**Kate's Sexual Awakening**

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**Kate's Sexual Awakening Ch. 01**

"After your recent beach photos on insta, you're gonna wear those shorts Kate? It's like you still have a secret vendetta against showing some leg. I swear I thought that account would boost your confidence more."

Kate just rolled her eyes at her college roommate Sam. It wasn't like she didn't enjoy showing some skin, she just knew the hiking shorts that Sam despised would hold up well to whatever Swimapalooza threw at them tonight.

"If I wear this crop top will you shut up about the shorts?" Kate asked, flashing a bright pink crop top that would barely cover her bikini.

"Oh so upper thigh you can't show but you've got no problem with underboob?" Sam smirked, giving her roommate a hard time, hoping to get a rise out of her.

They had been roommates since freshman year when they shared a quad with two other girls. They formed an immediate bond over their mutual dislike of the most spoiled one, and moved into an off campus apartment the summer between Freshman and Sophomore year. They enjoyed each other's company and had similar interests. Both were frequent runners and did yoga several times a week, which was reflected in their physique.

Sam was an inch or two taller than Kate at 5'2", but both would be considered quite petite. Sam had dark brown hair, but always admired Kate's strawberry blonde locks.

Sam's running routine consisted of a weekly mileage of at least 20 miles, distributed as necessary. Sometimes she would run 12 miles in a day and spread the rest out over the week. Other times she would do 2 or 3 each day. She did yoga most mornings and even taught a beginner's class at the campus gym where she worked part time to make some extra cash.

Kate wasn't as avid of a runner as Sam, but would join her on several of her runs throughout the week. She liked the way it cleared her head and she always felt there was something so cathartic about sweating through her sports bra and running tights. She was more into yoga and Pilates, frequently attending classes at the campus gym. Sometimes she would attend Sam's beginner class just to ask silly questions like "Why's it called lotus pose?" and "When do I release my chakra?" Sam never minded these questions - in fact she found them quite entertaining and did her best to come up with witty answers.

"Can you remind me again why we are going to this thing again?" Kate asked Sam.

"Brandon asked me to stop by and I couldn't help but say yes. He just has this power over me," Sam responded. "Anyway, it's not like much else is going on this weekend. A lot of people are laying low since the end of the semester bash is coming up next weekend."

"So I am running interference so that you don't end up doing the walk of shame with your panties in your purse again, like the last time?" Kate asked.

Sam rolled her eyes and giggled at the memory of the last time she went to a party with Brandon. "Exactly, I need someone looking out for me. I couldn't walk for a week after last time."

Kate blushed at the thought of her roommate being too sore from sex to function. She was no prude, but she had never experienced that type of leave-you-sore sex. A rush of blood went between her thighs and she felt a little wetness start to form at the thought of what that must be like.She was brought back to reality by the sound of Sam's voice.

"How about this?" she said as she did a little cat walk to showcase her outfit.

"I think you're showing enough ass for the two of us Sam" Kate replied as she watched her roommate strut in high waisted denim shorts that left about half of her ass exposed and a white tank top that barely covered her purple bikini. "How am I supposed to run interference if you're practically giving Brandon your ass just by turning around?" she wondered out loud.

"I guess you'll just have to bring your A game babe!" Sam uttered as she walked out the door, ready to start the 10 block trek from their apartment past campus to where the group of swimmers lived.

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The walk across campus turned plenty of heads, and even elicited a few low key whistles of appreciation from the front porch-drinkers, but when they got to the party house, things were comparatively quiet. A couple was sitting on a couch in the front room in beachwear, acting as if they hadn't just been furiously making out. "Everyone is in the backyard," they said in unison, eager to have the room back to themselves.

Kate and Sam made their way through the house and out the backdoor as cheers erupted for two women in bikinis throwing mud at each other in the far corner of the yard. Party music added to the decadent atmosphere, and Kate began to feel a familiar dissonance within her between the need to remain 'proper' and the desire to indulge. Brandon saw them and made his way over.

"Classy party," Sam ribbed him.

"You two are just in time to go next," he retorted.

Kate made a scrunched face. "Not on your life!"

"C'mon, I worked all day yesterday to make a nice mud pit. Think of it like a spa date!"

"Last time I had a mud scrub, two dozen horn dogs weren't watching!" Kate seemed to be having none of it.

