**Showing Off**

by Marcia R. Hooper (MarciaR26@aol.com)

My current boyfriend, Mark, likes to show me off. I enjoy being shown off. Two weeks ago, he told me that a couple of old college friends were coming into town, and couldn't wait for me to meet then. Of course, I agreed.

The Saturday they were scheduled to arrive, I selected my outfit with one thing in mind. I put on a pink, middy t-shirt with a decal of Winnie the Pooh on the front (smoking a joint with Tigger), a denim mini- skirt, high heels and nothing else. If I sat down wrong in a chair (or maybe just at all), you could see everything I had. It made me feel just like a slut and very sexy.

We met them at BWI airport. When Mark's friends arrived, he introduced them to me as Eddie, Bill, Terrence and Steve. No last names were mentioned and none were offered. But they obviously liked me.

"This is Mary Kay," he said. "Kristi, for short."

We all said hello and offered our hands. Terrence hugged and kissed my cheek. I actually blushed.

Taking them down the Parkway into Washington, D.C., for the next four hours or so, we gave them a tour of the town. Then we went out to dinner. And as Mark had expected, they couldn't keep their eyes off me.

After dinner, full, just a little bit inebriated--me, anyway--we headed back to the apartment, stopping at Blockbuster on the way. Just getting out of the car in my mini-skirt broke them out in a sweat. Steve tripped stepping onto the curb and Eddie ran into him. Mark just stood there and grinned.

Inside, I got Mark off to one side. "We're gonna watch a movie?" I asked. I was more in mind of a party.

"Uh-huh."

"A Blockbuster movie?"

"Uh-huh."

I looked over at his friends and frowned. Distracted by me and my mini-skirt, they nonetheless were picking and choosing loudly over what to watch. It made me want to retch. "Mark," I said. "Your friends are dorks."

I waited, wondering what he'd do. Two weeks before, in the Target store just around the block, he had upended me over something I'd said and spanked me on his knee. I had been wearing jeans, but the spanking still hurt.

He grinned at me.

"What?" I said, playing dumb.

"You think I won't?"

"I think you'll do anything you damn well please," I said truthfully. "Store full of people or what."

He shook his head slowly. "You're not drunk," he said. "And you're not on the rag. So either you're teasing yourself, Kristi, or you're just as dumb as you look."

That stung, but I took it anyway. I'm ditzy, I'm blonde and I'm stupid, yes--but I have never been dumb. I see girls blindsided by their guys all the time: cheated on, beat up at home, made fools of in front of their friends; whatever happens to me happens because I want it too. Even when it hurts. Yes, I'm a masochist and yes, I'm a submissive and sometimes yes, I'm a slave . . . but that's what does it for me.

Mark herded his friends toward the checkout counter while I went out and waited in the car. The guys jabbered non-stop about the movies all the way home. It was an eclectic selection. Eddie had insisted on the terror classic "I Spit on Your Grave," while Steve and Terrence had picked out the movie "Secretary," about . . . well, a submissive secretary. Bill thought I would enjoy a movie like "Pirates of the Caribbean," which I actually would, but that was my little secret.

Mark picked up "Unfaithful," with Dianne Lane.

As soon as we got through the front door Mark grabbed my wrist and dragged me into the bedroom. "Hey!" I protested loudly, my heart beginning to slam. "What gives!"

The four guys, startled and still standing back in the foyer, the front door wide open behind them, didn't say a word.

"Shut the fucking door, will ya!" Mark shouted.

Eddie, jerked out of his paralysis, hurriedly slammed the door. "What's going on?" he called.

Still holding me by the wrist, Mark shuffled through the top drawer of my dresser, where he kept my things. Finally he came out with the handcuffs. "You'll see in a minute," he said, talking to Eddie but looking at me.

By now, the four guys had grouped together in the living room to watch. The bunch of them, like twelve year-olds given the opportunity to see one of their older sisters nude--or maybe even get spanked--were beginning to understand. Each wore an identical expression of embarrassed excitement.

Mark tossed my handbag on the bed. "Cunt-face here thinks you're a bunch of losers," he informed them matter-of-factly. "What do you think about that?"

Before any of them could reply, he whipped me around to face the dresser, put my hands behind my back, and handcuffed my wrists.

"Ow, Mark!" I protested. "Those things are tight!" This wasn't just a hollow protestation either. Made of hardened, plated steel, they were right off the law enforcement supply house shelf--and made for women.

