**Sharing Sara, My Exhibitionist Wife**

by[CalDreamer](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=889576&page=submissions)©

**Chapter 1: Looking**

I met Sara at the beach, a sexy girl with curly blond hair, curves everywhere, generous breasts, and an attitude to match. I could tell from the start that she liked to display her body, because she had the briefest bikini on the beach, almost illegal, and she jiggled her breasts for me every time she turned around. I was entranced. Luckily she was too, and we married a year later.

In public Sara was always posing for me, pulling her shoulders back to make her breasts jut out, crossing her legs in short skirts, or just giving a wiggle and a glance as we walked. We danced at clubs where she could display herself with clinging tops, skirts without panties, and sometimes something low-cut that would hang away from her body when she leaned over, giving her audience a nice view of her nipples. For a girl with small breasts this was easy, but for Sara it took some engineering. She leaned over a lot, not just toward me but toward other guys too. And this wasn't something she did as a favor for me, though I loved it, but because she felt turned on by it.

Sara would even lift her skirt all the way to her waist while we were dancing, holding it up while thrusting her hips forward, letting other guys see. Watching her expose herself to other men was much more exciting than seeing the same exposure in private, because it added a reckless thrill to her sexuality. A few times I even turned her around while we were dancing, and lifted her skirt myself, so other guys could look. The first time I did it she protested loudly, "Hey, Jim, you let all those guys see my cunt! And I'm not even wearing panties! How could you?"

Then she whispered, "Next time, do that a little bit longer. It felt so hot. And do it where there's better light."

Once when we were with three other guys we got to know she sat us down at one of those tiny club tables near a wall and took a chair facing the wall. She had us lean in shoulder to shoulder so no one else could see, and pulled her scoop top down to expose her breasts. The top opened up so easily that I was sure she had planned this in advance. Sara's impossibly long nipples glistened with excitement, and so did her eyes. Instantly my cock was as stiff as her nipples. It wasn't a just quick flash, but a good, long, close-up look. She cupped them from below and shook them for us, then put both feet on her chair so that her skirt rode up, saying "I'm going to give you a good look at my pussy too."

We sat enthralled while she pulled her pussy lips apart, stretched the skin around her nipples tight for us, and generally made us squirm. Sara doesn't shave her crotch, because she says she wants to look like a woman, not a 12-year-old. Afterward she told me that that incident got her almost as hot as fucking. It got me hot too; seeing other men enjoy Sara's body emphasized to me how desirable she was. In public she usually wore clothes that were sexy but not outrageous. Once after I told her how good she looked in a tight sweater, she went out and bought a bunch of them. But with almost a decade of education, marriage and careers, there hadn't been much time lately for public exhibitionism.

Recently Sara confessed that she missed the thrill of showing her body to men, though she assured me that she would always remain completely faithful to me. She even hoped that I would help her with her desires. With her professional position, she couldn't go out exposing herself in public anymore. But even that wouldn't have been enough - she insisted that now she needed to go further, to expose her naked body, holding nothing back, to let men examine her prominent nipples and the large pink halo of sexual skin around them, to see the lovely curves of her ass close up, and even to open up her cunt to show them everything inside.

To me this was wonderful, because I love seeing Sara's body, and love even more for her to expose herself where others can see her. I don't know why, but it always seems to intensify the erotic experience; it adds an edge of danger and adventure. So we looked for ways to expose her. We ventured out to a nude beach, where Sara enjoyed being naked in public, liked having men see her breasts and her open crotch, but there she was naked because it was a beach, not because it was sexy. "The men couldn't move close, I couldn't open up my cunt", she complained. In the end it wasn't the erotic experience that she craved.

Finally it occurred to us that the best place to satisfy Sara's exhibitionistic compulsion was in our own home. We were watching Fellini's old movie 'La Dolce Vita' on TV, where one of the women strips at a party in someone's home. Though you don't see much flesh in the movie, the idea was planted. She watched that scene very intently, then declared, "Wow! I'd like to be that woman."

Immediately she demanded that I bring someone home for her to display herself to. I told her that bringing in just one man and showing him her body might be a setup for jealousy; the man might get the wrong idea. Besides, I had a better idea. "God, it would be really hot to let somebody watch you strip. But it would be so much better and more risky if you had more of an audience. Let's invite in several men. You could be stark naked, they could get right up close to your body - it would be way more extreme and more wicked." Sara looked at me wide-eyed and decided to do it.

Finding a group of suitable men wasn't as easy as you would think. We didn't want to bring in friends - that might risk our social position, and it would be more daring for Sara to expose herself to people she didn't know. So I had to find some men whom I could trust for Sara's exposure, but men we didn't know socially. Finally I assembled a group of five. Two were graduate students at the local university, in their mid-twenties but unmarried, and one was an old acquaintance from our days flirting at dance clubs whom I ran into by chance in a book shop downtown. I hadn't seen him in years. He was able to recommend two of his buddies, clean-cut and healthy but older than the students.

When I finally was able to tell Sara that I had assembled the men, she melted into my arms and kissed me repeatedly, thanking me for 'sharing' her with her group. Then she backed up with that look in her big blue eyes, and my I found myself fondling her breasts through her dress. Before long each of us was pulling the other's clothes off, right there in our living room, both of us turned on by the anticipation of Sara flaunting her naked body. My hand found her crotch - she was soaked already. I spun her around, pulled her into my lap and entered her. She spread her legs and mine so that we could see the penetration in our mirror, and slowly, deliciously lifted herself up and down. Her face and upper torso glowed with the blush of sexual excitement as I pinched and tugged her engorged nipples. I could see pink flesh pull out of her vagina with my cock on the out-strokes. The whole preparation for her exposure was foreplay for her, so after just a few strokes she stiffened, her whole body began vibrating, and she came with a scream. I lost it a few seconds later.

We found a date several weeks ahead when all of our audience could come over, and began preparing. Those weeks were filled with excitement, different kinds of excitement for Sara and for me. Almost every night she would show me a new outfit, asking whether it was sexy enough, before she proceed to strip for me and for our imaginary audience. We brought a full-length mirror into our living room so that she could see what they would see. Sara complained that the light in our living room wasn't bright enough, so I bought some track lighting to subtly illuminate the area where she would be stripping. When I finished adjusting it she said, "That's much better. I want them to see every detail, every pore and every bump on my whole body."

In addition to being a visual person Sara is very verbal when it comes to sex. She likes to talk about what we are doing, even while we are doing it. Some women look away or don't want to talk during sex, as though it were unconscious or they don't really want to admit what is going on, but for Sara the talk puts her sexy side out front where there is no mistaking it. For her sex isn't something to engage in absent-mindedly, but to be involved in fully. I love her for that.

What do you wear to a party where you are going to strip naked and show your body to strangers? After much experimentation and wonderfully wicked discussion, we decided on a rather severe business suit, with a front-button gray blouse and jacket, strapless bra, and modest side-zipper skirt over white bikini panties. Sara's hair was up, exposing her neck but keeping everything trim and in control. She concluded "I want to transform myself before their eyes. I'll start out a conservative businesswoman and become an exhibitionist slut, sexy, shameless. A slut who dances naked in front of guys she's just met."

A few days before the party I phoned and asked each guy in a conspiratorial tone to be my 'enforcer', to stop any inappropriate behavior from the other guys by force if necessary, and to say nothing of this to the others. Each one agreed, so I had five policemen and no civilians.

Tonight is the night - my wife will expose everything to several men right in our living room. She's tingling with anticipation, and so am I.

After a long shower Sara came out pink, perfumed and ready. She was still dressing as our first guests arrived a bit early, our students Tom and Tim. They were more nervous than we were, because they knew that soon they would see my wife naked and didn't know how to react. I took their coats upstairs to the spare bedroom, offered them some wine and made small talk until Sara appeared. They were super-polite, formally shaking her hand. The older men arrived and introduced themselves. I'll call them Lance, Rod and Spike, well-dressed and more confident than the boys.