"Maybe after a couple beers then!" Brandon winked as he and Sam walked over to the mud pit action, leaving her by herself.

No sooner they had walked away, than she was approached by a handsome young guy carrying two beers. "Hey thought you might want a drink."

She accepted one. "Thanks. I'm Kate."

"Caleb. Nice to meet you." He looked down briefly, whether out of awkwardness or a desire to give her the ol' up-down, she wasn't sure.

"I haven't seen you around before." Kate tried to extend the conversation.

"Oh I'm a freshman, so that's probably why."

Kate nodded, finding the bookish earnestness an endearing supplement to the swimmer body visible over his board shorts. "So you getting in the mud today?" She needled him a bit.

"Oh nah. That was Brandon's idea. His last big party before he graduates." He paused and then somewhat sheepishly added. "Are you?"

She smiled. "I don't think so. It looks kinda gross and seems pretty rowdy. My roommate Sam over there though...who knows. I'm supposed to be running interference between those two but I think I've already failed." She gestured toward the mud pit where Brandon stood with his hand on Sam's lower back, cheering the participants.

The flirting between Kate and Caleb went on like this for an hour or so. She got increasingly comfortable with him. There was something about his demeanor that she liked. Polite but not too polite. Eager but not too eager. Protective but not too protective.

The chaos in the mud pit had died down. Half a dozen women had taken a turn in the pit, several going more than once, seemingly enjoying the attention. They now wandered around the yard in mud-stained swimwear. One particularly extroverted swim team member had chosen to ruin an old one piece competition suit and now strutted around with her long legs confidently on display. Watching her was conjuring Kate's conflicted internal dialogue. How could this woman retain such sexual confidence with her outfit utterly ruined? Why did guys seem so drawn to a woman who embraced the depravity of wrestling in the mud? Why was she starting to feel warm again at the sight of this woman? She couldn't tell if she was feeling resentment, envy, or maybe even a hint of desire.

"Hey Kate." Sam bounded up to her interrupting her admiration of the long-legged mud wrestling swimmer. "So Brandon here has dared me to mud wrestle, and I think I want to do it..."

Kate gave a knowing look to Caleb as if to say "I told you so" as Brandon flashed a shit-eating grin.

After a slight pause Sam added "...with you."

Kate nearly spat out her beer as she laughed at Sam's suggestion. "Um, how about no. These shorts are my prized position. No way I am ruining them in that disgusting excuse for mud pit" She gave Brandon a glare as she emphasized the "disgusting" wanting to make it clear she disapproved.

"Boys can you give us a sec?" Sam shooed Brandon and Caleb away and then looked Kate in the eye with a coy earnestness. "Look, I wanna do something crazy before I graduate. You don't know if we'll ever get another chance to do something like this. It could be the best memory."

"It could also be the worst memory Sam... and why me? Why not go get miss-speedo suit over there? She clearly enjoys being in the mud!" Kate protested.

Sam raised her eyebrows and got close enough to smell the alcohol on her breath. "Honestly, because I know you have a wild side that doesn't get out much. When you take an Instagram selfie, I can see it in the way you pose your body. I can feel your frustration when I have a guy over and you don't." She paused. "And sometimes I think about asking you to join."

Kate was shocked. Why was Sam being so forward? Was it the alcohol? Had their recent bonding over Instagram selfies sparked something? Sam wasn't entirely wrong about Kate's frustration or her curiosity. It would just be so out of character for Kate.

Sam motioned for Caleb to come back. "Also Kate, I think your new friend here might like watching you do something a bit...animalistic." She got close to Caleb and put on her most exaggerated flirtatious demeanor. "Caleb, would you like seeing Kate get in the mud with me? Maybe you'd like to see the silky, wet sheen on her smooth skin."

She leaned up against Caleb and started doodling her finger around his bare chest in the most teasing way possible. "Maybe you'd like to see the creamy clay caressing her body." She was accenting all the alliteration with the tact of a cheesy porn star. "Maybe seeing her in the muck would make you think of other messes you could make with her." She was now hissing the words into his ear.

Kate at this point had buried her face in her hands. Sam was in her element after a few drinks, and there was no stopping her.

Brandon gave a slow golf clap and gestured at Caleb's shorts, which showed a noticeable bulge after Sam's teasing performance.

"Nice to see you too." He gave a bro-y up-nod in Caleb's direction as Caleb stood there dumbfounded. "The lady asked you a question, big boy," Brandon goaded him.

