**How It Started**

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

Some years ago, when I was 20 and a junior in college, I had a serious boyfriend Mike. We were in love and we spent all our free time together. The sex was great, but after fucking each other exclusively for over a year, Mike made occasional noises that it might be fun for us to try other people for a while. I shot that down fast.

I did realize we were young, and I was only the third girl Mike had ever slept with, and I guessed it was natural for him to want to sample others. That's the way men are programmed. But women are not, and I had no desire to spread my legs for anyone else. So I ignored these remarks of Mike after I would shoot them down, and then I tried to give him great sex to keep him happy.

I told my best friend Mary (my name is June) about these periodic problems with Mike and his wanderlust. She suggested trying out unusual things, like strange positions, or strange situations. I thought about this, and decided it was worth a shot.

One day I took him to the local park near our college around dusk. We walked hand and hand and drank from a nice bottle of red wine I had brought along. As it got dark, the park began to empty out, and soon we were almost alone in the park. I sat Mike down on a park bench surrounded by a grove of trees, took out his cock, and gave him a blowjob. He came in my mouth and I swallowed it all. Mike was really surprised. Shocked would be a better description.

"June, that was the most erotic thing I have ever done. You are amazing, and awesome. I love you madly," he said. I smiled at him, took his hand and we took a romantic walk and finished off the bottle. There was no more talk of us sleeping around for a couple of months.

When Mike began to get his wanderlust again, I took off my panties and changed into a short dress. The dress barely came down to a couple of inches below my privates. I got a bottle of red wine and took him back to the same park. He thought he knew what was coming, and he had the smile of the Cheshire cat on his face. But I surprised him.

I once again sat him down, on the same bench, took out his cock and sucked it hard. It was just about hard when I started, and a minute after I began it was rock hard. He was ready for me. I stopped sucking, and Mike protested. "Sssh," I said.

I lifted my dress, exposing my cunt to him, and then sat down on his cock, letting my skirt fall around us, so any passers by could not explicitly see what was going on, even if they could easily infer. We quietly and passionately fucked. He put his hands on my hips and helped me to ride his cock up and down, right there out in the open on "our" park bench.

Something happened to me that night, that it took quite some time before I understood. It was clear Mike was truly excited and turned on by my wanton behavior. But so was I. Behind the bench I saw a man watching us from a distance. I pretended not to notice him.

When Mike shot his load into me I groaned in pleasure a bit too loudly. It was for Mike's benefit as well as my own, of course, but I also wanted our voyeur to hear it. Then I got off him, lifted my short skirt high, and said to Mike, "See your gorgeous cum in my pussy? Do you like that?"

Mike nodded, and his cock stirred. I took him home and fucked him silly. But my open, brazen display was not so much for Mike as it was for my silent voyeur, and any other possible voyeurs behind us. It was only much later I realized I was an exhibitionist. The only thing I knew just then was that I was super turned on, and wanted more sex. A lot more.

After the outdoor fuck in the park, I had him wrapped around my little finger. He was in awe of me, and I could do no wrong. This too wore off after a couple of months. I was in despair. Once again Mary came to the rescue.

Mike's younger cousin Steve, a freshman at a nearby college, was coming to visit Mike for the weekend. Mary suggested we put on a show for him. I was a bit incredulous. "You mean let Steve watch us fuck? Are you nuts?"

Mary said, "Men love that. They love to show off their women. They're all perverts you know."

"Have you ever..." I began to ask, when Mary stopped me by nodding. "Wow," I said, "Could you tell me about it?" She did. It was with a previous boyfriend, and he too had wanderlust, my term for men who want to sample other women. She had practiced what she had been preaching to me.

Apparently it had worked for a year or so, but then they broke up. The exhibitionist sex had kept him in line the longest, though. "What was it like?" I asked.

"Oh God June," she said, "It was like nothing else I had ever experienced. I found it so erotic that I had the most massive orgasms of my life. I will never forget." She quickly added, "But it was freaky, too, and I'll never do it again. It is just a wonderful memory."

"Is it safe?" I asked. "I mean what if the guy watching wants..."

Mary once again interrupted, "No, it is definitely not safe. The guy watching will want sloppy seconds, or he'll think you're easy and try something behind Mike's back, and if Mike wants him to take you it will be hyper awkward. It is fraught with problems."

"But it's wonderful," she added, her voice having a dreamy quality. "For me it was worth the risk. If you do it, you will never forget it, even if you might ultimately lose Mike that way."

I was impressed. Mary had never opened up like this with me before. Usually she is a private person. I said, "It's the visit of Mike's cousin Steve that is why you are telling me this now, right?"

"Yes, that's what gave me the idea. From what I know of Mike, it might be highly effective in keeping him hooked on you," Mary said.

Steve came on Thursday afternoon. Mike had bought an air mattress for him to sleep on. Since I have a roommate, my room provides no privacy so our sex life is based at Mike's place. With Steve there, we had nowhere to have sex. But it was only for a weekend.

Mike took me out for dinner, and he surprised me when he asked to tell me something in complete confidence. I said, "Sure," but I was nervous since I had no idea what he was going to say.