Rod told her how beautiful she looked. We talked about his business; having sold a successful software firm, he had become wealthy, but didn't let it distort his lifestyle. He didn't want to live in a compound in splendid isolation. We were yet to realize what a difference his wealth would make in our lifestyle in the coming months. His glamorous wife - he showed us her picture - didn't mind him visiting our little party as long as he came home again.

Sara thought it would be erotic to discuss her sexual fantasies frankly with the group. As we sat down in our living room she folded her legs under herself, 'letting' her skirt ride up high enough to show a bare thigh almost to her waist, and said casually, "I'm so glad you all agreed to come over to watch me strip and show you my body. At the end I'll be completely naked. I'll give you a lot more than a peek up my skirt or down my blouse. This has been a fantasy of mine for a long time. It'll be something like a strip-tease, but instead of teasing about stripping I'll strip and then tease. And maybe I'll tease a little with the stripping too," she laughed.

I added, "You'll love her tits, she'll show them to you so close up you can almost taste them, but remember no touching. This isn't going to be like a show at a strip club - it'll be much more personal, much more intimate. There isn't one woman in a thousand who feels like my wife does. She's desperately eager to strip herself naked for you guys. She'll want to hold her tits up right in your face."

Sara couldn't resist adding, "I'm going to show you my cunt too, and even my clit. It's a big one, it's almost as big as the end of my pinkie (she held it up for comparison), but you can only see it when I'm turned on. I'm sure to be turned on. It's a thrill just to think about opening my cunt up for you."

The guys were surprised at this kind of talk, shifting uneasily in their seats and getting aroused already. Sara collected the wine glasses, leaning in close to each guy, then returned confidently to the center of the room as I started the music to begin her show. She said, "You're probably wondering what I'm going to take off first."

She kicked off her high-heel shoes, a casual, matter-of-fact start, and began swaying to the music. I slipped off her jacket, hanging it on a spare chair. Part of our plan was that I would actively participate in stripping and displaying her. As she lifted her arms I came up behind her and planted my outspread hands on her abdomen. She leaned back, still swaying gently, as my hands rose to cover her breasts. Why did they feel even more wonderful than usual? This was the first physical act that would have seemed out of the ordinary at a social gathering. As I squeezed and pinched Sara murmured, "His hands are so big and powerful - they feel so good fondling my breasts. My nipples are getting hard, my crotch is damp already."

Sara jumped away from me and toward our audience, four men sitting on our large curving couch and one on an adjacent easy chair. Moving close, she leaned forward over them and released her hair with a shake of her head. This has always been a sign of sexual approach, and it had the intended effect. All the men leaned forward, fascinated. She shook her still-covered breasts while stepping in front of each man, giving a personal show, and confessed "I need your help with this blouse. Each guy gets to undo one button. I don't think that's bending the rules too much, because you're touching the button, not me. But I can't help it if your arms brush my breasts while you're doing it."

We were taking a risk with this one, but Sara had said she needed some personal contact, and I thought it best to provide it before she was naked. There were exactly five buttons on her blouse - that woman had prepared every detail. She started at one end of the couch, where Tim, a tall, gangly red-haired guy, took the top button and managed to get quite a feel before the button came loose, working on it while pushing down on her breasts. The next button was just at breast height, so Tom, a muscular dark-haired fellow with a moustache, pushed his wrists against the inside edges of Sara's breasts while he undid his button. She was showing some serious cleavage now, and it was clear that her bra was a lacy thing, nearly transparent.

Now it was Rod's turn, a big guy with short salt-and-pepper hair and a wide face. He held his forearms horizontally and pushed up on Sara's half-uncovered breasts while he worked on his button. Sara looked at me and pointed out the obvious, "Jim, these men are taking my clothes off."

Lance and Spike had to undo the lowest buttons, after Sara's bra was pretty well exposed and the buttons were way below her breasts. A sharp dresser, Lance was our acquaintance from dance-club days, and knew about Sara's penchant for exhibition, so he just reached up and briefly kneaded her breasts through her blouse before unhooking his button. Now there was only one button left. Sara pulled her blouse back, uncovering the bra that didn't cover much, and shook her breasts at us before she moved on to Spike, our final guest. His compact, muscular body supported a square-jawed, determined-looking face. Sara said quietly, "Spike, your button's pretty low, you'll just have to fondle my breasts first and then undo your button."

He got in a couple of good boob squeezes before he received a nudge from Lance and got busy with his button. I stepped up behind Sara again and graciously slipped the open blouse off her shoulders, nuzzling her neck in the process. Now wearing just her lacy bra, skirt and panties, she was ready for some serious teasing. The bra pushed her breasts up and in, showing us a nice cleavage, of the sort that small-breasted women can't offer. The lace around the edges surrounded a large panel of nearly transparent gauze, so we could see her tits pretty well. Sara carefully folded the lace down until we could see her halo on each side, glowing pink in the bright light. She asked the guys, "Do you like my bra?", and most of them murmured that they did. "What do you like about it"?

Lance spoke up, "I like that we can see your tits through it."

That got a laugh, but the laughing stopped quickly as Sara stuck two fingers into her left bra cup and played with her stiff nipple; we could see it bobbing and jumping. Tom finally got smart and complained, "I don't like your bra at all. I think you should get rid of it."

"Best idea I've heard all night", Sara replied brightly. "I'm going to expose my boobs now."

The bra hooked in the front, so when she unhooked it the edge of one cup was in each hand. Sara vigorously moved the cups around, showing us how soft and flexible those delicious mounds were. She lifted them up to her collarbone, and pulled them apart toward her shoulders. Then, borrowing a move from one of our rehearsals, she leaned back, let go of the bra, held her arms down behind her, and shook gently. It didn't take much for the wisp of material to slip away and fall behind her, leaving her swinging her naked boobs in front of us. She was stripping not with her hands, but with her boobs. Standing up straight again, she lifted them from below and moved them around, letting us see how the skin around their edges stretched and bent.

A woman's breasts swell when she gets sexually excited, even if they are already as large as Sara's, and we all saw the difference. The halos were protruding from her breasts, her nipples pointing slightly upward and extending even further. "Ogod, Jim, all these men are loking at my bare boobs!" We all applauded. "But I think you deserve a closer look. After all, this is a personal party, not some night club. I want you to examine me."

Sara walked over to Tim, sitting on the end of the row of men, and moved up knee-to-knee with him. To my surprise she leaned over, braced herself with her hands on his shoulders, and started jiggling her tits right in front of his face, inches from his very attentive eyes. While she was doing this she looked at me and pouted "The rules say they can't touch me, but I don't think there's anything about me touching them."

Then looking at the rest of the envious crowd, "Don't worry, I want you all to see everything. I'm going to do this for each one of you." And she did, stopping in front of every guy, leaning over and giving him a close-up tit show. She bent her elbows to move in close to each man's upturned face, nearly grazing his lips and nose each time. We could smell her arousal. Getting full mileage from her exposure, she exclaimed, "Jim, these men are staring at my naked boobs. I love it. Thank you for sharing me with them."

Now it was my turn, as we continued with our plan. "Sara likes tit play, even rough play. Sometimes I can make her come just from playing with her tits."

Since she's short her tits were already at eye height. She stood in front of the group as I folded her arms behind her back, forcing her tits to jut out, turning her left and right to give everyone a good look from every angle, shoulders pulled back sharply. Then she waited for me to move in from behind and take a boob in each hand. The first touch was electric, surprising both me and her. It was the first time I had ever fondled her bare boobs for an audience. They felt so much sexier when other guys were watching, as though each pair of eyes multiplied the pleasure.

After a lot of squeezing and stroking I took a nipple in each hand, holding it between my finger and thumb. I twisted, pinched and rolled the pink knobs, eliciting little involuntary squeals and gasps. I drew my fingers across the centers of her boobs, making her nipples lean over and then jump back as the fingers passed, then repeated faster and faster. A sexual glow appeared on Sara's upper torso, a sign of arousal that can't be faked. For the final move of this display I pulled hard on her nipples, lifting her boobs up and out, jiggling them slightly in their distended, stretched-out form. Her round boobs became cones. We could see the stress lines on her nipples, and the smoothness of her stretched halos. I knew this was a little painful, but I also knew that she wanted it. The guys went wild, and she did too.