In a raspy voice Caleb managed, "Um, yes I suppose I would like all that very much."

Kate hated being put on the spot like this. Peer pressure always made her uncomfortable and she tended to cave more often than not, especially when Sam was the one applying it. She took a last sip of her beer and reached out to give Caleb a playful punch in the abs. "Fine then, you pervs. I'll do it."

"Yes!" Sam exclaimed.

"Let's up the stakes a bit compared to earlier rounds," Brandon suggested. "You'll each have four ribbons tied to you, one on each thigh and each upper arm. Each lost ribbon means loss of a piece of clothing. First one without ribbons loses."

"Hey now!" Kate began to protest. Then between the combined effect of Sam's mock sad face, Caleb's half boner, and Brandon's magnetic ability to manage a situation, she gave in. "Finnnnne. But make sure no pics!"

"Oh, and can the loser of each match get spankings?" Sam exclaimed with glee.

"What?!" Kate felt an instinctual obligation to protest, but the suggestion touched a deep fantasy for her, and she suddenly felt very vulnerable. Did Sam somehow know about this secret kink of hers? If she agreed to this, would it make her look like an even greater deviant? How was she supposed to gracefully respond to such a blatantly sexual idea?

Sam had always been a tease, with an overtly provocative and sexual side when tipsy, but this felt different. Sure, some of Sam's antics were done purely for the attention, but Kate also felt like she was being singled out as the target of Sam's sexual energy like never before.

"I think that's a great idea if Kate agrees." Brandon diffused the awkwardness a bit.

Kate looked around at Sam, Caleb, Brandon, and the dozen or so half-drunk swimmers still at the party who would witness her possibly getting muddy, naked, and spanked. This is, indeed, a rare opportunity, she thought to herself. There had been lots of comments on her recent Instagram posts about how her ass looked so smackable. While she didn't respond to them with comments out of wanting to keep things relatively classy, she secretly wanted to respond to each one with a "what are you waiting for?"

Kate took a deep breath and then nodded slowly. "Ok then, let's do it."

Brandon was standing in the mud pit like the emcee of a pro wrestling show, making over-the-top statements about how epic this round would be. Sam was so right about his effortless ability to maintain power over everything and everyone. Caleb had attached the ribbons around their biceps and then around their upper thigh. Sam had made fake orgasm faces at Kate as Caleb threaded the ribbon between her legs and tied it in a bow. Indeed, having Caleb's hands brush her thighs made it hard for her to keep a straight face, and she felt another rush of blood to her face and between her legs.

Having left their flip flops near the house, they now stood barefoot just outside the mud pit as Brandon finished his speech. The grass was wet and half-covered with mud from the day's activities. It was a pleasant feeling on their feet, the mud oozing between their toes in a way that heightened the anticipation of how the mud was going to feel on their bodies.

Together, they stepped forward into the pit, holding hands to keep their balance. To Kate, seeing her freshly painted and manicured toes sink under a sea of dark brown muck was almost symbolic of the sullying of whatever 'good girl' image she still retained. They both gasped in unison at the new sensation of earthy mush caressing the bare skin around their ankles.

They stumbled their way to the center of the pit, where the mud now came halfway to their knees. Brandon motioned for them to kneel as the crowd whistled and whooped. Kate gasped again as the mud now engulfed her entire pale legs and nibbled at the ribbons around her thighs. Sam grabbed two handfuls of mud and brought it to her own chest, making a sexy show as she let her hands slide slowly down her front, leaving two streaks of mud across her white tank top. She gasped a bit as the crowed crescendoed.

Like the crowd, Kate was mesmerized by her performance. Sam made soft cooing sounds and smiled broadly as she let her ass gently touch the surface of the mud before rising again so that the audience behind her could see her starting to get wet and dirty, calling attention to just how ridiculously short her denim shorts were as most of the mud wasn't on the fabric at all, but rather clung to the olive skin of her toned buttocks protruding from the tight shorts. She made three slow ass-dips into the mud as she made sex eyes at Kate. On the last dip she took a handful of mud and thrust it at Kate's chest, landing half on her pink crop top and half on the pale skin of her cleavage before sliding between her breasts.

"Bitch!" Katelyn exclaimed instinctively and uncharacteristically.

