**Slow Stripped and Exhibited**

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**Slow Stripped and Exhibited Ch. 01**

My name is Roxanne. I'm 23 years old. I have shoulder-length auburn hair, green eyes, and a body I'm proud of. I work out to keep fit and trim and Mother Nature has done her part for me as well, gracing me with a figure that turns a lot of heads. Want numbers? Okay. I don't think the numbers are as important as how a woman carries them, but for those who get off on numbers, mine are 35-25-36 and my bra, when I wear one, is a B cup. I usually just wear a cotton top under my blouse or sweater instead. I'm 5'6" tall and weight 120 pounds.  
  
When I was 21, I had a boyfriend named Rick who was as fond of showing me off as I am of showing myself off. I love to tease. Always have. I suppose some people might have a problem with this. Sometimes I have a problem with it myself and tell myself to stop. But I can't for very long. It's just the way I'm wired, I guess. Well, there are worse vices.  
  
I'm what you would consider an 'innocent' tease. I don't go out pantyless in tiny skirts or wear blouses unbuttoned to my waist. I believe it's a bigger turn-on for guys when they get a glimpse of something they think they're not supposed to be seeing, so I always try to give them that impression. When I undress in front of a window, the shade is always partially pulled down so it doesn't look like I'm trying to be seen. I don't sit in restaurants in a dress with my legs spread wide. I'm subtle. I'm restrained. When you catch a glimpse of my inner thigh you will always believe it was a total accident. You will never suspect I meant for it to happen. I just find it sexier that way.  
  
Rick knew all about me because I told him one night when we were drunk. Otherwise, he never would have known. The night we met he caught a brief 'accidental' glimpse down my shirt and couldn't stop thinking about me afterwards. Anyway, once the truth was out, he admitted that the idea of me letting other guys catch glimpses turned him on and we began to fantasize about scenarios we could use that would show me off and yet maintain my innocence. He agreed that guys enjoyed glimpses of nude innocence much more than glimpses of lewdness. I'm not saying that all guys would agree with us. To each his own. Anyway, it was the day that Rick met the son of one of our neighbors that this story really begins.  
  
The kid's name was Sam. He was 18 and starting his junior year. Very cute, great body, sweet. I'd seen him mowing the lawn and taking out the trash but had never spoken to him. Neither had Rick until that day when Sam and a friend were playing frisbee and it drifted into our yard. Rick flipped it back, they started to talk, and the rest is history, as they say. They became friends of a sort, in the way that 23-year-old guys and 18-year-old guys can be friends. Not really close, you know, but they played some Ultimate Frisbee together, some hoops, did some biking; that sort of thing. Often there were other friends of Sam's included.  
  
So, one weekend afternoon I was out on the deck sunning and reading when Rick came home from riding early along with Sam and two of his friends. He didn't usually bring them to our house and he usually stayed out longer so I was completely surprised when I heard them come in the front door. I was lying out on the lounger in a somewhat modest two-piece bathing suit and decided the best thing to do was stay where I was. I didn't want to go into the house dressed like that and run into a roomfull of men. I wasn't thinking that way at the time. I was just thinking about relaxing. Showing off just didn't even occur to me.  
  
But they all came out on the deck and joined me, first Rick to say 'hi' and then shortly after Sam and then his two friends. I'd met Sam by then, and he'd always acted like a real gentleman, polite, well-spoken, not the kind of kid who stares at your chest while he's talking to you. But, then, he'd never seen me in a bikini before. Rick noticed right away that the boys' radar had been activated and before I knew it he had invited them all to sit down at the table which was right across from my lounger. They were happy to oblige, and the three of them sat there sipping their sodas and ogling my breasts while we all pretended to be talking. It was a bit of turn-on for me, but it was not my ideal turn-on situation. The whole thing was a bit obvious and I felt a little too self-concious to really be able to relax and enjoy it. But it got me thinking, and Rick too, and that's when we began talking about various scenarios that could we enjoy more.  
  
We launched stage one a week later. Rick invited Sam and the other two guys (Dave and John) to go to the movies with us, but at the last minute I begged off complaining of a headache. While they were gone, I bathed, shaved, powdered, shampooed, moisturized, perfumed,etc. You know. The works. I wanted to look my best. Then I put on a pair of plain white panties cut high on my hips, and a cotton dress that buttoned all the way from hem to collar leaving just a few buttons undone. And that was it. Then I turned on the TV and lay down on the living room couch and waited. When I heard the key in the door I lay my head down on the throw pillow, made sure my long hair was neatly arranged and that the hem of my dress was resting just above my knees and shut my eyes. Then I heard them come in. Rick had brought all three boys home, just as we had planned.  
  