It took us all a minute to recover after I let go. Sara was breathing hard, and her audience had moved to the edge of their seats. Standing in front of them, her nipples gradually resuming their normal shape, she swayed gently to the music again, then leaned over and in a conspiratorial tone said, "Jim and I talked about whether I could show you my cunt. It's very personal, you know, it's the most intimate part of a woman's body. He decided it would be ok."

Then she glared at Spike and asked, "Why are you looking at my eyes? My tits are down there."

We all laughed again, breaking the tension. Just to tease us Sara lifted her skirt up to her waist, showing us her juicy thighs and little white panties, then leaned back into me again and lifted one leg until it was parallel to her body, the damp gusset of her panties barely obscuring her cunt, pubic hair peeking out both sides. She confided "Later I'm going to do this without the panties, so you can see my cunt better. I know it's dirty, but I want it that way."

For now she stood up again, unzipped her expensive wool skirt on the side, and swiveled her hips until it fell. All her professional clothing gone, Sara became a beautiful woman lewdly displaying her body to men. Her thin panties had high sides, revealing lots of hip and thigh, and a very low center, well into her pubic hair. Sara inserted a finger below the leg seam and ran it all the way down to her crotch, then used the finger to stretch the lace away from her cunt. She turned to show each of us the curve of her outer cunt lips, but from the side we couldn't see much else. The tease.

Sara bit her lower lip, something she only does when she's well into a sexual haze, and began rolling her panties down. When the sides were down as low as the lowest part of the center panel she stopped and looked at me. I signaled her to roll them down further, to expose more. There was just a ribbon of cloth over the widest part of her hips. In mock shock she pleaded with me, "If I go any further all these men will see my cunt, dear."

I said firmly, "Keep rolling," and slowly her slit came into view.

Standing in front of five men she hardly knew, and me, Sara was wearing nothing but panties rolled halfway down her thighs. Panties and pubic hair were already damp, because she had been excited for some time. Our bodies betray us, preparing our genitals for fucking even when we don't intend to go that far.

"Jim, I did it! I'm naked, and they're all looking at me." She celebrated by lifting her arms above her head, jiggling her tits and swinging her hips around.

Everyone could see my wife's cunt lips now, the outer lips puffed up and pulled back like a flower blooming, the inner lips protruding. Some women have simple straight inner labia, but hers have ruffles and ripples, fleshy cushions that can cradle a cock or put on an impressive visual display. She did another close-up pass around the room, grabbing her inner labia with the fingers of each hand and pulling them apart, rubbing them up and down against each other and separately, generally showing us how smooth and flexible they are, and how good it felt for her to manipulate them.

"I love showing you my open cunt. It's nasty but it feels wonderful. I hope you all like my cuntlips, they're kind of big and stretchy." We assured her that we did. Not many wives are anxious to display their cunts to guests they have just met.

"Now I want to show you more, I'll show you as much as I possibly can, but I need Jim's help again."

I brought out a coffee table that we had moved aside for the stripping, and placed it close to the couch, one end nearest the audience. Sara spread her legs, straddling the end of the table, and laid down on her back, her legs on either side of the table and her cunt splayed wide open.

In a throaty, quavering voice Sara said, "Jim is going to touch me now, and I'll get very excited, but you'll see right up into my cunt, I'll show you all the fleshy parts that normally you would only feel if you were fucking me."

I lubricated my fingers from her pubic thatch and inserted one of them into her pussy, easily sliding all the way in. Then I penetrated her with a second finger from the other hand. I worked them around, stretching that little hole in every direction, while Sara writhed and grunted, holding her thighs wide with her hands so that everyone could see. Involuntarily her hips began to push up and down in little fucking movements. I slid in a third finger, and a fourth, filling her hole. Sara was stretched, and I was ready. Slowly I pulled my two hands apart, fingers still sunk deep in her cunt, distending the red, living flesh of her pussy walls. One of the track lights 'just happened' to be at the right angle to shine directly up that gaping hole.

Sara gasped, "I can't move much now, so you'll have to get up and take turns looking up my nice cock-sized hole. Tim, put your head right between my legs and move in close, don't let your shadow get in the way."

Each man took a turn gazing into Sara's juicy cunt, looking in deeper than nature ever intended. They could see that the inside wasn't uniform; there were little areas of rough and smooth texture where the tissues that end in the clit extend back into the vagina. Sara couldn't see this, but she knew exactly what was happening and how much she was exposing. We could see little contractions of her cunt walls; I pointed them out, saying "Imagine your cock is inside that cunt, and Sara is squeezing it while you slide around in there."

This was exhibition about as intense as it could get; Sara began throwing her head from side to side, mad with sexual excitement. Too soon my fingers got tired, and her inner cunt walls began to dry out, so I withdrew and we all recovered again, though she remained splayed out on the table with her cunt in the spotlight. The music was forgotten, so I went over and turned it off. Sara sat up on the table with her legs still spread, leaning back with her arms supporting her from behind, her tits thrust out again, and complained "I'm showing you everything, but you guys haven't shown me anything yet. I'd like you to fish out your cocks so I can see them. That's only fair, I think."

Some of the guys seemed reluctant to comply, so Sara gently reminded them that it's ok to have an erection, she hoped her display was at least exciting enough for that. It turned out that two of the guys (to remain unnamed) were embarrassed because at the moment they didn't have erections, and were only semi-hard. Sara reassured them that that was ok too, you can't expect a guy to be continuously erect for hours. There was a mixture of big and small ones, circumcised and uncircumcised. She exclaimed, "I've never seen so many cocks all at once. I love cocks!"

Getting up, Sara gave each very appreciative man's cock a little squeeze, pulled down on it and lowered a tit to its helmet, using her other hand to rub tit and cock together in a beautifully wicked display. I thought this pushed our rules, but I didn't say anything because it was so sexy; I wanted to see it as much as she wanted to do it.

For the final part of the evening, Sara, still naked and flushed with excitement, explained what we would do: "You've been great. For this last part you can ask me to pose any way you like, no limits. And I'll move any way you want. Lance, you can go first, and then anybody with an idea can suggest something."

It turned out that Lance was an ass man; he asked Sara "Get on your hands and knees on the table there, get that booty facing us, spread your knees, and move your hips forward and back like you were fucking someone."

She bravely turned around and tried that, but couldn't get much motion, so she asked the guys "Get up and stand behind me while I do this on the couch."

There it was more comfortable; she could spread her knees until her cunt almost touched the couch, and make large forward and back fucking motions with her hips. "Do you like this? I love it, it's hot. I can feel my cuntlips squeezing open and shut each time I push. I can even imagine fucking you."

Spike reminded us that we hadn't yet displayed Sara standing naked with her leg straight up, cunt open, as we had promised when she still had her panties on (that already seemed like weeks ago). So I held her by her hips and turned her around while she lifted her leg and held onto it, lewdly displaying her open cunt. She said, "I love this pose. It really opens up my cunt, and you can see my boobs sway too. It's better than just being naked, because I'm actively displaying myself. Enjoy, guys." They did, moving in close and kneeling right in front of her cunt.

Rod had the next idea. "Sara, stand up and spread your legs. I want to lie underneath you looking up, so you're all tits and twat, looking down at me."

That was easily done. Rod reclined on the floor as Sara straddled his hips, facing his head, and smiled down at him, her hair brushing her boobs. She even volunteered a lean-over until her tits were nearly in his mouth. He slid away, and each guy took a turn from that angle. While she was exhibiting herself this way she exclaimed, "Oh god, I'm such a slut, Jim. I'm completely naked in front of all these guys you found, I'm posing shamelessly. I love it." We did too.

Tom took a turn. "Sara, you're so beautiful I can't stand it. I'd like you to lie down on your back on the carpet. We'll all gather around, and Jim can stroke your clit and fondle it like he did your tits, while you slide your fingers in and out of your vagina."

Sara gripped her crotch in one hand, anticipating the stimulation, and said "Wow, Tom! That's really intense. But I did say anything goes, so let's do it."

