a virgin yesterday. I'm learning a lot and enjoying myself. No worries."  
  
I said, "Of course you haven't done this before. You're only 18, and most people never do anything even remotely like this in their entire lives! Come on, let me untie you and we can go."   
  
Connie was very firm, thanks but no thanks. So I gave up and started to leave, but as I did Stu returned with Susie's older brother Adam. I realized Adam was going to be mystery man. Adam gave me a long look, checking me out and no doubt imagining me without panties and thinking of Frank's picture. He almost licked his lips. Then he saw Connie lying there, tied up and naked with cum on her stomach, and that sight focused his interest.   
  
I could see an erection begin to grow inside his briefs, since that was all he was wearing. I couldn't help noticing he had a great body. I instinctively still did not like Adam, so I decided to stay, and perhaps intervene if (when?) Connie wised up and changed her mind.   
  
Zach said dismissively "you can go now, Joanie," but I shook my head and stood my ground, my breasts almost touching him. Josh stayed too. "Suit yourself," Zach said, and then produced a deck of cards. From where, I don't know.   
  
Zach said "High card does the honors." He offered the deck to Adam, Stu and Josh and all three drew a card. That sealed Josh's fate with me; he was toast. It was too bad, because I had enjoyed our sex session a lot. But I will not be involved with a man who could participate in what amounted to a gangbang scheme.   
  
Now I was glad Josh had not managed to fuck me, as I realized in retrospect that I probably would have let him do the deed, and he's a creep. Zach paused, apparently thinking (not sure thinking came easy to him) and then he faced me with a sickening grin and placed a card against my right boob with his finger brushing my nipple and his hand cupping my breast. He had a good and lingering feel of my boob, massaging it with his hands. He was offering a card to me.

I had heard boys get off on watching girl on girl sex, and I did not want Connie to know he had done this. I said nothing but shook my head firmly. Zach laughed and the boys turned over the cards. Stu got the high card, and climbed on the bed and began to finger Connie and she began to moan. He turned around and silently mouthed the words "she's already wet!" He dropped his briefs and climbed on top of her and stuck it in. They began to fuck and after around five minutes Connie said fairly loudly, "It's Stu."   
  
Zach pulled Stu off her, and the second highest card belonged to Adam, and he lost his briefs (he had a gorgeous erect cock) and climbed on top of Connie and started fucking her. They too fucked for a while (maybe 10 minutes) before Connie suddenly said, a bit breathlessly, "Mystery." Adam got off her with real disappointment in his eyes. She was two for two!   
  
Josh and Zach compared cards, and Josh's card was high. He was already naked and even though I was right there and had given him a blowjob earlier, he nevertheless climbed on top of Connie and they too began to fuck. I could not believe this. I now realized given the chance, boys will fuck anyone, in any circumstances. This is not to say Connie is not a prize, with all her beauty and her sweet personality, but this is not the way to have a conquest, and that is how they think of it, I am sure.   
  
Josh fucked her quite a while with Connie fucking him back, rising to meet his thrusts and wrapping her legs around him to keep him close. After his explosion in my mouth just a few minutes ago, he had staying power. Connie seemed flummoxed, and finally said, "This might be a second mystery man? I don't remember that being explained." This was a rather breathy, difficult thing for her to say, as she was obviously getting close to orgasm.   
  
So Josh had to pull out, fairly reluctantly it was clear, and then Zach climbed on top of her and fucked her into oblivion. At one point she said "It's Zach." Connie had won the prize. But Zach kept right on fucking.  
  
While Josh had been involved with Connie, Stu had started to fondle my boobs. I was so turned on by watching this whole scenario evolve, that I barely noticed and did not try to stop him. His hands wandered south and found my cunt and he began to finer me. A new set of hands landed on my boobs. I looked around and the new set of hands came from Adam. Damn it, I thought.   
  
But I was too far-gone to protest, and I kept my eyes on Zach and Connie going at it. Stu and Adam were doing everything they could to get me as aroused as possible. Their ministrations, coupled with being so close to Connie as she fucked, did have a serious effect. In effect, they were doing everything they could me short of entering me, and I realized that was their goal.   
  
Indeed, Stu stopped fingering me and pulled off my panties, making me naked in front of Adam, Stu, and Josh. Then he started to move his cock towards my opening, but I kept squirming so he could not enter me. I also said, "No!" but that had no effect at all.   
  
