**Love Sees Me Walking Naked**

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**Love Sees Me Walking Naked Pt. 01**

I am Rose and the story I will tell you is Sarah's. As Sarah told it to me, mind. Why me, why not Sarah herself? One thing that qualifies me is that I am in it, as supporting actor, one might say, supporting, but actually pivotal to the proceedings. Why did Sarah not tell it herself? She couldn't be bothered, or was shy, or humble or it was too personal? It does not matter. I convinced her, however, that it was important to be written. Well, alright, she said, but because it is a personal story, she thought it would be best served by the hand of someone else, with a tad of distance. Easy for her to say, but she may have a point. So, it is me writing, from her perspective. Confusing? Yeah. But the truth has to be clear. You need to know. It is me, trying to do her story justice. But it is still me, writing about her and myself and an interesting supporting cast.

**Preambles: Who am I?**
On holiday with my parents. This should be the last time I will have gone with them as a family. I am 19 years old and have been in college for a year. Before then, I was the last child at home. The last one of two, that is. My sister is five years older and left home a handful of years ahead of me. To another college, by the way. We get along fine the few times we see each other, better now as we grow closer in maturity. I did not learn much from her, however, in how to battle the hardships of teenager-ship or how to become a woman. She was not around when I could have benefited from her advice.

Is it strange for a 19-yr old to go on holiday with her parents? It may well be, but the holiday suits me, I mind my own business when I want and my parents are cool. It is still probably the last time, though.

A fairly mature girl I consider myself. I think I did develop over the last few years. Girl? Woman, I could say woman, but why would I? I am 19, but hardly settled and I am content with girl. I am mildly pretty, which is great. This way, my life is not ruled by my appearance. I am bright enough, B+ or A- quality at school. Thoughtful, they would say. Not quite a loner, but I am used to be alone and content to be so. Bookish too. But not on the shelf.

I know what I want, usually, and how to get it. So, don't laugh when I tell you the following. I know that it is fairly rare for a highschool girl to stay a virgin, but I did not want a boyfriend in a hurry. Boys are not mature at my age, I thought, and I was content on my own. You have to know that I have and have had male friends, and female of course, but I simply had no intention of amorous dilly-dallying and being a couple. Especially not just before I was to leave for college. None of my friends ever really bugged me about this.

I was determined, however, to lose my virginity before I started college. It came down to the last summer holidays before then. I had turned 18 a few months before, late bloomer me. The reasoning was as follows. I assumed all my new college friends would talking about sex, sex and sex and I didn't want to be a loser in their eyes. I wanted to be able to say, yes, I am fine, I have done it! OK, I was a little curious too and wanted to get the experience in the bag. Mind you, I had been masturbating for a few years. That suited me fine, thank you!

So, about a year ago now, I made a plan and it had to happen during the family holiday, away from home. We were camping out, as we are now, my parents in a little caravan and I in a little tent a stone's throw away. The plan was to set designs upon the best available male, nurture the relationship and sleep with him on the last night. This way there would be no time for a relationship!

As it happened, the campsite was a farmer's, very small, nice, but the farmer's son was the best and only male! He wàs nice, though. I didn't have to force myself to make do with him, and he was sensitive to my advances. He took me to the local bars on his motorbike, to a party one weekend and we had chats most every evening after his work was done. He could talk and was clever enough, a first-year engineering student and helping his dad out during the holiday.

We were friends and if he had designs on me, he did not let on. We did not even kiss before I made the suggestion to be intimate together. I did this on the evening before the last when we were hanging out as usual and talking. He blushed, looked at me for a few moments, then nodded and smiled.

We met the next day after dinner at the barn. Of course, the barn! The haystack! He had brought a blanket and laid it out carefully. I was nervous, just a touch, but looking forward to the experience. Why was I not more nervous? Cannot say with confidence. At times of crisis people surprise themselves. But I did have confidence in my partner in crime, that he would not hurt me, take advantage. And if anything, he was more nervous, so the mothering fell to me. Nothing more to do, but to prepare for the act. To undress and lie down.