"It's about my cousin Steve," he said, and I got relaxed. It was not about some problem Mike had, or that Mike had with me. Mike continued, "Steve has never had sex. He's never even kissed a girl, or felt the lusciousness of a girl's breasts. He's never even seen a girl naked."

This surprised me, but I knew there were men who were shy and took a while to open up to women, and I told Mike this. Or maybe he was gay? Mike assured me he was not gay, and moreover he wanted Mike to set him up with someone. I had some friends, but Mike made clear he wanted sex, not a relationship. I did not have any friends who would be up for something like that.

"This is why the world has, and has always had, prostitutes" I said, and then quickly added, "My love."

"Yes of course I realize that," Mike said, "But Steve is religious, and is forbidden to use them."

"I see," I said, even if I had no idea where this was going. I excused myself to go to the women's room, and from there I gave a quick call to Mary.

"What's going on?" I desperately asked Mary, knowing the conversation had to be short.

"No sugar coating, June. Mike wants you to seduce his cousin and introduce him to the wonders of sex with a nice girl," she said. As soon as she said it, I realized that is what Mike had been building up to. "Shock him by suggesting it before he does. But then remember you'll have to do it. So only shock him this way if you are willing. Is Steve at least cute?"

"Yeah, he's attractive. Maybe you want to do him?" I asked.

"No way, babe. You know I'm not like that. Mike wants you to fuck Steve. It's probably a fantasy he has. He may even want to watch!" Mary said.

"Thanks, Mary, this has been eye opening. You're the greatest. Gotta get back now, thanks again," I said and we hung up. I returned to our table.

"You want me to help out Steve, don't you?" I asked Mike. He just looked down at the tablecloth; he was embarrassed. "If I do, will you love me forever? You can watch if you want to."

"You would do that for me?" Mike said.

"Don't make me say it again. I would do anything for you; don't you know that, lover?"

Friday night the three of us went out to dinner. Mike and I had agreed Mike would speak to Steve, and tell him it was okay with him if he put the moves on me. I am not sure what else he told Steve, but it must have been good, because Steve was a nervous wreck at dinner.

I had told Mike to tell Steve that this was one of our "no underwear Fridays," something we did for fun on Fridays, just the two of us. This was not true, and in fact I had never gone out without underwear other than that time I fucked Mike in our local park. It too had been a Friday. I found however that the idea excited me.

I wore a blouse with buttons, and had left open one button too many, so when I leaned forward one could see a lot of my boobs. When I sat up straight, my nipples poked at the thin fabric of my blouse, and if I leaned back for example to stretch, the shape of my boobs was visible, since the blouse was tight.

I also wore a very short skirt, and high heels. If I were to bend over keeping my legs straight, I could only imagine what someone behind me would see.

During dinner I leaned forward quite a bit, finding excuses to do so, and smiled a lot directly at Steve. At one point I leaned backward and stretched. Quite a few other men at the restaurant enjoyed looking at my boobs too when I did these little maneuvers. To my great surprise, this got me very aroused. My cunt was getting rather wet, and there were no panties to absorb the moisture.

I did not know at the time what exactly was going on with me. I had never even thought about exhibitionism in this sense. I decided to try something else. I excused myself to go to the ladies room, and when I stood from the table, I knocked a spoon off the table, pretending I was clumsy. I did it so that I could bend over to pick it up with my back to Steve, and partially also to Mike.

I locked my knees and bent over to pick it up. It was like touching one's toes, and my entire ass was exposed to anyone lucky enough to have been behind me at the time, such as Steve and Mike. Mike told me later he and Steve could also see my entire cunt. I don't shave or anything down there, so it was a nice furry bush they got to look at.

I put the spoon on the table, saw the look of shock on Steve's face, and then rushed off to the ladies, where I took a stall and fingered myself. Whew, I thought, that was hot! Feeling brazen and randy, I unbuttoned another button. Now if I leaned forward one could even see my nipples. I knew, because I practiced in front of the bathroom mirror.

When I returned to the table, it was time to order dessert. Mike made a crude remark, saying he would like me for dessert. I wanted to tell him off, but I also did not want to blow this opportunity to get Mike hooked on me. So I just smiled, leaned forward giving both Mike and Steve a view of my entire boobs, and asked Steve what he wanted for dessert.

I saw that two men at the next table were openly staring at me, looking down my blouse at my display of my boobs, and I got wet with excitement. I knew then there was something wrong with me. Concentrating instead on Steve, I realized he was staring at my boobs and was rendered speechless.

I sat up straight, ending the show, although my nipples were hard and poking at the blouse even in its current partially unbuttoned state. Steve regained his composure a little, and he said, "Maybe the ice cream? What do you recommend?"

We ended up skipping dessert, since Mike said he had ice cream at this place, and he added, very crudely, "June, lean forward again and show Steve what else is available for dessert."

I blushed deep red when he said that, but I did lean forward and said, in my best imitation of a sex kitten, "Whatever could you mean?" Steve got another good look at my entire boobs, and I could only imagine what was going on in his virginal head.