Sam smiled and muttered just loud enough for Kate and maybe Brandon to hear. "I can't wait to get you...dirty." As they knelt in the wet earth facing each other, Kate still didn't understand Sam's motivations, but she certainly felt the sexual energy radiating from her and was more and more aware of her own.

Brandon was prattling on with the 'no biting, no scratching' speech, but Sam's provocation overrode the need for formalities, and Kate lunged at her, grabbing her shoulders and tipping both of them to the side, landing in a deep part of the mud and splashing Brandon generously. The crowd roared at the action.

As they tussled about, Kate was tugging at the ribbon on Sam's right arm, but found that the mud made it surprising slippery. While they struggled back to upright, Sam wrapped an arm around her legs and pulled them out from under her, sending Kate butt-first into the mud with an audible \*splat.\* Kate was shocked both by the impact and by the feeling of the mud now finding its way around her body. It struck her that the mud was well-made: not too thick but also not too watery and somewhat peaty so that it only partially stuck to her skin, as if it was important for the crowd to always be able to see naked flesh. Perhaps she had been too harsh on Brandon's abilities.

Sam took advantage of Kate's moment of paralyzed shock to dislodge the ribbon around her right thigh, pulling it off and waving it triumphantly. Kate came to her senses and sat defeated in the mud.

"Those shorts are the worst. They must go!" Sam egged the crowd on as Kate got to her feet. Sam approached her and unbuttoned her shorts, which were now completely sodden and heavy with mud. It only took a little tug to get them over her hips before they fell heavily into the mud around her ankles, revealing light blue bikini bottoms that hadn't yet been stained by the mud.

"I think you should get on your hands and knees," Sam taunted her. Carried along by Sam's energy, Kate fought the urge to object. She stepped carefully out of her shorts, trying to maintain a degree of modesty even though she was on fire. She handed them to Brandon, who to her dismay, threw them out of the pit. She watched them fly away and wondered if she would ever see them again. As they hit the ground somewhere in the muddied yard, she knelt in a shallower part of the mud.

"Three spanks seems about right," Brandon suggested. The crowd got loud again as it became apparent what was going on. Kate leaned forward, letting her hands sink into the muck, now on all fours.

Caleb, however, was quiet as he watched in awe. It was fascinating to him that the relatively demure hottie he had been flirting with most of the day was suddenly the center of so much debauched attention. He was struck by the animalistic nature of her on all fours in the mud. He was mesmerized by the contrast of the dark streaks of mud on her pale skin, particularly how the liquid delineated certain areas of her body that were still pristine. The symbolism was not lost on him either.

Kate was a ball of mixed feelings. There was the obvious discomfort at being the center of attention, but her meditation practice allowed her to see it for what it was. The discomfort came from her mind fighting her body. Her heart rate was up, her skin was flushed red, she was on fire between her legs. But her mind kept trying to fight these obvious signs that she was becoming increasingly turned on. And to further complicate her emotions, she wasn't sure whether her growing arousal was because of or in spite of the embarrassing situation: her favorite shorts were surely lost, her porcelain skin was covered in mud, her body was positioned submissively in expectation of Sam's hand, and a crowd of hot, horny swimmers was watching it all. She took several deep breaths in an attempt to clear her mind and felt her body tingle with electricity. Kate took that as the signal to give in to her body's primal feelings.

She was jolted out of her reverie by a smack on her ass. "One!" Sam yelled, as she followed the smack by rubbing Kate's butt, muddying her bikini bottoms. "Two!" Kate lurched forward as the second smack hit harder. Her body was now on fire with arousal, and even though it was all in her head, it felt like everyone could see how hot it made her. Sam grabbed her ponytail, pulling her head back as she got a small handful of mud. The third and final smack wasn't as hard but it splattered mud all over her ass and even onto Brandon, who stood nearby, nearly drooling. "Three!"

Kate was panting softly as she got back on her feet. Caleb came to the edge of the mud pit to check on her. He looked into her eyes, which were alive with something he hadn't seen previously. He kept asking if she was ok. In response, she got close and whispered in his ear. "Please just promise you'll find me after this is over."