"Tough shit," he said, roughly. "You dish it out, bitch, you learn to take it."

I would take it all right--right across his lap.

Dragging me out of the bedroom by my elbow, he guided me into the living room amongst the crowd. "She pisses me off a lot here lately," he said by way of explanation. "I need to discipline the bitch, let her know who's boss."

"Mark--"

"Shut up, Kristi!" he said. And then, "You guys are gonna enjoy this. Pull up a chair."

With that, he sat down on the very edge of the couch, took me across his knee and bared my rear end.

"No, Mark!" I cried, totally freaked out. Mark had spanked me plenty of times, in many different locations, with and without an audience, but never like this, never with his friends, not on my bare rear end.

He answered with his bare hand across my bare bottom.

"Yeoww!" I wailed, kicking out my feet. "Let me up, Mark! Owwww! Stop that!"

He hit me hard and deliberately on both my cheeks, left-right-left, one right after the other, quickly turning my bottom into a sizzling hot sunburn. I kicked and I screamed and I pleaded with him to stop, but he just kept spanking me, peppering me with taunts and with insults.

"You little tease! Think you can just strut your stuff around, any time you like?"

"Mark! Please!"

"You're a goddammed little brat! Mouthing off and making my friends look bad! Who looks bad now, huh, tease?"

"Mark, please! You're hurting my ass!"

"You haven't even begun to hurt yet, bitch! After I wear out my god-damned hand, I'll let one of the other guys wear out his!"

I shrieked, not pretending any more at all--I really hurt. "You're hurting me, Mark! You're hurting me! Please!"

Then, as though my present humiliation wasn't enough, he dragged me to my feet, dragged me stumbling and weeping to the nearest corner, and knelt me down.

"You stay right there! You don't move until you've had time to think this out, until you've given my friends time to decide whether or not to let you apologize." He made sure my skirt stayed right up around my waist, out of the way of their show, making me hold it there myself. I could only kneel there and sob.

"Jesus, Mark," someone said in awe. I didn't know who it was.

"She's bad, Terrence. She opened her mouth once too often and I shut it up. I might even wash it out with soap!" he said, laughing. "And don't let her fool you, okay? She really loves this stuff. Don't you Mary Kay?"

But I was fooling them. I was in absolute agony, worse than I'd ever been before. No one had ever spanked me before like that--not even my father, and he really knew how to spank. My rear end felt like a ten-alarm fire.

"You ready to apologize, Mary Kay?"

"Yes sir," I sniveled.

"What about my friends?"

"Them too," I said. "Anything you want." The wrong thing to say.

Sighing disgustedly, he left the room and went into the bedroom. When he returned, he had the heavy mahogany paddle he reserves for my special, disciplinary spankings--not so special, after today--and something I didn't even know he had: a red, ball-gag.

"Turn around," he said.

By now, all the guys had seen whatever of me they had wanted to see. Laid out the way I was over Mark's lap, my privates had been on display. So, displaying it now seemed no big deal. Besides, as Mark had said, it's what I liked.

Telling me, "If you can't say anything nice, little girl, don't say anything at all," he inserted the ball in my mouth and secured it behind my head. The gag was a new experience for me; Mark--like most guys I dated-- liked my mouth and used it every chance they got.

"Mmmmmm. Mmmm-nuuuum," I protested, very humbled.

"Like her, guys?" he asked. "Like this?"

His friends, wide-eyed and having trouble breathing, nodded their heads. The one named Eddie and the one named Bill both looked open-mouthed at my bare pussy; Terrence slowly blinked his eyes, not sure if he was dreaming or not. Steve though, Steve was looking me directly in the eye. You really do like this, his frank expression said, and that made me look away.

"I think you're not repentant enough," Mark said, tapping his leg with the paddle. I expected to be lit up again, but instead he left the room, this time for the kitchen. I heard him open and closing several of the drawers, rummaging for who knows what. I found out shortly thereafter. When he returned, there were a pair of scissors in his hand.

Oh, no, I thought. There goes my top.

"Terry? How'd you like to do the honors?"

Gulping loudly, Terrence got off his butt, walked hesitantly to where I knelt in the corner, and accepted the scissors.

"Take your pick," Mark said jokingly--at least I hoped it was a joke: "Her hair or her shirt."

Wide-eyed, I grunted my alarm.

Terrence immediately shook his head. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm not stupid, you know." But he was excited; excited enough and aggressive enough to cut my top open, right down the middle.

