Prison Exposure  
By Jennifer Doalfer  
Copyright 2007 Jennifer Doalfer  
(Exhib, MF)

And here I thought my exciting life was on hold! Not so, I am pleased to say. Read what has just happened to me . . .

A very, very, with stress on the second "very", good friend of mine got into some trouble a couple of years ago. I guess you could call it "white collar crime" as it really only would happen to one of the suit boys. Here in Denmark you can beat a guy to pulp and get a two-month suspended sentence, but if you do something a little creative with your, or somebody else's money, you end up in jail for four years.

To my mind Jason really hasn't done anything bad. He explored the boundaries, believing he was on the right side of the law. But people got jealous, the press got their nose into it and the public opinion forced the judges of the ensuing trial to interpret the boundary line differently, resulting in a four year sentence for Jason.

Jason lost his business, house and family, but fortunately not a few devoted old friends.

I don't know very much about the prison system here in Denmark, but apparently you have to apply for visits, and you only get so many per month or week. Even though I was a good friend, Jason’s mother, sister and children obviously came first, so when I could finally see him he had already been inside for six weeks.

"Are you sure you don't want to come along", I asked Poul once more at the dinner table. Jason wasn't really Poul's friend, but they got along fine, and honestly I felt a bit uncomfortable going to a prison on my own. Jason was in what they call an "open" prison, which means there are no walls, just a line which you cannot cross. If you cross it you go straight to a closed prison with none of the perks allowed in the open prison. However, a prison to me was a prison, with guards, dogs, surveillance, rough inmates and strict discipline. Not really my everyday cup of tea.

"Not really", Poul replied. "I am busy, and if I know Jason, he would probably like it better if he had a chance to talk with you in confidence. He might need a shoulder to cry on, and you are much better at that".

I might be uncomfortable with prisons, but Poul is uncomfortable with emotions.

I kept on my business suit as I felt that might demand a bit of respect at the prison and distance me from some of the different types of people I expected to meet. I had been given the late slot from 8 - 10 PM, normally reserved for family who couldn't get the time off, so it had already started to get dark when I arrived. I had no problems finding it as signs warned the public that they were in the vicinity of a prison and should be cautious of loitering inmates possibly on the run. My Mercedes stuck out like a sore thumb in the parking lot, but I guess it was safe to leave it as we were inside the controlled zone.

As I checked in, having to show ID and a special pass sent to me in advance, I was suddenly worried about searches. A male guard asked me to step into a cubical and remove my coat and suit jacket.

As I thought he was about to pat me down; I shuddered. I didn't like to think about how far he would go in feeling me up.

"Am I not supposed to have a female attendant doing a search like this?" I asked with a slight quiver in my voice.

He looked at me in surprise as if he only now realised I was a woman.

"Sure, if I were going to do a full body search", he said with a friendly smile. "But, I am not looking for drugs, just gifts and the like which the inmates are not allowed to receive".

I held out my arms expecting his hands all over me, but he just looked at me and nodded.

"I guess you can't be hiding much under that outfit", he said smiling and let me put on my jacket again. I guess my white, slightly transparent, body-hugging shirt and tight-fitting skirt would not have been the chosen apparel had I intended to smuggle in anything of any size.

The guard led me down a long, quite friendly looking corridor with doors, reminding me more of a hospital than a prison.

"This doesn't look like a prison at all," I commented to the guard, just as much to make small talk and be friendly.

"This has been designed not to give the children coming here to visit relatives or perhaps their father, a feeling of prison. It is not good for them if they feel their dad is in an unpleasant place", he explained as he unlocked a door and let me into a room.

"Wait here while I go and get Jason", he instructed me.

I didn't like the sound of the lock turning behind me.

I went to the window and looked out. There was an incredible view which people with money would have spent a fortune to have. The window took up almost the entire end wall of the room, coming from about the height of my knees up to the ceiling and being probably about 10 feet wide. Over the dense bushes about 25 feet away, which obviously marked the boundary of the prison area, I could see a lake about half a mile away. On the other side of the lake the lights were coming on in the houses, and you could see small moving lights as the cars drove along the edge of the lake more than five miles away. There was absolutely no sign that this was a prison.

The room was humid; it had been a hot spring day, and as the window didn't open -- I guess that was the only sign of this being a prison -- the air was stuffy. I hung my jacket over the back of one of the guest chairs as the key turned in the lock. The door opened and the guard let in Jason.

