**Susie's College Adventure**

by M.R. Alicante©

My name is Susie Reneau and my husband Randy has written a couple of stories about some of the crazy things I've done, like play naked football with him and his pals, or convince our two best friends to get naked with us on our vacation in Belize.

Randy has always been a good sport and puts up with a lot from me. He always asks me why I'm so easygoing when it comes to nudity--especially male nudity. I always laugh and say, "It's 'cause I grew up with four brothers!" I can tell he doesn't quite believe me. Probably because that doesn't explain why I get so much enjoyment out of sucking male penises. Or at least he hopes that's not the real explanation.

One of these days I'm going to tell Randy everything, but I'm not ready yet. You'll understand when I tell you this story from my college years, before I met him. So here goes...

At the beginning of my senior year at USL I moved into a duplex with a girl from Lake Charles named Roxy, who played on my intramural softball team.

Roxy and I got along great at first, but after a week or two she turned into a real pill. First off, she was obsessed with boys and sex. That's all she ever talked about. Second, she never did any work around the house, and whenever I'd tell her she wasn't pulling her share of the cleaning, she'd get really pissed.

And then the real problems started. Roxy had gone home for a while before classes started, and these three really cute guys moved into the other half of our duplex. I went out a few times with the jock of the trio, a guy named Joe. He was sorta cute, but he turned into a real jerk, so I started avoiding him.

Unbeknownst to me, he and Roxy had dated all through junior year until he broke up with her. He was from Lake Charles too, and his daddy was rich, so little miss Roxy still had the hots for him. When she found out we'd been on a couple of dates, she had this huge screaming fit and would have thrown me out if I hadn't been twice her size.

The next Saturday after lunch, I told Roxy it was her turn to clean up the kitchen. She flew into her usual rage and I finally said, "Fuck this. I'm going in the back yard and lay out."

Roxy was still screaming as I got my bikini on and went outside. I heard her banging things around in the kitchen while I put lotion on and got out a chaise-longue, but she eventually quieted down.

After I'd been outside a while the guys came out and pretended they were cleaning up their half of the patio.

The cutest guy was named Teeny Steve. I'd taken calculus with him a year earlier. He was actually pretty big, but he grew up out on the Atchafalaya somewhere and his name was Etienne, so everybody in his hometown called him Teeny. When he came to USL he tried to get people to call him Steve, but they just started calling him Teeny Steve instead.

DJ was OK. He was a country boy from outside of Shreveport, definitely on the nerdy side, but really friendly. Joe was hanging around too, but he must have heard Roxy's tantrum and wasn't saying much to me.

It was a pretty warm day and before long the guys had taken off their shirts. Joe and Teeny Steve were really buff, and I had to work hard not to stare.

The four of us were talking about classes and profs and stuff, so of course Roxy has to come out wearing this tiny string bikini and acting so sweet. And of course she immediately had the guys' undivided attention. I was sure they'd heard at least part of her temper fit earlier, which made her act that much more sickening.

"Do y'all boys want some beer or anything?" she drawled.

"Sure!" we all said.

Naturally she brings out four beers--for her and the guys. "I just couldn't carry any more," she smiled.

I felt like a fool going inside and getting our last beer for myself. After a while the guys brought out some more, and we all had another round.

DJ rolled this old barbecue pit out of the garage and said, "Hey, what about we grill some hamburgers after a while?"

"Sounds great!" we all said.

Joe left to go buy some charcoal or more beer or something. Teeny Steve found a basketball, and he and DJ started shooting it at an old rusty hoop on the side wall of the patio.

Teeny Steve looked at us. "Hey, girls. How about some two-on-two?"

"Um, OK," I said.

"I--I can't play in this bikini," Roxy whined.

"Aw, come on," DJ said. "Sure you can. We're just basically shooting hoops."

I found out later that Roxy played point on the St. Louis High girls' team that took state one year. You'd never know it from the helpless act she put on in front of the guys, of course.

Anyway, it was Steve and me against Roxy and DJ. Roxy held back at first but her top stayed on a little better than she thought it would, so the more she played the more aggressive she got.

Then it happened. I was guarding her. She took a shot and we both went up for the rebound. My hand caught the string holding up her top behind her neck. It didn't rip, but it came completely undone and her boobs popped into view. It took her a second to realize what had happened, and by that time the guys' mouths were hanging open.

She quickly tied herself together, then turned on me. "You bitch! You freakin' bitch--"

"Roxy, it was an acc--" I couldn't get the words out before she attacked. She grabbed my neck strap, but my suit was tougher, and I caught her by the wrists before she ripped anything. Then she slipped her ankle behind mine and tried to trip me, but I was on to that.

After a minute of her cussing and screaming and me holding on to her wrists, the boys finally pulled us apart.

"Roxy, it really was an accident," Teeny Steve said.

"Bullshit. I'm payin' her back one way or another."

"OK, OK," he said. "There's gotta be another way to settle this. Umm--if you beat us she apologizes?"

Roxy was still flaming at the nostrils. "I've got a better idea. If she and you lose, Susie loses her top."

"Oh come on, Roxy," I said. "That's ridiculous. Besides--what if we win? I don't give a damn about your top." The boys gave me really disappointed looks.

Roxy seemed to settle down. She thought for a minute and smiled gently. "You're right, Susie. This shouldn't be about bikinis. What about--the loser does whatever the winner wants."

What was she up to?

Roxy went on. "Nothing dangerous or anything--but, um, for twenty-four hours the loser cooks or cleans or whatever the winner wants."

Now that sounded interesting. I started thinking about Roxy's dishes and trash all over the kitchen. "Whatever the winner wants, right?" I said. Roxy nodded. "OK--you've got a deal."

We agreed we'd play to 20 baskets. The guys were so busy watching to see if our tits would pop out of our suits that basically they were worthless. I tried everything to keep Steve in the game. After about the fifth time he bobbled my pass, I finally asked him, "What the hell will it take to keep your mind on the ball?"

"Um, do you really want to know?" He had the stupidest grin on his face.

"OK. What?"

He looked at my tits. "Um--guess?"

Forget it, I thought. DJ wasn't doing any better, so really it was Roxy vs. me. I was a good basketball player, probably better than Roxy since she really hadn't stayed in shape, but she was pissed off and I wasn't. She fouled me right and left. Her tits popped themselves out of that stupid string bikini a couple more times but she hardly noticed.

The final score was us 17, them 20. Roxy looked at me and I knew I was in big big trouble. With the creepiest smile I've ever seen she held out her hand. "OK, chickie. Time to hand me that top."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"Come on, Roxy. You said this wouldn't be about bikinis."

"Let me put it this way. It isn't JUST about your bikini. But it IS about your bikini, hon. You agreed to this, so it's time to pay up. The top, please."

The guys just stood there and drooled. Roxy turned to DJ and said, "You heard her make the bet, right?"

"Uh, Susie, you kinda did."

Finally I just said fuck the whole damn thing, took a deep breath, unhooked my top, and gave it to her.

I thought I was going to pass out.

Just before I did, I managed to choke out, "I'm gonna grab a beer," and staggered into the boys' kitchen. I found the bathroom and locked myself in.

I tried to get hold of myself. I thought, I can't believe I just took off my bra in front of two guys I hardly know. OK--it can't be that big a deal, right? I mean--European women go topless every day, right? I can do this, right? Wrong! Damn that Roxy! What a total bitch. OK--I'll show her. I'll take everything she dishes out and throw it right back in her face, right? DAMN right! I felt better, so I sat on the toilet and tried to pee. No way. Even though I kinda needed to, I was still too wound up. I got up, slipped my bottoms back on, and opened the door.

I could hardly breathe as I walked into their kitchen, got my beer out of the fridge, and walked straight ahead out that patio door. The guys just froze and stared at my chest. I acted calm and cool as I sat down in my lounge chair, like I walked around topless every day. I made myself lean back and clasp my hands, take a big breath, and smiled at the guys. They both had huge hard-ons poking the fronts of their shorts. OK, so that was actually pretty cool. Plus they were paying ZERO attention to Roxy. That was way cool.

It didn't take long before Roxy noticed she wasn't the star attraction anymore and huffed off somewhere.

I felt little tingles in my pussy. I can get used to this, I thought. Acting totally cool, I looked at DJ and said, "I think I saw you in the library yesterday--do you work there now?"

He gulped and said, "Uh-huh. Mostly I reshelve boobs."