Without warning Adam grabbed me, picked me up, and put me on my back on the bed and held me still. Stu held my arms over my head so that they couldn't move, and Josh tied my hands up to the bedpost. All this happened so quickly, in a matter of seconds, and I was so surprised, it was over before I could regain my wits. I said, "What are you doing? Untie me and stop this now!" I was shouting, but it again had no effect. They acted as though I had said nothing. Now I was tied up on the bed next to Connie, stark naked, while Zach was fucking her.   
  
I saw the boys draw cards again, and apparently Adam got the high card, and he climbed on top of me. I protested vigorously, and kept my legs together, but Josh and Stu pulled them apart, bruising one of my legs in the process. I was so drunk it was only now that the full realization that Adam (and perhaps the others too, in turn, one after the other in a gang bang), were going to rape me.   
  
I screamed with all my might. That bastard Adam stuffed his briefs in my mouth, and Josh and Stu held my legs down and apart, my hands were tied up, and I was doomed. I squirmed with all my might to prevent entry, but it was only a matter of time, and not much time at that since I was immobilized.  
  
Thank God Susie heard my screams and came running, dressed now only in panties, and saw the horror of her older brother Adam trying to rape me, her good friend, with the help of Stu and Josh. In fact he was already raping me, having just entered me and he was beginning to fuck me, as I tried to scream through the briefs in my mouth. It did not hurt too much, since I was still wet from the fingering, but the lubrication was drying up fast; I guess rape does that. It was profoundly not erotic.  
  
Susie screamed "No!" and Josh was distracted by the scream and lost his grip which was all I needed as I raised my knee as fast as I could right into Adam's groin. Adam screamed in pain while Susie untied my hands, and Josh and Stu just stood there, sheepishly. Susie yelled at them "You have to leave the party, now!"   
  
She said to her brother Adam, "Adam, you go too, or I will report you to the police!" Muttering something to the effect that I had been asking for it, and that he lived there, Adam and the other two all left the room and, as it turns out, the party as well.   
  
Only then did she notice Zach still fucking away on top of Connie. He had done nothing while his friends began the rape right next to him, and of course Susie realized this. She saw Connie was tied up, too, and even blindfolded.   
  
She ordered Zach to leave the party too, in no uncertain terms, and just then he ejaculated into Connie as she shuddered. Zach left, sneering at Susie and me, and Connie just lay there, tied up and blindfolded, with cum oozing out of her.   
  
We untied Connie and she removed the blindfold. She was so drunk she was almost comatose. She managed to ask who had fucked her (who didn't?) and why was there screaming, and was everyone OK, and then she said weakly, "I need to heave," and tried to get up to get to the bathroom. Both Susie and I had to help her.   
  
Poor girl, I felt guilty, since I did not realize how far gone she was, and had I realized, I would have tried harder to save her. I heard her heaving in the bathroom even as the music from the party filtered in. Susie and I helped Connie back to the bed, left and closed the door, but even before we closed the door, I could see she was asleep. Good, I thought, she will sleep it off, and if she is lucky, she will not remember the next day.  
  
Remember, I'm a computer science major. As we were leaving Susie's bedroom I happened to notice a micro camera near the ceiling of the room, cleverly but not completely hidden, and so I went back in, with Susie following.   
  
It was Bluetooth enabled, which means there had to be a computer within 20 or 30 feet of the camera to receive the signal. I explained this to Susie, and she said "Adam's computer! It's in his bedroom next door."   
  
The camera was in Susie's bedroom, where we had just experienced the gangbang of Connie and the nightmare of my attempted rape. We ran to Adam's bedroom, which was locked, but Susie picked the lock, a trick Susie had learned long ago, growing up in this house.   
  
Adam had apparently taken his computer when Susie kicked him out. Surely he had recorded every detail! Susie also began to realize that the camera was in her room, and Adam must have been spying on her, watching her undress, masturbate, have make out sessions with a boy when her parents were not home, etc.   
  
She had not had sex she explained, but several boys had undressed her down to her panties, and one she had let stick his finger inside her panties and inside her. Now she realized this had all been recorded by her own brother, who was probably masturbating to it with incestuous fantasies, and showing it to Frank and who knows who else? Maybe all his friends at college had seen the pictures and videos.   
  
She was stunned and horrified, and now it was my turn to do for Susie what she had done for me when she showed me the picture Frank had taken and circulated. So I spent some time comforting her.   
  