We sat on the carpet with a naked Sara lying in front of us, so small and so close, her lovely boobs leaning off to each side. She put her heels together, spread her knees as wide as they would go, formed three fingers into a triangle and inserted them together, a little improvised cock. They made a squishing sound going in and out. I leaned in toward her distended clit that we could already see; she jumped when I touched it, even though she expected it. I mercilessly pulled, twisted and flicked that clit. Sara started writhing, making little mewing sounds, and gasping. After only a minute or two she came, the culmination of hours of foreplay in the presence of our audience. Her whole face and torso turned bright red, the rhythmic movements of her hips became stronger as she lifted them off the carpet, and she screamed and creamed at the same moment. We all stared, collectively holding our breath, at this ultimate intimacy. I think Tom had figured out that this would happen with that kind of stimulation, though Sara and I hadn't planned for her to have an orgasm in front of our guests.

After a long climax Sara sank back exhausted, a light sheen of sweat covering her skin. She was finished for the night. When she regained her senses she weakly asked me to retrieve the men's coats. But when I returned to the living room I found her leaning forward on the coffee table, the men crouched around her naked body while she whispered something I couldn't hear. When she saw me, she announced in a louder voice "I'm going to stay naked and give you each a juicy kiss goodnight, since you've all been so nice helping me live out my fantasies. It's been terriffic to display myself to you. Let's do it again soon." Sara padded over to the door, reminding the guys to tuck in their cocks while I distributed the coats.

Tim said goodnight first; Sara reached up and planted a wet kiss on his cheek while his left hand, facing me, went around her back. I couldn't see his right hand. A quick pat on her ass, and he was out the door. Tom was next; I saw Sara arch her back, pushing her naked tits toward him during the kiss, this time on the mouth. Each guy repeated this little ceremony with variations, but always embracing her with only the arm closest to me. Lance was the last out, with Sara working her hips forward and back while they kissed and he kneaded her soft round ass.

As soon as the door closed, Sara looked at me with wide eyes, jumped on the couch and pulled me down on her. My cock was still out, but immediately it was in, buried in that well-used snatch, pushing deep until our pubic bones bumped. Pistoning furiously, I chewed on her nipples, even though I knew they would be sore after so much public fondling, but I didn't care and neither did she. Delirious with built-up sexual need, we pumped without letup until I came, thrust after thrust, each one a new discovery of ecstasy. Just as I was running out her cunt gripped me hard and she came again.

After it was over she kept me inside her, looked up at me and gasped, "Oh Jim, I can't describe how wonderful that was. They saw my tits, and my ass, and inside my cunt, really close up. I danced for them, and you pulled on my nipples and they saw my clit up close and I came for them. Thank you, thank you, thank you."

"Sara, my love, I saw your joy and wonder and excitement all night. I saw that fantastic body in ways I never did before, and I think I liked tonight as much as you did. Well, almost. Now tell me, my little sex bomb, what was going on with those goodnight kisses?"

"Sex bomb? Oo! Well, while you were away I told them they could fondle a tit or even feel up my cunt while they were kissing me goodnight, but only with the hand you couldn't see. Isn't that wonderfully wicked? Most of them just pinched a nipple or cupped my crotch, but Lance actually finger-fucked me, hard. I almost came again. Next time, I want them to touch me all night." With that I knew two things. First, this would go further, and second, I was no longer in control of the rules.

**Chapter 2: An Exhibition**

For the next few days Sara couldn't stop talking about having exposed her body to men she didn't know, and how exciting it had been. "Did you see their eyes light up when they first saw my tits? And when you opened up my pussy for them to look inside, that was so intense! But you're not going to believe this, the most exciting parts were when they brushed my boobs, and when I rubbed their cockheads with them, that was really nasty, and when they fondled me while I kissed them goodnight. Oh, besides climaxing in front of them, of course. I can't believe we really did all that stuff!"

I had loved watching my lovely Sara display her naked beauty to other men, fondling her tits for her and opening her cunt so that they could see. It turned me on in a peculiar, indirect way, where I could experience her sexual power in different ways, and dominate the whole situation. I loved the erotic atmosphere of our party. Both of us wanted to go further with our five voyeurs.

The evening's exposure had developed a tactile side to Sara's exhibitionism. She reminded me that sexual encounters often begin as mostly visual, and touching comes as things progress. That's the appeal and the disappointment of porn, and of strip shows - the initial visual excitement is there, but it never progresses to the ultimately satisfying tactile/personal level. Now she wanted that too. Next time there would be more touching, men feeling up her body while she felt them.

Lying in bed, we discussed our next party. What should the ground rules be? "I want them to touch my breasts, I want them to squeeze them and pinch my nipples." As Sarah spoke, I could feel her move her hands, touching herself the way she described wanting to be touched. I imagined the sounds she would make, the way her body would writhe as they caressed and squeezed.

"Mm-m, I'd love that," I whispered. She pushed the covers back and cupped her breasts, as though offering herself to her new audience. Between my legs, she felt my cock twitch.

"But I think I want more than that, Jim. Ogod, I feel so nasty. I want them to touch my pussy - finger-fuck me while you watch. And I could kiss their stiff cocks, and suck..." Her voice trailed off. She sighed, "Ogod. Just talking about it's making me horny."

She was making the rules as daring as she could, but in fact I couldn't wait to see those men take sexual liberties with my wife, to touch her and make her squirm. "I'm going to do nasty things to you while they watch, you little sex-toy. I'm going to make you a complete slut, like meat. We'll touch and fondle and squeeze and penetrate. Do you want that?"

I could tell by the way she was breathing that she loved the idea of it. But she snickered, "Since you put it so delicately I want it more than ever."

She turned over and snuggled next to me, gently squeezing my cock. "I'm tired of always being the nice woman in the neat suit. Sometimes I want to be a slut - a slut who craves being exposed. At first I thought it would just be good fun, but..." Sarah nestled her lips against my ear. "I crave it, I can't resist."

I shivered, and thought for a moment, picturing the entire scenario. "Let's make it different this next time. Let's plan it in detail. For a start, you should wear something that shows more skin."

Sara chuckled again, "I'll find something completely scandalous, and then act like it's perfectly routine to be invited in by a half-naked housewife." She moved her leg over mine and pressed her soft pussy against my thigh, rubbing slowly. "It's so thrilling to break the rules. Married women don't just go around taking their panties off in front of men they aren't married to. Next time we'll do stuff that's even wilder," she promised.

"I'm getting hard just thinking about it."

"Oh Jim, I'm so glad you understand. Every time one of them touches me in some forbidden place I'll appreciate you more, for letting it happen, for helping it happen."

Sara admitted that having the guys play with her cunt, and giving them lots of oral and manual sex, would be an awesome turn-on; she wanted lots of it. Then she turned serious: "Jim, remember when we made cosmic love after our guys left? At the end I turned around and spread my legs, you churned into me and we both came. It was the best climax of my life! But it wasn't just us - I was imagining our five men sitting right in front of us, watching your cock slide in and out of me, showing them how sexy fucking is."

That last part was a bit of a truism, but her point was made. Sara snuggled close and murmured in my ear, "I want to show them what I'm like when I'm fucking, what my pussy looks like filled with your cock, what the whole experience feels like. Jim, I hope it isn't giving too much of ourselves, but I really need to show them everything. I'm going to fondle their cocks, and lick them, and maybe I'll even suck them right in front of you, you can watch it up close. You can be right next to a cock that's spurting into my mouth - you can't see that when you do it to me yourself. Oh god, that's dirty, but I'll love it, and you'll see, you'll love it too." Now she was squeezing my cock with her hand.

"This is really nasty, Jim, and I'll understand if you don't want to do it, but next time, could you go all the way with me while they watch? Please? Jesus, it makes me tingle just to say it." I felt her damp muff slide up against my thigh.

To my surprise I liked the idea, the ultimate exhibition of Sara. The kind of heavy-duty exhibitionism that she craved was showing off what you do, not just what your body looks like. The more I thought about it the more I knew we had to do it. They could watch Sara fuck, close up and intimate. They couldn't help but feel what a great experience it is, how alive and responsive she is. And I got stiff just thinking of fucking her in front of others, raw and open. She noticed.