"See you," the guard said with a wink, which I didn't understand. But I quickly forgot about it as Jason rushed over to me and gave a warm, friendly hug.

"Am I glad to see you," I finally said when he let go of me. He held me out at arms length and looked me over. As with most guys his eyes just lingered a little too long at my chest. But that was OK, I was used to it, and Jason had always made appreciative comments on my looks and body.

"You look like dressed to kill," he said as he finally looked away.

"You don't look as bad as I had expected either," I said as I sat down on one of the arm chairs across from the couch that Jason had sat on, probably having hoped I would join him there.

"I expected you to look all grey and humble," I said with a smile. "You look more like a tourist in a fancy hotel."

"Well, I did dress up for you," he said returning the smile, "and after six weeks working out in the gym, and the last days' sun which I have ample opportunity to enjoy, I guess you are right."

He went on for a while explaining about the facilities, the rough guys he tried to avoid and how the warders were being nice to him realizing he was not the usual kind of inmate.

"That all sounds too good to be true," I said with a doubting look on my face. "Surely it can't all be that good. There must be some things that you miss being here."

"I need company I can talk to on my own level. The conversations here are rather base. It is all about girls and the porn movies they see on the TV in the common room in the evening after the guards have closed up for the night. Watching and hearing so much about sex only makes you realise how long you have gone without, and how long till you get out."

There was no hint of any suggestion resulting from this topic. We were really just good friends, and had we wanted to be more than that we would probably have taken some of the many opportunities which had presented themselves over the years. But the darker side of my mind played with images of horny inmates watching porn movies in the evenings and then all retreating to their rooms for relief: I could feel a slight familiar stirring in my lower parts.

"Are there no women here? I thought I saw some when I arrived?"

"Yes, but they are very strictly segregated. Saying anything more than just a quick 'hi' when passing them on the paths, might get you out of here and into a secure prison in no time at all," he said.

"Well, what are they all doing for relief?" I asked stupidly. I knew the answer, but couldn't help pursuing the pictures in my mind.

"Obviously most masturbate in their rooms. There is also some gay activity going on, though not rapes like you see in American films, it seems to be only between consensual males."

Homosexuality does nothing for me, the pictures in my mind subsiding, but then Jason continued . . .

"But you know, there are probably quite a few of them out in the bushes tonight," he explained.

That got my attention. "What do you mean?"

He walked over to the window and I rose to join him.

"Normally you wouldn't be able to see them in the dark, but there are always some of them who can't live that long without a smoke. See the glow out there?" He got behind me and pointed, not by his hand, not wanting to give away the fact that we were looking, but by holding my head and turning it so I looked in the right direction.

"Yes, I see it. But what on earth are they doing out there? It is on the wrong side of the safe line."

"There are guards out there as well, and they secretly accept the transgression, as long as they stay in the bushes."

"But what are they doing?" I asked again, still not understanding.

"There is this kind of dare..." Jason continued hesitantly. "In the gym the guys are very interested in who gets visits from their wives and girlfriends. It is quite normal for people to have sex in the visiting rooms. The couch is wide and underneath, in that box over there, there are sheets, and in that drawer there are condoms. The guards know this and never enter the room during visiting hours. The guys at the gym used to brag about what they’d done to their wife and girlfriends in the visiting room. At one point somebody bragged about the fact that his wife has boobs so big that he could get it off in between them. The other guys didn't believe it, so they made a dare for him not to draw the curtains next time and some of the guys would take the risk and hide in the bushes to check out his story. I don't know if it was ever proven, but the idea caught on. If you manage to have sex with your wife or girlfriend without pulling the curtains, you really win points with the other guys. Sometimes their wives don't know and sometimes they don't mind, and I guess some do it to help their husbands to get the points, which are sorely sought after in here. But there is almost always something going on at one of the windows for the guys watching from the bushes."

"Surely there are not that many guys in the bushes?" I asked.

"When the guards caught on, they decided to accept it, seeing they liked the shows as well. They just control the number of viewers," Jason explained.

My mind was playing with the images the people in the bushes could see. What was going on in the other windows which I couldn't see? Or were they all looking at our window hoping something would happen in here? Lights on the end wall, to the sides of the window lit up Jason and me as if we were on a stage, which, perhaps, we were.

I was getting both hot and aroused. I wondered if Jason could detect it. I felt so weak at the knees that I was leaning more against him that I normally would have had we just been standing together enjoying the view. I could feel his heart beating hard.