I had thought for months about the undressing, the state of undress I wanted to be in. I wanted to be seen and I wanted to be stark naked. I did not want myself or him to be shy and stealthy. When I saw him starting turn his back to me and scuttle away to the corner, I called him back. 'Peter, I want us to face each other. I want to see you and for you to see me. Is that OK?' Without further ado, I gave the example.

Slowly and deliberately I took of my booties and socks. I undid the belt, button and zip of my jeans. Took off my plain cotton panties. My shirt and my bra, and there I was: naked. I looked him in the eyes the whole time. He looked flushed and excited but took me in from head to toe. I was glad. I knew what I looked like.

Ever since I was eleven, I had studied my image in the full-length mirror in my room. I could not wait for my breasts to develop and the wisp of pubic hair to become a full bush. I did not have detailed expectations of what my sex should look like, I roughly knew about clitoris, inner and outer labia, but what I saw evolve over the years, that strange pink flower of flesh, was fine. I sensed that talking about bodies with friends and parents was considered odd, hence I kept to myself. My sister and I flashed by each other occasionally, we were neither prudish nor open, I guess pretty normal. I only saw my parents in bathrobes.

Whether my interest in my body was normal or extraordinary, I have no way of knowing. Nor do I care. It was probably a bit beyond normal. Towards this boy I felt OK, knowing I was attractive enough, if not pretty, with my general body shape, breasts, butt and cunt all fine. It was exhilarating to show myself to him, the first person to see me naked as the centre of attention. Yes, in a sexual context.

'Yeah, look at me! I want you to. For as long as you like. But first you have to get naked too! Go on! Show me the lot of you and face me!'

He stood still for a moment, took a deep breath and practically ripped his clothes off. My first naked man and I was not disappointed. Farmer's sons do hard work and it showed. Best of all, his penis stood proud. 'Come on, let's lie down', I took his arm and led him to the blanket. It was good, I think, having had no prior experience. We were gentle and stroked each other's bodies endlessly before I took his cock and guided him to my entrance. All systems worked, I was wet and he slid in smoothly. Yes, there was the pang of him breaking my hymen, ouch, there was the blood, there was him managing just a handful of strokes before he came. I don't think I came, I can't have, but what did I know then?

We relaxed for a while after, kissed and that was that. I was no longer a virgin. My parents and I left the next morning and I never saw him again. No offence to him. He serves a good memory.

Fast forward to now, a year later and at another campsite. This campsite suits me for the designs I have this year. It is located just outside a small town of about 1,000 inhabitants, large enough to have an urban quality, with a highschool, some shops, a film theatre and so on. What I want to do is to exhibit myself. Plainly put, walk around naked! And perhaps be seen.

How did I come to want to do this? And why here and now?

The latter question, of 'how?' is easy: because it is away from home and the consequences of getting caught are lower. Caught by the police? A creep? Just anyone? I do not want to articulate the 'who by' part! Plus, summer temperatures allow not wearing clothes.

Now the 'why?' I first heard the word 'exhibitionist' a couple of months ago. A newspaper article described the 'lewd act of a man in a raincoat', opening it up to a bunch of teenage girls, who screamed (laughed?) and ran away. Their parents reported the incident to the police, but the man was never caught. I was curious, not yet excited, and ran the term 'exhibitionist' through Google.

My, a world opened! Most hits concerned porn- (erotica-!) sites showing attractive girls parading around. Some concerned 'amateurs', 'girls-next-door', like me in other words! God, l spent hours cruising around these sites, seeing pictures and videos, no longer just interested, but outright excited. I wanted to be like those girls. Why? That is like a little child, asking 'why, why, why?' There comes a time when you cannot answer anymore.

You note that I have been interested in my body since I started to become a woman. I never thought that odd. But now I wanted to be seen, potentially seen by others. What did I feel when cruised those porn-sites and adopting the skin of those girls? A mixture of the humiliation of my private parts being on display, but also of the excitement at doing something 'shocking' and of the pride of being admired as an attractive girl. And sexual excitement, yes! I had started masturbating almost daily after I had lost my virginity and this exhibitionism thing really got me going. So, I had to do it myself. And here I am, about to do it.