"Oh, look, she fell asleep on the couch again," Rick whispered.  
  
"Should we leave?" Sam asked.  
  
"No, no, that's okay. She probably took one of her headache pills and when she does that, she's out cold for eight hours. She'll never know we're here. Just keep your voices down."  
  
They tiptoed past and into the kitchen where I heard them opening beers.  
  
"Just don't tell your folks I gave you any," Rick told them. They all assured him that their parents were okay with them having occasional beers as long as they weren't going to be driving and that night all they had to do was walk next door because they were all staying at Sam's house.  
  
I had to lay there a while feigning sleep and trying to not get too bored before Rick brought them back into the living room to watch a video. "This is the only TV we've got, except for the little one in the bedroom," he said. "As long as we keep the volume down, she'll sleep right through."  
  
And so they sat. The way the room was set up, the TV was right next to the couch and across from it were the two easy chairs we usually sat in when we watched. Rick brought out two more chairs from the kitchen and set them on either side of the easy chairs so that all four of them were not only facing the TV, they were facing me as well. Finally, I was going to get to have a little fun.  
  
After they'd been sitting there for about five minutes, I rolled onto my side facing away from them and as I did I brought my top knee up towards my waist, pulling the hem of my dress partway up my thigh. I had to wait a while in this position and as I was turned away from them, I took the opportunity to unbutton the top three buttons of my dress down to the top of my breasts. Then, after waiting an appropriate amount of time I rolled back over onto my back, and, acting like I couldn't get comfortable, tossed and turned a little more and ended up on my opposite side, facing them. With my eyes closed, I couldn't see just how high my dress had ridden up my legs, but I guessed it was up a good eight inches above my knees, and with my top 3 buttons undone, the top of my dress was open just to the tops of my breasts. I groaned as if I were dreaming.  
  
"Sorry about that," Rick said. "She must be having a dream."  
  
"No worries, man," Sam answered and the other two boys agreed.  
  
"I do love watching her when she sleeps, though," Rick said. "She looks so innocent."  
  
"Yeah," they muttered.  
  
"And, confidentially," Rick added, "I love looking at her body too. Not that I'm not supposed to. She's my girlfriend. But sometimes I get the feeling that she isn't totally comfortable with me looking at her. When we make love, you know, she usually likes to keep the lights off. So, you know, sometimes when she's asleep. Well, you get the idea."  
  
"No, hey, that's cool," Sam said. "Some chicks are like that."  
  
"Yeah, and, frankly, I figure what she don't know can't hurt her anyway. Though why she would be ashamed of that body is beyond me."  
  
"I hear you," Sam said.  
  
"You guys ever have a girlfriend?" Rick asked. They went around the room. Sam had and claimed he'd had sex regularly with his last one. Dave said he'd had sex a few times but had never gone "all the way" with a girlfriend and John admitted that he was still a virgin and had never had a girlfriend. I think they were a little younger.  
  
"Ever seen a woman naked?" Rick asked John. They all laughed nervously.  
  
"Not in real life," John answered. "Unless you count my cousin Debby when we were four." They all laughed nervously again.  
  
"Well, you don't know what you're missing," Rick said. "You got to get yourself some." The other two boys ragged on John for a while.  
  
"Don't you think Roxanne's got a great body?" Rick asked.  
  
"Shit, yeah," Sam said. "From what I've seen, I'd say she's just about perfect."  
  
As if on cue, I chose that moment to roll back onto my back and as I did I raised one knee - the one furthest from them - so that my dress would slide further down my thigh. I wasn't facing them, so they couldn't see up, but it felt like my raised leg was exposed almost up to my hip.  
  
"Whoops!" Rick said. "There goes nothing. I guess I should fix her dress." He stood up. Then he hesitated.  
  
"That is..."  
  
"What?" said Sam.  
  
"Well, I was just thinking. It's like I said before, what she don't know can't hurt, you know. And believe me, she is out. What do you say we let her sleep like this a while longer while we have another beer? That is, if nobody objects."  
  
Needless to say, nobody objected. Sam offered to go get the beers and he had to walk past the end of the couch to get to the kitchen. As he passed by my feet, he paused.  
  
