Molly and Misti

By Molly McMann

By the time my month-long nudity requirement was nearly expired I had been seen naked up close for hours at a time by dozens of people, yet nearly all of them had been female.  It wasn’t that males were unwelcome at Bea and Dee’s house; they just were not part of the natural ecosystem. I could have counted on one hand the number of heterosexual males I had encountered at the House, and all but one of these had been accompanied by his wife or girlfriend.

An exception was Ken, who played on our softball team.  After games, we would go out drinking at a bar in our neighborhood — all of us wearing our teal-colored jerseys and ballcaps. It was the Roommates’ favorite bar because it was an easy walk to the House so we didn’t have to worry about who would drive.  We would drive back from the game and then leave Bea’s van in the parking lot overnight and just walk home.

Ken was funny and reasonably attractive.  In another universe I could imagine something romantic or sexual happening between us — if in that universe I was attracted to older men and had not already been spoiled by having met Jack.  I barely knew Jack at that point, but a certain portion of my brain had become preoccupied with him.

Ken was certainly fun to be around, though, and like most guys he had a mild fixation with the concept of lesbianism, so Shelly would toy with him by telling him about me and Jaye.

“Yeah,” Shelly was saying to him at the bar, “Molly’s girlfriend is SO strict.  She makes poor Molly go naked ALL the time.  And then at some point every evening Jaye SPANKS her in front of everyone!”

“Well,” Ken said, clearly not taking her seriously but playing along, “they do say it’s important to have structure in one’s life.”

He gave me a raised-eyebrow look seeking some kind of confirmation, but I decided to be vague. “You just never know what to believe, with Shelly, do you Ken?” I said.

“Maybe I should drop by and find out for myself,” he suggested.

“Sorry, you can’t do that,” Shelly said.  “No males allowed under any circumstances.”

“So there’s no way for me to confirm—.”

“— unless they’re invited by one of us,”  Shelly went on.  “Molly, would you like to invite Ken over for dessert and coffee this evening?” Everyone looked at me to see how I would handle it.

“Gosh, normally I would,” I said, “but there probably won’t be any dessert tonight because Dee’s with us and nobody else can bake anything more complicated than brownie mix with marijuana.”

“Don’t you fret, darlin,” Dee said, “I got dessert all prepared and it just needs the finishin.  I’ll be ready by time coffee is.”

Everyone looked back at me.

“You should know, Ken,” I said, “Shelly is probably lying to you about me going naked and getting spanked.”

“Well, I’m sure it would be a delightful experience either way,” Ken said.

Everyone looked at me again.

“But if by chance she was telling the truth,” I went on, “you should assume that the most important rule is look but don’t touch, and no photos or you’re dead.”

“That actually sounds like two rules,” Ken pointed out, “and does the death part apply to both or just the second one? This is why grammar is so important.”

“Just the second,” I said.  “Touch and you only get maimed.  Take photos and you die.”

“I’ll kill him for you, Sunshine,” Bea said, tossing back a shot of Jack Daniels.  “Either that or I’ll just take his phone away from him at the door. That way’s not as messy.”

“Say Ken!” I said cheerily, as if a fabulous idea had just occurred to me, “why don’t you come over to the House for coffee and dessert?”

“What a delightful and unexpected surprise,” Ken said.  “I would be honored to attend.” He took his phone out of his pocked and slid it across the table to Bea.  “Figured I’d better do that now so she doesn’t have to decide.”

After finishing our drinks and paying up, we walked along the uneven brick streets of our spunky little neighborhood.  When we reached the peeling-yellow Victorian house, I led the way through the big oak front door into the entryway and came to a halt in front of the threshold to the rest of the house.   The entryway itself was only about four feet wide and maybe eight feet long so the five of us were bunched together with me holding up traffic.

“Sorry, I have to pause here for a minute,” I said to Ken and pointed to the Post-It note on the doorway saying “MOLLY REQUIRED TO BE NAKED BEYOND THIS POINT.”

“Oh my god, can this really be true?” Ken laughed, “or is this a pre-planned practical joke on poor old me?”

“Old is right,” Shelly said, crowding him from behind to make sure he and I were standing as close together as possible without actually touching.

“Would you please hold this for me a second, Ken” I handed him my ballcap, and pulled off my tshirt.  Being bra-averse, I was now topless.