Caleb was both confused and aroused by this. The whisper was so intimate and sexual. But what did she mean, "find her"? Was that like a" make sure she gets home safe and isn't taken advantage of" find her, or a "I'm DTF" find her? He stood there bewildered as Kate turned around and went back to the center of the pit with a renewed energy. She knelt and no sooner had Sam's knees sunk into the mire than Kate lunged at her again. This time, Kate's forcefulness caught Sam by surprise and she toppled back into the mud as Kate mounted her, sitting on her chest to pin her down. Sam sloshed around in the mud trying to escape, sullying whatever clean spots were left on her olive skin. Kate tried a different tactic for dislodging the ribbon on her arm, this time using the slickness of the mud to pull it down her arm like a bracelet. This was more successful, even as Sam clawed at her crop top with her free arm. Pretty soon Kate had the ribbon off and thrust her hands in the air in victory, even as she used her body weight to continue pinning a tiring Sam in the mud.

"I think that shirt's gotta go." Kate felt empowered to be on the winning side this time. Sam stood up and walked the perimeter of the mud pit as she made a show of slowly lifting her shirt. The white had turned to dark brown, and it was soaking wet now, clinging to her body and accentuating her modest but perky breasts. She peeled it slowly over her head, revealing her purple bikini top, the thin strings precariously tied around her neck and back.

Without being directed, Sam slinked to the center of the pit and got on all fours, taking the most seductive position possible, with her legs spread slightly and her ass thrust outward to the "fans." Kate knelt beside her and made a show of wiping the small clods of mud off her shorts and down the backs of her bare thighs. Kate noticed how slutty Sam looked in these shorts, which were as short as they could possibly be while still maintaining the integrity of the fabric. This may have once promoted some mild judgment from Kate, but now Kate felt something different. It was almost like envy, wanting to be Sam, wanting her wardrobe to be filled with sluttier attire, wanting to have that confidence to flaunt her body. Feeling the vibe, Kate put her hand in the mud and smeared it along the back of her exposed thigh, as if to highlight for the crowd just how much skin was exposed.

Sam looked over her shoulder and smirked as Kate suddenly smacked her ass. "One" the crowd chanted. It didn't land as hard as she had hoped. Kate decided to use creativity rather than force. She grabbed a large handful of mud and pulled open the back of Sam's shorts as best she could, and placed the mud inside. The shocked look on Sam's face was gratifying as Kate quickly landed her second smack, causing the mud to seep out of the bottom of her shorts. "Two." Kate felt like she had legitimately turned a bit of the humiliation back on Sam. For the third smack, Kate grabbed another handful of mud, and splatted it forcefully between her legs, on the thin strip of denim covering her pussy. The crowd clearly loved this, and Kate got into the spirit by rubbing it in. "Three!"

At this point, both women had a great deal of energy flowing between them. It was an entirely new combination of sexual energy, competitiveness, and whatever animalistic spirits Sam had successfully summoned from Kate. They returned to the center of the ring and Brandon stood between them, determined to actually referee this time.

As soon as Brandon gave the signal the two women were at each other again. This was the most hedonistic fight yet, as they rolled in the mud while clasping each other in a quasi hug. Sam had seemingly abandoned the rules and was now clawing at Kate's crop top, which hung heavily against her chest. Kate instinctively countered by grabbing at Sam's bikini top, which was not held on by much. Feeling the fabric of her top start to rip, Kate instinctively grabbed the knots of Sam's top and tugged. The two pieces of fabric gave way almost simultaneously as Kate and Sam fell away from each other into the mud.

Kate was now in nothing but her blue bikini, but Sam was clearly the focus of the roaring audience as her breasts were fully on display. Brandon had them come to the center of the ring and stand close together. Kate looked at Sam's breasts, smaller than her own, and then into her eyes as Sam grinned slyly.

Brandon announced that since the round was a tie he would deliver spanks to both women. First Sam, then Kate. He instructed them to hold onto each other for support, again signaling to everyone involved that he was in control. Sam bent over slightly, thrusting her ass toward the crowd like an Instagram model as she braced herself against Kate, letting her muddy breasts brush against Kate's arm. Brandon took his time teasing Sam's toned ass before administering three solid spanks.

Kate then braced herself against Sam, nearly hugging her as she bent over somewhat more awkwardly than Sam had managed. The sensation of their skin coming into contact, lubricated by the sloppy mud was thrilling in a way Kate never imagined. She shivered as Brandon took his place behind her. She felt Brandon's large, firm hand make contact with her ass as he rubbed it to warm up. He didn't seem quite as content as she had expected, but that changed as he slowly began tugging her bikini bottoms into more of a thong, essentially giving her a wedgie and exposing her pale, mud-splattered ass cheeks to the audience. She tightened her grip on Sam's arm. It was getting to be sensation-overload. As his smacks landed, she moaned heavily as something built inside her. It was easily the naughtiest thing she had ever done. And as he finished Sam whispered in her ear "I can't wait to see you get fucked." Blood rushed to her cheeks and moisture pooled between her thighs. This was almost too much. She was certain she needed release, but the mud, along with Brandon and the crowd, beckoned for more.