I smiled sweetly. " Really?"

"Oh god. BOOKS--I reshelve BOOKS."

That was when I felt someone grab my hand. I looked over my shoulder to see Roxy tying my wrist to the top of the chaise-longue. "What are you doing?"

"You'll see, Miss B," she answered as she grabbed my other hand and tied it down as well. Last week we'd strung a nylon rope to a tree on our side of the yard to use as a clothesline, and apparently she'd cut that into pieces while everyone was distracted.

"Roxy, let me go. I don't appreciate this."

She held up a bottle of suntan lotion. "Those titties look awfully sensitive, Susie. You wouldn't want them to burn, now, so why don't you ask the guys to put lotion on them?"

"I will not! Now let me go!"

"Are you sure?"

"Of course, dammit."

"You might want to reconsider," she said, and then she bent over me, grabbed the sides of my bikini bottoms, and started sliding them down my hips.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I just froze as I watched her pull my suit down. When she got to the top of my pubes, I said, "OK, wait. Stop."

"Well--wasn't there something you were going to ask the boys?"

"OK, OK. DJ and Teeny Steve, would you--um--put lotion on my chest?"

Roxy pulled on my bottoms again. "I didn't hear you say please!"

"DJ and Teeny Steve would you PLEASE put lotion on my chest?"

Roxy smiled triumphantly and handed them the bottle. They didn't waste any time. DJ got down on one side of me and Steve on the other, and they both went to work--of course devoting 90% of their efforts to my boobs.

And damn--it started to feel really good! Two cute guys working on my boobs and sneaking little rubs on my nipples and me with no choice but to lie there and take it--after about a minute I was in another world.

I closed my eyes and my breathing got heavier--until I felt my bottoms fly down my legs and off my feet.

I screamed and clamped my legs together, but it was too late. I opened my eyes and turned to see Roxy cutting my bottoms into pieces. "Roxy! Why would you do that? I let the guys feel my boobs! That was the deal for me keeping my bottoms!"

"I never said any such thing, Susie. You may have assumed that, but actually I never said any such thing."

Damn. There I was--completely naked, strapped to a lawn chair in front of two guys and at the mercy of the witch who had obviously become my mortal enemy.

"Susie--why don't you ask DJ and Teeny Steve to lotion up your legs? You don't want them to burn either, do you?"

She was up to something. "Sure, Roxy. Why the hell not?"

Roxy motioned to the guys and they resumed their places on either side of me. I kept my legs clamped together and their stroking my legs and smoothing on the lotion felt good. Then--pretty good--no--better than that--then um--rreeaalll good--and I was back in my dreamy place again.

"I--I need to pee." I really did, actually.

"Go ahead," Roxy said. "It won't hurt the grass or anything."

"I can't do that! I can't just pee out here in front of everybody!"

"Oh, OK then. Keep going, guys."

I felt them touching me again, and this time they brazenly stroked my bush and even lower. Every time they brushed my slit I thought I'd lose it. By the time I felt a finger rub my clit I was so close to coming I was beyond caring.

That's when I heard Roxy's voice. "OK, guys, that's enough. Take a break."

"Please, Roxy--just another minute," I heard myself say.

"Um, I don't think so, Susie. The boys look tired--"

"No, we're fine--"

"--As I was saying, I think they need a break. How about another beer, boys? Oh, and how about you, Susie? Ready for a cold one?"

The mere thought of beer reminded me how badly I needed to pee. "Not till I go to the bathroom. Roxy, please untie me so I can pee."

"Tell you what. If you just let go and pee, I'll untie one hand so you can hold a beer."

I knew she was up to something, but I had to go so badly I couldn't help it--I let loose right there in front of her and the guys and peed and peed like a race horse. Could this whole nightmare get any more embarrassing?

I saw Roxy walk towards the house and I thought wow, she really is going to get me a beer!

I thought wrong, of course. She came back holding the end of a garden hose, which she handed to Joe. "Hose her off, would you? I don't want her pee all over the lawn chair."

"Uh, sure," he answered. Great. Now I'm going to get hosed down like a race horse, too. The hose had one of those pistol nozzles on the end, and it looked like DJ was having some kind of problem with it.

"Oh for Pete's sake," Roxy said. "How hard can it be? Let me see that--"

She tried to take it away from him, and that's when he sprayed her right in the chest. Way to go DJ!

Roxy was livid, of course, and in the ensuing fight over the hose I got soaked of course, but at least she did, too. That little string bikini of hers got pretty clingy, especially around her ass, and the guys gave me a break for a while, hooting and staring at her.

Joe finally showed up with a big bag of groceries. He handed them off to DJ, who went back to the grill.

Roxy saw him, shrieked, and ran inside the house. I didn't have the luxury of running inside, of course. Teeny Steve helpfully explained everything, and Joe walked over to get a better look. He walked up to the end of my chaise-longue and even bent over to look right at my crotch. "Mmm--nice to--see ya again, Susie," he said. He even licked his lips.

What could I do? I just smiled and said, "Glad you like the view."

On one hand, I was so pissed, but on the other hand--what a rush! Here was this hunk two feet away from my crotch, looking right at my bush, and there was nothing I could do about it! I could feel my face getting warm, not to mention my pussy getting really wet.

He made a sniffing noise. "Tuna fish--I love it."

He could smell how aroused I was! I was so embarrassed--and so turned on!

Finally Roxy showed up. She'd fixed her hair and put some shorts and a tee on over her bikini. Must be nice—she's totally covered while I'm totally exposed.

Roxy put her hand on Joe's arm and followed his gaze down to my crotch. "Sucks to lose, doesn't it, Suze? Tell you what--DJ says the burgers are almost ready, so I guess I should untie you now." She turned around and yelled at DJ and Steve. "Hey everybody--Susie's gonna be our little naked waitress!"

Great. Doesn't that sound like fun. Joe wandered off while Roxy was undoing all the knots, and that gave Roxy a chance to whisper in my ear. "And no getting yourself off. If I catch you sneaking around somewhere and doing yourself --I'll make this payback ten times worse. Do you understand me? You acted like a little slut one too many times and now you're gonna look and feel like one for a whole weekend, hear?"

I just glared at her. It felt so good getting out of those damn cords and feeling the circulation return to my hands and feet. Shaking, I stood up and walked over towards the grill.

I had a problem. I was still really turned on from being so exposed in front of all the guys. Not only was that adding to the shaking, but every step I took made my thighs rub together and sent little shock waves right to my clit. It made walking almost unbearable. When I got up to the patio table I grabbed on for dear life.

Roxy gave me a look. She knew what was going through my cunt--er--mind. Not good.

Maybe if I thought about something other than my clit. "A-anyone want a beer?"

"Sure," several voices responded. I headed into the guys' kitchen. I could see their bathroom down the hall. Nobody would see me slip in and--uh--relieve myself. Wouldn't take long given my current state.

I took a chance and headed down the hall. Just as I was closing the bathroom door, a hand appeared above the doorknob. It was Joe! What did he want?

"Um, Roxy said I have to watch."

"What?"

"To make sure you don't--um--get yourself off."

This was unbelievable. Thanks to Roxy I was supposed to let this asshole watch me go to the bathroom?

I finally got him to look the other way and managed to pee. That didn't really take care of my problem, but it helped a little. Until I slipped past him in the doorway and my boob brushed his arm. More tingles right in my crotch. Judging by the front of his shorts I'd say it was nice for him, too.

The burgers turned out to be delicious. Being horny all afternoon gave me an appetite. Once I had a couple of burgers and a couple more beers in me, I settled down a little. I started noticing how much attention I was getting from all the guys. Which continued to infuriate Roxy. Really--what did she expect? It seemed like every few minutes one or another of the guys had to rearrange his pants a little. And every time I noticed, I felt that yummy little tingle between my legs again.

After everyone had finished and I had rounded up all the dishes and trash, we noticed it was only about 8:30. The guys started talking about going out somewhere to hear some music and drink more beer. I thought that was a great idea. I still wasn't that comfortable with three sets of male eyes constantly fixed on my tits and pussy. If they all took off, I'd finally get a break.

"We're headed for the Loose Caboose. You girls want to come?"

"Sure!" Roxy answered.

"What about--uh--Susie?"

"She'll come, too. It'll only take her two seconds to get dressed. Come on, hon."

The Loose Caboose. Great. I started getting a really bad feeling. Sure enough, she hauled me back to my bedroom and started going through my closet.