"I wonder what they think is going on in here?" I said in a voice huskier than I had intended.

"I have never had any visitors where anything would have been possible, so I have never had any comments from anybody. But I bet you there are few guys out there holding their breath and hoping for a show."

"Maybe we should give them one." I couldn't believe I had just said that. But the idea of being able to expose myself to a lot of horny inmates without it in any way being obvious that I was aware of what was going on, was just taking over my mind.

"Do you mean that?" Jason asked with surprise in his voice. "I have dreamt about you lots of times, but never wanted to make any advances because I valued our friendship too much to risk it in any way."

"Call it a friendly gesture then," I said without specifying who was doing the favour to whom.

After we fell silent there was pause, just heavy breathing.

"What should we do then?" Jason asked, obviously not wanting to take the first step.

"You could start with unbuttoning my shirt." It was more a command than a suggestion.

He put his hands on my shoulders and I leant my head back against him as his hands moved down to the top button. As the first one was being undone I knew there was no way back, but I didn't mind. The opportunity was too good to miss, and if I had to do something like this, Jason was just the guy to do it with.

"I bet we are getting the attention of everybody now," Jason whispered in my ear. His hand continued down the front undoing all the buttons, pulling the shirt out of the skirt. He slipped it over my shoulders, but as he couldn't get it over my hands without undoing the cuffs, they were trapped behind me for a while, with my tits straining to get out of the bra. I looked down at myself and could see the hard nipples highly visible against the semi-transparent material. I wondered how obvious they were from the bushes.

Finally he got the shirt off. He just threw it over the back of the chair, not troubling to hang it up properly. I remember hoping it wouldn't be too creased. I didn't want Poul to wonder what had been going on. He knows I normally keep my business outfit looking clean and sharp.

Jason fumbled at bit with the bra like a nervous teenager, but finally managed to release the catch. He let it hang loose for just a short while, before he slipped it off my shoulders dropping it on the floor in front of me. I bent down to pick it up, wanting to display my free-hanging tits to the spectators. I then got a pleasant surprise when my bum hit an obviously hard object behind me. I heard a faint grunt from Jason.

"It seems like the guys in the bushes are not the only ones getting excited," I said as I stood up again. I put my hands behind me dropping the bra but finding the dick and rubbing it slightly. Putting my hands behind me again made my tits stand out, the nipples pointing hard towards the window.

"What did you expect?" Jason answered with a slight hint of irritation in his voice, "that I would be able to just stand by passively watching the show?"

"No, and I wouldn't want you to either."

I took his hands, which had so far been by his sides, and placed them over my tits. I leant my head back against his shoulder and again gripped his dick through his trousers.

"I want you to forget that I am Jenny, your old friend. Just imagine that I am some prostitute you have paid to come here to the prison for some much needed sex and do to me what you would have done to her." I was getting even hotter from this talk and it seemed to work on him too.

"In that case, what I want is for you to be completely naked now," he said as he felt for the zip on the side of my skirt.

Finding it, he quickly undid zip and button. I wriggled out of the skirt, again bending to pick it up allowing my breasts to hang free for a few seconds and rubbing my bum against his hard dick.

"Stay down," he instructed as he slipped my tanga panties off in one quick move. As I stood up, leaning against him, I felt really tarty, standing there completely naked, with him still fully dressed and with an unknown number of guys sitting in the bushes enjoying the show.

"Turn around and face me," he commanded.

I did, for the first time really seeing him. He cupped his hands round my face, holding my head in as in a vice. He then slowly lowered his head to mine, closing for a kiss. It seemed like he was afraid I was going to turn away. But I wasn't. I really wanted his kiss, which I let him know by meeting his lips with a searching tongue. After a hot kiss he finally moved a bit away from me, lowering his hands to my shoulders, then running them down to my breasts, squeezing them, pinching the nipples.

I gasped a bit and closed my eyes, indicating I was enjoying his caress.

I opened them again as his hands travelled further down. He put one hand behind me, pushing me against his other hand now forcing its way between my legs. I spread them slightly giving him easier access.

"My god you are wet," he whispered almost to himself. He slid two fingers into me almost lifting me off the floor.

"Oh Jason," I shuddered. "Do with me what you want. Show your mates anything you want to show them, but do it quickly."

"First we have to prolong the show a bit." Jason said. Then he took his fingers out, slid the wet fingers all the way up my front to my mouth, running his fingers around my lips.

"Lick them."