It occurred to me, and I was not sure if it had occurred to Susie or not yet, that Adam might have shown to Frank pictures of her naked or partially undressed. Maybe that would explain why Frank had claimed to have seen risqué pictures of Susie and perhaps thought she would be an easy mark. And Adam was her brother! I was beginning to hate all men. Was nobody decent?  
  
When Susie had recovered from the shock and the horror enough to face the world again, we went to rejoin the party, still dressed only in our panties. Word had gotten out about what had happened both to Connie and to me in the bedroom, and that Susie had saved the day. We were met with applause, and several of the nicer girls, each in various states of partial undress and one even naked, crowded around us and showered us with support and love.   
  
Susie surprised me when she announced to the party, "The creeps have left. Let the party begin!" Everyone cheered, and the couples that were making out when we rejoined the party resumed their amorous activities. I did see a couple of girls relaxing naked with their legs spread and cum oozing out of their cunts, and boys with smiles on their faces next to them, holding their hand or caressing their breasts, so I had some idea what had happened in our absence.   
  
I sat down on one of the empty couches, alone, and thought about things. A nice looking boy, almost fully dressed, came and sat next to me, and we chatted for a while. He looked familiar but I could not place him. He was older, clearly one of Adam's friends. He was sweet and I ended up liking him.   
  
He actually asked me if he could kiss me. My naked boobs were right in front of him, and he had not even tried to touch them. I said yes, and he gave me a soft and gentle kiss. I kissed back and we kissed each other, doing nothing else for a long time.   
  
After a while of kissing he asked me to dance, and I said yes. It was a slow song and he pulled me close but did not crush my breasts into his shirt. His hands were on my naked back, and he moved them around a bit, apparently enjoying the feel of my soft female flesh. He turned me around so that my back was to him, and he reached around me and finally began to fondle my breasts. At that point I remembered: He had come to the shoe store on Christmas Eve, and looked down my dress, probably seeing everything. I inwardly groaned.   
  
I made some small encouraging sounds, and he turned me around again and kissed me. Then he took off his shirt and pants, very quickly, so that he was only in his briefs, and he pulled my breasts into his chest. I put my arms around his neck and began to run my hands through his hair and that must have turned him on because I felt his cock grow and harden against my stomach.   
  
He asked me if he could remove my panties. I did not answer him, as I looked around the room. About half the girls were naked and I was beginning to get an anticipatory rush of exhibitionism at the prospect of being naked in front of everyone. It was less scary due to all the already existing nudity. I was thinking, this is a hell of a way to recover from the trauma of attempted and partially successful rape.  
  
While I thought about it the boy, whose name was Jack, did nothing. Finally I said yes you can but only if you too get naked. He removed his briefs first, revealing a large and long hard cock, the best looking one I had seen of the six I had experienced before.   
  
He pulled down my panties and I stepped out of them. Since Connie was upstairs sleeping off the booze and the sex, I was now both the prettiest girl there and also the sexiest, and one of the few who had not yet been fucked, I guessed, not counting the minute or so Adam had entered me during the attempted rape.   
  
I looked over at Susie just as her panties too were being removed. The boy removing her panties (named Art) was doubtless also a friend of her older brother Adam.  
  
Jack and I slowly got on the floor, and started kissing and playing with each other. Somehow I knew this would be my fuck for the evening. Susie was about 10 feet away, and no doubt was thinking the same thing regarding her prospects.   
  
After a while of foreplay, Jack pulled me on top of him and then gently pushed me into a sitting position, giving everyone a nice view of my face, boobs, and body above the waist. I now had a large audience soaking up the view and that increased my turn on.   
  
I took Jack's hint, and moved to sit on his rigid cock sticking straight up, and let him enter me. As I began to move up and down on it, moving my hips in small circles so that Jack was screwing me, I realized he felt wonderful inside me.   
  
My breasts mesmerized Jack as we fucked, and he said to me as I bounced and screwed around that he loved the way my necklace dangled between my boobs, and also my perfume turned him on. Thanks Mom, I thought as he said it, and laughed to myself. Then I noticed that the only people not watching us fuck were Susie and the boy she was now furiously fucking. Susie and Art, and Jack and I were the center of attention, and this raised my sexual excitement level to a new high.   
  
Jack began to pump his dick in me in time to the music, and something astounding happened. Since everyone was watching, they began to clap their hands in time with Jack's movements and the music. Susie and her partner coordinated and did the same. The boys started yelling "Way to go, Jack; Fuck her good!" and other such things, and the girls started chanting "Joanie! Joanie! Joanie!" as we went at it. It was as if it were an athletic competition.   
  