“Oh my god,” he said with appropriate awe as I tucked the tshirt into a little laundry bag that always hung from one of the pegs next to my wardrobe of summer dresses.  I retrieved my cap from his hands and took my time adjusting the little strap behind my head with both hands as he looked down at my breasts.

I kicked off my shoes, hooked my thumbs on the waistband of my gray athletic shorts and pushed them down down my hips until they fell to the floor.  I am, of course, panty-averse also.

“Oh my god,” Ken repeated.  I put one hand on his shoulder to steady myself while I peeled off my socks.

I was now entirely nude except for the teal-colored ballcap as I stood six inches in front of him with my hands on my hips.  “Doesn’t this color look great with my hair?” I asked.

Ken managed to drag his eyes all the way up to mine and whispered, “breathtaking.”

I took the hat off and reached past him to put it on a peg. “Unfortunately, I can’t wear that either, because the rule is that I have to be entirely and completely nude before I step over this threshold.”

I stepped backwards into the front hallway, twirled around without looking back and led the way to the kitchen where Jaye and the rest of the Roommates were sitting around the kitchen table drinking beer. “Who’s the old guy?” Jaye asked, sizing up Ken.

“Ken,” Ken said, extending his hand.  “I’m 52, which I agree makes me an old guy.”

“Tolerable to meet you,” Jaye said, and then turning to me she added, “Ready for your spanking, babycakes?”

“Already?  Can’t a girl get a little drunker first?”

“Time and location are at my discretion,” she quoted from our agreement.  “Maybe you’d better explain to Ken what’s about to happen.”

“I already did,” Shelly yelled from across the room where she was getting more beers from the refrigerator and handing them around.  “Hey Ken, this is the part where Molly gets spanked.”

“Oh, all right,” I said.  “Where do you want to do it tonight?” Jaye knew I preferred the comfy leather couch where I had rearranged the furniture so I could watch myself in the mirror, but she liked the bright lights of the kitchen.

“Ken, buddy, have a seat,” Jaye said, gesturing to the empty chair opposite her at one end of the thick-legged farmer table.  Kay and Mandy and a couple of other girls were sitting in the other chairs, all of them drinking beer from bottles that left pools of condensation on the tabletop.   “Move your beers, ladies,” Jaye announced.  “Molly is going to crawl up on the table to get her spanking, aren’t you, Molly?”

“Just so you know, Ken,” I said as I put one knee on the tabletop and climbed onto it, “I have to obey her because she has spank points.  Tonight, anyway.”

“Oooooooh,” Shelly teased, “You better watch yourself, Jaye.  She might not give you any more points.”=

“Oh, I’ll probably still give her points,” I said, now on my hands and knees on the sturdy table.  “She knows I can’t resist those lips.  In fact, here’s some spank points for tomorrow.”  Jaye and Ken were on opposite sides of the table so to kiss her I had to turn my body sideways and point my butt at him.  “Sorry . . . about that . . . Ken,” I said in between giving her three five-second kisses.

“Not a problem,” Ken said.  “Take your time.”

“Three’s enough for now,” I said, turning back to the center of the table and crawling a step or two before stretching myself out.  The hastily moved beer bottles had left little pools of condensation on the tabletop and my breasts and belly became wet as I lay down. I moved around a little to get  comfortable and my breasts slid slipperily on the table surface.

My butt was now too far down the table for Jaye to reach from the end chair, so she traded places with Kay.  On the other side of the table, Shelly made sure Ken got moved to the spot opposite Jaye.  I turned my head to Ken’s side so I could watch him watching me.

SMACK!!  “You okay, over there Ken?” Shelly asked with fake concern.  “Can your old man heart handle this much excitement?”

SMACK!!  “If I keel over, please call me an ambulance,” Ken said without turning his head. “But tell them to take their time.”

SMACK!!  “Ken’s doing just fine,” I said, wanting to be in the conversation.  “I might let him spank me next.”

Jaye paused in mid-spank and she and Ken said together, “you might?”

“In another universe,” I clarified, prompting everyone to laugh.

SMACK!!  “I didn’t mean that as a put-down,” I said.

SMACK!!  “If there are parallel universes there are probably a few where I’d let Ken do that. “

SMACK!!  “This just doesn’t happen to be one of them.”

SMACK!!   Shelly snorted derisively and Ken said, “I’m pretty sure all of the versions of me in all of the universes would be receptive to that idea.”