Now that bare breasts had made an appearance, the crowd had tightened around the circle. Sam was making a mental note of who was there. It was eight attractive men and four hot women, variously splattered or covered with mud, depending on their level of participation that day. Sam was relishing their attention but also relishing how the audience seemed hungry to see more of demure Kate's pale and mud-caked body.

Since the last round had not involved ribbons, someone from the crowd produced some safety sheers, which Brandon used to cut off the spare ribbons, leaving each woman with an arm ribbon and a thigh ribbon.

Brandon announced that for the next two rounds, the winner would pick someone from the audience to spank the loser. Kate began scanning the crowd like a gameshow host choosing a contestant. She was drawn to a nonchalant guy, standing with his arms folded in nothing but his competition speedo, splattered with mud and completed unfazed by his obvious bulge. He was also one of the taller guys in the crowd, with long, swimmer arms. She pointed at him, and Brandon invited him into the mud: "Everyone welcome Steven to the party!"

The next round of fighting was less eventful as both were getting tired. Despite their running and fitness routines, neither had been prepared to exert so much energy today. But seeing their increasingly naked bodies grappling in the mud was clearly erotic to the crowd. Despite being so covered in filth that it was hard to tell if she still had a bikini on, Kate prevailed this round by dislodging Sam's arm ribbon.

As agreed, Kate moved to unfasten the front of Sam's shorts, but they were almost impossible to pull down given how tight they were but also that they were wet and muddy. Then Katelyn had a stroke of brilliance and asked the guy from the crowd for the safety sheers. Once again causing Sam some real surprise and embarrassment, she began cutting the fabric of the shorts. She knew she would likely never see her hiking shorts again, so she figured Sam could stand to also lose a pair today. She cut them slowly, relishing the show, careful not to damage the bikini underneath. And Sam did find it legitimately embarrassing to be standing there dripping mud with half a pair of shorts on, holes cut to show her ass cheeks. Eventually enough fabric was gone that Steven ripped them off with a good tug, leaving Sam in nothing but purple string bikini bottoms.

Sam got on all fours in the mud again like a sex kitten, and Steven knelt beside her. Feeling confident that she could win with Sam now down to just her bottoms, Kate felt comfortable taunting Sam a bit. She went to where she could get a view of Sam's ass and put her foot between Sam's knees, nudging them apart to enhance her vulnerability. "Fine, bitch, but you might regret this," Sam said as she replied.

Kate leaned into Steven's ear before she stepped away and whispered, "Very hard, please."

Steven grinned. He leaned down and wrapped his left arm underneath Sam's abdomen to brace her, with his crotch practically pressed into her muddy thigh. Then with a swoop of his long arm, a loud smack. "Fuck!!" Sam yelped, as globs of mud fell from her body with the impact.

Kate stood watching, the voices in her head telling her this was entirely inappropriate, while her body was screaming that it wanted to be where Sam was, in a willing position in the dirt, while a virile young man expressed his desire in a visceral way upon her tight ass.

"Ahh!" Sam uttered as the second hard smack came. And then with the third she uttered "God damn you Kate!" between soft whimpers.

Sam stood up and drug Kate back to the middle of the pit, anxious for revenge. Kate's knees had barely sunk into the mud when Sam pounced, as if the energy from Steven's hand had completely renewed her.

As they strove for dominance, Sam's near-naked body was fun to watch, her toned muscles flexed, accentuated by the wet sheen on her body. Kate's pale body, blond hair, and blue bikini were remarkable because of the way they contrasted with the dark wet muck she was now wallowing in. The audience enjoyed the contrast between the experienced and openly sexual Sam, happy to flaunt her naked body, and the more innocent and unassuming Kate, whose smoldering sexuality was only now for the first time being seen in public.

With this tantalizing choice, it's not hard to see why the crowd had begun to root for Sam at this point (which is to say, they wanted to see Kate naked). They were chanting "Sam, Sam, Sam." All of this gave Sam enough strength to get her hand on Kate's bikini top, ripping it away.