"Jesus," he said. "Nice legs." Dave and John jumped up immediately and joined him down at the end of the couch. With my one knee raised and my other leg flat on the couch and the hem of my dress slid up to my hip, there was a lot of my flesh showing although I wasn't sure if they could see all the way up to my panties or not.  
  
"Nice," Dave said.  
  
"Jesus," John moaned. "She is so hot."  
  
Rick got up and walked over and looked. "Yeah, I love looking at her legs. I try to get her to wear shorter skirts but she's too shy. I tell her she's got the nicest legs I've seen, but she won't believe me. They're really soft too," he said, as he said this he reached over and touched my raised knee and then ran his hand down my thigh. I moaned and moved my leg just a bit and they all giggled.  
  
"Fucking hot," Dave said. "You're a lucky bastard."  
  
"Yeah, I know," Rick said, and he ran his palm down the inside of my thigh, this time making sure to fully uncover my other thigh as well. "When I have these two creamy thighs wrapped around me, I'm in fucking heaven. Who wants another beer?"  
  
They all did, and Rick left them there to stare at my naked legs while he went into the kitchen.  
  
"Jesus," John said. "I can see a little bit of her panties."  
  
"Shhh," Sam said and then I heard them giggling as he reached over, took the hem of my dress carefully in his fingers and raised it a little higher so that my panty-covered crotch was exposed.  
  
"Fuck!" Dave giggled.  
  
"Fuck is right," Sam said. "I'd fuck that anytime. Those thighs are so creamy, I'd love to shoot my load all over them. Wrap them around my head and lick that pussy."  
  
"Shhh, he's coming back!"  
  
Rick brought back the beers and they all sat back down but they weren't even pretending to watch the movie anymore. They were watching me, waiting for me to change positions or something and as they did they started to trade stories about hot girls they'd known, girls they'd had sex with, hot girls in movies, strip clubs they'd been to, and on and on. Rick kept the conversation on sex, getting them more and more worked up.  
  
Just then, I groaned again and shifted position so I was facing away from them again and stretched out both my legs. My dress had ridden almost up to my waist partially exposing my panties in the rear.  
  
"She's got a great ass," Rick said.  
  
"Can't see a whole lot of it," Sam said.  
  
"Yeah, you're right. We can fix that though." He came over to the couch and slowly raised my dress some more, exposing my whole panty-covered ass. "Now what do you think? Nice, huh?"  
  
"Sweet," John said.  
  
"Highly biteable," Sam added. They all laughed.  
  
"Hey,check this out," Rick said, and he took the legband of my top leg and pulled it towards my butt crack, exposing half my ass to the boys. "Nice skin, huh."  
  
"Jesus," Sam said. "Can you do the other side, too?"  
  
"I'll try." He reached under my hip, grabbed the bottom elastic of my panties and pulled it up until it too was buried between my butt cheeks. Now, for all intents and purposes, my ass was completely exposed.  
  
"Nice!" I heard Sam come over and stand next to Rick. "It looks like she's wearing a G-string. She could be an exotic dancer with an ass like that."  
  
Dave chimed in, "Yeah, man. Fuck yeah!" The second beers were loosening them up.  
  
"Jesus. I'd like to see that from the front," John piped up. "I'd give anything to see that from the front."  
  
"I think we can arrange that," Rick said. "But I think we should get her upstairs so we can get her into her bed after that. She looks like she's going to get a chill like this."  
  
They all agreed and offered to help carry me, but Rick said the best thing to do was for them to go upstairs and wait in the other bedroom while he woke me and walked me upstairs. He promised them that I'd fall back asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow and they could see my G-string from the front before he tucked me in. They disappeared up the stairs, whispering and giggling.  
  
"How you doing?" Rick whispered as he bent over and kissed me on the lips. "Having fun?"  
  
"The best!" I whispered back and I let him lead me up the stairs while I pretended to be sleepwalking and mumbling.  
  
I lay down on our bed on my back with my feet resting on the floor and the hem of my dress half way up my thighs. He unbuttoned another button so that my cleavage was exposed and arranged my hair to partially cover my breasts.  
  
"How far you want to go?" Rick whispered.  
  
"I don't know. I'm feeling pretty hot. I'll follow your lead and if I get uncomfortable I'll just start mumbling and that will be your cue to stop."  
  