I did and tasted my own juices.

"Now taste me," Jason said removing his fingers from my mouth and instead used them to undo his belt and unbutton his trousers. His trousers fell to the floor. His shorts were unable to hold his dick in place; it jerked out from under one of the legs of the boxers and started to rise to full erection.

Again he took my head between his hands, this time forcing it down. I had to kneel. I put both hands on his dick, one holding it down, the other lightly gliding the palm over the head.

"Here, do it from the side, so they can see properly," he directed as he pushed me around to the side. I pulled his shorts all the way off, and as the elastic let go his dick, it jumped up and hit me on the cheek. I ran my tongue over it, licking it, tasting his juices until finally I took it in my mouth as far as I could. It wasn't very fat, but quite long and ramrod straight. I could take only about half of it, but that was all right. I have never really understood the deep throat act. If a guy wanted the feel of his dick entering a deep hole, there were other places more suitable for that. Giving head was about licking all the right places, and I am good at that.

"Oh god, Jen, I can't believe you are doing this to me. But you have to stop now."

I did and looked up at him without understanding why.

"Another 30 seconds of this and I will explode in your mouth, but that is not the show we want to be putting on," Jason managed to explain. "Seeing you are going along with this, I have to let them see me fucking you for real."

"Right, anything you say. Just direct me." Anything really, I had totally lost it by now. I didn't care if the whole bloody prison was outside watching.

He made me face the window. Then he put an arm around my waist using the other to push me over. I rested my hands on the low windowsill and spread my legs for him. I felt him wetting his dick by rubbing it all over my dripping lips, jumping as it hit my clit, just waiting a second at the entrance. Then in one long slow thrust he entered me, ramming his long dick all the way in. He slowly pulled out again, grabbed my hips for leverage and thrust it hard and deep inside again. My forehead hit the window pane, and I had to use all my strength, pushing back against him as he sped up faster and faster. My tits were flying wildly, sometimes finding a rhythm making them go in a circular motion and sometimes just bouncing back and forth. I slowly moved my hands up the window, wanting my tits to visible from the front, not just hanging below me.

"Show them how much you love this. Make sure they can see your facial expression. Don't hold back." He sounded like a move director in a cheap movie.

But I didn't have to pretend. This was really good sex. He was fucking like a rabbit. Really fast and hard. I don't quite know what my face showed, but I certainly wasn't trying to hide anything. I now stood up all the way, putting my hands over my head holding his head behind mine. He pushed me hard up against the window, my breasts squeezed against the cold pane of glass so hard I feared it might break.

"Don't worry about the glass, it is security glass - won't break for anything," he gasped.

I felt the first signs of an upcoming climax: hot feeling in the stomach, legs going heavy. Then a ripple surging up inside me, my nipples going numb for a second and then super sensitive. In this position he was hitting my g-spot with each thrust adding another strong sensation to the orchestra of feelings. I could hear his breathing labouring, speeding up.

"Of fuck, I can't hold back any more," Jason cried into my ear.

I was glad the window was security glass as otherwise we would have ended outside in a heap of glass, the way he pumped his semen into me with his last violent thrusts.

"Please, Jason," I whispered out of breath, "I am not there yet, please finish me off."

I grabbed his hands and put them down my front leaning back against him. A finger quickly found my clit, expertly rubbing it lightly but consistently to make the build-up slow but steady with no interruptions. I could again concentrate my feelings. Jason’s other hand found a breast to fondle, rolling the hard nipple between his fingers.

"Just imagine the show we are putting on," Jason whispered in my ear. "Put one foot up on the windowsill and spread your legs as much as possible, I want them to be able to see my fingers playing with you."

Not that I had forgotten about the spectators out there, but the sex was good and I had been concentrating on Jason and our actions.

"Do you think they are masturbating out there now?" I asked Jason, breathlessly. The thought was awesome. How many hard dicks shooting their load into the trees because of me?

"Yes, they are all dreaming about being the lucky one in here, playing with your tits like this."

He was squeezing my breast into a cone, the nipple pointing into the bushes.

"And forcing you legs apart so they can see your beautiful pussy, dreaming of positioning their rods between those lovely large swollen lips, plunging into you, hoping to make you scream with desire . . ."

His fingers were pulling my lips apart as he spoke, digging a couple of them into me almost lifting me into the air, while maintaining the steady rhythmic rubbing on my exposed clit with the other.

"Tell me what you feel and later I will tell them so they can dream of having been in here with you," he instructed.