When we left the restaurant, I remarked how I had had too much to drink, and pretended to stumble and fell into Steve. I said, "Thanks for catching me, you handsome guy," and then I gave him a nice kiss on the mouth by way of thanks. Steve was so surprised he did not kiss back.

"Did you not like my kiss?" I asked, in my best imitation of the purr of a sex kitten. "Let me try again," I said, and I put my arms around Steve's neck, pulled him into me, and kissed him long and lingeringly.

Steve learned how to kiss in real time, and I pried open his mouth and stuck my tongue in it, French kissing him. He groaned in appreciation. I rubbed our loins together and felt his rock hard cock through his clothes. Finally I broke the kiss. We were in the street, right outside the restaurant.

"Thanks again for catching your cousin's drunk girlfriend," I said. I had removed my earring while we kissed and then dropped it. I said, "Oh! My earring!" and I did another locked knee toe-touching bend to pick it up, giving Steve another nice view of my ass and cunt.

We began the walk home, and I walked between the two men, with my arms around each of them, "for support" I explained. It's true I was a little tipsy from the wine with dinner, but I was not nearly as drunk as I was pretending to be.

Mike's hand slipped up my skirt and caressed my bare ass as we walked. He was pushing up my skirt so that anyone behind us could see my ass, I was sure.

When we got back to Mike's place, Mike suggested we play cards, and we played poker. I soon lost all my chips and had to quit the game. My shoes were off for comfort, but Mike said with a twinkle in his eye that he would give me $10 in chips for my blouse.

"You're kidding, right?" I said.

"That way we can continue the game," Mike said.

"You'll give me my blouse back later?" I asked, pretending to be naïve. Mike nodded, smiling broadly. Steve was quiet and I think in shock at Mike's suggestion. They both knew I had no underwear on.

I stood up, turned my back to the men, and slowly and (I hope) sexily removed my blouse. I sat back down, with my hands covering my boobs. My boobs are a little bigger than my hands, so I could only cover most of them.

At this point I should tell you that I have a nice body, with curves in all the right places, and if anything, I'm a little on the skinny side, but not too much.

Mike leaned over to give me my $10 of poker chips, and then playfully pushed me. My arms shot out automatically to stop my fall, and now my breasts were completely exposed. "Very clever, asshole," I said to Mike, but then I undid the slur with a smile.

I quickly lost all my chips again. I think Mike was cheating: he is pretty smooth with how he shuffles and deals the cards. Anyway, he offered $10 more chips if I would lend him my skirt. This time he put on some music, and I stood up and did a little strip tease as I took off my skirt. Of course, there were no panties to remove.

Now I was naked. I complained, saying, "Boys, I am now naked. Aren't the two of you a bit overdressed?" Mike smiled and stripped down to his briefs. Steve however just sat there. I crawled over to him and kissed him and this time he kissed me right back. I took off his shirt, kissed him again, and then undid his pants and pulled them off. I left him in his briefs. I kissed his chest, and kissed his briefs where his cock was tenting them.

"That's much better," I said, giggling.

I lost my chips again, and said in my sex kitten purr, "I have nothing left to offer for more chips. I guess the game is over."

Mike said, just as I thought he would, "Well June, I disagree. You have a lot to offer. Don't you agree, Steve?"

Finally, Steve spoke. "June, I'll give you all my chips for another one of those amazing kisses."

"Just a kiss?" I said. He nodded, looking sheepish. "How about a little more? You have such a big tent in your briefs, you know." I looked at Mike. He nodded, and smiled. Steve looked scared. No, not scared: he looked terrified.

I said, "I won't bite," and Steve came over and kissed me again. I kissed back, and as we kissed he tentatively touched my boobs. To encourage him I moaned, and it worked: he began to caress my boobs. He kissed and fondled my boobs for a long time.

When he finally stopped, I lay down and said, "God, I am so turned on," and I spread my legs a little. I began to finger myself. "Take off your briefs, Steve, and come over here," I said.

He did. He could not find my entrance, so I took his cock in my hand and guided it in.

Steve said, "Oh my God," did one pump in and out, and immediately shot a load into me. I smiled, and crawled over and cleaned off his cock with my mouth, and then kept my mouth on his cock and began to give him a slow blowjob. He lost his fear and began to fondle my boobs as I sucked him. Only minutes later his cock was rock hard.

"Let's do this again," I said, and I guided his cock back into my pussy. He knew what to do. He gave me a nice, long, satisfying fuck. He kissed me while we fucked, and he played with my boobs, too. When he was done, I looked at Mike. This is what he had wanted, I knew. I did not know he wanted more, although in retrospect I should have.

Mike beckoned me and I crawled over, and he put me on all fours and fucked the bejesus out of me. Steve watched in rapt attention. When Mike was done, Steve took me another time, now his third, and when Steve was done, Mike took me again, this time in missionary position.

Both men fucked me in the morning, too, one after the other. We went to brunch, and then they took me home and I let Mike fuck me while I blew his cousin. This was of course my first time servicing two men at once. My orgasm was over the top.

We had one more wild session before Steve had to leave. Mike filmed Steve and me doing it, being careful not to film my face, or so he said. He gave a copy to Steve. Steve wanted to see me again, but I said no, I loved Mike and this weekend had been a one-time thing. He should find some girls at his own college, now that he knew what he was doing.