SMACK!!  “Do I get to eat your pussy in any of those other universes,” Shelly asked, earning a punch in the shoulder from Elle.

SMACK!! “Not in a single one of them,” I said.  “Jaye, I think that was ten.”

SMACK!!  “No, that was nine and a half.  This—“

SMACK!! “is ten.”

I started to get back up on my hands and knees, enjoying the cool air on my wet breasts and belly, when Jaye said, “just roll over, Molly.”  She put her hands on my waist and applied a little pressure and I went along with it, rolling over on the table and then relaxing on my back looking up at the pots and pans hanging from the ceiling and at Ken’s wide eyes staring at my midsection.

Finding myself naked on a kitchen table with a bunch of lesbians and a straight guy sitting around ogling me, I felt the urge to have a good stretch. So I did, pointing my toes at one end of the long table and my fingertips at the other, and emitting a pseudo-involuntary moan to make sure they knew just how satisfying this stretch felt.

Ken’s eyes were glued to my pussy, which in fairness was right there where his dinner plate might have been.  I knew he was seeing everything because although I barely trimmed my pubic hair, it only grows in that main pubic hair spot above the pussy proper.  Random hairs that grew below that I routinely shaved when I did my legs.  So from Ken’s vantage point, my pussy was as exposed as it could be. He took a long look, then glanced up, making eye contact apologetically. His expression made me laugh.  “It’s okay to look,” I reminded him.  “It says so right there in the rules.”

“Just before the part about ‘maimed if you touch’,” Dee reminded him.  She was busy at the counter finishing up her dessert concoction — in which the final touch involved a tablespoon of whiskey for the chocolate sauce and a tablespoon (or two) for the chef.  She put the half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels on the table next to Jaye and said, “somebody oughta do a f#ckin body shot.”

Jaye took to the suggestion instantly and told me to lie still as she poured whiskey from the bottle into my belly button.  “Don’t I at least get a slice of lime to hold in my mouth?” I asked.

“That’s for tequila,” Jaye said, putting a fingertip to my lips and leaning her face down to slurp from my stomach.  She brought her face up again and I clasped my hands behind her neck, pulling her into a deep kiss.  She opened her mouth into mine and I tasted the sting of whiskey on my lips.

“Four,” I said after the kiss.  “Now you have four spank points for tomorrow. Would you like a couple more?”

Jaye grinned and poured another shot of whiskey into my belly button.  Again we kissed and shared the drink for spank point number five.  As we kissed, I let my body relax and my legs fell open naturally.  I was giving Ken the gynecologist’s view, and he was drinking it up.  He looked up at me and said, “I’m 52, and this is the best day of my life.”

That made me laugh and I wanted this moment to go on forever.  “Do another,” I said to Jaye.  She did, and we shared the whiskey in another kiss.  “Okay, that’s six,” I said.  “Let’s save the last four for later. When we’re alone.  Or not.”

“It’s ready!” Dee sang out and began handing out bowls of ice cream swimming in warm chocolate syrup laced with whiskey and topped with whipped cream.  I was motivated to sit up the rest of the way to eat mine, but didn’t bother getting off the table.  I sat crosslegged in front of Ken and we all fell silent as we focused on on the serious business of eating our dessert.  I was purposely sloppy, letting drips fall on myself so I would have to wet my finger and tidy myself up.

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A couple days later, Jaye and I were in her bed, both of us naked, when she brought up Ken.  “You were pretty turned on exposing yourself in front of a guy — so maybe we should try that thing I suggested a while back.”

“Me going naked in front of a bunch of guys?  I don’t know.”

“You said you might do it as Misti.”

“I know I said that, but . . . I don’t know.”

“Now, you can’t tell me you weren’t excited that night.”

“You spanked me on the kitchen table!  I would have been excited doing that with just the girls.  But . . . I admit it really pushed my buttons having him watching.”

“You mean this button?”

“Mmmm, I meant the buttons in my brain, but I like how you push that button too.”

“I should have done this when you were on the table with Ken watching.  Would you have let me?”

“I hope not, but I don’t know so it’s a good thing you didn’t try.  It’s going to be awkward enough seeing Ken again at the next game.”

“Awkward-bad or awkward good?”

“I don’t think I can . . . judge that question fairly with . . . you touching me like this.”