Later we talked a lot about what position we would use for our show, but we couldn't decide on one. Just talking about it was so exciting that we had to discuss it in short bursts, before we attacked each other. Finally we worked out a great variety of moves and postures. Sara wanted to suck our guys' cocks while we fucked so that they could feel her fucking moves through their cocks. She wanted two cocks inside her at once. She also suggested having guys fondle her boobs while she sat up on me. I love being inside Sara, and I love seeing her boobs squeezed, so doing both was great with me. I could grab her ass, lift her up and down on myself, and still see her boobs get handled. This exhibitionism was driving her further into extreme sexual display and wanton behavior. It was going to be quite a night, if I could hold out long enough.

Since we were going to let the guys cum in Sara's mouth, there was a danger of disease, so I contacted Rod to see if he could get some medical help. He knew a discrete doctor who could do the necessary tests quickly. I called our team of men and arranged a time for our next little party. They were considerably more flexible now, more than willing to rearrange their schedules for us, or more precisely for Sara, or even more precisely for Sara's voluptuous body. Each of them liked the new rules, agreed to enforce them on the others, and was willing to get tested. (Fortunately they all turned out clean.) I invited them for cocktails before we began to strip Sara, so she could get to know them a bit better before they felt up her body.

A few days later we got a small package in the mail. It contained a beautiful crocheted dress, in a blue shade that complemented Sara's natural coloring. The weave was so open that her tits protruded through two of the holes in the fabric. The effect was wonderfully erotic - the dress covered everything and covered nothing. It fit perfectly, a slit up each side all the way to her hips. She decided to wear this and nothing else as she greeted our guests. They would see her gorgeous body, right at the front door. We couldn't figure out who sent it, but it was obviously one of the men in our little voyeurs' club, the men who would watch us fuck soon. The day before our party we found a message on our phone saying that we would all be having dinner at our house, but not to prepare anything. This seemed strange, but we went along with it. Since we would all be sitting together, I made up little programs for each guest's place.

Sara was in her open blue dress an hour before the guys were due, barefoot and itching for the party to start. She couldn't wait to display herself again. Usually she doesn't wear makeup; other women use it to try to look as good as she does without it. But tonight her lips had a red-orange tint. Looking more closely, she had applied the same lipstick to her nipples and her areolas. The color was more saturated than her natural pink, giving her tits an aggressively sexual edge. She always knew just what to do.

Sara put her arms around me and looked me in the eye. "Jim, tonight's party's going to be even better than the first one. I'm damp already. I'm going to show them my body, they're going to feel me up, I'll get to suck on their cocks and make them cum on my body - and in my mouth. Oh god, I'm going to be shameless, a complete slut. And we'll fuck! Right in front of them!" She gave me a hard hump with her hips. "They'll move in close and watch your cock slide into me. They'll fondle my whole body while we do it. I'd better stop thinking about it or I'll make myself cum before they even get in the door." Her hips were already grinding aggressively into my leg, leaving a wet spot at the crotch of her dress. I had to use some real will power to keep from taking her right there.

Sara jumped when the doorbell rang. Quickly she ran to the door, her nipples swelling with each step, and primped a bit before answering, making sure that each nipple stuck out prominently through her dress. Opening the door we were surprised to find all five of our guests, grinning and carrying packages.

"Hi, guys," she chirped, "are you here to ogle me?"

Lance answered for the group, "Hi Jim, hi Sara. Thanks for having us over. We came to lick your tits and take all kinds of liberties with you, but first it's our turn to entertain you." I think they all noticed the wet spot on her dress.

In minutes the guys set out a paper tablecloth, paper plates, and a complete gourmet Chinese meal for seven. As we ate, Sara asked how all this got coordinated. Tom answered, "I was first out the last time, so I waited in your driveway for the other guys and we organized some things. You're giving us so much, we thought we should give back a little. This meal is only the beginning. And you look super-sexy in that little dress with your tits sticking out, and nicely decorated."

Lance added, "I like your lipstick, and I like how it looks on your nipples too. I love how it draws attention to those great boobs, it gives us an excuse to look at them. You are one sexy woman."

"Uh, my boobs thank you, but you don't need an excuse. I like it when you look. And the package?"

Rod replied, "It was supposed to be from all of us, but I'll confess I got it."

"Well, it was great," Sara responded, her nipples prominent and stiff already. "Actually the gift was this dress. I love it - it shows my whole body, but it pulls so tight around my boobs that a little mound of flesh pokes out through each hole in the fabric, and my nipples stick out even further. And it even lifts them up so you can see them better. Ogod, I'm such a slut." She laughed and wiggled her tits to show us how nicely the dress gave support without hiding anything. A well-chosen scanty costume can be sexier than nudity, at least for a while.

When we sat down the guys discovered the programs that I had printed out in a fancy font like a wedding invitation: "Mr. And Mrs. James Burke request the pleasure of your attendance at a dinner and entertainment at their home. Mrs. Burke will attend dinner in a dress that will display all parts of her body. Following the meal she will engage in the following activities with her guests: \* Displaying her naked body, including breasts, vagina and clitoris. \* Accepting kisses and caresses on any part of her body. \* Stimulating the penis of any guest to ejaculation with her hands. \* Taking the penis of any guest into her mouth and stimulating it to ejaculation. \* Welcoming fingers and tongues of guests on her breasts and in her vagina. \* Squeezing the penises of guests between her breasts for sexual stimulation. \* Engaging in sexual intercourse with her husband in front of the group. \* Performing oral and manual sex with guests during the sexual intercourse."

Sara sat as demurely as could be expected, while the guys discussed the program and read out parts of it with their comments. She actually blushed with embarrassment from the contrast between what would normally be expected of a married hostess and what was happening, her painted nipples straining out through her dress, legs squeezing together involuntarily. We casually got acquainted, Sara recovering her usual poise, but idly brushing her nipples while she asked the guys about themselves.

Tim was a graduate student in history; given his job market, he said he's in training to be a really interesting cab driver. Tom was studying engineering, and studying Sara's tits while he spoke. Sitting right next to her, he was getting a good look. It was great that the men were comfortable staring at her body; of course she liked being stared at, an unspoken subtext of our little gathering.

Lance was in business representing a manufacturing firm, and had to travel; his wife also had to travel a lot for her job, so they didn't see as much of each other as they would like, but they got along fine when they were together. Spike was a firefighter, promoted to a desk job with the city, but he retained a muscular fitness - and an appreciation of danger. He was recently divorced. While this was going on I came around behind Sara and gently lowered the straps of her dress so that it was held up only by her boobs.

We told them about ourselves. I described some of Sara's erogenous zones: the little depression at the top of her collarbone, and inside her ears, and the crease at the bottom of her ass cheeks, reaching forward all the way under her crotch. Then she grew impatient to start her exposure, and asked me to review the rules for the evening. I told the men that she would strip for us, and then we would all use her naked body.

At the end of dinner we had one more surprise: On a signal from Rod all the guys fished police-like badges out of their pockets and pinned them on their shirts. Each one said 'Chief Enforcer.' I asked, "What's that about?"

Rod chuckled, "Well, when we were talking in your driveway last time, Lance boasted that he was the assigned 'enforcer' to see that nobody stepped out of line. Pretty soon we figured out that we were all enforcers. We had a good laugh. Tom suggested the badges. Since I have the money, I had them made up. It's pretty clear that all the guys are sticking to the rules, in exchange for incredible erotic experiences, so we thought we could dispense with the enforcer charade." Sara and I could only agree. Our group of strangers had become co-conspirators in our special brand of no-holds-barred exhibitionism.

Sara leaned forward, hands in her lap and tits spilling out on the table, and asked "Last time we did lots of outrageous things. What did you guys like best?"

Lance volunteered, "When you squeezed my cock I about died. You slid it up and down, in front of your husband and all these guys. It was the best I've ever had."