"Okay. I love you," Rick said and he bent down to kiss me again. Then he called the boys in from the other bedroom. They appeared in a flash.  
  
"Okay. Where were we?" Rick asked.  
  
"G-string?" John whispered.  
  
"Oh,yeah, right. Let's see." He knelt down and slid his hands up under my dress and under my butt and tugged my panties up into my crack. Then he came around front and made sure my lips were still covered. He rubbed me there for good measure.  
  
"Can't we see what you're doing?" Sam asked.  
  
"Now, now. Don't get greedy. I'm just making sure nothing's showing that shouldn't be showing. Okay, ready. You guys ready?" They said they were. They were standing in a semi-circle right over my prone body. Rick put hand on each of my knees and started sliding them up the tops of my thighs pushing the dress up. When he got to my panties he paused for dramatic effect and then continued, sliding his palms over my hips and up onto my abdomen, pushing the dress further up. Now I was deliciously exposed from the waist down except for my little white panties that were bunched into my butt crack and which he had neatly arranged to make sure my lips were still covered in the front.  
  
"Can you roll down the waistband a little, just so it looks more like a real G-string?" Sam asked.  
  
"I guess," Rick said, and he took the waistband in his fingers and rolled it down over my hip bones until only my pubic hair was hidden from view.  
  
"Jesus, that's fucking beautiful," Dave said.  
  
"She does have fantastic thighs," Sam agreed.  
  
"Here, let's get her turned around and all the way up onto the bed," Rick said. "Somebody get her feet." I felt two hands gently take my feet while Rick knelt down on the bed next to me and put his arms beneath my waist and my thighs. "Ready, go." He lifted while they swung my legs around so that now I was lying flat on my back in the center of the bed.  
  
"Thanks," Rick said. "See how soundly she's sleeping. Those fucking pills really put her out."  
  
"Sleeping beauty," Sam said.  
  
"Yeah. I never get tired of looking at her."  
  
"What color's her bush?" Sam asked. "Is she a natural brunette."  
  
"All natural. I guess I can show you a little bit." He sat down on the bed next to my legs and rolled the waistband of my panties down further exposing some of my pubic hair.  
  
"Nice!" Sam said. "I love a woman's mound, man. To me it's like their sexiest part. You like mounds, John?"  
  
"Huh?" John sounded hypnotized.  
  
"You like mounds?"  
  
"What's a mound?"  
  
"What's a mound? Fuck. Come on. Tell me you know what a fucking mound is."  
  
"You mean her cunt?"  
  
"Ugh! Will you listen to this ignorance? Rick, are you hearing this? Show him her mound, man."  
  
"I already am. Half of it anyway."  
  
"Come on, man. Show him the whole thing. We can't let him remain this ignorant. It's our duty."  
  
"I don't think I should."  
  
"Come on, man. Another inch or so. What's the difference. You can still keep her hole covered."  
  
"Okay, but just for a minute." John took hold of the waistband of my panties and instead of rolling it as he had before, this time he knelt down in front of me between my legs and tugged down on them, pulling them out of my crack. He uncovered my entire mound and a little bit more, reaching underneath me and tugging the panties out from beneath my butt. Then he rolled them down a little bit more so that essentially they were like this narrow belt of white cotton wrapped around upper thighs just below my crotch.  
  
"There's a mound for you. This right here," he said, and as he did he ran his palm over my mound, petting it. "Soft hair too."  
  
"Jesus," John moaned.  
  
"In-fucking-credible," Dave said. "That is fucking gorgeous."  
  
"Yeah, I know," Rick said. "Listen, I'm going to go get her nightgown. We can't leave her like this all night. I'll be right back." He went off to the bathroom.  
  
"Unbelievable!" John said. "Her thighs are fucking incredible. I want to bite them so bad."  
  
"I want to run my tongue up those thighs and bury it in her hole," Sam said.  
  
"I just want to see that hole," Dave said. "What do you think? Think he'll let us?"  
  
"Let's just see here," Sam said, and I felt fingers take a hold of my panties and slide them down lower. "Now we'll just spread these pretty knees a little more." He put a hand on each of my knees and pushed them apart. They couldn't spread very far because the panties were holding them together.  
  
"I think if we get down here." He was half-lying on the bed with his head between my knees and he was trying to pull my panties to one side to expose my lips. "There's her lips." The other two leaned down on either side of my thighs and peered up between them.  
  
"Oh, man, they're so puffy."  
  