“Imagine we’re doing this in front of Ken.  Or not Ken, but a man like him that you’ve never met before and will never see again.  He’s just an anonymous male watcher that you don’t have to talk to at softball games.”

“Mmmmmm . . . That would be . . .  convenient.”

“And it’s not just one guy, but three or four.  Or a roomful.”

“Too many.  Three.”

“Okay three.  They’re sitting around that table and you’re on top of the table and I’m doing this to you.”

“Have I been introduced to them?”

“Do you want to be?”

“Yes.  As Misti”

“Then yes, you’ve been introduced to them as Misti, and you’ve already forgotten their names.”

“But not their faces, because I’m looking at their faces.”

“And they’re looking at your pussy.  They’ve been looking at it all night as you walked around the party naked and flirting with everyone.  But you — as Misti — were a bad girl and I had to spank you.”

“Ooooh, yes, you had to spank me in front of them! Because I was so bad.”

“And then you rolled over on the table just like you did with Ken.  You remember how he looked at you.  Now there are four or five men just like him and—“

“Three.”

“Three men, and they are all watching me do this.  And this.” Jaye kept her hand moving as she kissed her way down my body, and then her lips took over, and the anonymous men of my imagination watched her make love to me until I grabbed her head and screamed.

Afterwards, when I got my breath I said, “Who would they be?  The men.”

“Guys that I know through work.  I’ll invite them here to my apartment to watch a football game.  They’ll meet my girlfriend, Misti, and things will go from there.”

I laughed.  “Misti will be bad and need to be stripped and spanked, won’t she? But they need to know they can’t touch me and they can’t take pictures of me.”

“Done.”

“What if they get drunk and do it anyway?  No offense, but you’re not as intimidating as Bea.”

“Molly, I know these guys well. They write code all week and their idea of a big weekend is drinking three beers while watching a football game — which is all that’s going to happen here.”

“Except me getting naked and spanked.”

“Yeah.  Except that.”

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So that Saturday afternoon I was at her apartment wearing a frilly dress with bra and panties from Victoria’s Secret.  Ironically, this was more clothing than I wore to work, but I knew Jaye would want the disrobing to be multi-layered.  The guys —  Jason, Eli and Raj — showed up, and Jaye introduced me as Misti.  I could have guessed they were IT guys, but they were nice and not jerks so I started to relax.

They were all settling in to watch a football game on her gigantic television as Misti cheerfully served beer and snacks.  The guys were all seated and I was fussing with the stuff on the coffee table and had to bend over a lot on those tall shoes.  I knew they were sneaking looks at me from the back and front, and I was thinking you boys ain’t seen nothing yet.  I caught Jaye’s eye and gave her a little nod to indicate that I wanted to do it.

“Dammit, Misti,” she said.   “This isn’t the brand of salsa I told you to buy.”

I hadn’t bought the salsa, and normally would have told her to do her own f#cking shopping, but Misti was much more eager to please. “This one is better for you!” she declared enthusiastically.  “I compared all the nutritional labels and this one is all natural.  There’s no preservatives, and no—”

“I didn’t ask you to compare brands, Misti.  I simply asked you to go to the grocery store and buy what I told you to buy.  Why is that so hard?”

“It tastes good to me,” Jason offered.

“I’m sorry,” Misti cried, cutting Jason off.   “I’ll go back to the store right now!”

“It’s too late for that, and it’s not the point.  The point is you disobeyed me.”

“I . . . I didn’t mean to disobey,” Misti whimpered, appearing to be on the verge of tears (because Molly is such a fabulous actress).

“I think you might need a spanking, Misti,” Jaye said with a concerned tone that almost made me laugh.  “Do you think you need a spanking?”

I stole a glance at the boys because I wanted to see each of their faces in turn, but I didn’t want to make eye contact with any of them — not that they had been trying very hard to look at my eyes — because I didn’t want any of them to get it into his head to rescue me.

I knew this probably wasn’t a complete surprise to them because Jaye had been strutting her butch persona for years.  It should go without saying that even with her three-piece men’s suits and military flat-top haircut — and those clunky Drew Carey glasses that weren’t even prescription — STILL virtually every heterosexual man who meets thinks she’s hot.  Not only hot, but too hot for them to imagine ever handling their own mortal selves.