Mike told me later Steve fucked a girl in his chemistry class the very next weekend. She had been a virgin, too.

The first time after Steve went home that I fully realized I was an exhibitionist was when Mike decided to take me out to the countryside one Saturday. It was spring, and that particular day was very warm. Mike drove to a small lake where we had a picnic. We were alone. Mike wanted to go for a swim.

"I wish you had told me we were going to a lake," I said, "I would have brought a bathing suit." After a lot of discussion, Mike pressured me to into skinny-dipping. We went in the lake naked, splashed around and had a lot of fun. I found it very erotic to be naked like that where in theory anyone could come and discover us there naked.

Apparently Mike found it erotic, too, since he started feeling up my boobs as we played in the water. One thing led to another and he ended up taking me on the shore of the lake. I had discovered he liked it when I was noisy, so I let myself go and moaned loudly as he nailed me, and in fact I had a screaming orgasm.

When we finished, after Mike had shot his load deep inside me, I heard a splash, and at the other end of the lake several other students from our school were also skinny-dipping. They had to have heard my moans and my scream, but fortunately they were ignoring us. I was horribly embarrassed, and shamed, but also had other erotic feelings I did not understand.

I went back into the water for modesty, and Mike joined me. The other students swam over to us, and they were all boys. Shit. It was not easy, but I maintained my aplomb, and even though I was nude in the water in front of four nude guys I did not know, plus of course Mike, I let them introduce themselves and carried on polite conversation.

The guys behaved themselves; although I could tell they had watched us have sex by the way they looked at me. After a while, I realized there was no modest way out of this, so when Mike and I agreed it was time to go, we said our goodbyes.

One of them asked for a kiss goodbye, and I looked at Mike, and he said, "Be polite, June. Kiss him goodbye." I went to kiss his cheek, but he moved so that I kissed his mouth. Then I had to kiss each one, and each of them took some liberties, putting their hands on various parts of my, usually my boobs, but the fourth guy caressed my ass and tried to stick a finger in my cunt.

I got away from him, and I waved and slowly emerged from the lake, blatantly displaying my nudity to all four of them while they watched and waved. Mike wanted me to stay naked, so I carried my clothes to the car. Mike dressed, but I rode next to him naked, and he fingered me as he drove back to town.

One truck driving next to us got a nice view of Mike fingering my naked body as we drove. I looked up at the trucker and smiled. This got me so turned on I orgasmed from Mike's fingering a few minutes later.

As we got near to town, I squirmed around and got my clothes back on. I was not going to ride around town nude, nor walk to my apartment nude! But I had a lot to think about, since I knew my reactions from what happened at the lake and the ride home were not those of a normal woman.

This was the beginning of my time as "June the exhibitionist," As Mike came to call me. Mike loved this new change that came over me, and we had some good adventures. It was also to some extent the beginning of June the Slut, since I tended to feel guilty being a cock teaser without putting out afterwards. Mike loved it when he could watch me have sex with another guy, so it was not a problem.

The first time this happened was when we were studying in the library. We were at neighboring carrels, and Mike pressured me into removing my bra and panties. I did this, and then a while later, he dared me to flash a guy studying a few carrels down from me. I asked him how, and he just said, "Be creative."

I finally agreed to do it, as a favor to Mike as I made clear to him, and got up and looked around. Nobody was there except for Mike and me, and the guy a few carrels down from me. I unbuttoned my blouse to the point where almost all of my boobs were on display. I walked over to the guy and saw that he had a pack of cigarettes on his desk.

I leaned over to him and whispered, "Could I bum a smoke?" He just looked at me, startled, as he could see my boobs and even my nipples in that position. Mike was watching us and gave me a thumbs up and a big smile.

"Take the whole pack, I'm trying to quit," the guy said. "Could I though bum a kiss from you?" He was cute, and as he smiled at me, I looked at Mike behind him, and Mike nodded. So I kissed him.

He kissed my back of course, and it was a good kiss. As we kissed he continued to unbutton my blouse the rest of the way, and he slipped it off my shoulders. Now I was topless in the library, where anyone could come by. This got me very aroused. I kissed him again. As we kissed, he reached around me and unzipped my skirt and he pushed it off my hips to the ground. This happened very fast and was over before I fully realized what he was doing.

My lack of panties surprised him, and I was now naked. He smiled at me, giving me a sexy smile. I was horribly embarrassed and went to grab my clothes from the floor, when he said, "I would love to take you my lovely, right there, right now."

"That does sound nice my new friend," I said, "But I'm afraid a kiss and this surprising look at my body is all you are going to get." I pulled my skirt back up, but then Mike intervened.

"Excuse me, June," he said, "but you cannot tease a man like that and then just leave him there. You need to help him to relieve the pressure. I must insist you put out for him."

This is when it got really strange. I felt Mike had assumed control of me. I really cannot explain it, but I just looked at him, with my skirt on but still topless, and said, "I do? I really have to?"

"Oh yes, you do,' Mike said. "Ask him if he wants a blowjob or a fuck."