Rod liked it when Sara rubbed his cock with her tits. "You have great tits, Sara. Full and bouncy and soft, big hard nipples..."

Sara unconsciously pushed a finger into and out of her mouth. "I love this dirty talk, guys, My pussy's tingling already thinking about what we did at that party, and what we're going to do tonight."

"I never imagined that there were women like you," Tim added. "You strip naked in front of us, you actually love to get your tits and your pussy felt up while we watch. Jim must be unique too, because he likes all this. He even seems to get hugely turned on by all these guys seeing his woman expose herself. Why do you to do it?"

"Well, it's hard to describe," I answered. "Um, think about going to a nice restaurant. It's much more fun going with someone else. And sometimes it's even more fun with a group. For us, it's the same with sex. Sharing Sara with other men is our newest thrill. She loves sex, and she loves attention."

"My sex drive seems to be stronger than other women's - I need fucking all the time, and I got a super buzz from showing you my naked body. Men like Jim are so rare, I'm amazingly lucky I ran into him. He's confident enough to enjoy the erotic experience without getting jealous. We're so suited to each other. But we're on new ground here, we've never done things like this before."

We moved to the living room so that Sara could start her show. By now I was tingling as much as she was. First she lifted her dress. "I know you can already see my pussy, but I know you want a better look. Oo, isn't that nasty?"

After gyrating her hips a bit she raised the hem to her waist, displaying her naked cunt again, then pulled it up and over her tits. We could see little criss-cross welts on her boobs and hips where the dress had been particularly tight. Her arms above her head, she shook violently to make her boobs jiggle.

Now we were ready to go further. I announced, "I want to show you a few things about Sara. You'll be caressing her boobs pretty soon. When she's aroused her nipples get really long. You can pull on the tip, like this, and still have enough shaft left to rub sideways, like this."

As I demonstrated, she murmured as though just to me, "Jim, you're getting me hot. You know what that does to me, and they're all watching."

I ignored her protests. "You can be pretty rough with her nipples, but on the pink halo she prefers a gentle touch, like this. You can rub and squeeze the rest of her boobs, she loves that, but she doesn't like to get poked."

I invited everyone to strip to the waist, then stand in a circle with Sara in the center. She was required to present herself, arms above her head, to allow each of the men in turn to fondle her tits. I wanted everyone to get a good feel of them. And to see better as well as to get a good feel, I joined the circle myself.

Sara folded her arms above her head, forcing her tits higher and making them protrude, obscene balls of forbidden flesh. Rod covered those balls with both hands, squeezing with his fingers around the edges, then pulling on both nipples. His fingers were turning orange. "Sara, your breasts feel fantastic. So full and so soft."

This was the first time anyone in the group other than me had touched her tits out in the open. On the opposite side of the circle, Lance found Sara's ass right in front of his hands, so he stroked the soft globes. Sara exclaimed, "Look Jim, he's fondling my boobs, he's touching my nipples, and somebody is stroking my ass. It feels wonderful." I think there's a direct connection from her boobs to my cock.

Sara moved to Tom, the next guy in the circle, offering her boobs to him. He explored with his hands, then pulled on the tip of a nipple and stroked the sides as I had demonstrated, evoking a gasp. She pushed her chest out toward him, offering a better feel. The ass fondling continued with each new guy. As she progressed from man to man she became more and more excited, her crotch already soaked and the aroma of sex perfusing the small circle. I got the last turn. She was on display, and she knew it.

I invited Spike to kiss Sara and slide a finger into her pussy. He cocked his head, looked at me and said, "Ok, if you insist." Then to her, "Do you really want it, babe?"

He put his arms around my naked wife, stroking her back, and she reciprocated. Gently he touched his lips to hers, but she immediately tilted her head, opened her mouth and attacked. We could see their jaws working as tongues flashed in and out, penetrating one another. He leaned forward, arching her back, and slid a hand down to her bush; she jerked when his finger went inside. Her hips began rotating toward his, and he rotated back. I called time, so they separated, a little flushed, but Spike kept his finger in her cunt so everyone could see it. "Look guys, ain't she hot?"

Sara was still posturing, pulling her shoulders back to show the guys her boobs, so I told her to sit on Tom's lap and "let him play with your boobs any way he wants. He can stroke, squeeze, kiss, pinch, whatever."

We all squeezed onto the couch as she gave her tits to Tom. He pushed them up and together, then with his tongue lashed one, then the other. He bounced them in his hands, brushed them with his moustache, and tried to get one into his mouth as his tongue swirled over her nipple. She rocked forward in ecstasy, her forehead against his. Tim and I felt her thighs tighten around Tom's hips when he attacked the other boob with his teeth.

When he was finished, Sara showed us all her two glistening, distended nipples and moist areolas. I had really enjoyed watching her get mauled from close up. She murmured, "Jim, you got to see what my nipples do when a guy bites them. You've never seen that before. And Tom, never shave that moustache." I was seeing my wife in whole new ways.

I had Sara offer up her tits to each of the men in turn, letting them do whatever they wanted with them. One guy rubbed one tit against the other; another guy slapped them and got slapped in the face by Sara's boobs in return. Most of the guys had to adjust themselves while she was sitting on them. At the end we had six turned-on men and one turned-on naked woman. Both tits were covered with little red marks from various squeezing and pinching.

I called a break. Sara sat naked in one of the easy chairs, modestly crossing her legs while I served drinks. The get-acquainted banter was gone - now it was about sex and about our relationship, especially our exhibitionism. I explained that we were both very visual people, voyeurs perhaps; we had learned that in the first hour of our acquaintance. "I love seeing Sara's body, and she loves showing it, so we get along great. I love to watch her get excited by exhibiting herself - I've never met another woman who's even remotely like her. Sexual touching is a whole new area for us, but so far I'm really into it, and for her it's like a drug. Oh, and while we talk everyone should visit the front bathroom, right down that hall."

The guys dutifully took turns, thinking that we wanted to avoid interrupting our session by having to pee, but when they got there they found 5 washcloths, each with a nametag that also said "Wash your penis with me." The washcloths were soaked in antiseptic with a bit of lubricant, that Sara and I though would facilitate cock-play as well as reduce the danger of disease. This was the real world, after all, not a porn film. Also in the bathroom they found a rather arresting photograph hanging on the wall, a large-format shot of Sara lying naked, one leg tastefully draped over her crotch but her breasts on full display. It was her subtle way of displaying herself to houseguests without them having to comment on it, as though finding it were accidental.

Sara described some of her history. "You wouldn't believe how many guys were intimidated by my exhibitionism. Before I met Jim I had a hard time holding onto boyfriends. They just didn't understand the thrill I get from displaying my body to other guys. Jim knows I love him, so it's ok that other guys strip me and fondle me. Now he's getting to watch me act out my sexuality."

I added, "You might think Sara's unique, but she's just gone in the direction lots of women go in. Every time you see some girl in a short skirt, or a low-cut dress, she's wearing that to show you her body, or some of it. She doesn't have to do that, she does it because she wants to. Sara just carries it further."

Tom asked Sara why she put so much emphasis on her breasts. She said, "Breasts are only there for one reason: to attract men." She held up her breasts to demonstrate. "See? You all love it. The actual milk gland is just a little thin layer on top - most of the breast is just for sex. There's even a theory that breasts are echoes of the butt. That's another thing you only see on humans."

"Ok, Sara", interrupted Lance, "If the butt's such a big deal, how do you feel about anal sex?"

"Well, Lance, the vagina's been evolving for millions of years to feel as great as possible to a cock. In my experience, most guys think it's pretty good. The asshole's been evolving for millions of years to handle shit. Any more questions?"

Sara was getting restless, shifting in her chair and spreading her legs wide. She was ready for the next stage. "Sara, take off the rest of Tom's clothes, then give his cock a squeeze until it's hard. Then do that to everybody."