"I think they're swelling up because this is making her hot."  
  
"What are you talking about? She's sleeping."  
  
"Never heard of wet dreams?"  
  
"Do chicks have wet dreams?"  
  
"Of course chicks have wet dreams, asshole. Jesus!"  
  
"Fuck, I can smell her. She smells so hot."  
  
"Shhhh! He's coming back."

**Slow Stripped and Exhibited Ch. 02**

I heard Rick coming back into the room and the boys must have also, because they stood up quickly at the foot of the bed and left me lying there with my dress hiked up to my waist and my panties rolled down over my hips.  
  
"I've got her pajamas. You guys should probably go wait downstairs. I'll be down in a minute."  
  
"Don't you need help getting her undressed?" Sam asked.  
  
"Yeah, you wish. No, I think I better take it from here. If you knew how shy she was you'd appreciate how freaked out she'd be if she ever found out what we've been doing. You guys have to promise me you'll go to the grave with this secret."  
  
"Oh, totally, man," they all agreed.  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Don't worry, man. We'd never say anything."  
  
They began moving for the door. Then I heard John say, "Would it be alright if we saw her in her pajamas?"  
  
"What the fuck's wrong with you, man?" Sam said.  
  
"I just think she's pretty."  
  
"I guess it would be alright," Rick answered. "I mean, what the hell? Go back downstairs and I'll call you when I'm ready."  
  
They left. I opened my eyes and smiled and Rick lay down on top of me and kissed me deeply, squeezing my left breast through the dress. I moaned. Then he reached down between my legs and pushed the panties further down and put the palm of his hand on my mound. He used his fingers to spread my lips apart and began to massage my cunt. Then he slipped two fingers up inside me.  
  
"Jesus! You're sopping wet."  
  
"Well, what the hell did you expect, undressing me like that in front of three guys?"  
  
"You got off on it, huh?"  
  
"Oh, totally. I'm not sure I want to stop just yet. Oooh. Rub that a little harder."  
  
He pushed my dress up to my shoulders and lowered his mouth to my breast and licked it while he finger-fucked me. I was getting really worked up. Then he stopped abruptly.  
  
"Why are you stopping?"  
  
"What do you want to wear?"  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"What do you want to wear? The guys are waiting. Remember?"  
  
"What'd you bring from the bathroom?"  
  
"This is just your nightgown. If you're serious about continuing, maybe you should wear something a little more sexy."  
  
"How about the white teddy?"  
  
"Oooh. Perfect!"  
  
He got it from the closet and I sat up and put it on. It's not designed to be sexy at all, really. Just little white panties and a frilly white sleeveless top that barely covers my bottom. Well, maybe little girl sexy describes it best.  
  
"You look good enough to eat," Rick whispered as I stood in front of the full-length mirror combing my hair. He came up behind me and hugged me, putting one hand underneath my top, grabbing a breast and the other down the front of my panties. I leaned back against him and watched in the mirror as he massaged my breast and my pussy beneath my teddy. He brought me just to the edge of cumming and then stopped.  
  
"Don't stop now," I moaned.  
  
"Just getting you in the mood," he teased.  
  
"Come on."  
  
"Later. After the show. I'm getting so horny myself I want to ram myself right into this hot pussy right now, but imagine how much better it'll feel after we tease the guys a while longer."  
  
"Okay," I agreed. "But you better look out once they're gone."  
  
We got me arranged on the bed, my head resting on a pillow, my long auburn hair arranged just so.  
  
"How about a few pillows under your butt?" Rick asked.  
  
"Doesn't sound very comfortable."  
  
"Yeah, but it will raise your hips and accentuate your mound. Plus your long legs will look even longer."  
  
"Okay, you're the boss."  
  
He got a couple of extra pillows from the closet and I raised my hips and he slid them under my butt. Then he put another pillow under my neck to keep it from breaking from the weird angle.  
  
"I'll tell them you have to sleep like this for your sore back."  
  
"I'm sure they'll believe anything at this point," I agreed.  
  
With my hips raised higher than my shoulders, my bottom hem of my little teddy top slid down a bit exposing a few inches of my belly.  
  
"You look great," Rick said. "Like you're begging for a fuck."  
  
"Just make sure nobody obliges."  
  
"Don't worry. That's a pleasure a reserve for myself."  
  
"And me too," I added.  
  