What is the plan? I will start easy. Alone, I cannot go out in broad daylight. I would get arrested, hounded, whatever. Yes, the ambition is to once do it in broad daylight and see that I shock or entice those that see me. But I should learn to walk before I will run. Pun intended. So, I will go out at night, after I have said goodnight to my parents and see that the lights in their caravan have gone out. After midnight, for sure. I will leave the campsite in a raincoat and trainers and, once away in the open, will shed the coat and hide it in a bush somewhere. Then I will play it by ear, where I will go and how long I will stay out. In case of 'danger', I am quite a good runner!

The first night: Walking alone

I am more than a little nervous at dinner. I am given wine at dinner during holidays, so I hit the bottle as hard as I can, without drawing undue attention. After coffee, we take a walk in the surroundings and then sit reading. The sound of insects buzzing around the lights enhances the languid atmosphere. Around eleven or so, I bid goodnight to my parents and prepare for bed. During summer, I sleep naked, as I believe do my parents, so nothing unusual so far. I am still nervous and cannot lie still, if my life depended upon it. I listen to music to pass the time. I monitor my parents' light and see that it is off around midnight. I give it 20 more minutes!

When the time has come, I listen intently for five minutes for any human noises, especially in the nearby caravan. I hear my dad's snoring, which I know my mum miraculously can stand. She sleeps first, so she says. The moment is now! I will be doing it! Softly, I put on my trainers, slowly zip my tent open, grab my raincoat and put it on, but leaving the buttons undone. Then I zip the tent shut again - softly, softly - and there! My adventure starts!

I tiptoe past the caravan and the few other dark tents and caravans and leave the campsite. I will walk around the town a bit, just while I get my bearings, and will then venture in. My raincoat is open and already I enjoy the movement of air around my naked body and the bouncing of my tits. My cunt has never felt anything like this flow of air! I feel a sense of protection by the coat. When I realise this, I decide I have to get rid of it soonest. There, under a set of shrubs... When I am bent over pushing the coat underneath, I am aware of the view I am allowing, of my sex between my naked thighs. No one there to see it...? And then I am free. I raise my arms to the sky and spread my legs, to be open to the world! I bend over and give the world that rear view again. I shake my tits like a stripper. I run for a few hundreds of meters, to feel my tits bounce. See me, world! I feel like shouting, but here I restrain myself.

I move along small roads, foot- and bicycle paths around the town. Soon I feel far away from my coat. No protection anymore. I hear a church bell announce one o'clock. The town is asleep and I dare take a road leading to the centre of town now. It is not far, a mere five minutes. There is a school on the edge of town. I walk onto the schoolyard towards the main doors. There is a spotlight illuminating the entrance. When approaching the entrance, my body starts to catch the light and I see my image clearly reflected in the glass doors, like a ghost almost. I smile and wave to myself and do a little dance. That is better. I see a fun girl.

The town centre is quiet. Here and there, there is a lit window, mostly upstairs. I see one on the ground floor. I decide to go there and show myself in that cone of light. Will there be someone there looking out, just when I appear? I approach slowly with a tingling feeling in my stomach and groin. Then boldly step into the light, 2 m away from the window. Lord, there is someone standing in the middle of the room looking out! Dive down! I do, but reconsider after a second or two. My chance to be seen. He is still there and looking the same way. Does he see me or is he staring? Then he reacts and comes over to the window. I lose my bottle and run away. After I created some distance, my mood of fear changes to excitement. I have been seen! My naked self, tits, cunt, ass and face!

On my way back to the campsite, I see people coming out of a house 100 meter away and departing in a car in the other direction. No reason to assume they have seen me. But I don't care. A car is only threatening in the sense that I cannot outrun it. It would be great to have been seen, so I feel.

I take my time going through town. Sit on benches, admire my reflection in shop windows, walk like a model on the catwalk, like a sort of slut, do a pole dance on a smooth playground installation, I stand in the middle of the road presenting myself, bent over and arms are legs spread in an X, I do jumping jacks, prance like a horse... all in an exhilarated mood. The town is mine and I am naked!