I can't believe I did this, but it was like I was hypnotized and had lost control. I asked him Mike's question, and to my horror he chose to fuck me. He led me to a small conference room. A student was in it studying, but he asked him to leave. The student saw me standing there topless, and quickly gathered his stuff and left, without saying a word. Then this guy, Mike, and of course I entered the conference room, and Mike closed the door.

The door had a window in it, and I wondered if the guy would watch us through the window. The guy (I learned his name is John) undressed me and lay me on the floor. He checked my cunt with his finger and it was already soaking wet. He climbed on top of me and his hard cock slipped right in. He did not need any help finding my entrance, this guy knew what he was doing.

I looked up at the window in the door and saw we were being watched. Then I looked at Mike and he was practically drooling. Being watched by two horny men turned me on even more, and as John fucked me I moaned and truly got into it. We had a memorable fuck, and I was hooked on exhibitionism.

Our adventures continued, and Mike would find ways to manipulate me into showing myself off, or even having sex with someone watching, or with the potential of being discovered. Sometime the potential would become reality. I needed Mike to push me into doing it, otherwise I never would have, but I have to admit I enjoyed it immensely.

It became a problem I realized when some college men wanted to bang me and I did not want to do them. I had been teasing them at a frat party I went to with Mike, and he had been encouraging me. I had been flashing some boob at the party, and one of the men enjoying my shows offered me $100 if I would go to a bedroom with him. I said no, and was offended at the offer. But he kept at it.

I looked at Mike; he clearly wanted me to comply with this jerk. He told me to do it. Again I seemed unable to resist Mike's instructions. So I finally said yes to the jerk, and Mike followed us to the bedroom. I think Mike may even have set this up. For reasons I still do not know, the idea of being paid for it really turned me on. I took him to the bedroom, he paid me, and I gave him the fuck of his lifetime.

He left the bedroom, and I stayed there, with Mike smiling down at me. I am often immobile after a good fuck, and I expected Mike would now have his way with me, enjoying sloppy seconds, as he often did.

But I was surprised when another guy came in brandishing $100. I said no.

The man stayed there however. As if the words were coming out of my mouth without my brain telling them to, I said, "It was $100 for the first man, but now it's $200 for the second." Undaunted, he produced another $100, to my surprise, and so I did him, too. He wanted more: both a blowjob and a fuck. He got what he wanted. He left afterwards. Mike kissed me passionately.

A third man entered. "How much for a third man tonight?" he asked. I looked at Mike. He smiled and nodded.

I said, "$400, and three is my maximum. Don't send anyone else in when you are done with me!"

He had the money, again to my surprise and my growing dismay. I decided to give him a good fuck worth $400, even though my cunt was sloppy in the extreme. His cock was on the small side, but he knew how to use it, and by now I was so turned on I began to moan as he fucked me.

Usually I don't moan, but I could not stop myself. I became noisy, saying," Yes, just like that. Do that again! More! Harder!" These words seemed to turn him on all the more. I guess most whores do not enjoy the sex as I as doing just then.

Perhaps inspired by all of my noise and obvious enjoyment, he began to finger my clit as he fucked me. Nobody had ever done that to me before, and this sent me over the top, and I screamed as I had a huge, mega orgasm. He kept right on fucking me, but now with a big smile on his face. I was whimpering with the after shocks of small orgasms that followed the explosion.

He began to fuck me hard, and then he flipped me over as if I were a child's toy doll, and put me on all fours and took me from behind. I love that position. He fucked me hard, grunting as he did it, and I continued to moan. He slapped my ass a couple of times and to my surprise I really liked that, too.

I think at that point I would have liked anything he did, and as if reading my mind he proved it by biting me on the shoulder, something that ordinarily no sane person would find erotic, but just then it turned me on even more and I moaned loudly in appreciation.

He then began to screw me, fucking me in a circular motion, and it was so erotic that I had a second large orgasm, and I was not at all subtle about it. Wow, this guy was great. He was the best fuck of my life. That was clear. I worried about Mike watching me react to this fuck so enthusiastically, but I was actually in no state to worry, I was too all consumed by the sex.

He seemed happy to keep fucking me, but at one point he pulled out and said, "I want to take you in the ass."

I got alarmed. "My ass is virgin."

"In that case, my lovely, here's another $400," he said.

Finally Mike spoke, but what he said surprised me. "If you want her anal virginity, it's $1,000, my friend." The guy produced another $200. I was shocked. Who brings $1,000 to a party, and who would pay $1,000 just to fuck me in the ass? He had already spent a good time fucking away in my sloppy cunt, and driven me to multiple orgasms. Wasn't that enough? Apparently it was not.

Again to my shock, Mike produced some lube. I did not know he had any, or why he thought to bring some. I let the stranger take me in the ass. It hurt, but I loved it. He left very satisfied, I'm sure.

When he left another man entered immediately, but I sent him away. He refused to go however, saying his money was as good as the money of anyone else. I think he thought I was being racist, since he was Asian.

I told him I was sure his money was wonderful, but I had just taken on three guys, and I had had enough!