"This'll be perfect." She pulled out one of my favorite outfits--a matching skirt and top with big round buttons all the way down the front. I put it on. I guessed she wasn't going to let me wear any underwear, and of course I was right about that, but I started to feel better. The blouse didn't show too much and the skirt wasn't that short. She handed me some strappy sandals with big wedge heels, and I got a little makeup on while she was in her room changing.

Suddenly she reappeared holding some big scissors and before I could even react she snipped off the top button of my blouse.

 "Roxy, why did you do that?"

She held out her hand. "Put it in."

"What?"

"You heard me. Put it up in that hot little pussy of yours."

"You're joking, right?"

She pulled the scissors out of nowhere and snipped the bottom button off my skirt.

"Honey, I'm going to explain tonight's rules and if I were you I'd listen carefully. Every time you disobey me, you lose another button. And guess where the button goes. And if you waste time getting it in, I'll either snip off another button or ask one of the guys to help you with your little problem. Now if I were you I'd spread those legs and get busy."

Damn. Where does she come up with all this?

I hesitated, but when she flashed those scissors at me I put my foot on a chair, spread my labia with one hand, and pushed the first button up my pussy with the other. I guess I was still pretty wet and turned on from being naked all afternoon, because the button slid right inside me. After I pushed in the second button my vagina definitely felt full. Plus now my fingers smelled like pussy. I reached for a Kleenex but Roxy grabbed my hand and yanked me into the hall and out the door.

I still had three buttons on my top and two on the skirt, so I was pretty well covered, but I couldn't afford to lose any more buttons, especially down below. Plus, I could feel those buttons slipping around inside me every time I took a step. They were acting just like Ben-wa balls. So that's why she was so intent on my wearing this particular outfit! It took a total bitch to think up such diabolical ways of torturing another woman. No problem for Roxy.

Joe had this awesome Z sports car. Great to look at but not much for room. We had to work at it, but finally all five of us managed to squeeze in. Roxy sat in front with Joe, and I was in back between Steve and DJ. Roxy got the guys excited by telling them all about the rules and how I wasn't wearing any underwear and what I did with the buttons. She even made me hold out my hand so the guys could smell the pussy juices on my fingers. I have to confess hearing five other people constantly talking about my pussy started to get my motor going.

Then Joe said, "How do we know for sure she didn't slip a bra or anything back on when you weren't looking, Roxy?"

Brother.

"Good point," she answered. "Susie, just to make sure, you'd better unbutton your top so we can all double check that."

I looked at her, then at Joe. "Are you kidding? Right here in the car in the middle of South College?"

It was dark in the car but I saw a blur and felt a snip. What the hell was that? I realized Roxy was reaching around and over the front seat with those damn scissors in one hand and my button in the other. Crap. Now I only had two buttons on top and I was showing a LOT of tit.

"OK, hon. Better get unbuttoned PDQ."

I undid the two buttons I had left. My blouse fell open. My boobs were completely on display in a car on a very busy street. Good thing it was dark and I was in the middle.

"Damn! This is great!" The guys were loving this.

She held up my button. "Are you forgetting something?"

"Here? You really want me to do that here in the car?" She waved the scissors at me so I quickly took the button from her. Slowly I scrunched down in the seat, spread my knees, and propped them against the backs of the front seats.

Of course it had to be Joe who got the ringside seat. He turned all the way around and looked right up my scrunched-up skirt. I tried to keep my crotch covered with my left hand but he saw a lot.

He licked his lips and said, "Who opened the tuna fish?"

I gave him a killer glare. Like that made any difference.

"It does smell like total slut back there," Roxy said. "You boys be sure to check real close and make sure that button goes all the way in."

That was all the urging DJ and Steve needed to lean over till their faces were practically in my crotch. I clamped my left hand tighter over my now not-so-secret places and as fast as I could I pushed the button up inside me with the fingers of my right hand. If my vagina seemed a little full before, it definitely felt crowded up in there now.

I sat up straight just as we pulled into the parking lot, and frantically tried to straighten out my clothes.

We were at the back of the parking lot and had a good walk to the club. The heels on those sandals meant I had to walk slow and keep my thighs together. Every time I took a step those buttons inside me shifted around and zapped my clit or my G-spot. By the time we reached the front door I was breathing a little hard.

Loose Caboose isn't ordinarily my favorite place, but that night they had a really great band: the Bouree Badboys. The place was packed but we found a table in a dark part of the bar (good news for me) and right away Teeny Steve pulled me out on the dance floor.

My top was staying on OK, but those damn buttons were really putting me in overdrive. One must have been sitting right on my G-spot because every time I moved I felt a zing right to my middle.

After an hour or so of dancing with all the guys, my brain was total mush. I realized I was staring at every male crotch in the place and imagining what was behind every zipper.

Around twelve the band took a break so we sat down and ordered another pitcher. My clit was so primed and swollen and my vagina felt so full from those three marble-sized buttons--I just about lost it when my butt hit the chair. It took all my concentration just to keep breathing till the crisis passed. I just hoped the back of my skirt wouldn't be too wet when I stood back up.

"Hey," Roxy said. "I think that fiddle player used to run around with my brother when we were little kids. I wonder if he'd remember me."

"If you flash your tits at him he'll probably let you backstage," Joe answered.

What a way with words. I bet he can actually walk and pick his nose at the same time.

"Good thinking!" Roxy said. "I wouldn't do it but I bet Susie will."

"Not by choice," I said, knowing I really wouldn't have any.

"Exactly. So this next song I want you to get in front of him, flash your boobs at him, and get us hooked up with them for after they finish."

Great. The music started up and this time I was dancing with DJ, but there was no way we could get over to the band. The place was just too crowded. I gave up after a while when those feelings in my middle started turning my brain back into oatmeal.

They only played three or four songs and then they took another break. It was pretty late and I guess they were getting tired. A lot of people started to leave. We headed back to our table and just as I sat down--SNIP.

Now I just had one button holding my top together, and it was down below my waist. Damn. Plus of course Roxy was holding the button out in the palm of her hand.

"What did I tell you to do?"

"Um. Flash my tits at the band."

"Did you do it?"

"Nope." No use arguing with her.

She waved the button in my face. "OK, smartass. You better get this in quick if you don't want to lose another one."

"Here?"

Her other hand appeared with the scissors.

With a sigh, I gave her the nastiest look I could, and grabbed the button from her. I tried to think how I could discreetly do this in a public place.

Roxy waved the scissors at me again, so I scooted my chair forward (trying to hide as much of me under the table as I could). Propping myself up with one hand on the chair, I lifted my butt off the table and opened my knees as wide as I could. I slipped my other hand (with the button) between my legs. I had to lean backwards, and when I did my boobs plopped out in plain view of everyone in a twenty-foot radius. I know a waitress saw me, plus I could see the three guys at the next table staring.

I somehow managed to tuck them back in and I tried again--keeping my elbows pushed against the sides of my tits. My pussy was so dripping wet the button slid right in, and I quickly sat back up straight.

Wow. My vagina felt SO full. Every time I moved the least bit those buttons shifted around and zapped either my clit or my bladder. I couldn't decide what I needed to do worse--come or go! It got so bad that I couldn't even breathe without feeling these huge zaps all through my pussy.

The band started up again, and we headed back onto the dance floor. Even though every move added to my ordeal, I was glad for the distraction. Roxy's alleged friend the fiddler fired up the Cotton-eyed Joe, and we all formed into a long tight line--Joe on one side of me and Roxy on the other.

They stretched my arms out behind their shoulders, which really spread my top open and there was nothing I could do about it. With the very first chorus ("What's that shit? BULL-SHIT!"), when we started doing the shuffle and kick, my boobs popped completely out of my top.

There I was--completely exposed and jiggling, with my arms trapped behind the backs of Joe and Roxy. I was horrified. Embarrassed. And--and--oh my god--tingling all over! I know those damn buttons were keeping me overstimulated, but what was going on with me?

Fortunately only the band could see me, but boy did they. We were maybe ten feet in front of them. Me and my bouncing boobs, that is.

I desperately tried to free my arms, but the more I struggled the tighter Joe and Roxy squeezed me. That's when I noticed their smiles and sideways stares, and heard Roxy's smirky laugh. I was stuck, and had no choice but to go along with it.

The song seemed to last forever. Maybe the band was doing that on purpose, judging by how much of the time they were staring at me. The more they stared, the more tingly I got. And I was so wet. I could feel myself dripping halfway down my thighs.