Kate shrieked as her bare breasts were revealed. They were splattered in mud, but her erect nipples were obvious, stiffened as they were by the sexual tension coursing through her body. The crowd went absolutely nuts, and Kate instinctively brought her arm up to cover her breasts. Again, the conflicted voices inside her struggled, one side of her nearly in tears at the embarrassment, the other side more aroused than she had ever been.

Sam came to her and removed the ribbon from her upper arm, as if to reassert victory. She also took Kate's arm and moved it gently to her side. "Let them see your body, babe; it's fun." The crowd applauded as Kate got to her feet, mud sliding down her beautiful figure.

Kate knew what was coming as Sam scanned through the small crowd. She had previously spotted a handsome, tan graduate student type standing in the back trying to avoid the splatter, way overdressed in a pink polo and chinos. She knew that Sam would choose him for some reason, and she squirmed in nervous excitement as she gave him the 'come hither' finger.

"Me?" He glanced around confusedly.

"Yes, you." He slipped off his nice shoes and came forward confidently. "I'm offering you the opportunity to put your hands on this hot, dirty woman," Sam was emphasizing 'hot' and 'dirty' as if she was a late-night phone sex operator. "She needs a nice hard spank from an older man."

"You don't have to ask me twice." He rolled up his chinos and took off his shirt, revealing a sculpted abdomen. To the surprise of some, he stepped right into the mud, though at that point, Kate's body could have tempted anyone.

Kate's cheeks burned with embarrassment as the handsome stranger approached, though with mud-flecked strawberry blonde locks falling around her face, it was hard to tell.

"Now then. You were so concerned with how I was positioned last time, let's get you into the right form," Sam relished the chance for revenge and positioned Kate on all fours toward the shallow end of the mud pit as an accommodation toward their stranger. She spread Kate's knees to increase her vulnerability and to make her ass into the most seductive shape possible. She also gathered the loose locks of matted hair that had fallen loose and were now draped around her torso back into a ponytail and handed it to the handsome stranger. He held it in a way that both kept the hair and her head from obstructing the view of her beautiful breasts. Sam further made her spread her arms to keep her chest as open as possible.

The stranger leaned in close to her ear. "Are you sure this is Ok?"

Kate was touched by the gesture after expecting more dominance from the man who had a moment ago practically jumped at the chance to spank her. She nodded affirmatively.

"I don't want to hurt you," he whispered.

She waited until he got close and then before her brain had a chance to stop her mouth, she half-whispered under her breath, "I need this. Don't hold back."

She could feel his body react to that comment, as if a shot of testosterone had gone straight to his dick. She was breathing hard as his hand caressed her ass, teasing her and creating anticipation. Finally it came and it was pleasantly hard. She closed her eyes, ignoring the wolf whistles of the crowd ogling her near-naked body, and focused on the sensations of his firm hand against the toned cheeks of her buttocks, flesh separated by only a thin piece of wet bikini fabric stretched taut across her soft skin. All she could mutter was a low grunt as his contact with her body sent tremors through her. He pulled her hair tightly as he smacked her for the final time, lifting her face to the crowd.

Caleb could now see how red her face was, a mixture of embarrassment and arousal. He was simultaneously turned on and concerned, recalling Kate's desire for him to "find her" when this was done. Sam stood by smiling, happy with her handiwork, knowing her roommate well enough at this point to know she was high on dopamine and endorphins.

The stranger stood up and wiped off as much mud as could. Kate sat back on her heels, now growing accustomed to her breasts being on display, but self-conscious about how erect her nipples remained.

"Ok ladies, final round! Let's just go with the flow here, loser is the first one naked and will get three nice smacks from Caleb." Brandon brought them to the center one more time.

Both women were visibly tired and Kate was out of breath from the last round of spanking. Sam got close to Kate to check in. She leaned her forehead against Kate's and used her hands and their tousled hair to create a moment of privacy. "You ok there, dirty girl?"

Kate was caught off guard by the sudden sincerity in her roommate's voice. But the rush of endorphins from before left her unable to respond with anything other than an "Uh-huh."

Sam recognized the conflict raging in Kate. "As much fun as it sounds to show myself off to these horny guys...and gals...I'm getting the vibe that maybe you'd like to lose. Would you like to finally let your beautiful naked body be fully on display? Because I would like that very much." Her voice had changed from a protective momma bear to a sultry seductress.