I reach the campsite soon after. The site is quiet as the night. And my bed. I am as glad as I am exhausted. I finger myself to a climax, before I fall asleep and dream naughty, sweet dreams.

The second night: I meet someone

I find I have slept exceedingly well when I awake on the morning after that fateful night. I can't help wondering whether it has been a dream. The thought that I have gone around town for an hour or two without any clothes is absurd. Then I remember the raincoat. I search for it in my tent but cannot locate it. I can't remember picking it up after my walk.

After breakfast, which finds me very cheerful, I excuse myself for a bit and do find the coat under the bushes I placed it under. Good, as I would not want to have to find an excuse for how I lost it. But it also proves to me that I have done the walk of my dreams, therefore taking it from dreamland into reality. Boy! I am a practicing exhibitionist! The thought excites me once again.

The day is routine and uneventful. We lounge around in our deckchairs, dressed in swimwear, and read our books. We go into the town for a coffee and some shopping. I pass all the places delict. That includes the school that showed me my reflection and the house with the lit downstairs window. The man who may have seen me is sitting in an easy chair dosing. The second man to have ever seen me naked! I feel a surge of electricity through my spine and crotch.

I am resolved to repeat the excursion tonight and see if I can raise the high I achieved. I realise that is an issue. The high cannot always be raised! But surely, it can for the second time?

The routine is the same - upto the moment after midnight when my parents have put out their lights and dad is snoring. It is then I get out of my bed, put on the trainers and raincoat and leave the campsite. Again, I store the coat under the bushes, bending over and displaying my ass and cunt to the world. I walk around the town like before and approach it via the school.

I see my ghostly reflection in the mirror of the main doors. I assume a number of poses, which are starting to become routine, and observe the effect in the reflection. It is hot! I am a narcissist, but I can't care! I start to masturbate there and then and do reach a great climax in a nice little while.

'That was awesome!'

What, a voice! I start and am raised from my reverie to a woman's voice uttering those words! I turn around and see a girl, who must be a few years older than me. She has short dark hair and is slim. She wears a retro seventies floral dress and black tights. She offers me her hand and, after a second's pause, I offer her mine back. I don't realise it is still sticky from my little act. She does and remarks, 'Ah, your juices. Nothing wrong with those. My name is Rose.' I smile a shy smile and return with, 'Sarah. Please to meet you. Sorry about this. Should I put my hands in front of my naughty parts? I am embarrassed like hell.'

'Not for me. Whatever you want is fine by me. As is your exhibitionism.'

'Thought I was the only one in the real world that knows that word. What are you doing here this late?'

She replies, 'I guess you don't know enough about the real world! And I am here to see you. Literally. I saw you in town last night. I happened to look outside from my bedroom window. There was plenty of moonlight, not mentioning the streetlights. You came from this direction, so I thought: let's try and catch her. Gotta talk to a girl like that.'

'Oh... Well, I take that as acceptance. Thanks! Good to know.'

'Sure. A bit of innocent showing-off is not hurting anyone. Listen, do you want to come over to my place for a bit and have a chat and something to drink?'

'Like this?'

She laughs. 'How else? I live alone, if that makes any difference.'

'OK. Why not? You are not gonna hurt me, I think.'

'Don't know about that, but you're in with a chance. I don't intend to seduce you. Hope that that is OK. Let's go.'

So, we walk a few streets to her house. It is a small two-story place in the centre, diagonally opposite the house where that man saw me from the lit downstairs window. It is funny walking around naked, side-by-side with a fully dressed person whom I have only just met. Makes me all the more naked. Yet safer, particularly as she is a local. She lets me in by her front door.

'I can't offer to take your coat, so that is rather easy.' We smile.

She lets me into the living room and offers me an easy chair.

'Tea?'

'Yes, please.'

When tea is ready, she offers me a cup and sits down opposite me on the couch.