That's when we did one of the little kicks, and a button slid out of me and hit the floor! I was so embarrassed, but I don't think anyone saw it except for my so-called friends. It rolled right in front of Roxy, who kicked it out of sight and gave me a look that let me know I was going to pay a price for that.

When the band FINALLY started wrapping up the number I looked over my shoulder.

"Joe--let me go. The bouncers are heading our way."

"Huh?" He was too busy staring at my boobs. I turned the other way.

"I mean it, quit staring at me and let go. The bouncers are coming."

He did--just in time. Roxy still had a hold on my left arm but with my right hand I managed to gather my top together just as these two big guys came up to us.

"OK--y'all are gonna have to leave right now."

Roxy started in. "We are so sorry. I had no idea my roommate would do something so--so stupid, like flash the band. How much did you have to drink, Susie?"

My mouth dropped. She was making sure I got all the blame! I started to argue with her but the look on these guys' faces told me I'd better just clear out fast. These guys looked like off-duty cops and I bet they'd just love to cuff my hands behind my back and parade me through the police station with my boobs hanging out. And I bet Roxy was thinking exactly the same thing.

So I said, "I'm sorry this happened. We're going right now." The band gave me a cheer as I turned and practically ran for the exit, with the others hurrying to keep up.

Our car was at the far end of the now mostly deserted parking lot. I had to slow down and walk carefully since I was holding my top together and since those damn buttons kept zinging me every time I took a step. The others got there first and as I was getting into the car--SNIP. Roxy had taken advantage of my letting my guard down to get the last button on my top. I had to hold onto it with one hand to keep my boobs from plopping into Steve's face as I squeezed in between him and DJ.

Of course, Roxy leaned over from the front seat holding that damn button. "You didn't think I'd forgotten, did you?"

Too tired to argue, I sighed and scrunched down on the seat. I didn't care anymore--I just spread my knees. I was totally turned on from those buttons jiggling inside me all the way across the parking lot. I could hardly breathe and having three guys intently staring up my private parts revved me up that much more.

Roxy elbowed Joe. He started the car and headed out of the parking lot and back onto South College, which fortunately was pretty deserted.

I held out my hand for the button. Roxy handed it to me and as I slid that bad girl inside, the side of my thumb pressed against my clit.

That's when I just lost it. I couldn't take it any more--I let out a long moan, everything got fuzzy, I spread my knees further apart, and pushed my hand against my clit again. And again.

"Quick," I heard Roxy say, "grab her hands." I felt them yank my arms away, but I was paralyzed. Part of me knew I was giving the guys an X-rated show but I was beyond caring. At least it was dark inside the car. At least I think it was.

"Please," I whispered, "please-- I--just--need--to--come--."

I don't remember much after that--just my arms being held down and me moaning and groaning and thrashing around.

I don't even recall getting out of the car, but I remember having to be helped through the front door. The boys obviously wanted to hang around and see what I was going to do next, but Roxy shooed them out, saying, "Come over around ten and your little naked waitress will fix you a nice big breakfast!"

Then she turned her full attention on me. "OK you little slut--as soon as I turn my back I know you're gonna come like a monkey, and we just won't have that. Let's see now--"

Roxy led me by the hand first to the kitchen, where she rummaged around in some drawers, then into the bathroom. She sat me on the toilet, where I shamelessly enjoyed a long-overdue pee under her watchful gaze. Then she slipped two big garden gloves over my hands, saying, "I defy you to make yourself come with these grody things on your hands." She taped them all over and up my arms with duct tape, led me to my room, and tucked me in bed.

Even though I was exhausted, I was so horny and so overstimulated I couldn't fall asleep. Not even close. I needed to come so bad, but my little parts were so swollen and tender that just brushing them with Roxy's 'mittens' was agony. She'd taped them on so well there was no way I could get them off, even though I worked on them with my teeth for hours. And every time I moved, those damned buttons zapped my clit or my bladder or anyplace in between.

To make matters even worse, whenever I would doze off for a minute, I dreamed about penises. Big hard beautiful swollen dicks. No bodies or faces attached--just penises pushing their way deep inside my vagina, pumping and sliding in and out of me. Then I'd dream they were right in front of my face--smooth and slick and throbbing, and I'd kiss them and lick and suck them until they (and I) were about to explode--then I'd wake up again and thrash and turn and rub my thighs together, then I'd spread my legs wide apart--anything that might put me out of my misery and push me over that edge--and start all over again. What kind of sick perverted nympho was I turning into?

**Susie's College Adventure** **02**

I tossed and twisted until well after the sun came up, when at last Roxy came to get me.

"Mornin' Susie honey! How's my favorite little naked slut? I was so tired I slept like a baby. How about you? The guys'll be here in a half hour--you'd better get cleaned up. Gosh--you look just awful."

Thanks a lot, I thought, as she undid all the tape and pulled the gloves off. She hauled me into the bathroom, pushed me into the shower, and turned on the water. The COLD water, of course. Would you have expected anything else from the she-witch?

My little parts were so swollen and sensitive that just the water trickling over them was agonizing, but at least the cold water hitting my body snapped me out of my misery enough to where I could halfway function.

Roxy was waiting for me when I stepped out of the shower. I knew better than to try to put on any clothes, and she held out the same high-heeled sandals I wore last night.

Naked in heels and three guys coming over any minute. Talk about feeling like a total slut. Oh, well--I only had five hours to go till I was out of the witch's clutches.

I tried to get my brain in gear to start planning my payback, but the minute I took a step in those heels-- ZAP--my poor swollen clit and pussy took charge of my brain again. I turned back into total horny mush.

At least in the kitchen I had things to do. I put some coffee on (maybe that'd help me) and found the bacon and eggs. I told Roxy I really needed an apron and she gave me some little thing that tied around my waist. It kinda protected my lower belly but didn't even cover my crotch. "Better be careful, hon," she said helpfully as she watched me tie it on. "We don't want anything burnin' that little moneymaker now, do we?"

I tried to ignore her and was putting some biscuits in the oven when the phone rang.

"That was DJ, sluttie--I mean sweetie," the witch called out. "They'll be over in a minute. Better take off that apron now--wouldn't want to spoil the look."

Yeah, right, I muttered as I untied the so-called apron.

A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. Roxy answered it. I could hear them in the living room.

"Well, don't you boys look good!" the witch mewed in that sweet li'l voice of hers. "Are you ready for our little naked chefette's delicious breakfast? Susie hon, it's such a beautiful morning, I'll take our guests outside and you can serve us all coffee on the patio and show our guests how cute you look this morning! Susie? Are you in there?"

"Coming!" And fuck you too, Roxy. I loaded the coffee cups on a tray and took a couple of deep breaths. Showtime. Easy does it, Sooze.

I took a couple of steps holding that tray. Zing. The damn buttons must have flopped onto my G-spot. Zing. Not again. Zing. OK, I told myself, just--breathe--breathe--breathe-- I wobbled out the back door. Nobody spoke. I felt all those eyes fixated on me. My tits. My pussy.

I couldn't help myself. I had to balance that damn tray but my eyes shot right to their crotches. All three guys looked so--full and so--hard and so--yummy. (Yummy? Did I just think that?)

The chairs were in a big circle, so when I bent over with the tray, my boobs were in DJ's face and I knew Steve was behind me looking right up my ass and crotch.

Finally everybody had coffee and that was over. As I walked back into the kitchen, I heard the witch say, "Isn't she CUTE when she's naked? I think she likes showing off for you boys!"

Sure, Roxy, I thought, and you can fuck yourself. But I have to confess I was tingling all over just thinking about them looking at me--at all of me.

I brought the breakfast plates out and they all sat around the picnic table. I never got to sit down, of course, since I had to wait on everybody.

Joe was the first one to grab my butt. Surprise. I swatted him hard. Roxy said, "Susie! I'm ashamed of you! You apologize to our guest this very minute!"

I just stared at her. But she glared back to let me know things could get a whole lot worse if I weren't careful. "I'm. Sorry. Joe."

After that it was open season on Susie's ass. I couldn't take three steps without one of them sneaking a feel. Even Roxy. And they got real blatant real fast. Joe was the first to grab my boob when I leaned over to refill his coffee cup.

"Sorry, Susie--I couldn't see 'cause this big dangley thing suddenly appeared in front of my face--"

Whatever. All the stimulation wasn't helping me concentrate much, and when DJ actually snuck his hand between my legs I thought I was going to lose it right there.