Obligingly, Mark bared my waiting breasts. "Nice, huh?" he said with a nod of approval. The other guys just stared.

Although I'm not overly large up top, I'm certainly not small. My breasts are firm enough not to wear a bra if I chose. Men stare at my chest in any case, and the four of them in the living room were doing that now.

"See that?" Mark asked, indicating the state of my nipples with my mahogany paddle. They were rock hard and getting harder by the moment. "Two things turn a girl's hi-beams on like this," he said. "And one of them isn't ice." Very deliberately, very slowly, he took my left nipple between his fingertips--and tweaked it hard.

"Mmnnn!" I said, jumping in surprise. The five of them laughed.

"Cut it the rest of the way off," Mark advise Terrence, about my top. A moment later, I was topless.

"Stand up, Kristi, girl."

I stood up.

"Work them off."

I did as I was told, though not without difficulty. Then I stood before them, naked and trembling, a rubber ball-gag in my mouth, handcuffed behind my back, my mini-skirt puddled around my ankles, extremely nervous. Then Mark cupped my right breast.

"Who wants to go first?" he asked.

Mortified, I glanced back and forth as the guys looked uncertainly amongst themselves, and then at Mark. None of them looked at me.

"It's yours for the taking," he advised, rubbing my erect nipple with his thumb. "Terrence?"

Looking perturbed at being called upon again, Terrence nonetheless put down the scissors he was holding in his hand, moved up hesitantly to me, leaned down, and hurriedly kissed my nipple.

"Nugunnnnuh," I moaned, shivers up and down my spine. Terrence kissed it again, then put it in his mouth and began to suck.

"Eddie?" Mark asked.

Taking up position on my other side, buoyed by Terrence's success, Eddie took my left breast into his right hand and squeezed it. "Nice," he said. "Really firm."

I made noises that Eddie ignored.

"In fact," he said, rolling my nipple between his forefinger and thumb, "this may be the best tit I've ever held. Or sucked on," he said, putting me in his mouth.

I moaned again.

By now, licks of flame were dancing in my belly, and in my head. The humiliation of being spanked was like an open wound, but a definite arousal-maker too. My body was reacting--I was reacting--and it was like a microwave wrapped around my hips, cooking me from the inside.

Mark said: "Different for you, huh? Not being able to jabber?"

I nodded my head. The ball-gag, though sufficient to shut me up, was not a plug. Drool leaked out both sides of my mouth and down my chin. I felt like a baby.

On Mark's invitation, Steve came up behind me and started kissing my neck. I squirmed, partly because I was ticklish, but mostly because I was embarrassed and turned on. Being kissed there drove me nuts. Being given a hickey there, which Steve was doing now, drove me absolutely nuts. Then Steve's hands let go of my shoulders and traveled down my biceps to where my elbows touched my sides, then onto my stomach. He let them slide up and down my skin, exploring me gently, letting me get used to being caressed. If Mark objected to this latest escalation of intimacy with his helpless girlfriend, he didn't say a word.

Then Bill took his turn. Replacing Terrence at my right breast, he squeezed and nibbled my nipple, biting me-- and not so gently, either--while Terrence dropped to his knees and began to rub at my thighs. No, rubbing is not the word. His hands moved lightly, but very possessively, up and down my legs, inside my thighs, close up to my defenseless and very expectant pussy, then across my still-tender ass. I was moaning now, more or less continuously, my temperature really climbing. Then Steve's hand drifted down my very hot, very quivering belly, over my lower abdomen, and between my legs. A moment later, his middle finger found my waiting vagina and went in it. I began to shake.

"Unngggghhhh," I moaned loudly.

"This girl is hot!" one of them said in a husky voice I don't which one, because my eyes were closed. He wasn't commenting on my appearance.

Mark, understanding that things were teetering on the edge of Kristi getting gang-banged here, decided to push them over. I went from being his show-off girlfriend, to pass-around whore. He forced me to my knees and began to unhook the gag. "Kristi," he said. "There are five raging hardons in this room. You're gonna take care of them all."

Finally free of the gag, I sucked in breath. Ten minutes of being wide open with that thing had left my muscles aching and useless. My jaw cracked loudly. "God," I said hoarsely, "do I have a fucking choice?"

Mark unzippered his jeans. "Sure you do. Me first, or one of the others."

I took him into my mouth.