Yet at the same time she was swinging some heavy lesbian balls (just a f#ckin metaphor, as Bea would say), and would show up at social events in a $5,000 Italian suit with a girl on her arm wearing a dress the size of handkerchief.  She dated lots of pretty feminine girls before me and lots after me (I’m not sure about during).  “Misti” was how I imagined those girls to be, and I was having an absolute blast being her.  I must admit it totally turned me on to imagine myself naked and being spanked in front of these three guys.  Like, potentially, in five seconds.

“Yes, I should be spanked right now!” Misti confessed dramatically.  “Should I take all my clothes off right now, ma’am?  So you can spank me hard like I deserve?”

Jaye let the question hang in the air for a moment as the three guys froze as one, forgetting the beers, chips and all-natural salsa they had been in the midst of consuming.

“I won’t make you undress this time,” Jaye said, disappointing all four of us, “but I need to at least give you a few spanks to reinforce the lesson.

I came closer to her and she gestured for me to stretch out across her lap as we had done many times — but never before with me clothed.  When I got settled, I felt Jaye gently lift my dress up above my waist and then tug the back of my panties down off of my butt.

SMACK!

“Tell me why you’re getting spanked, Misti.”

SMACK!

“Because I bought the wrong kind of salsa.”

SPANK!

“No, try again.”

SMACK!

“Because I disobeyed you!”

SMACK!

“Correct.  And what will you do next time?”

SMACK!

“Do exactly what you told me to do!”

“Okay, you can get up, sweetheart,”  Jaye said with a tender sweetness I had not heard before. I stood up, sniffling crocodile tears.  My dress had fallen back in place, but underneath it my panties were still pulled down and I started to adjust them when Jaye cleared her throat.

Misti froze, and I guessed what she’d forgotten.  “Um, may I please pull up my panties now, ma’am?”

“Since you asked so nicely, yes you may.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” Misti said as I pulled up our panties.  “Can I get anyone a fresh beer?”

The guys looked like they had forgotten what they had in their hands, and after taking inventory two of them took Misti up on her offer and she and I hurried to the kitchen as fast as we could on our four-inch heels.

“Oh Misti!” Jaye called.

“Yes, ma’am?”

“Before you do that, toss your dress in the laundry basket.”

“But . . . but it’s not dirty.”

“Did I ask you if it was dirty?”

“Um, no ma’am.”

“Then do what I told you to do.”

I wasn’t sure where the laundry basket was, but the bedroom seemed a reasonable guess and I took a few tentative steps in that direction as Misti tremulously asked, “um, what do you want me to change into, ma’am?”

“Your bra and panties will be fine,” Jaye said. “Just hurry up with those beers — and I need another scotch.”

Doing my best to look unhappy about it, I started fumbling with the zipper of my dress and decided to ask one of the guys to help me with it.  He was elated to do so and I shimmied out of it right in front of him.  Normally, taking off my dress would leave me completely nude, but now I was just as covered as if I’d been at the beach.

Tossing my dress through the bedroom door, I took the opportunity to check myself out in Jaye’s only decent-sized mirror before hurrying to the kitchen.  Although I do wear heels sometimes, these were an inch taller than anything I’d ever purchased for myself and I could feel the difference in my legs.  As much as I dislike the very concept of “underwear,” I decided I could get into the bra and panties look as an actual ensemble.

Jaye was pretend-fuming when Misti finally arrived with beers for the guys.  “What TOOK you so long?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Misty whimpered and I picked up her empty scotch glass,” and then it occurred to me to ask, “will there be a penalty ma’am?”

Jaye put a hand to her face to hide her smile.  “Your bra,” she said.

I may not wear a bra very often but I know how to take one off effectively.  I pushed out my chest as I reached behind to undo the clasp, while I held my other arm against my breasts to keep the cups in place. Brushing the straps off my shoulders, I lowered my arm and the bra fell with it, exposing both of my breasts at once.   The guys audibly gasped and that tiny sound sent a tingle through me. I felt my face getting hot.

You might think that someone who likes to go naked would be beyond blushing, but I totally am not.  I blush on a regular basis when certain little moments happen.  The Roommates can make me blush just by teasing me with compliments about my body.  I always feel it coming because my face gets warm and then hot and by that point people will be laughing at how red I am and I will look down and see the red migrating halfway down my chest as my nipples pucker into points.