Eventually the breakfast from hell ended and I (who else?) cleared the table. Nobody lifted a finger to help me, naturally, and every time I reached for a plate or cup it was another opportunity for a stupid remark or a free feel.

Roxy said, "OK, guys, we've got three hours before Susie gets to put her clothes back on, so what should we do next?"

I could tell by the looks on their faces what the guys were thinking we should do. Nobody said anything, though--they probably thought even Roxy wouldn't let them all throw me down and screw me right there on the patio. Not that I would have objected, given the state I was in.

Roxy rolled her eyes. "Well! Do I have to do all the thinking around here? OK, then--Susie dearest, please take a seat on your favorite lounge chair."

As soon as I did, she had Teeny Steve tie my wrists to the top of the chair with the lengths of nylon rope. Unlike Roxy yesterday, he didn't tie me very tightly, but I wasn't struggling, either.

Roxy ran inside and reappeared with the sunscreen, which she handed to DJ. "OK, boys, please please make sure Susie is fully protected. I'm so very worried about her prancing around naked like she does, out here in this hot sun."

Immediately all three guys got to work. The last thing I remember, Joe and DJ were rubbing my boobs, and Steve massaging my thighs. Mmm--mmm. In my state, all I could do was close my eyes and enjoy.

That was when I screamed.

I jolted back to reality to find my right foot tied to the side of my chair so my knee was halfway up to my hip! Damn that Roxy! Before I could gather my senses she'd started in on my left leg!

So now I was not only naked and tied up but my legs were splayed apart and three horny guys were staring at everything I had in between. Pussy, clit, anus. Everything. Even in my overstimulated state I wasn't ready for this.

"Roxy, what the fuck? Untie me. Now."

"Well hon, they couldn't get to the insides of your legs and I just wouldn't be able to forgive myself if you'd gotten such sensitive areas sunburned--"

"Roxy, let me go this min--"

"--so I just had to help them out. Now boys, please continue."

Teeny Steve and Joe immediately got back to work, only now they were kneeling on either side of me, and DJ was down by my feet--all looking directly into my totally exposed pussy, and there wasn't anything I could do about it. When they started rubbing the insides of my thighs, I closed my eyes to keep from screaming.

I could feel their fingers getting closer and closer to my pussy, and I started having trouble breathing. For a minute I thought I was going to faint, but the first time they brushed my labia I realized no--even worse. I was finally going to come. Somehow, even as bad off as I was, having an orgasm in broad daylight, completely helplessly exposed, wasn't my idea of relief.

"Ok boys, you can stop now." Roxy stood at the foot of my chair holding a deck of cards. "She's--uh--nicely lathered up, so come on back to the table. We're going to play a game."

The guys all gave her 'not now' looks, but she gave them a 'yes now' glare right back and they reluctantly obeyed. DJ and Steve had to adjust their pants before they could stand up straight.

Even seated at the table, they could stare right into my pussy, and there still wasn't anything I could do about it.

"Now, boys. Pay attention. Little Susie has a problem. She repeatedly misbehaved last night as you no doubt recall, and I was forced to get her attention using the thing she values most--her pussy."

On cue, three male heads swung around and focused on my vagina. Roxy gave the guys a minute to stare. "I think she's been punished enough, though, so here's what we're going to do. We're going to play a few hands of poker. Four, to be exact. And the winner of each hand gets to remove one of Susie's buttons--"

"NO!" I screamed. "No way is that going to happen!"

Roxy slowly rolled her eyes in my direction. "Ex-CUSE me?"

It dawned on me I wasn't in the greatest bargaining position. I'd made some progress loosening Steve's knot, but I was still totally at her mercy. That was scary.

"I'm looking at that juicy little cunt of yours," she said, "and you know what I see?"

Nobody answered. I felt my vagina clench.

"I see plenty of room for more stuff, even with all those buttons. Joe--go in the kitchen and get me a couple of--"

"Wait." I could only imagine what she was about to shove up me. "OK. OK. Go ahead."

Roxy smiled wickedly. "Now that's my good little slut." She dealt four sets of cards. Oh my god. Gross--she's playing, too!

As it turned out, I didn't have to deal with the nightmare of Roxy winning--only the nightmare of DJ winning. He sat on the end of the chaise-longue and took a long look at what used to be my most private place. I was breathing hard and sweating profusely, and my cunt felt like it was gushing.

DJ stuck out his index finger and inched it towards my helpless pussy. I closed my eyes. I was so lubricated his finger slipped right in. I should have been furious, but it felt so good. So good that I let out a little gasp, and the first button almost popped out on its own. My heart was pounding in my chest as I opened my eyes.

DJ tossed the button onto the grass and sat down for the second round. Five minutes later Joe whooped because he'd apparently won with some really big hand. Oh great. With an evil grin he squatted with his face a foot from my crotch and inhaled deeply. "Mmm--mmm--how I do love that smell."

"Fuck you!"

"You first," he said, ramming his finger inside me. I gasped. Oh god. I could feel his finger moving around inside me and his knuckle kept bumping my clit. Oh god oh god. Then he moved so nobody at the table could see what he was doing. I gasped as he slipped in a second finger.

He looked over his shoulder towards Roxy. "She sure has one big wet pussy," he said.

"It's certainly been well used," she sneered. "High mileage, know what I mean?"

"Fuck you both," I snapped back.

"Looks to me like you're in no position to do that," Joe answered.

I felt his thumb push at my anus. "Don't even think about it," I said, but he just grinned and pushed harder.

After an eternity he fished out a button and threw it away. He made a big point of smelling his finger.

Two more to go. While Joe dealt the cards I was able to loosen the knot by pushing against it with my wrists. I almost slipped my left hand out. Getting close.

Joe dealt the third round. I could tell by the look on Roxy's face that she had a good hand. Please god. That would be too weird. She looked right at me for the longest time with the nastiest smile on her face. And then she threw away three cards.

Teeny Steve came up with three kings. This could be even worse--instead of Roxy's fingers up my cunt, the neighborhood hunk's fingers would be--while the whole world watched.

He sat on the edge of my chair but wouldn't look at my face. Only at my crotch. I heard him take a couple of big gulps and say, "Here goes." His finger went in. Oh god. "I--I can't get it." He pushed in deeper. Oh god. He twisted. Oh god. I closed my eyes tight and when I did the visions came. The penis visions. All the guys were naked and their cocks were hard and huge and throbbing. Just out of my reach. If I could only get my hands free I could--

Roxy's horrid drawl. "You'll have to use two fingers, hon. There's been a lot of traffic in that tunnel, believe me--you might even need three!"

Screw you, you little sorority whore.

Steve slipped in a second finger, and his knuckle bumped my clit. He twisted his fingers and bumped it again. Oh god. I'm going to come. Penis. Take a breath. Penis. Teeny Steve's--big--red--thrusting--penis. If I can only untie these cords I can reach his penis. And I can--

He pulled out the third button and stood up. I could breathe. Sort of. As he walked away I could see the big luscious swelling on the front of his pants and that was all I could think about. That and how much my pussy ached and throbbed and begged for relief.

My mind was in a complete fog again, but I heard them start another hand. Just as I heard Joe let out a whoop, I got my left hand out of the rope. But now what? My mind was still in a fog--a big horny pussy-induced haze. I couldn't think of a plan, so I just kept my hands where they were.

Joe jumped out of his chair and squatted down again by my crotch. "Come see how uckin' puffy she is down here. Her cunt looks like it's ready to explode!"

I closed my eyes again as they all came over, stood around me, and leaned in close. A hand clamped firmly on my left boob.

"OK, team," Joe said, "I'm going in." Two fingers slammed into my pussy. Whoa. I desperately hyperventilated, but I knew it wouldn't work. I was going to come any second.

"I--I can feel it but I can't quite reach it."

"Try a third finger," Roxy said. "She can take it."

I opened my mouth but nothing came out.

"I've got a better idea," Joe answered. It felt like he was wiggling his thumb somewhere around the bottom of my vagina, then suddenly he shoved it way up my anus.

I screamed. Both my holes clamped down on him and my pelvis bucked against his knuckles. I came. In front of four people. My sick little brain knew it too, and that made me come even harder.

My spasms slowed enough for me to catch a breath. Joe managed to pop the last button out of me and another jolt shot right through my middle and fried what little brain I had left.