Mike said, "Come on, June. How about one more, for me?" The Asian guy smiled, and produced $1,000. I glared at Mike, but I ended up letting the Asian guy fuck me too. He took me in three positions and fucked me for a long time before he too finally shot his load deep inside me. By the time he was done, I was really sore, and I felt thoroughly used.

I got out of the party, but barely. A lot of men pawed at me as I made my way to the door, and by the time I left, my blouse was torn and my boobs were exposed for anyone to see. Mike walked me back to my room like that, getting a few surprised looks from passers by, and I fell on my bed and cried.

The next day Mike called me to tell he was dumping me, saying he could not stay in love with a whore. This changed my life. After a period of mourning and self-pity, I began to realize I had had it with Mike, and boyfriends in general. I needed to take stock of my life. Did I really want to be a whore? Did I really even want to see a man again?

I had made $2,300 in one night, and that money went a long way towards my college expenses. I had also lost the love of my life at the same time. After doing it for him, he got disgusted with me. What a piece of shit.

Anyway, I decided whoring was too dangerous. Men could get out of control and there was too much disease going around. It was too risky. So I turned down all propositions, and for a while there were a lot of them, as word had spread quickly that there was a pretty and sexy whore on campus. It took a lot longer for men to figure out that I was no longer a whore.

But the whoring took a toll, and nobody it seemed wanted a romantic relationship with me. They would be embarrassed to be seen with me, since everyone would assume they were "paying for it."

I was sexually frustrated. I discussed it with Mary, but short of sex toys, which helped a lot actually, she had no real ideas on how to solve this problem. She had never suggested whoring as a way to keep Mike. It had just happened that one time, that one night.

I became in some sense a nun, or at least a good approximation of one. Just one without the rosaries, let's say. I could have sex whenever I wanted it, and be paid for it too, but I just did not want that.

Men would ask me out, but it was clear they only wanted a one night stand. The first time it happened, I told the man no, I don't fuck on the first date, and I'm just not that easy. He seemed surprised, and when he offered me $100 I realized he thought I was just bargaining. I kicked him out.

The second time it happened I was so horny I began to cry. The man comforted me, but it was just a play to get into my panties. I kicked him out, too.

The third time it happened I gave up, took the $100, and gave him some wild sex.

The fourth time it happened, I said sure, you can pay me, but only if I can dictate what happens. He wanted to know what I meant. I told him, "I mean that we do it naked in a public park. Now."

"Seriously?" he said.

"Seriously," I replied. I could tell he did not know what to do. He really wanted to fuck me, but he was too uptight to do it in public.

He tried to compromise, "How about you are naked, but I'll stay clothed and just unzip?"

"Nice try," I said. "Both naked or no deal. And the $100 is up front." He decided to leave me alone. I was now one for three.

I gave up. When I was too horny, I would accept to go out and I would fuck the guy. If he tried to pay me, thinking it was expected, I would just go ahead and let him pay me. This happened most of the time, actually. I realized I had quite a reputation, and there was no way out.

I became as chaste as they come. I used all my "earnings" to buy some very high-end sex toys, and that had to be enough. There was one exception, however. One day my old lover Mike, the buy who had ruined me, looked me up. He had a truly strange proposition: he wanted to sell me as a whore for charity.

Mike's idea went like this: He knew there were a lot of people going hungry right there in our little college town. He wanted to raise a lot of money to start a soup kitchen. He knew about my reluctant whoring of course, and he also knew my weakness for exhibitionism. His plan was to throw a party out in the countryside for a bunch of guys. There would be free beer and entertainment. He would charge a $500 fee to attend.

"That's a lot of money," I said. "Tell me about the entertainment."

"Yes, that will justify the entrance fee. I'll have a live band and dancing girls. I have the band and the girls lined up."

"That's it? And you expect men to pay $500 for that?" Then it dawned on me. "The girls are strippers, aren't they?"

"Some of them are," he admitted, "but most of them are just sorority girls, who have agreed to dance in skimpy costumes. After all, it's for charity. They don't have to strip, but nobody will stop them if they feel inspired."

"How skimpy?" I asked, zeroing in the costumes.

"Very skimpy. Close to nothing at all. But nipples and privates are covered, of course."

"Of course," I said, sarcastically. Then I added, "Mike, why are you telling me this? I'm not a sorority girl. I'm about as far from one as a girl can get, and you know that."

"Yes, of course. I was just giving you the outlines. I hope you will be our star event."

"Your star event?" I asked.

"Yes. At the end of the party there will be a big drum roll, and then we'll have our auction. People have donated all sort of things to be auctioned off, but nothing will compare to the grand prize at the end."

"I still don't see where I come into this," I said. "I am not an auctioneer, if that is what you have in mind. You know that, Mike."

"Yes," Mike said, and he became hesitant. Then his voice got low, almost a whisper, "I'm hoping I can auction you."

"Me? I don't understand. You can't auction a person. Mike you're not making sense." I was truly flummoxed.

"I want to auction sex with you. The person who wins the auction, gets to have sex with you on the stage, with everyone watching." Mike said, and braced himself as he said it.