As Tom stood, Sara dutifully knelt down in front of him, undoing his pants and pulling down his briefs. A semi-hard cock appeared, slick with lubricant, which Sara squeezed and stroked until it was nice and hard. It didn't take long. I stripped at the same time so he wouldn't be the only naked man, even briefly. Tim ran his fingers through Sara's hair while she stripped him and touched his cock for the first time. I moved in close to watch - she had a dreamlike expression as she handled another guy's cock right in front of her husband. She pulled back on it, making the skin glisten as it stretched. Tim involuntarily pushed his hips forward. His long, thin cock had an upward curve near the end that fascinated her. She played that cock like an instrument, pressing on the underside just where the head meets the shaft, and rubbing the very top. She kissed the tip and moved on.

Sara continued with the rest of the cocks - I mean men. She paid special attention to Lance, and to Rod's impressive member, tipped with a large reddish ball and already oozing precum that she deftly scooped up and tasted. Looking up at him, she cooed "Cocks fascinate me, so many different ones, I like yours for its size and its squeezability. Is that a word?" She wrapped both hands around it, making a tight ring with each thumb and forefinger, and slid vigorously up and down. Somehow his cockhead found its way to one of her tits, 'accidentally' bouncing against the nipple as she threw his cock left and right. She gently lifted his balls, remarking on the contrast between a man's hard body and his soft, delicate scrotum. She wanted to touch everything, and she did.

After the last man was stripped and the last cock attended to, Sara sat back to admire her work. She saw five very aroused men, six including me; two of them had come dangerously close to ejaculating right at the beginning of our cock-and-cunt play. She noted that "It's so cool to be naked in my living room with my six naked admirers. I think I'm about to be forced to do even naughtier things."

I asked Sara if she wouldn't mind sliding Lance's cock into her mouth, and take in the whole thing. Sara looked at me with big eyes, then turned to his cock, already erect and pulsating with anticipation. "You want me to suck his cock, right here in front of everybody? Oo, that's so nasty."

This was another first for us, the first time that Sara had sucked anyone but me since we were married. Swirling that cock in her mouth, she bobbed progressively further down on it until in one stroke she took the entire thing, her lips teasing his pubic hair. Everyone saw that she had mastered the deep-throat technique; I explained that we had been practicing it a lot in preparation for tonight. One trick she uses is to swallow just as the cock reaches the back of her mouth, then quickly push it all the way in. The other trick is to tilt her head back, to make a straight path down her throat as the cock penetrates. All the guys expressed sympathy for me, having to endure all that cock-swallowing for their eventual benefit. Hey, someone's got to do it.

Coming up for air, Sara mused that she liked cock-sucking because her tongue and lips have more control than her cunt muscles, and she can feel the cock up close. Then without asking she took each guy's cock into her mouth and gave it the same treatment, cum all over her face and tits. As she continued licking and sucking, and the guys enjoyed being licked and sucked, Rod asked me "Doesn't it bother you that your woman is sucking other guys' cocks, and they're cumming all over her while we all watch?"

"Rod, I really get off on this. It's one of the most exciting events of my life. My wife's being displayed and enjoyed, she loves every second. I get to see it and experience everything. And afterward we will have a cosmic megafuck, I assure you." Sara heard that and glanced my way, lust in her eyes.

We took a break, getting new drinks and sitting comfortably in the living room. Sara slumped into an easy chair, one leg draped across each arm. Even when we were resting she wanted to exhibit herself. We got to talking about our backgrounds: Rod asked how we met. I described how, at the beach, I approached her because she had the briefest bikini, no other reason; it was just luck that we met. The first time I embraced her I touched great expanses of naked hip and thigh. She had a way of subtly posing for me. I described how I first saw her in a crowd from the back, and I enjoyed ogling the lush curve of her half-exposed ass and the furrow between her ass and her thighs, even before I saw her face. She scowled and pouted, "You never told me that, you pervert!"

I retorted "It's not like you would have objected - you've always been a hopeless exhibitionist. And you were the one who tucked your bathing suit up so men could see your ass in the first place. Look at you right now, you're naked, your legs are splayed out so that six guys can ogle your open cunt."

"I guess you got me there. I've always loved having men look at my body."

"There's a difference between the sort of looking you do at the beach and what we're doing here," I added. "Sara's letting you into her personal space, naked. Seeing her in that space is a lot more intimate than seeing her from a distance." Our guests could only agree.

Tim said that he had looked Sara up on the web. "So how did you get involved with modern dance in college? It's pretty far from economics."

"Actually, I wasn't that interested in it 'till I went to a dance performance on campus. I loved the way the dancers moved, all slinky and sinuous. Then for one number the women wore tight purple leotards, almost see-through, and that's all. They kneeled on stage and waved their arms and bodies with their arms above their heads, while the men crawled around between them. The women were supposed to be stinging jellyfish and the men were their victims, but what I saw was women exhibiting their bodies to men who were right next to them. A couple of times the men brushed against the women's tits; I don't think we were supposed to notice that, but I sure did! At the end the men were stung, they collapsed into the laps of the women. Their heads landed next to the women's crotches, looking up at their tits. I had to do that, so I joined a class. Eventually I got to dance on stage wearing even less than that."

"Tell us the details," Tim pleaded. "We want to hear all about how you showed yourself."

"Well, I enjoyed prancing around in tight things in front of the men in my classes. About half of them were gay, but half weren't, and they loved peeking at me. I gave them lots of opportunities, without being too obvious, I hope. Then one time we were imitating cabaret dancers. By this time I was more advanced, I was helping with choreographing and costuming. I thought we should dance naked, but the instructor balked and some of the dancers did too. So we compromised on thongs for the women and jockstraps for the men, all skin-tone. We really looked naked on stage. I was thrilled, because my tits would be totally exposed; I made up dance moves that would push our tits out toward the men, and as lead dancer I jiggled my bare tits and did lots of splits that nearly spilled my pussy out. I got hot at every rehearsal. And the performances really got me going, I was showing my tits to the dancers and to the audience too. It was all for art, of course, but for me it was all for sex."

"Wow! I wish I'd been there."

"That was a long time ago. Now I dance mostly during sex."

"We've noticed," Tom quipped.

Tim asked the question on everyone's mind: "What about the intercourse that Jim promised on our programs at dinner?

I interjected, "That's what's next, guys. I'm going to fuck Sara, hard, in front of all of you. It's a big step, but we both want to go there. We'll use lots of positions. You'll get to fondle her and even get your cocks swallowed while mine is inside her."

Sara stared at me and bit her lip. "I'm actually going to show you his cock sliding into me - you can see it as close up as you want. It's the ultimate exhibition, I want desperately for you to see it. Oh god, I'm almost cuming just thinking about it, it's so hot."

Tim asked what seemed like a stupid question. "Sara, why do they call a woman 'hot'? Why not excited, or sexy, or something else?"

"I'll show you, Tim. Come over here and hold your hand just over my pussy. Feel anything?"

"I'll be damned. I can feel the heat radiating from it!"

"There. Now be a good boy and give my hot pussy a good squeeze before you sit down again. Don't get burned. Ah, that feels marvelous. Jim, I'm ready for the public fucking to start. Oh, I am so ready. Did everybody hear me? Fucking!"

It looked like getting an erection wasn't going to be a problem. "She wants you to see it all. Sara, are you ready?"

"Am I ever! I've been waiting for this all night, actually all my life."

Our first position was to be from behind, so everyone could see the penetration. Sara reclined on her side on the carpet, under our bright track lights, facing our audience on the couch. She lifted one leg straight up as I snuggled in behind her and slid my cock along the length of her cuntlips. I asked Lance, "Would you mind coming over here and spreading Sara's cuntlips for me? It'll help everyone to see my cock disappear into her hole."

"Oh god, I'm going to let you do it with all these guys watching me, and one of them is going to pull my pussy open while you fuck it? Jim, you're depraved; it's why I love you."

Lance pulled Sara's outer lips apart, and I moved up to touch her hole with the tip of my cock. Sara flinched and cried "Stop!"

Disappointed, I asked, "Cold feet?"

"Oh god, no. Jim, this is so intense I almost exploded when you touched me. Not an orgasm, I just got overwhelmed. You know how hot our fucking usually is, and just now it was like every emotion was on steroids. I can see their eyes staring through my pussy. This was all a fantasy, a dream, until I felt your cock touch me, then the reality hit me like a hammer. When you touch me, it's like five touches, or a million... Ok, now I'm ready. Penetrate me."