Penises. Oh god--the visions were coming back--dicks--Joe's fingers were still inside me and--cocks--I realized I wasn't done yet.

Dicks. I had to see them. Pricks. Touch them. Cocks. Taste them. I pulled my hands completely free.

Somebody's hand was still on my boob. I reached over, grabbed at a belt, and pulled it in close. It was DJ. I swung my other hand around, whipped his belt and fly open, and pulled his cock free before he could even react. My legs were still tied down (and Joe was still between them), but I twisted and lunged and got him into my mouth.

DJ tried to back away but I grabbed his hips and pulled him in closer. "Wh--what are you doing?" he whined.

I heard Joe's voice. "Shut up you idiot! Can't you see she's completely out of control?"

Once he recovered from the shock, DJ totally got into having his dick sucked by a chick tied to a lawn chair, and with a loud moan he came in my mouth.

He stepped away and zipped up. Joe still had his fingers in my pussy and his thumb in my anus and I was starting to tingle again. I looked to my right and saw Steve with a huge hard-on tenting his pants. That's what I needed. Give it to me, Steve. Now.

I grabbed the bottom of Steve's shirt. He stepped towards me and a second later his big stiff prick was at my lips. I put my hands on his ass (I'd been wanting to do that for a while now!), pulled him in close, and wrapped my tongue and lips around his erection.

He came quickly, and as I swallowed I thought about how I now had a mouthful of two guys' sperm. Was that bad--or was that so very, very good? Before I could decide, Joe pumped his fingers inside me one last time.

I panted. I started to heave. My god--I was going to come again! This was even bigger than the first one--now I was riding this huge rushing crashing wave. I screamed. I fainted.

When I opened my eyes and caught a breath I felt Joe pull his fingers out of me. I looked down to see him unzipping his pants. I realized I was smiling at him! Was it that obvious--how bad I wanted to suck another dick? What was I thinking? Of course it was! My lips and my tongue were sore as hell but I didn't care. I was a possessed woman. I HAD to have that cock. Joe's cock. No--make that MY cock.

I reached down, grabbed Joe's hand, and pulled him hard until he stood at my side.

He pushed down his pants and a massive rod sprang out of his boxers. It figures, right? The most obnoxious asshole in town makes me come twice and has the most beautiful penis on the planet.

He came all over my lips and tongue and chin a couple of minutes later and I lay back with a sigh. I was done. My legs were still tied and splayed apart, my lips and mouth were throbbing and coated with sperm, but I didn't care.

A random thought trickled into my poor little brain. Where was Roxy? Either she was being awfully quiet or I'd just blocked her out during my cock parade.

That was precisely when a stream of very cold water splatted my face. I looked down the barrel of a garden hose and heard that familiar screech. "My, my, our little slut is such a mess. Let me see if I can help." She swung the hose towards my crotch. Cold water shot up my pussy. And my ass.

I jerked forward and screamed. "Stop it! Isn't my time up?" I looked at the guys as I desperately untied my legs.

"Um, she's right, Roxy," Steve said. It's a little after three, and I think..."

That was all I needed to hear. I shot out of that chair and lunged for Roxy's hair. She still had the hose and sprayed me full on the face before she let go and ran for our screen door. I got a hand on her T-shirt, slowing her down enough to get my other arm around her waist and tackle her. She struggled to her feet but not before I yanked her bikini bottoms down to her knees. We got the briefest glimpse of her cunt before she pushed me off. She got inside and locked the door. "You bitch!" she screamed, "you're never getting back in here again!"

She meant it, too. Something in her voice let all of us know she was dead serious. Right then and there the guys invited me to move in with them, and I decided right then and there I would. I never stepped foot inside our duplex again.

The guys told me I wouldn't have to pay rent as long as I didn't wear clothes. I knew they were half kidding, so I said, "You've already seen all of me anyway, so why not? It's a deal."

They whooped and hollered and we all went inside. Steve got me a robe but what the hell. I said "No thanks" and decided I'd stay naked a little while longer. Joe went next door to call a truce, and Steve and DJ brought back all my stuff before Roxy had a chance to tear it up.

I slept on the couch at first but not even a week later (surprise) Joe moved in with Roxy. I got his old room and lived with Steve and DJ the rest of that semester. I must say I kept my part of our little rent bargain pretty damn well, but I'll tell you more about that some other time. When Randy isn't around.

**Susie's College Adventure 03**

Sunday afternoon

When Roxy locked me out of our duplex, I started to panic. I was stark naked and trapped in the back yard with the three guys who had just finished viewing, touching, and exploring my most private body parts to their hearts' content for the past three hours. I really couldn't think straight. All I knew was that I was sweaty and thirsty, my mouth and lips were coated with cum, and after the most intense orgasm of my life, my pussy was still tingling and begging for more.

DJ and Steve invited me inside their duplex to clean up and cool off. Did I have a choice?

I followed them inside and found the bathroom. After I peed and washed my face, I noticed a relatively clean-looking towel on the rack and tried to wrap it around my formerly private parts. I'm pretty tall, so when I tucked the top over my boobs, my pussy lips peeked out. If I covered my labia, my nipples popped out. Oh, well, I thought. Nothing they haven't been staring at and playing with for the past 24 hours. Again--what choice did I have?

I fixed the towel as best I could, turned the doorknob, and took a deep breath. Crap. My boobs popped out and the towel fell off. Tucking myself back together, I DIDN'T take a deep breath, and opened the door. I found a seat on their sofa, held onto my towel, and tried to collect my wits. At least DJ brought me a beer; Steve and Joe just sat across from me and stared at my tits and crotch.

What could I do? I smiled sweetly, picked up the beer, and tried to quench my thirst. The towel wouldn't stay together on the side so I had to hold it in place with one hand to get even a semblance of coverage.

The guys sprawled in their chairs and drank their beers. They didn't say anything and kept sneaking peeks at my crotch.

Finally I said, "Do y'all want the towel back or what?"

"Sure, we'll take it back if you're done with it." Joe said. "Doesn't really cover much anyway, huh?"

I was trying to think of some snappy comeback when I realized something. Part of me was really irritated with all the peeking and staring, but part of me--my tingly middle part—was actually turned by the idea of giving up the towel! I had to admit--it was fun being naked in front of three cute guys. Two of whom were sometimes actually nice.

I was debating whether I really should hand them back their damn towel when we heard a lot of loud bumps and thumps on the other side of the wall. "Guys," I said. "I'm worried Roxy's doing something to my stuff. Could y'all do something?"

Joe went into the kitchen. We could hear him speaking softly on the phone. Eventually he came back.

"She's really pissed--she wants your stuff out of the duplex NOW."

"But--but--how can I get my things? Where will I stay?"

"Just stay here tonight," Joe said. "For now, we need to get your stuff out of there." The other two nodded their heads. "You'd better stay here, though."

They went next door with a bunch of big plastic bags and hauled back my clothes and as many other things as they could carry. I helped myself to another beer and watched.

"We have to go back next weekend and get your furniture, but for now you're OK," Joe said when they came back. They piled all the bags in Joe's room, which had the most space because it appeared to be completely devoid of books, papers, or anything else having to do with going to class. "It's OK--I'm a business major," he said when he noticed the look on my face.

Steve handed out more beers and sat around the coffee table. I sat on the couch with Steve and DJ, and Joe sat in a big recliner. He pulled a joint out from someplace in the armrest and we passed it around. I don't smoke weed very often, but this had been such a bizarre roller-coaster of a day that I told myself I deserved it. Between the beer and the grass, my mouth gradually went into high gear. "Guys, I really appreciate your getting my stuff. I know it's a mess and I promise I'll start looking for a new place as soon as I can and I'll just sleep here tonight and--"

"Susie," Joe interrupted, "it's OK. We talked about it and you can stay with us."

"You guys are the greatest. Thanks so much, but I can't afford two rent payments, I have to figure out how to get out of the lease with Roxy, and then I'll--"

"It's really OK, Susie." He got the strangest grin, which I figured meant the weed was kicking in with him, too. "And we won't make you pay rent--"

"Joe, that's a wonderful offer and I'll only--"

"--As long as you stay naked!"

On cue, all three hooted and high-fived each other before I could even think.

"What did you say?"

"We talked about it, and that's our offer. It's not like we haven't already seen your pussy or anything."