“My scotch?” Jaye repeated, breaking me and Misti out of our reverie.  I let the bra drop to the coffee table as I turned and scurried away.  In the kitchen, I filled up Jaye’s glass with Glenlivet. took a few healthy swallows of it and plunked in some more ice cubes.  But when I took it to her a few seconds later she let out a dramatically disappointed sigh.

“Misti, I’ve told you over and over to always dump out the old ice and start with fresh rocks on a refill. It’s not that complicated.”

That better not really be a thing, I thought.  “Oh I’m so stupid!” Misti cried.

“You’re not stupid, Misti.  You’re just so energetic you get forgetful.  That’s what this training is for.  So I have to spank you again, honey.”

“You’re so good to me,” Misti sniffled, as I crawled across Jaye’s lap and settled in again.  “I don’t deserve you.”

“Hush, now and concentrate,” she cooed, pulling my panties down.

SMACK!  “Tell me why we’re doing this, Misti.”

SMACK!  “So I’ll remember the rule about the ice cubes.”

SMACK! “And what is that rule?”

SMACK!  “Always throw out the old ice and start fresh with a refill.”

SMACK!  “Good, now I’m going to give you a few more, mixing pain and pleasure as we’ve discussed”

SMACK!  “Yes, ma’am.  Thank you, ma’am.”   She slowed down after this, giving me long caresses in between each spank. My favorite part.

SMACK!!  This one was harder than normal, at least a six, and as she caressed my butt afterwards her fingers dipped dangerously low where my panties were rolled up under my butt.

“SMACK!!  “So do you guys think the Broncos are going to come back and win it?” Jaye asked the guys.

SMACK!!  That one was definitely harder.  The guys remained mute so Jaye added, “There’s still two minutes left and Manning’s got the ball.”  As she said this, she was caressing my butt, and, going pretty deep.  I knew she was pushing me to see how far I’d let her go in front of them, but I wasn’t quite sure what my answer was.

SMACK!!  “C’mon, I’ve got a hundred dollars that says New England wins.”  The guys were struggling to pay attention to her words and began mumbling together, each expressing some pointless opinion on the question at hand.  I could feel Jaye’s middle finger knocking at my door and quite probably about to plunge in and get itself wet on the next pass. I shifted my left hand where the guys couldn’t see it and got a grip on Jaye’s thigh.  I gave her a warning squeeze.

SMACK!!   That was at least a seven.  I started squeezing Jaye’s leg until I knew it was starting to hurt.  She stopped.

“I think that’s about enough, Misti,” she said.  “Or do you want one more just to be sure you remember?”

Hmmmm.  “Maybe one more, ma’am,” I said, mentally scolding myself for indulging another.  “And make it really count.”  Uh-oh, I asked for it.

SMACK!!!!!  That one hurt a lot, and even as the sting was still cresting, her hand dove deep and for a split second her thumb was inside my vagina and her index finger was pressing my clitoris.  Yet, a second later she was patting my butt and telling me I was a good girl.  I pushed myself up off of her lap, allowing her to lift me with her hands cupped directly on my breasts, until I was sitting beside her a bit dazed and trying not to grin.

“Why don’t you go fix yourself a drink, honey?” she said.  I stood up in my heels and started to pull up my panties but stopped myself.

“May I please pull up my panties, ma’am,” I asked.

“No, leave them down.  Damn, an interception.  I might be paying you guys some money in a few minutes.  Run along now, Misti, and don’t touch those panties.”

I walked away from them wearing only those four-inch heels and my panties bunched below my butt.  I expected the panties to slide down as I walked towards the kitchen but they were brand new and the elastic was still enthusiastic to perform its purpose.  Alone in the kitchen, I made myself a stiff vodka tonic and stretched out the waistband of my panties to loosen them up.  I took practice steps back and forth in the kitchen while sipping my drink to see if the panties would fall, but they wouldn’t.  I yanked at them and stretched until I felt fabric tearing a little.

By this point I had consumed half of my drink so I freshened it up, adjusted my damaged panties so they looked as they did before and began walking from the kitchen into the living room.  Although behind them on the big screen TV the game was ending with a last-second touchdown, Jason, Eli and Raj only had eyes for me.  With each step the panties slipped down a little until all of my red pubic hair was visible, and when I was halfway to the couch they slid down my thighs to catch briefly on one knee and as I came to a stop they fell to the floor, pooling around my tall heels.  I carefully stepped out of them, leaving them where they lay, and took the last few steps.