One boy came to us with his cell phone and took a close up and personal movie of my breasts heaving, my face grinning, and of Jack's cock going in and out of my cunt. Another came up with Susie's Dad's video camera, and he truly caught every detail. Then he moved over to record Susie and Art, too.  
  
Even while fucking I envisioned the nightmare of this scene all over the internet, but that thought while terrifying, turned me on to levels I had never before seen. At this point I was moaning loudly.   
  
Jack played to the camera, withdrawing almost completely and then slamming back into me, every time making me gasp. The video cameras caught it all. I had yet another huge, rolling, vibrating orgasm, screaming with pleasure, and this was all on camera, too.   
  
Jack fucked me for a long time, surprisingly skillfully. Clearly I was not his first girl. Looking back, he was my best fuck ever, so far. It helped too that I was not tricked or manipulated, but actually seduced, and that I had a large and enthusiastic audience, not even including the camera, and this for me was the most important aspect of my excitement, weird person that I am.   
  
Jack just kept going, varying it a bit, and then we rolled over and he was on top. I did not like this as much since I was much less on display under his naked body, but I was so far gone that I did not care. Now that he was on top, he fucked me with great force. A much less intense second orgasm consumed me. It was just lovely and a huge release.   
  
Jack warned me he was going to come, and I shouted for all to hear, "Come inside me, lover!" That put him over the edge and he pumped so much cum into me it must have been a gallon! I guess he had been saving it up.   
  
Having got laid, and having had a spectacular exhibitionist thrill, I was ready to return to college the next day. But once again I was naïve. Once back at school, I heard from Susie that before the party, based on Frank's picture and his tales of what he and I had done during our night of drinking and sex in the city, and my going commando at the shoe store, Adam had organized a little competition to see who could nail me at the party. Each guy chipped in $100 and the total was over $1,000. Jack won first prize of course, having fucked me in front of the entire party, and this explained to me why there had been cheering, too. People were looking forward to seeing me get nailed.   
  
Josh got second prize, being the first to render me naked in front of everyone, getting a blowjob from me, and eating me out to a rather obvious major orgasm. The snake Adam claimed third prize for having penetrated me for around a minute or less before Susie stopped the rape. This of course killed the memories of the party for me.  
  
But it gets worse. Adam had designed the spin the bottle game to increase the odds of an orgy. His plan was to get a few girls partially undressed, and force them to stay that way the rest of the party. He had spectacular success when he got a few girls down to their bras and panties.  
  
But it was beyond his hopes when he also got Connie and me with bare breasts and clothed only in our panties. When that happened he quickly organized a competition for Connie, too, and collected another $700, right there at the party.   
  
I heard from Connie that a boy who was at the party goes to her college and he got a copy of the video of the gangbang that Adam had made with his secret camera in Susie's room, and was circulating it at her school. Before she had learned of this, a lot of guys had asked her out, and she had fucked quite a few of them.   
  
They had formed a club of those guys who had fucked Connie. Each one had a pin with ITC on it and they would wear it around the school on Wednesdays for some reason. The ITC stood for I Tapped Connie. The club called itself We Tapped Connie, and was known as WTC. Apparently they had all seen the video and this inspired each of them to get a piece of her ass. She was devastated and she felt she could trust no boy at her school. She became chaste.   
  
As for Susie, apparently Adam's secret tapings of her were now all over her own school. The most popular one was of her naked on her bed and masturbating. On top of that, the video of Adam's friends took of her and Art doing it next to Jack & me near the end of the party was also circulating at her college.   
  
Adam must really hate his little sister. This explained Susie's sudden and immense popularity at her college, in perfect analogy to Connie. Boys who asked her out expected to be able to fuck her, but of course only a couple actually succeeded in that goal, although most enjoyed plenty of other kinds of sex with her.   
  
Finally I heard a bit later that someone was actually selling the video of Jack and me doing it at the party, and it was fetching quite a nice price of $100 a copy. He had already sold 30 copies at that price, apparently. I was a bit incredulous that people would pay $100 for such a video, especially in this day of free internet porn. But I guess you never meet the people in those videos. They are not girls in your class, warm bodies in person you can fantasize about. Now people could relive my humiliation and degradation at their leisure. I realized Connie and I had to plan revenge, and I was pretty sure we could get Susie to help. But that's another story.