"I feel the build up in my stomach, a warm feeling. Drifting, almost an out-of-body experience, looking down on myself. I feel small ripples of contractions just inside my pussy... Oh yeah, stronger now." I was panting heavily finding it difficult to concentrate on speaking. "Right - go on squeezing my breast. Pinch my nipples... Oh yeah, just like that. I am coming now. Biiiiig one hitting me nooooow!!!"

I was thrashing my head from side to side as the contractions hit. I loved the way Jason pinched my nipples, just borderline on pain. I was arching backwards, presenting the best view of my pussy, rippling with the contractions, until the last big one hit me and I doubled over, having to rest my hands on the windowsill while slowly I came down from my high again.

I stood up, turned around and gave Jason a long, loving kiss.

He guided me over to the sofa and we sat down together, me leaning up against him, still trying to recover and regain my breath.

"Well, if that doesn't give me a lot of points I don't know what will. They will be speaking of this for a long time I can assure you." Jason was lovingly stroking my hair as he spoke.

"I don't know if we should have done this," I said, bad conscience hitting me. It really wasn't very fair to Poul.

"I know, but having done it, I can only say that it was a fantastic experience. I admit to having had dreams about you, but I never knew or imagined that anything like this would ever happen. Was it just the thought of those guys out there that pressed your button?"

"Yeah, now you know my little secret. I have a dark side, loving to expose myself, and if I can do it making love at the same time, that really gets me going," I said wondering at the same time if it was a good idea to admit this to Jason.

I looked at the clock on the wall.

"Shit Jason, it is almost 10. I've got to get dressed, I don't want the warden finding us like this," I said rushing up looking for my clothes.

"I guess he was the warden out in the bushes, so he has probably seen all of you anyway. But I agree we better get dressed anyway,"

There was a knock on the door.

"Times is up in there," we heard through the door.

I grabbed my shirt, picking up the skirt as I heard the key in the door.

"Shit, Jason, he is coming in now," I exclaimed with a small shriek.

I managed to get the shirt on and the skirt up, but was still buttoning buttons of the shirt when the door opened. I hid behind Jason as I zipped up the skirt. There was no chance of putting on any underwear now. Not that I’d found it anyway. Jason was still pulling on his trousers.

The guard just stood in the doorway looking at us.

"Jason you better get dressed while I take the lady out. We have to have her out before the gates shut," the guard said to Jason, while he kept looking at me as if I still wasn't dressed. Under his stare I felt I wasn't.

I was trying to get my shoes on when Jason bent down and fished out my underwear from under the sofa where it had landed some time during the commotion.

"Bye Jenny," he said as he kissed me goodbye and handed me the underwear. "You better remember these or Poul might wonder what happened."

Great, I thought, now the guard could be in no doubt that I had no underwear on as we walked out.

I tried to get my jacket on as we went down the corridor, but with a handbag in my hand and the guard lightly holding my elbow, I gave up and just folded it over my arm. I could feel Jason's semen running down my legs as we rushed down the corridor to the entrance of the visiting area.

Another couple of guards at the reception looked at me. I felt they must be able to see I had no underwear on, but I was out so quickly I didn't get a chance to check their reaction.

At the door the guard let go of my elbow, looked down my front illuminated by the strong spotlight over the entrance.

"I hope you will visit Jason again soon. I’ll look forward to seeing you again."

It was said neutrally, but I was in no doubt what he was hinting at. The same as when he deposited me in the visiting room with Jason. "See you" took on a whole new meaning.

I ran to the car, got in and locked the doors. Not that I thought anybody was out there, but you never know if any of the guys from the bushes was still out there waiting for me to finish off the evening with a live performance. I sped out of the parking lot, trying to get a Kleenex between my legs to soak up the moisture which I didn't want on either my skirt or the seat.

Poul was still in his office when I got home, so I just called to him that I was going to have a bath and jump in bed. I didn't hear his grumbled answer; I just ran upstairs, hid my underwear in the washing basket and jumped into a hot bath.

I felt dirty now that the excitement had gone. I didn't know if I could possibly go back to Jason now. I had planned on seeing him regularly, but now I didn't know. I felt that if I went back I would be expected to repeat the performance, if for nothing else then for his sake, and right now I felt bad about the whole thing. But as I rested in the hot tub, I also knew that if I did go back the excitement might get the better of me again.

Ouch . . . Sex is so difficult to handle.