'I won't offer to undress, since I guess you will feel more naked like this. I am easy with my body and do spend time naked or nearly so when it is hot or when I am just out of the shower. But I am not an exhibitionist like you. If you like, I can ask you to not cross your legs and keep them open.'

I blush, but after a minute's silence say, 'OK' and uncross my legs. She looks at my crotch and smiles.

'Good girl! I have to say I am not disappointed at the effect of having you here like this. Now tell me, why do you do this?'

I tell her what you, dear reader, already know, about the interest I have taken in my body as I grew and developed, about the newspaper article and the porn sites.

'So, it excites you. I can sort of understand. I like being looked over by a lover and I can seduce and entice, but I can't say I share your inclination. Yet I don't mind. To each her own. I said I like having you here like this.'

She adds, 'Let me show you something.'

She stands up and positions herself right in front of me. Then, she lifts her dress, pushes down her tights and panties and shows me her pubes. This is more than what I prepared for. Her naked sex, naked all the more because her pubes are hairless. It takes my breath away. I am not a lesbian, I think, but who knows I may be bi-sexual. Anyway, her sex is beautiful! I have seen pubes like this before, shaved, waxed or whatever, but never in the flesh and up close. She does not have to ask.

'Yes, please, help me with shaving mine. It suits me.'

She says, while covering herself again, 'Can do shaving, but let's wax you. That is how I do mine. It saves a rash, ingrown hairs and has more staying power. Yes, it hurts, but you can take it. Trust me.'

'Well... OK!'

With which we started an hour-long process, a very intimate, a very endless and painful process. First, on my back on the edge of her bed, the major works, the pubes and Brazilian areas. Next, kneeling on the floor and chest on her bed, the rear part. A longer period of waiting after each strip of wax, to help me endure. Man! It is tough, the excruciating, but brief pain each time she rips the strips off. But I can take it. Finally, she rubs the affected areas with a soothing, cooling oil.

After a rest, she helps me upright and leads me to the mirror. The reflection shows me and my sex more nude than ever before. I have not seen the double set of lips so visible and pronounced before. Is this me? I feel sexy and very, very naked.

'Thank you, Rose. I am a new woman. I feel sexy! And I am happy to have shown myself to be tough too.'

'My pleasure, Sarah. We have done well.'

'And, Rose, I felt your breath down there when you inspected your handiwork. The thought excited me. How did you feel about it?'

'I loved looking at your cunt. No doubt about it. And smelling your excitement. Yes, I smelled you! I have done two or three of my girlfriends before and I loved doing it. And loved being done by one of them.

'Now, let's get you off, back to your own bed. I would let you sleep here, but I guess you have to get back during the dark. Maybe one day you will do a stark daylight walk. But that is later. Let me walk you home, though.

'I had an idea, though. Can I invite you to a little party in your honour tomorrow night? I have a few friends that would love to see you. Let's meet at the school again same time as today. Are you game?'

'Well, I don't know what is happening to me, but yes, let's do it. I will come, same time, same place.'

In the soothing night atmosphere, she and I walk back to my coat. My itching groin still needs cooling and the night air helps. We kiss and then part ways.

I fall asleep dreaming of a party.

The third night: At the centre of a party

The next morning my parents and I go to the nearby big city. Time for some clothes shopping. It is a family tradition for the summer break, to go to nearest city, survey and raid the shops there. It is sale time! I am no longer the teenager that abhors shopping with the mum, let alone the mum and dad. They both have good tastes and a second opinion always helps, if I get the final say in what is for me.

We buy the gamut of clothes: jeans, shorts, tops, T-shirts, blouses, skirts, dresses, you name it. I am quite pleased with what this city has to offer. We also get some underwear, uneventful as far as dad is concerned, but mum and I have to fit the bra's. So, mum and I share some intimate moments in the dressing room trying them on. In the process we see and touch each other's breasts in passing, to help tuck them in and jiggle them in place before deciding on the bra's fit. Girls, some customer advice from me - it is important to get the right bra, that is neither too tight or too loose! Just as important as jeans that are tight, but not too tight in the crotch! End of advice! This intimacy with my mum, I don't mind. I like my parents. They are not patronising. We do not fit panties, so I don't have to (or get to) share my newly bared pubes.