"You're crazy," I said. "You know Mike, there was a time when I thought you loved me. I know I loved you. And now this is how you think of me? Jesus. Goodbye, Mike," and there was a tone of finality as I said that.

I set up a coffee date with Mary and told her what Mike had said. She was outraged, and after we had both called Mike names I had never called anyone before, we both fell silent. Mary was a great friend; she was always there for me. I was there for her, too; she had a lot of issues she had to work out and I always provided a sympathetic ear.

"You know," Mary said, with great hesitancy, "We have discussed a lot your realization that you are an exhibitionist."

"And a slut, don't forget," I said, suspecting where Mary was going with this.

"Yes," she said. "And you do like it, it seems, when you are watched."

"Yeah, I guess so. But only when it's in a harmless, voyeuristic sort of way."

"This would definitely not be that," Mary said, "With God knows how many horny guys lusting after you while you did it with a stranger who bid the most. This would be dangerous, even very dangerous."

"You're thinking it could evolve into a gangbang, aren't you?"

"Yes, definitely," Mary said. "You would need all sorts of guarantees against it getting out of control. Frankly, I can't imagine what they could be. I'm glad you are not considering it."

"I'm glad too," I said. "But it is sure is a hot fantasy, don't you think?"

"Definitely it is. I'm wet right now thinking of you doing it on a stage in the countryside with tons of horny men watching. I am so turned on I could fuck the next man I see," Mary said. I had never heard her talk like this. Then she added, to my shock, "Maybe it's worth thinking about it."

I replied, "Yeah. Maybe."

Two days later Mary and I met with Mike for coffee. "Have you found anyone for the role you pitched me for the charity event?" I asked Mike after we had exchanged pleasantries and I had introduced him to Mary.

"No. I have no idea who to ask," he said, looking at me questioningly.

Mary asked, "What provisions were you planning for the safety of the girl who does the public fucking?" she openly and unapologetically asked. Mike was a bit taken aback by her frankness. I think he wondered if she were willing to do it.

We had a long discussion. It turned out Mary was indeed willing to do it, if the two of us did it together. I had not said I was willing, however. Mary suggested four men could win, and they could ravish the two of us on stage, giving Mike the potential to raise a lot more money that way. Nobody could know our names, even if they would see us, of course. We could be identified as students, so nobody would think we were cheap whores or something of the sort.

Mike was surprised and very excited about the prospect. He realized I was a sticking point. I was very surprised by Mary; I had not suspected she would ever be willing to do such a thing.

I told Mike my condition was that afterwards, he would have to date me again and pretend he loved me. He had to be exclusive with me, and be proud to have me as his girl friend. He said he still loved me and he would not have to pretend. He would love to do that, which was nice, but of course I did not believe him. He asked what Mary wanted. She told him no videos, and nobody could have a cell phone present.

Mike arranged security, hiring ten burly men to guard the stage. Knowing it was for charity, they worked cheap. I think they also wanted to see the show. The audience was a mixture of horny fraternity men and some sorority girls. Mary and I were kept away from the action in a tent, but we could see what was going on via a one way mirror window in the tent.

The men were getting drunk as the afternoon wore on, and the girls' dancing was getting sexier and more risqué. The strippers began stripping, and the sorority girls kept dancing right along beside them as they undressed. The men became more and more raucous. Meanwhile the music was hard rock, perfect for the occasion.

One of the sorority girls decided to go topless, and she did it slowly and in a hyper sexy manner. There was deafening applause, whistles, and cheers. Then another sorority girl did it too, and soon most of them were dancing topless on stage.

The first girl continued to undress a bit more, and she danced around clad only in panties. Some of the other girls matched her, and they all joined hands like the Rockettes and kicked their legs up in the air. They really got the men hot and bothered.

Then Mike came on stage with the microphone, and announced that the main event, the auction of two young beauties willing to have sex on stage with the four lucky winners, was next. He introduced all the girls, and each one got applause. The applause was close to deafening for the topless sorority girls, and they blushed, then came down off the stage, threw some clothes on, and joined the crowd.

Mike had set up a video with a huge screen, so whatever was happening on stage would be filmed and magnified hugely on the screen. I knew what this meant: Everyone would see in detail these guys' cocks pumping in and out of Mary and me. It was gross, but that's what men like I guess. Nobody was going to miss anything, it seems. Well, they paid for it.

The crowd became dead silent as Mike went flamboyantly to the tent where Mary and I waited. We came on the stage fully dressed, and bowed to the audience. We heard lots of cheers.

I am not sure what the men were expecting, but it was not two normal looking girls such as we were. We were pretty and sexy too, or at least I hoped I was. I knew Mary was.

Mike announced that to motivate the bidding, M and J (as he called us) would please now strip. The band did some bump and grind music, and we did a strip tease until we were naked.

Mike had some men put a trampoline on the stage, and we bounced up and down on it, stark naked, spreading our legs as we did so and letting our boobs bounce around.

Then the music stopped, and we got off the trampoline, and Mike said the minimum bid was $500, and the four top bidders would win. One man bid $2,000 right away. Another bid $1,000, and there were bids of $500, $600, $700, and $800. So the men had to beat the $700 bid. Quite a few of them did.