Tact--Joe's special talent. He did have a point about my pussy, but I got pretty pissed off when I realized that my predicament--homeless and functionally naked--was nothing but a big joke to them. Good for a few college-boy laughs. The more I watched them carry on, the more pissed off I got.

"Well--what do you think of our offer?"

What did he think I thought? I was furious, and I just stared back at him. All these emotions welled up inside of me, thanks to the pot. Nearly naked, dog-tired, slightly buzzed on beer and weed. But most of all: furious.

"Sure. I can do that."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"You'll stay naked?"

"In exchange for no rent? Sounds like a deal to me." I knew this wasn't really a good idea, but I sure as hell wasn't going to back down.

"OK," Joe said, holding out his hand. "We'd like our towel back, please."

What a jerk. I ripped the towel off myself and threw it at him. I sat back, crossed my legs, and pointed at my boobs. "Satisfied?"

"Not yet. How do we know you won't, um, just 'forget' about our agreement in a day or two?"

"OK, you're up to something, Joe. What do you have up your sleeve? I obviously don't have anything up mine."

"We need some kind of enforcement clause--a penalty system or something."

"Let's get one thing straight. No sex, got it? But beyond that, I can damn well handle anything you come up with."

"Is that right? Try this. First time you cover up in any way you just get a warning. But if it happens again that day, then you--you--"

DJ chimed in. "Clean a room or something?"

"Screw that. Second warning, you have to show us your pussy." Joe said.

Aw--what the hell. They'd been staring at it all weekend anyway. I took a drag off the joint and finished my beer. "OK, I can handle that--"

"--Your whole pussy. Long enough for all three of us to get as close a look as we want."

"Whatever," I sighed. "So what do you mean by 'cover up,' Joe? What if I absent-mindedly put my hands in front of my boobs?"

"Violation. And you can't put them in front of your pussy, either."

"But I can cross my legs, right, like this? Or is that a violation too?"

"Good point. That's a violation, too."

Crap. I'd just dug myself in deeper. I uncrossed my legs, reached for the joint and took a big puff to finish off the joint. "Come on, now." I looked at Steve and DJ. "What about you guys?"

"I agree with Joe," DJ said.

Weenie. As if he'd say different. I looked at Steve. Surely he'd be on my side--

"Me, too," Steve said. Bastard.

"You know, guys, I'm feeling outnumbered here. Aren't y'all taking advantage of my situation just a little bit?"

Joe shot looks at the other guys and said, "So what? Any time it gets to be too much for you, just leave--nobody's making you take our free rent offer."

"Who said it was too much for me, Joe? I still say I can take whatever you dish out. But wait--what if someone drops by to visit?"

They all thought. Or more likely--Joe thought, and the wimps waited for him to say something. DJ got us another round of beers. On top of everything else, they wanted me looped. Screw them, I thought, as I took a swig.

Joe pulled out another joint (was I right or what?) and fiddled with it a while until it finally lit. He passed it on to Steve and said, "You can go get dressed real quick if someone comes over--as long as you're not in warning mode--"

DJ interrupted. "I got it--if you're not in warning mode, you can put on two articles of clothing--"

"And shoes count as one--" Steve chimed in. Brother.

"Yeah, but if you've gotten a warning, you only get one item max--"

Joe took over. "Right. And if you've had two warnings, you have to stay naked."

"Even with other people around?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. That's the deal."

I took a drag on the new joint. "That's asking a lot."

Joe answered with a smile, "Remember--you can always back out any time--" He knew I wouldn't.

"Who said anything about backing out?" I exhaled.

I passed the joint to Steve. Gradually, everyone started to relax, including me. When the joint came my way again I leaned forward and pulled my feet up under me dian-style. I subconsciously put my hand on the cushion so my wrist covered my crotch.

"Susie--you just got your first warning," Joe said. He was still sitting in the recliner, across the table from me.

"What? Give me a--"

Steve said, "He's right, Susie."

"Yeah, yeah." I moved my hand away and took a puff from the joint. I noticed three sets of eyes focus on my crotch. Between my leaning forward and the cushion, all they could see was some pubic hair, but I still got a naughty twinge down there.

"Here's to Susie, our new roommate," Steve said. We clinked our beers and passed around the joint again. I slouched back on the couch and put my feet up on the coffee table. My knees separated a little. I noticed the guys openly staring between my legs. I didn't mind--by then I was so relaxed I was starting to get warm all over--like a big fuzzy blanket had settled all over me--especially that little wet tingly place between my legs.

I closed my eyes.

The next thing I remember is hearing Joe's voice somewhere. "--And she still needs to do her share of the chores--"

Were they talking about me as if I weren't even there?

"--What if she ever gets a third warning in a day? Then what?"

I should have complained--I mean, 'she' this and 'she' that--but I hardly even heard them. I snuggled down onto the couch a little more, which made my knees fall apart a little more. Mmm--my little cunt was getting just so warm and wet and tingly--

"--She could do extra chores--"

I really should have said something but my brain was lost in a mushy pussy-whipped marijuana haze.

DJ's voice somewhere. "How about this? She could--um--earn extra points by letting us touch her tits or pussy--"

Mmm--that would feel nice! I caressed my boobs. I totally agree. Uh huh. Just--just--oh god I think I need to rub my clit. Maybe just for a second--

"That would work--"

Was that Steve? He's SO cute--I just couldn't help myself. I reached between my legs and rubbed. Just a little. God that felt good. After being so tormented and so horny all weekend--

Joe's voice now. "Or she could give us blow jobs--"

Oh my god. I had a vision of Joe's huge cock. I remembered the afternoon, when I wrapped my lips around it and slid it down my throat. How big he was. And when he came. And when I came--ooh, right. I spread my legs wide, so I could rub a little more. Just a little more.

I realized no one was talking any more, and half opened my eyes. They were all leaning forward, inches from my crotch. Three guys were totally mesmerized by my poor little sopping wet pussy.

That did it. I went over the edge--I shoved two fingers deep inside my hungry aching cunt. My other hand caressed my swollen button. Over. And over. I couldn't stop. The room got dark. I couldn't breathe-- Monday morning

I woke up on the couch, naked under a blanket.

Last night was a total blur. Did I really spread my legs and put on a total show for these guys? For probably the tenth time this weekend?

I wrapped the blanket around myself and stumbled towards the bathroom. Joe opened his door. "Susie--what are you doing?"

"I--I need to take a shower."

"I mean with the blanket. You just earned a warning."

"Oh, uh, yeah." Sheepishly I handed him the blanket. He stared at my tits as I ducked into the bathroom.

When I was done I had to resist the reflex to wrap myself in a towel. This wasn't going to be as easy as I'd convinced myself last night in my haze of total horniness.

I stepped out into the hall. The three of them were in the kitchen drinking coffee and eating cereal.

"Um, guys--where are my clothes?"

"They're in Joe's room," Steve said.

"I've got class in 45 minutes--I need some clothes."

"All right," he said. "We'll get you some in just a minute."

"What do you mean--YOU'LL get me some?"

"I mean we'll pick out your clothes."

"Come on, guys."

"Seriously--you agreed to that. Don't you remember?"

"Not really. Um--yeah. Vaguely. Just get my clothes, OK?"

The three of them ducked into Joe's room and came back holding a pair of short cutoffs I hadn't worn in years, a flimsy tank top, and some nice sandals.

"That's it? Come on, guys. I'm going to be in class all day. I for sure need a bra with that, and what about underwear?"

"That's two articles of clothing, like in the agreement, and we threw in a bonus article since it's the first day." Steve said.

"But that's a one-time deal," Joe added. "If you want another item, we'll have to charge you a warning,"

"Whatever. Just go back in there and get me a bra and panties, please."

Joe said, "That would be two items. And you already have one warning, remember?"

Crap--I'd forgotten.

"So we give you one item and a second warning. Remember the agreement about second warnngs?"

"Yeah yeah. I show y'all my pussy. Let's just get it over with so I can get to class. Where do we do this?"

"Let's see," Joe said. "Sit on the couch like you did last night and spread your feet apart on the coffee table."

"It's too early in the morning for this."

"Like we believe you, Susie. After showing us everything last night--and I do mean everything?"

"--Not to mention yesterday afternoon," DJ added helpfully.

They had me there. "All right. Here goes." I sat down, scrunched my butt to the edge of the couch cushion, spread my feet apart, and propped my heels on the coffee table. All three of them crouched between my knees. That familiar tingle started up in my middle and I closed my eyes.