“Did somebody win,” Misti asked.

On the big-screen TV, the winning touchdown was being replayed in slow motion, but the three guys in Jaye’s apartment only had eyes for me.

Having just stepped out of my panties and abandoned them where they fell,  I stood in front of everyone wearing only my four-inch high heels and a bit of jewelry.

Jaye’s friends Jason, Eli and Raj were sunken in overstuffed chairs and couches, so my newly unveiled pussy — shaven except for the tuft of red at the very top — was directly at their eye level as I stood only a few feet away across the width of the coffee table.  I was in position to sit down on the couch next to Jaye, but I was putting it off because I wanted to be on display.  I had to admit, this was different.  Exciting-different.  Although I got plenty turned on prancing around naked in the company of rowdy lesbians, there was a different kind of arousal doing it in front of men.  Maybe it was the erections in their pants, I don’t know, but it was definitely a thrill and I wanted to soak in every watt of their rapt attention.

I sat down demurely next to Jaye, feeling elegant wearing only my heels.   But then I regretted sitting because I felt so much more on display when standing,  so I stood up again.  I didn’t have a reason why — other than the real one — but Jaye picked up on it.

“I told you guys they’d come back to win it,” she was crowing, and as she laughed and rocked her body on the couch, she reached one arm around my leg and put her hand against the inside of my thigh to hug my leg against the side of her head.  She made it look like an innocent motion, but her fingers were very high on my leg and as she “rested” her hand there I felt her fingertips migrating upwards.

Back at the House, I might have smacked her hand or twirled teasingly out of her grasp, but Misti would not resist, so I didn’t.  I wasn’t sure how far Jaye would try to take this, and I couldn’t trust either one of us, so I turned my body sideways to at least block the guys’ view.

I bent low over the coffee table and then looked up at the guys.  “Is everyone done with the nachos?” Misti asked, punctuating the question with an adorable little wiggle that set our boobs a wobbling as we remained bent over the table awaiting their reply.

The guys were slow to answer and I patiently held my position as each managed to mumble his assent.  Meanwhile, Jaye’s hand had reached the top of my thigh and her fingertips were tracing a path along my labia wanting to come in.  I wasn’t sure if I was going to let that happen, but I definitely wanted to draw out the moment a little longer.

Fortunately, men are messy eaters so I could easily find something to do to pass the time.  Grabbing some paper napkins, I began mopping up little spills and crumbs from the table top.  Although my breasts are small enough to be well-behaved in most circumstances, in this position they leaped madly in all directions as I Misti put her boundless enthusiasm into a job well done. I moved one foot slightly widen my stance and Jaye took the invitation and got her fingers wet.

“Goodness,” Misti declared.  “There’s something on the table here . . . something that I . . . better . . . scrub!”  I began vigorously cleaning an imaginary spot on the table while Jaye simply held her hand steady and let me wiggle myself against it.  I figured I could keep the guys preoccupied with the physics of boob movement for a while, but I didn’t want them to notice what was going on elsewhere.  I most certainly did not want to have an orgasm in front of them.  A girl’s got to draw the line somewhere.

Jaye wasn’t helping matters because she had begun pointing out other spots on the table that Misti should clean. “You didn’t get this one all the way,” Jaye insisted, pointing to a spot where I’d probably already rubbed the finish off the table.

Summoning my will power I stepped to the side and Jaye slid her hand wetly down my leg as I stepped out of her reach.  “Golly, I’d better get some cleaning supplies,” Misti panted and staggered off.

In the kitchen, I made myself another drink and consumed it entirely as I dried myself with paper towels and tried not to masturbate. I had enjoyed this little outing far more than I ever thought I would, but it was time for those boys to leave so Jaye and I could get down to business.  Enough with the foreplay already.

I was also getting tired of those damn shoes. I do enjoy the experience of wearing high heels when I am otherwise naked, but these were starting to hurt my feet and they were so tall I was having trouble keeping my balance.  That may have had more to do with the alcohol I had consumed, but whatever the cause I was unsteady as I came back to the couch. I brought with me a bottle of spray cleaner and a paper towel so I could pretend to finish what I started.  However, I didn’t want to give Jaye too much access to my backside so I worked my way around on the guys’ side.  This required me to put my butt in their faces as I cleaned imaginary spots on the table and excused myself along among their feet.