We have dinner in the city before we decamp to base. There we spend the rest of the evening reading until we retire to bed. The established habit - I wait until their lights are out and my father's snoring evident. By this time, I am beyond myself from excitement. The meeting with Rose yesterday and the waxing were momentous but I hadn't anticipated it - it happened by chance. Momentous it was - her seeing me and denuding me further. She became an instant friend. And she set up what now holds me in my grip - a party! I have faith in Rose that she will come along with nice people, who will respect me for my outrageous exploits.

My dad's snoring was a bit late, so I feel I have to hurry. I leave the campsite, drop off my coat in the same place and hurry to the school. When I approach it, it seems that the party has already started. There seem to be two handfuls of people there and they are not quiet. Rose comes forward to meet me.

'Hi, Sarah, I was suddenly not sure you were gonna show. But here you are. I am excited. Bet you are too!'

She turns to her friends.

'Hey, guys, this is Sarah. You can each introduce yourself in a minute. But look at her first. Is she not bold and a bit crazy to walk around our streets like this? And doesn't she look good? I waxed her yesterday, so that is fresh, but don't you like her little cunt? I am sure Sarah won't mind if you have a close look later. In fact, she will enjoy it.

'Right, Sarah? I am not trying to push you into anything. Just where you want to go yourself. Are you OK with the situation?'

I am, of course, but is daunting to stand here like this and feel the eyes of a small crowd upon me. I am sure my face is flushed when I reply, 'Eh... Yes, Rose, guess I am. Guys, I am Sarah, nineteen years of age. A consulting adult therefore, so I am game.'

I smile and they laugh.

'I am pretty new to this showing off, but Rose is right. I am OK, in fact want you to look at me. Shamelessly. I don't know where my limits are. So many eyes faze me already, I feel embarrassment, but I guess that is the point. So, you have my permission. Don't hold back.'

I certainly blush beet-red when I add, 'I am excited about it.' Rose says, 'I know you are. So are we, aren't we, guys?' They all look at me, impressed, and answer 'yes, yes...' Some voice says, 'Come on, show yourself well!' And I break into the routine of posing, legs spread, arms raised, bent over, prancing in place, doing jumping jacks, the entire job... I register noises of enthusiasm. When I am done, I look around me, face flushed. From the exertion, the embarrassment, however welcome? I don't know or care. They applaud and I take a bow.

Rose says, 'Good show, Sarah! Amazing! Now, let's go to my place and start the party properly.'

The group of us parade to Rose's place. Again, they are not silent, so I can't be sure people won't hear and look out of their bedroom windows. Like this, it is Rose's reputation and that of others from this town that are at stake. They don't seem to care. I walk between a friend of Rose's, of her age, and her boyfriend, who is a lot older, I guess in his thirties. We talk about how I came to do this and I tell them what I told Rose and you, dear readers.

He says, 'I wish I could get Jane here to do this. I think it is hot. We play a bit at S&M, but nothing in public. Not yet. This gives me ideas, Jane.'

'Try me, Colin', she says, 'who knows what I'll do. Comply or walk away?

'Sarah, I do play the part of the submissive mostly, but not always. If you know what I mean...'

'Submissive means slave, Jane, isn't that right?'

'Yeah, you got it.'

'Is it fun? Being a slave doesn't sound good.'

'You know, the fun is in handing over the initiative. Being told what to do can be sexy. And pain can bring pleasure.'

This interesting conversation is cut short, as we have arrived at Sarah's. All ushered in. Her living room is quite full with all of us, but we all get a seat. She takes orders for wine, red or white. Red for me tonight, bold red wine.

'Don't cross your legs, Sarah, remember? That would be hiding your lovely fresh cunt', Rose smiles. I comply and all look at my cunt. Which tingles.

'Your behaviour like so is submissive, Sarah. Just so as you are aware!', Jane says.

'You're a natural.'