Rick doused all the lights except for a bedside lamp. Then he went over to my bureau and grabbed my perfume and sprayed a little on my legs and my neck. I giggled in anticipation. Then he went to the door and called the guys.  
  
They came in quietly and I heard them come up alongside the bed.  
  
"Fuck, she is one gorgeous woman," Sam whispered. "You are a lucky bastard."  
  
"I can't believe she's shy about that body," Dave whispered. "It's perfect."  
  
"How come you've got her on those pillows?" John asked.  
  
"It's for her back," Rick answered.  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Kinda looks like she's waiting to get balled," Sam said.  
  
"Yeah," Rick said, "or eaten. Come and get it!" They all giggled.  
  
"I mean, how can you ever resist that?" John said. "I'd want to be fucking her all the time."  
  
"We do fuck all the time," Rick said.  
  
"Moron," Sam said.  
  
"No. It was a fair question. Give him a break."  
  
"Her breasts look bigger in that top," John said.  
  
"Yeah, I love this outfit," Rick agreed. "There's something about it that makes her look so hot and yet so innocent at the same time. And it does sit just right on her tits. Sometimes, when she's still sleeping in the morning, I slide it up so it's just covering them just to fuck with myself. I pretend like I'm sneaking a look at her. Which I guess I kind of am." He chuckled a little nervously. He was playing his part perfectly.  
  
"Can you show us?" Dave asked.  
  
"I don't know. I've already done much more than I should. She'd absolutely die of embarrassment if she knew."  
  
"Come on. She'll never find out," Sam said.  
  
Rick sighed. "Okay, just this and then we're out of here."  
  
He sat down on the bed next to me and took the bottom hem of the teddy in two hands and began pulling it up. When he had gotten right to the bottom of my breasts, he stopped and arranged it so that my belly was exposed and my chest above my breasts. Only my breasts were still covered.  
  
"Well, I kind of get it like this," he said, "and then I just start slowing adjusting it a little bit on this side, and then this side, like this, uncovering just the bottom of this tit and now this one. Then, you know, I may go a little higher on this one, right up like this so the bottom edge is just resting on her nipple, like this. Sometimes her nipples get hard like they are now from sliding the material over them. Now I can do the same thing on this one. Just like ... there." He sat back admiring his handiwork.  
  
It was really quiet in the room. I could only hear the sound of three young men breathing as they stared at my nearly naked breasts.  
  
"Mind if I kneel down?" Sam asked.  
  
"I think the view's probably better that way," Rick agreed.  
  
Two of the guys went around the bed to the other side and they all knelt down.  
  
"Nice little nipples," Sam said.  
  
"Yeah. Tasty too," Rick said. "Like smooth little stones."  
  
Suddenly I felt somebody blowing under my top. I waited to hear if Rick would say anything, but he didn't. The blowing grew stronger and then somebody started doing it on the other side and I could feel the whole shirt lifting off my breasts. The guys started giggling again.  
  
"Oops! Where'd that wind come from?"  
  
My breasts were now both completely exposed, the shirt blown up around my shoulders.  
  
"Shit! Beautiful tits, man."  
  
"Shit!"  
  
"D'you ever come on those?"  
  
"All the time man. You kidding."  
  
"Lucky bastard. I love tits that size. They're like not huge but you can still get a handful."  
  
"And a mouthful."  
  
"Yeah, and a fucking mouthful. Damn this is making me horny! What I wouldn't give to wrap those beautiful creamy tits around my hard cock."  
  
"It's heaven," Rick said. "I have to admit."  
  
"You fuck her tits?" That was John, the inexperienced one.  
  
"Fuck, yeah. I put my cock right here between her tits and then I use my hands to squeeze them around it. Or sometimes she does. And then I bang them until I come all over them."  
  
"But doesn't it get, you know? On her neck and shit?"  
  
Rick guffawed. "It gets all over her, man. Hr neck, he chin, her face. That's one of the best parts." The others giggled as if they knew what it was like. I was beginning to wonder how much they'd actually done.  
  
"Jesus," John said. "That must be amazing."  
  
"Nothing like it. Watching my hot cum shoot all over these tits and that beautiful face. It's unbelievable." He leaned over and planted a kiss on my right breast. Then one on my left. Then he opened his mouth and took my left breast into his mouth and sucked.  
  
"Oh, Jesus," Sam said. "I want some of that so bad."  
  