Five men watched as Sara grabbed the head of my cock and I slowly slid it into her. She flinched and cried out, but stayed with it this time. "Jim, you're actually inside me. Look at us, guys, we're fucking for you."

"Not yet, we aren't," I growled, shoving myself further into Sara. Everyone could see her cunt accommodate my cock. She was so wet that I slowly slid in all the way, then started stroking. Lance was still holding her open, so I got good stimulation only when I was in deep. That cunt felt even more wonderful than usual, warm and tight, her muscles involuntarily massaging my cock with little twitches and squeezes. I'd never been so hard in my life. For a while I lost track of everything except the overwhelming pleasure of Sara's sweet cunt.

"That's enough in this position. Sara, lean over the arm of the chair and prepare to get properly fucked."

"Yes sir, if you must, violate me!"

I came up from behind and slid my cock into her again. In this position I could push much harder. I inched just the head in as Sara wiggled and pushed back, trying to climb onto it. Then in one lunge I penetrated all the way. Her whole body shook, and she moaned "Ogod, Jim, they're all watching, I feel so exposed, it's wonderful."

The pounding continued with a couple of dozen long, hard strokes, each eliciting a grunt from Sara. Her boobs jiggled on each stroke, while a wave of undulating flesh flowed up across her ass. She looked our men in the eye, one by one, and her voice oozed out, "Look guys, oof, I'm getting royally fucked, uhh, it feels so great I can't, ahh, stand it."

Just in time I pulled out, my cock slick with her juices, twitching with a near-climax. Sara looked back at me over her shoulder, disappointed, but I told her "That fuck wasn't intense enough. Now you're going to sit on my cock and control the action, and our friends are going to move in. Instead of me fucking you, you're going to fuck me."

"I'm ready to fuck you, Jim, while these guys fondle me."

On my back under the lights I told Sara, "Hey, wife, get your naked body over here and straddle my hips. Now squat down, grab my cock, that's it, and slide me into that hot cunt. Ah! Now turn around."

Sara pivoted to the posture that we had fantasized with after our last party. Some guys were watching her ass rise and fall on my cock, while the others sat at her feet, watching her tits bounce as she pushed my cock all the way in. I reached up to fondle her tits while she fucked me. "Guys, I think this woman needs more stimulation. Rod, get behind her and pinch her nipples. You'll have to be rough so she can feel it through the fucking." He pulled - the guys could see her boobs jiggle as he shook Sara's nipples while she bounced up and down. He pulled hard, one tit to the left and the other to the right, stretching her boobs apart. Her skin glistened.

"I see an unused hole. Any volunteers to slide something into my wife's mouth?"

Lance had a nice hard-on, so he came forward and stood beside her; Sara moaned, turned her head, grabbed his cock firmly in one fist, and plunged his cockhead past her lips and teeth. He groaned and ran his fingers through her hair, pulling her onto his shaft. She was totally consumed with sex, three men stimulating her and three more watching the lewd slut in action. Had I really invited a guy to stick his cock in my wife's mouth? "Sara," I yelled, "You're such a slut, three men sexing you up at once, you have a cock in your mouth, you have another one stuffed up your cunt, a guy mauling your tits, and three other guys watching everything."

Any longer and I would have come before we were finished, so I lifted Sara up and slid out. She straightened her legs, but leaned over to keep Lance's cock in her mouth. I said that it was time to show our men a fourth fuck position. She didn't want to let go, so I let her keep Lance in her mouth while she knelt down on her hands and knees. Once she got good traction on the carpet she attacked Lance's cock even harder, shoving it all the way in, and he came loudly, stroke after stroke. When he finally withdrew, Sara looked at me and said "What? So a guy just came in my mouth. Kiss me." I did; she deposited a thick white present in my mouth. I was so surprised that I swallowed it without thinking.

Sara turned to our audience, stuck her cum-soaked tongue out for all the guys to see, then teased, "What's a little sperm among friends? I want to do another one while Jim fucks me some more." She had become a different woman, one who lives only for sex.

I had gone a little limp during Sara's work on Lance, so she sat up and yanked on my cock with her hands until I was nice and stiff again, then went back on all fours and almost yelled, "Stuff it in me, big boy!" I stuffed, she jumped again, I grabbed her hips and pounded her. I stopped, my cock all the way in, and muttered, "Sara's only getting half-fucked. My loving wife needs to get fucked in her mouth some more."

Tim, said "I volunteer," and presented his cock.

Now Sara was getting properly plugged with a cock at each end. Tim could feel my lunges on his cock as Sara's whole body shook. I stroked harder: "Sara, you're a total slut, you're fucking one guy and sucking off another one at the same time. How many married women do this in their living rooms?" She groaned and kept going. Somehow she had gotten all of Tim's long cock in.

I was hoping to be able to hold off until all the guys had a chance to get off in Sara's talented mouth, but after a few more strokes that overwhelming urge, the drug of sex, took over everything; from my cock through my body coursed an orgasm that blotted out everything else - that long feeling of ecstatic climax, followed by jolts of ecstasy alternating with normal existence in an involuntary rhythm. I just came and came and came some more; long after I was empty I was still thrusting into Sara's hot cunt, milking those last twinges. Just as I felt myself beginning to get soft her vaginal muscles clamped me in, Tim winced as she bit down, and another orgasm rippled through her. I leaned over and embraced her from behind, holding onto her trembling boobs while her body shook and rocked.

When it was over we rested for a while, then Sara said, "We're not finished yet. Any more men want to slide their stiff cocks into my mouth? Drunk with sex, she was still on her hands and knees with white cum leaking out of her cunt and her lips. She hadn't refused anything the whole night.

Tom got his turn, but before he entered her Sara invited Spike to lick her cunt again. "Spike, since you've kind of become my official pussy-licker, want to try a used one?" He accepted, so she lowered herself onto Spike's head while she took Tom's cock into her mouth.

After Tom ejaculated into Sara the others got their turns. She was getting tired, but I could tell she wanted to taste each guy's cum before the night was out. Pushing her sexuality to the limit, Sara was taking care of all of us. Spike wanted to come in her hands, so she gently took his cock and massaged it to orgasm, spraying some of his spunk into her mouth and the rest onto her body. Five guys had already deposited loads in one end or the other.

Sara swallowed a couple of times, then announced, "Let's meet again same time next week. I want more sex."

When the guys had all found their clothes and left, Sara laid down on our couch and invited me to join her. Even after all the sex we had indulged in, the sight of that beautiful naked woman stretched out was irresistible. I slid in, but we were both tired, so I just stayed comfortably inside her while we talked.

"Wow, Jim, I couldn't have imagined how awesome that was. Definitely the sexual high point of my life so far. But, Jim, wonderful man, I have to ask you something. No, stay in my pussy. Promise you won't get mad, it's asking a lot."

What could I say while my cock was buried in the most beautiful woman in the world, love in her eyes, asking a favor? I had a suspicion about what that favor would be. "Ok, go ahead."

"Jim, darling husband, it's been so great with our men. I never dreamed sex could be so varied, so intense, so overwhelming. Each party's been like a new discovery, of our own sexuality, of my needs. Actually I frighten myself sometimes. The more I get the more I want. I know I've become a total slut, so far you're enjoying this as much as me, but I don't know what you'll say about what I want, what I need, next."

I was prepared. "Ask away, cunt-for-brains."

"Jim, each party we've gone further. First I showed the men my body, all of it. Then you let them touch me, and we both found a whole new side of my, our, sexuality. I'll always love you for that. Tonight we fucked in front of them, I came with your cock inside me, you came inside me and they watched your jism leak out of my pussy, I gave them all orgasms, I felt a thrill I've never felt before. There's only one way to continue this, Jim. Here it comes. Next week - I'm going to fuck them, all of them, over and over."

Even though I had half-expected that, it was still a shock. But my cock gave me away - it jumped in her cunt, she squeezed, and we catapulted one another into paradise.