When it was done, the winning bids were all between $3,000 and $4,000. I was shocked. For our sexual favors, Mary and I were going to raise over $12,000 for Mike's soup kitchen, not counting the $500 entrance fees just to be there.

Since around 70 men were there, that came to $35,000!

The winners came on stage, and Mary and I got nervous. Mary began and she whispered to me, "Follow my lead." She went to one of the men and kissed him on the lips, holding the kiss for a long time. His hands went all over her naked body, focusing on her ass. She began to moan to encourage him.

I did the same with another man, then felt someone else's hands on my ass. I had two men focusing on me, and I guessed it was the same for Mary. I began to undress one of the men. His cock was soft. I understood, since he was in front of at least 70 people watching us. I got on my knees and sucked it hard amid cheers from the audience.

While I was sucking him, I felt strong, rough hands moving me into a kneeling position, and then I felt a cock enter me from behind. That did not take long! I did not even see the face of whoever was fucking me. Fortunately I was as wet as the Ohio river by the time he entered me. I heard a huge din of cheering and catcalls. I was already servicing two men at once.

I let the cock drop from my mouth to look at whomever was fucking me. I registered his smiling face, and looked over at Mary. She was letting one of the guys fuck her in missionary position and the other man looked on, smiling down at her, stroking his cock. Then I resumed sucking. A cheer went up when I took his cock back in my mouth. I was really turned on.

The first man exploded in my mouth, and I swallowed most of it, but some escaped and dripped down my chin. The other guy was still fucking me, but flipped me over and placed me down next to Mary, who was now taking her number two in missionary position. Once they both came, pulling out and exploding onto our stomachs and boobs, Mary whispered, "trampoline." I nodded.

Mary and I got up and climbed up onto the trampoline and began again to jump up and down, spreading our legs during the high jumps, showing off our recently fucked cunts to the audience below . As we jumped we used our fingers to scoop up cum from our bodies and boobs and then sucked it off our fingers. The cheers were huge as we did this.

Revived, the four men got on the trampoline with us. Each of them wanted to fuck the woman he had not yet fucked. Men are like that. They just can't resist fucking every willing woman they can find. Well, we were here for that.

Mary had not blown anyone yet, but she rectified that right away. She sucked one of them gloriously, until he asked her to stop so that he could fuck her. The remaining three of us watched, but as we did so one man was fingering me, another was kissing me, and a third was sticking his finger into my asshole.

As Mary and her guy fucked, I was placed on my hands and knees on the trampoline. One man got underneath me, and he entered my cunt and began to fuck me.

The guy who had been fingering my ass got above me and gently began to insert his cock into my ass. He had used no lube, so it was going to be rough. I was going to take on two men at once. On a trampoline. With a cheering audience.

I came. The guy had just started to fuck me, but the entire situation turned me on so much, I came at his initial thrust. The two men were surprised, but happy. The second guy got his cock, slowly and gently, all the way into my ass. Boy was it full. The two of them found their rhythm, and the trampoline emphasized it, as we literally bounced up and down with their rhythmic fucking.

Our fucking was causing large ups and down on the trampoline, and Mary and her guy were enjoying it as they fucked. He then picked her up with his cock still inside her, and standing he began to jump on the trampoline as they fucked. Mary started to scream with pleasure at this.

The guy fucking my ass fell out of me due to the gyrations of the trampoline, and then the remaining guy fucking my cunt picked me up just like Mary's guy had done with her, and we too started jumping up and down while we fucked. I understood why Mary was screaming: the violence of the penetration with the jumping was extreme.

This was really rough sex and you either liked it or you did not at all. I discovered I liked it. Hell, I loved it, and was in heaven. I looked out as we soared above it all and down at the 70 or so men staring at us, filled with lust. I noticed quite a few of them had their cocks out and were stroking them.

On my next jump up, I saw that the sorority girls in the crowd were now topless again, and most of them were down to their panties. One of them was sucking off a guy, right there in the middle of the crowd. Things were getting out of control. I could not worry about it, as this guy's cock crashed into me with each jump.

My guy stopped jumping and lay me down and then squirted all over me. I smiled up at him, as the other guy picked me up and stuck his cock in my cunt, and began right away jumping with me. The same happened with Mary. Finally they blew their loads too, and now Mary and I had each been fucked by all four men, often in spectacular ways, and we were spent.

We went down from the trampoline and bowed to the audience, and got large cheers. We ran to the tent, which was guarded by the burly men Mike hired. We were excited that we had done it. I kept saying to myself: We had actually done it!

I heard cheering outside and looked out the one-way mirror. I saw a naked sorority girl and a guy jumping on the trampoline. He then took her in his arms, stuck his cock in her, and fucked her while jumping on the trampoline, just as our guys had done. She was screaming constantly.

Three more sorority girls got fucked this way, one after the other. I was truly surprised. Well, good for them, I thought. I wondered how they would deal with the aftermath.

Personally, I had arranged mine with Mike. Mary burst my bubble though when she said, "Yes, but do you think Mike will keep his word?"

I didn't know. I said philosophically, "I guess time will tell."