In the following few minutes, in rapid succession, I sucked them all. It wasn't languid or sultry sucking, either. They pulled me back and forth between their cocks, sharing my mouth, taking their pleasure from passing me around, not from being sucked. They made me gag, tried to choke me going down my throat, humiliated me by holding my head, and after a while took turns holding me, each of them in turn, while someone else fucked my mouth. It was driving me crazy, both from frustration and from shear arousal.

Suddenly, Mark left the room to go into the bedroom. The part of my mind not already pulped to mush wondered what he wanted next. I found out a minute later, when he came out holding my blindfold.

"Jesus, Mark!" I complained, as he put it on. "I can't see." Which seemed to be the point.

They began to assault me again, this time with a dozen times the fervor of the first. I could hardly breath, much less protest or make them stop. And I was continually gagging.

"Mark!" I choked out as one of them freed my mouth. "Please!"

He took me between his hands, made me accept his cock, and I began to suck him

"That's it," he applauded, when I'd finally developed a rhythm. I had sucked him blindfolded before. . . . I had done it handcuffed before. But I had never done it before with a circle of guys standing around me like that.

After a minute, he took me by the head and began to move me back and forth. He fucked my mouth and talked to me all the while, encouraging me to suck. The severity of it increased until he was ready to come in my mouth . . . . and then he did.

"Aaaarrrrggggg!" he went as the first hot torrent hit my tongue. He held me momentarily still, then jammed himself far into my mouth, coming again, choking me-- but I was used to being choked. I swallowed to keep it from blowing out my nose, then swallowed it again, gulp after gulp. I swallowed a whole lot of sperm.

When it was over, he pulled my blindfold off so that I could see his eyes. He staggered back a step or two, laughing and shaking, so that two of the guys had to hold him up. One of them held onto me as well, keeping me from sagging down, but not for my well being.

"My, God!" Mark exclaimed, laughing haggardly. "Did you see that, guys?"

They certainly had. They wanted their turn. And they had it.

Blindfolding me again, each one did a repeat performance of my boyfriend. It became too much to handle after the first one, and from then on I was forced. Two of them held me while the others used my for my mouth. I began to feel raped.

When the first one came, he gave me an unexpected facial. The second one came in my mouth. The third one shot his sperm all over my chest, while the forth one made me grovel before him with my mouth wide open. His sperm I swallowed too. In the end, they needed to hold me up.

But it wasn't over. Not by a long shot.

"Mark?" I remember whimpering to him. "Can I stop now, please? Please?"

Still blindfolded, I was jibbering to the room. All five of them were laughing.

"Jesus!" exclaimed the one holding my right arm. "What a fucking mouth."

"God, yes!" from across the room.

The one on my left, running his hand possessively through my hair, stroking my neck and my shoulders, couldn't wait to agree. "Jesus Christ, Mark! She is absolutely fantastic! Sell her to me, will ya please?" he cracked, getting a big laugh. "Name your price!"

"Hmmm," Mark pondered. "Your Giant's seasons tickets, maybe? And your parking lot rights."

There was a pause. "Well . . . no," he finally said. "Not that."

It got another big laugh.

"What about by the hour, then?" the one on my right said. "Or maybe by the night." Then, "Jesus Christ, man!" he blurted out. "How about a weekend of camping!"

"Guys, guys!" Mark admonished. "You haven't even fucked her yet."

My insides shriveled and my bowels loosened up. "Guys!" I wailed. "No! Come on!"

"Get her up," Mark commanded, moving past me and into the bedroom. "Right this way."

"No!" I protested, being dragged to my feet. "Mark, please! No!"

It did no good because the guys took me stumbling and protesting into the bedroom. They laid me down on the bed. "Aw, come on guys, please?" I begged. "Enough?"

"Enough?" said Mark, mock incredulously. "You've been a bad girl, Kristi." A hand--Mark's, of course--came down on my rear end hard, making me shriek, drowning out his next words.

" . . . a little apologizing to my friends," he said. "They're still pretty pissed off. And besides--" This next for the benefit of his friends. "--how can I loan you out without a little first-hand sample of the goods?"

With that he ball-gagged me again, released my wrists from the handcuffs, and tied me to the bed. Face down on the bed.

"Oh, God, Mark," I pleaded around the gag. "Let me stop!"

"You'll stop when your damned well finished," he said, propping my rear end up with pillows. "And not one second before."

Leaving me to the guys, Mark got dressed and returned to the living room, where I heard the TV come on, then switch over to a sports-channel.

Wonderful, I thought, as someone shut the bedroom door. Leave me for a fucking ball game.

Is that a typical guy, or what?

THE END