Rick kept sucking and running his tongue over my nipple and I guess I must have started moving my hips because I heard one of the guys whisper, "Look at that. She's getting hot."  
  
"Oh, Jesus, I don't know how much more of this I can watch. It's making me so fucking horny."  
  
I drew up one of my knees towards my waist and then stretched it back out again and then did the same thing with the other leg. Rick switched to my other breast and I began to squirm and breath harder. Then he stopped. There wasn't a sound in the room.  
  
"Is she still asleep?" John asked. Rick leaned over and put his ear to my nose.  
  
"She's dead to the world."  
  
"Jesus, if that's what she's like when she's sleeping, I can imagine what she's like awake."  
  
"She does like fucking," Rick said.  
  
"Oh, man," John sighed.  
  
"In fact, she gets wet faster than any woman I've ever been with," Rick added. "It takes like ten seconds of sucking her tits and she's soaking."  
  
"She must be soaking now, then," Sam said.  
  
"I'm sure she is."  
  
"Any chance of checking that out? Just, you know, to satisfy our curiosity."  
  
"You mean, touch her? No way!"  
  
"We don't have to touch her, man. You could touch her and we could just look. I mean it's totally up to you."  
  
"I don't know. We should really go."  
  
"Okay, that's cool. I'm sure John here will see a wet snatch someday before he dies."  
  
"Fuck you," John said.  
  
"I'm only trying to get you a little education, man. Don't get all hostile."  
  
Well, Rick knew if I wanted to stop at any point I would start to mumble, so I guess he decided it was okay with me because he said, "Well, okay, for the sake of education, I guess it would be okay. After all, Roxanne used to be a teacher." That was a lie, but it fit the scenario. "I guess I could show you just a little peak of wet snatch."  
  
They all stood up and moved down towards the foot of the bed.  
  
"I guess we need to spread her knees apart a little bit," Rick said, and he took one foot in each hand and spread them apart. "It's nice we've got her little pussy resting up high on these pillows like this. It'll make it easier to see."  
  
"Oh, man, this is unbelievable," Dave whispered. "Her thighs are so fucking hot."  
  
"Soft as silk too," Rick said, and he ran a palm up one of my legs all the way to my panties and then down the other. "Especially on the insides of her thighs. Up here it is like so fucking soft." And he rubbed one hand up the insides of each of my thighs and gently massaged them.  
  
"All right. Let's just take a look here." He bent over so his head was close to my crotch and pulled the leg of my panties aside so he could see my cunt. "Hmmm. Let's see how it feels." He slid a finger over the lips.  
  
"Hey, we' can't see shit with your head in the way like that," Sam complained.  
  
"Just checking for moisture. I think she's ready. Okay. So, the good news is I'm going to show you guys her wet pussy. The bad news is I'm leaving her panties on. I'm just going to pull them aside for a quick look. Okay?"  
  
Of course they all agreed. My heart was beginning to pound. I'd walked in front of a few open blinds in my day but I'd never done anything like this. Showing three guys my wet cunt while my boyfriend watched. No way. But here I was, about to do it.  
  
"Why don't you guys get a little closer," Rick said. I could feel them leaning on the mattress between my legs. "I'll just stand off to the side and pull her panties aside like this."  
  
And then he did and I was. Exposed, I mean. My sweet hot pussy peeking out through the leg of my white panties that my boyfriend was stretching aside.  
  
"Jesus, nice puffy pussy lips," Sam said. "Too bad it's so dark in here though."  
  
"Yeah," Dave agreed. "I can't really see if she's wet or not."  
  
"Why dont you go grab that lamp over there?" Rick said. There was a floor lamp in the corner with adjustable heads. Somebody dragged it over and clicked one of the heads on. I could see the light grow brighter through my eyelids.  
  
"There you go," Rick said. "Now, shine that right on her pussy." I heard another head click on. "Two of them?" Rock said. "What do you want to do? Give her a pussy exam? Okay, shine that one down there two. Might as well."  
  
"Pussy exam sounds good to me," Sam said.  
  
"Oh, Jesus, look at that," John moaned.  
  
"Hey, dude, think you could spread her lips apart just a little? I can't really see any moisture." I'm sure there was moisture visible. I could practically feel it running down towards my butthole.  
  
Rick reached over with his other hand and using two fingers spread my outer lips apart.  
  
"Holy shit! Look how pink she is, man."  
  
"Pink and juicy, man. Look at all that pussy juice. I would so love to lick that shit up.