When we are all served, Sarah asks me to explain to the group what this is all about. 'And please stand up again so that all can see you well.' Wow, now I am not just naked, but also speaking in public, with all eyes my way. I blush, but manage to look around at the people anyway, while giving the account I gave to Rose, Jane and Colin.

It is getting routine. Keynote speaker, me. They all listen and look me up and down while I speak. It is humiliating, or rather making me humble. But they listen. With respect, I think. Perhaps with excitement as well. That would be something, that I am the subject of arousal. Why not, I look OK, my mind is OK, but it is great to realise I might be attractive, what's more, sexy.

When I am done, someone behind me says, 'You're great, Sarah. Loved your story. But can you turn around and show those of us behind you what you look like? Don't be afraid to strike any pose you can think of, the rear view, the front, bent, upright, arms up, whatever. Show yourself off, girl! Like you did at the school.'

Rose interjects, 'Paul, you are a tease. Sarah, do whatever you are comfortable with. Actually, maybe comfort is not what this is about. Stretch yourself to wherever you want to go. The school performance was great, but now we are in a close, intimate setting. We are all eyes!'

Wow, this is crazy. But she is right. This entire naked adventure is about stretching myself and living out my dreams. Not everyone gets this opportunity. So, I close my eyes and start performing a set of moves, Tai Chi-style, slowly and fluently. I move up and down, left and right, I turn, bend and twist, raise and stretch my limbs, and everyone will be able to see everything, I am sure. I am rewarded with another round of applause and cries of 'Wow!', 'Hot!' and 'Sexy!' and sit down again, suddenly shy. All are quiet for a minute, stunned.

Suddenly, Colin stands up, walks up to me, kisses me full on the mouth, turns around and says, 'Jane, your turn. Undress and do it.'

Jane sits and stares for a minute, then gets up, comes to me and kisses me full on the mouth as well. Next, she takes a step back and begins to take off her clothes: cardigan, sleeveless low-cut top, leather skirt, black tights, black satin bra and panties. She has a full, curvaceous figure, not outright heavy though, with ample hips and breasts, with large dark areolas and pronounced nipples. Her pubic hair has been shaven in the form of a slender triangle above her slit and her inner labia are very pronounced, pouting out pertly. A different body type than mine, but great and I am in awe. Looking around the circle of people, I know they are as well, whether they have seen it before or not.

Even more so when she begins to imitate my routine of just now. She presents me with a mirror, as it were, and that is confrontational. It is as if I am doing it again, but watching myself as well, up close. This is a feast of mixed feelings, as I feel super-exposed, but I am very, very excited as well. I decide, or it is not a decision - I am compelled to stimulate myself down there, watching Jane doing her slow dance in front of me. She goes through all of my poses and I see her all, her tits and her ass, her cunt, her mouth, her eyes, her thighs, her feet, her hair. It is an endless routine and I lose all sense of time, of self.

I am only half aware that at some point she is done and sits down on the chair in front of me, pushing someone else out, and starts masturbating with me. She has lost it too and, like me, doesn't care. Doesn't care that they are ten other people watching her and me. She and I watch each other, watch our fingers at our sexes, and our arousals are at bursting point. It does burst of course, repeatedly, endlessly... I am beyond counting. God, we are sluts supreme!

When finally, finally I find myself coming out of this static blissful haze, I see her smile at me. Then she gets up and dresses again, matter-of-factly, though the smile of satisfaction gives her away. Soon it looks as if nothing has happened, but I know better and from the faces I see around me I see we all know better.

We spend another half an hour together, talking about me and Jane and what we did and how we each felt and so on. There is some teasing, there is praise, statements of 'I could never do what you did'... I am on a natural high, as high as I have ever been.

When I go back to the campsite, everyone accompanies me until we reach the school. I am still giddy, ecstatic, happy and satisfied. And unwashed. I am aware of that sensation as we walk. They all kiss and hug me as they say goodbye, including Jane and Colin, who hold each other very close and tight. Rose walks me to my coat and takes her leave there. We'll be in touch.