There was a distant voice still crying inside of Kate, "This is too much. People will think you're a slut." But it was easily drowned out at this point by a much stronger voice, egged on by the hormones surging through her, that said, "Maybe it's time to admit you are a slut. To finally let go." Before her voice of reason could chime in, she responded.

"Yes I want it."

"What do you want?" Sam goaded her to really own it.

"I want to be naked. I want everyone here to see all of me. Happy?" Kate sighed heavily.

"Then don't fight me, Ok, just follow my lead."

Brandon shouted "Go," and Sam wasted no time putting her hand on Kate's sternum and pushing her back, landing with a splat in the mud. An exhausted Kate didn't resist other than putting up her hands to block the mud from splattering in her eyes.

Sam could have just gone for the bikini bottoms right then but instead climbed on top of Kate. Sam let her breasts touch Kate's stomach and then slowly inched upward like a stripper desperate for cash, until their nipples were touching. Sam was focused on how the whole thing looked to the crowd, but Kate was thrilled by the sensation. Their soft skin sliding over each other's bodies, slickened by the mud. The woman she had jealously overheard having sex for years was now writhing on her, stimulating her nipples with her own. And all of this was enhanced by the psychological sense of just how dirty this was, literally and figuratively.

Sam now sat more upright but pinned Kate's hands over her head, lifting her breasts subtly. And while keeping her hands pinned with one hand, Sam's other hand began to loosen the left tie of Kate's bikini. Despite the sloshing of the mud against her body, it was an unmistakable feeling when it popped free.

But Sam didn't immediately declare victory. Instead, she kept up her stripper act, positioning herself to grind on Kate for a moment. The feeling of Sam's pelvis gyrating on her was simultaneously thrilling and frustrating. It was wet, sloppy, filthy, and arousing, but it wasn't positioned correctly to give any relief to Kate's clit, which was now the locus of her arousal. After a few minutes of that, whipping the crowd into a frenzy, Sam pulled the ruined bikini bottoms completely off and flung them into the air.

Sam stood and Brandon held up her arm in victory. The crowd cheered both for her and for a very exposed Kate, laying exhausted in the mud, keeping her legs together as best she could to protect her modesty. Despite the thin coat of mud, enough of her skin was visible to see that she had no hair under her bikini bottoms. She was fully exposed. Naked. Vulnerable.

Caleb ran into the mud and reached down to scoop her up in his arms. "Don't let them see my pussy," she asked softly as he carried her pale, mud-streaked body into the yard.

Caleb placed her bare feet gently in the grass next to the bar. She steadied herself with both hands on the bar as her knees trembled slightly out of a combination of exhaustion and nervous anticipation. The crowd gathered around anxiously to watch her final embarrassment. She kept her knees close together as the guys strained to get a look at her body. It was difficult to make out, but a hint of pink could be seen between her legs as she arched her back and prepared her ass for a final spank.

"Hold on," Sam yelled as she pushed through the crowd. "Can I borrow these?"

She took two beers from a couple in the front and poured them down Kate's back. The foamy beverage cascaded down her ass, washing most of the mud off and leaving her pale ass even more exposed and glistening under a sheen of bubbly ale. Kate arched her back further as the cold surprised her and then sighed slightly as the foam caressed the underside of her ass cheeks coming quite close to her very sensitive slit.

The audience cheered loudly as she was more exposed than ever. The only thing left clinging to her body was some bits of mud, beer foam, and the last remaining ribbon around her thigh that Sam hadn't bothered to remove, an artifact that evoked a bridal garter and somehow re-emphasized that today Kate had been deflowered.

Caleb stepped forward and cradled her body with his left arm, letting his hand caress her breast. "You are so fucking hot," he whispered before delivering the first spank.

It was just the right firmness for her. It sent an erotic zing through her, and for the benefit of the crowd it caused her body to shake in all the right ways while lifting her onto her toes.

He landed the second smack on the opposite side of her ass, and now that she was cleaner, it was easier to see the reddish hue that was the result of several spankings. Finally he landed the third blow on the same spot.

It was done. Kate turned around to face the audience, again keeping her legs together, but letting the audience get a good look at her, now out of the mud. Everyone was cheering in a good natured way. She instinctively took a small bow as Brandon brought an old towel to wrap her in.