When I worked my way around to Jaye, I was just going to sit down next to her, but I lost my balance at the last moment and fell directly onto her lap. She spread her legs and my butt slid between them onto the cushion, my legs draped over her knees and unintentionally spread wide. Instinctively, I started to lift one leg to bring them together,  but Jaye grabbed my knee to stop me and said, “I’ll bet you’d like to get those shoes off, wouldn’t you, Misti?”

“Um, may I please, ma’am?” Misti asked warily, knowing from experience (as I felt sure she did) that Jaye had not actually granted permission simply by asking that question.

“Let me help,” Jaye said, putting her hands under my knees and bending my legs so my feet came off the ground.  Before I realized what she was up to, Jaye had grabbed both of my spike heels in one hand and pulled back, sending my knees in opposite directions and putting every bit of me on display. “I’ll just . . . undo these . . . buckles,” Jaye was muttering, as she pulled my heels in tighter to spread me open farther.

“Um, you don’t actually need to unbuckle them,” Misti offered in an attempt at being helpful.  “The straps just slip off the back.” Jaye completely ignored this input and kept fiddling with the buckle as she tugged tighter on my heels.  I knew, of course, that my legs were plenty strong enough to break her grip, but I might put someone’s eye out.

I was conflicted.  I may be an exhibitionist, but I would not normally spread my legs anywhere near this much. On the other hand, I wasn’t the one making it happen, and besides it was Misti doing this not me.  As I pondered this, I saw one of the guys getting out his phone.  Jaye noticed too, and warned, “I told you guys no pictures.”

“Just hear me out,” Raj said, keeping his phone in his lap.  “You told us no pictures in which Misti could be identified, but couldn’t we just . . . take some close-ups?”

“No, you can’t!” I insisted without trying to sound like Misti.

“Wait, Misti. Raj has a good point,  “No one would see your face in this shot.”

“But . . . ma’am,” I said, trying to get back into character. “How do we know they won’t cheat?”

“Raj, Misti has articulated a reasonable concern,” Jaye said in her lawyerly way.  “How can you assure her she won’t be identifiable in any of your photos?”

“I’ve got it,” Jason offered, holding up his own phone.  “We each take a few shots and then put our phones down here on the table.  You can then examine each of them and delete any pictures you don’t like, but please PLEASE let us do this.”

“Okay, okay,” Misti said.  “But can we please hurry up?  This isn’t a super comfortable position.”

I covered my face with my hands and peeked through my fingers as the guys aiming their phones at my wide open womanhood from six inches away.  When they were done and each man had set his phone on the coffee table, Jaye slipped the straps off of my heels and my bare feet found their way to the floor.  I wiggled off of her lap and was sitting beside her in a much ladylike posture as she flipped through the photos on each camera.

As promised, every photo was a close-up showing my intimate orifices in more high-resolution detail than I had ever even seen before.  Jaye playfully zoomed in on one of the shots until my pink anus filled the screen framed by the arches of my shoes. “Jesus Christ!” I exclaimed, picking perhaps the least appropriate moment to call Divine attention to myself.

After telling the guys to each email her their best shot, Jaye brought the visit to a close and Misti hugged each guy exuberantly as they went out the door. When we were finally alone I started ripping Jaye’s clothes off of her and wanted to make love to her right there on the couch.  I wanted HER to have an orgasm, and I wanted ME to give it to her, but I was so turned on myself that I didn’t resist for long when she started maneuvering me into a different position where she was making love to me.

I tried again and again that night to get my face between her legs, and each time she let me do it just long enough for me to start thinking she was going to let it happen, but she always managed to turn things around.  I’m not very good at keeping my brain functioning during sex, and Jaye was at the opposite extreme so over and over again she was able to control what happened and I went along with it because I kept forgetting what my plan was.

In between orgasms, I tried to at least get more emotional intimacy.  “Tell me about the first girl you ever fell in love with,” I said.  That’s my favorite question to ask someone, especially someone you are in bed with.

“I’ve never been in love,” she said, “and I probably won’t fall in love with you.  No offense.”

“None taken,” I said, “because I don’t want you to fall in love with me.”  Then what did I want?  I just wanted to make her feel something.  As I lay my head on her chest listening to the beat of her inscrutable heart, I told myself I would figure out what really turned her on and then by God I would make her feel something.