The first voice I heard was DJ's. "God, this is amazing."

"I didn't get to look this close yesterday," Steve answered.

I could feel their breath on my labia, and my breathing picked up.

DJ went on. "Look how wet she's getting--and that smell!"

Joe knew everything about women, of course. "Ah, yes. 'Eau de horny pussy.' That, good fellows, is man's REAL best friend."

"Can--can I touch it?" DJ asked. He sounded so desperate it was kind of cute. "Do you think she'd mind?"

Here we go with the 'she' again.

Joe answered for me, of course. "Hell, she'd love it! Go ahead!"

"NO!"

With all the will power I could muster, I straightened myself on the couch and shakily got to my feet. My pussy was not happy with me--it begged for relief. "No--no more. Please, guys. I--I've got to get to class." I tried to take a step but I was so wobbly Steve had to grab my arm. "Now could I please have my underwear?"

Joe grinned. "What'll it be? Bra or panties?"

Bastard. I looked at the clothes piled on a chair. As I recalled, the shorts rode really low and not very tight on the legs. But that top--wow. It looked like tissue paper.

"OK--just give me a bra. I really need to get moving."

After what seemed like an eternity Joe came out of his room and handed me a soft little bra that would keep my nipples from poking through the top, but I'd definitely be bouncing around all day. Well--at least I'd be legal. And I was in a big hurry. I snatched it out of his hand, gave him an evil look, and gathered up my stuff.

I started to dress in front of them but Steve stopped me. "Uh-uh. Remember--no clothes in the house. You get the washroom off the garage to change, and you get the garage for your car. That way you never have to wear clothes inside."

"Did I really agree to all this?"

"Yep--we wrote this all down and signed it. Do you want to see the paper?"

"Uh, no--I remember." Sort of.

I went out to the washroom to dress. The top was as flimsy as I'd remembered, but at least it was dark and not too low-cut. With the bra underneath I'd be bouncing, but not showing very much.

The shorts were now my big problem. I slipped them on. The waist sat low on the hips and the legs only went maybe two inches below my crotch, and they were really loose-fitting. Since I had nothing on underneath I'd have to be careful how I sat. If the pants sagged in the back my naked butt would be in plain sight, and if I didn't keep my knees together, my pubes would be open for public viewing. To make matters worse, I was so turned on from this morning's little inspection, the crotch was already soaking wet.

This was going to be a very long day.

**Susie's College Adventure 04**

Monday morning (continued)

My legs were still trembling as I drove to campus. Who ever thought that I'd spread my legs and let three college guys stare at my most intimate places, and that I'd be so turned on I'd almost come while they watched?

If that weren't enough, here I was going to class barely dressed, in just a tank top, bra, and cutoffs! Never would I have considered going out in public for even ten minutes without panties before, except maybe in some horny late-night fantasy, but here I was, headed for a full day of classes, in really short shorts with nothing underneath.

As I parked the car I told myself I had to get out of this ridiculous living situation. So what if I'm broke--I obviously couldn't keep doing all this even if it did mean free rent?

I walked across campus to my first class. With every step I took, cool morning air bathed my crotch through my loose cutoffs. God it felt good! By the time I got to my seat I was totally aroused, and when I sat in my chair and put my knees together, the seam of my shorts pressed on my clit and sent little jolts right to my middle. I could hardly concentrate enough to take notes but my pussy felt so good I really didn't care.

By lunchtime my pussy was so wet the strings on the edges of my cutoffs were soaked and sticking to my legs. They pulled my skin as I walked, which drove me crazy. I bought a pair of scissors and found a restroom where I slipped off the shorts and tried to trim those little threads. Oops--the legs looked a little uneven, so I trimmed the material back on one side. Cutting denim with regular scissors didn't work so well, and I ended up trimming the other side, too. Then the first side again, dammit. By the time I gave up, those shorts were REALLY short. Oh, well.

I found a shady spot by the lake and sat down Indian-style in the shade of a big oak tree to eat my sandwich. My crotch wasn't really covered and if someone got close enough they'd see some pubic hair. I knew I should move my knees together, but I just didn't want to. I liked feeling the breeze tickle my pussy. With two fingers I pulled the hem of my cutoffs out and away from my crotch, which let more breeze in but also put my pubic hair and probably even my labia in plain sight.

Nobody was nearby but I was so turned on thinking that someone could 'accidentally' see me that I started sweating, and not from the heat. I just barely resisted slipping a finger into my aching pussy before I finally got back up and headed for my 2-o'clock class. Calculus. Doctor Gruber. Great if you need to get un-horny in a hurry.

Monday afternoon

Gruber mercifully shut up on time for a change and I drove my little Honda back to the duplex. OK, Susie--now you have a grip on yourself again and you're going to tell the guys you can't keep this up and you're moving out as soon as you find a place, and so you don't need the free rent and you won't be their naked entertainment any more.

Right.

Roxy's car was parked in front of my--I mean her--duplex, but Joe's was the only other car I could see.

Great. But I told myself once I talked to Joe, the hard part would be done. I parked in the garage and, not bothering to undress, I walked into the kitchen. "Joe, there's something I need to tell you."

No answer.

"Joe?" Hm. So where was he? I looked around. There was a chore schedule on the fridge--surprisingly fair. Steve would cook tonight and I'd clean up. But underneath it was a small dry-erase board with today's date on the top and a big TWO underneath.

I knew what that was--how many warnings I'd gotten so far today. I got an uneasy feeling when I remembered we still hadn't talked about what would happen if I ever got THREE warnings.

I started to lose my nerve. I just didn't feel like finding out what other ideas for penalties they'd cooked up. So like a good girl I sighed, slipped out of my clothes, and put them on my shelf in the washroom. I could still tell them about my decision, right? Even though I was naked? Sure!

I tried to relax. I lay down on the couch with my English Lit reading assignment, but there was no way I could concentrate. You try studying naked sometime.

I heard footsteps outside the front door and saw Joe through the window. I started to duck into the bathroom--but then I thought, 'No, I'm going to stop this--right here, right now.' I took a deep breath and stayed where I was.

The door opened, and Joe checked me out as he walked into the front room.

"Hey, Joe. We need to talk," I said.

"Susie, you've got a book on your lap."

"Yeah, I've been trying to study, which brings me to--"

"Susie, what does it say on the fridge?"

"Two warnings, but--"

"So move the book."

I sighed and put the book on the coffee table. Joe pointed at my knees and I moved them apart.

"More, Susie. I can't see up your cunt yet."

"Why are you acting like this? What do you want to see that you haven't already--"

"My point exactly, Susie. I've seen it all already, so you don't have any excuse for hiding it, and I want to see it again. All of it."

"Why do I have to do what you say?"

"Hello, Susie--look at the fridge again? Do you really want me and DJ and Steve deciding what you'll do when we give you a third warning?"

Go ahead. Call me a wimp. "No--not really." I put my feet on the coffee table and let my knees fall sideways.

Joe stood on the other side of the coffee table and leered at my pussy. "That's what I like about you, Susie. You love showing yourself to me."

I had to admit it. He was right. I was already starting to get wet.

"From now on, that's how I want you to sit whenever I'm around. Got it?"

I nodded.

"Now spread yourself for me, Susie. I want to see all of you."

"I--I already did that this morning."

"So? Do it again."

I used my fingers to spread my labia. They were so wet my fingers kept slipping. I moved my knees and ankles further apart. Sweat beaded between my boobs. I flashed back to the weekend--when they tied me to the chaise-longue with my legs spread. No tying necessary any more, though. I was spreading 'em on my own.

I could see the bulge in Joe's pants get bigger and bigger, and I flashed back to what else happened when I was tied to that damn chair.

We heard footsteps, then a knock at the front door. I flinched and almost closed my legs.

Joe frowned. "Uh-uh-uh. Remember--when I'm here you stay just like that. Don't move a muscle no matter what."

"But--but--this isn't part of the--"

"Yes it is. Two warnings you stay naked even if we have a visitor, remember?"

"Yes but I can go to my room--"

"Do you want a third warning, or do you want to stay like you are?"

"Um--"

"Say it for me, Susie. Out loud now."

Reluctantly I repositioned my legs and my fingers. "I--I want to stay like I am."

"Good girl." He crouched down to get a closer look. "God you are so wet sitting there all spread open for me! Makes you hot, doesn't it?" He stepped towards the door. "Doesn't it?"

I nodded. He was right, of course. All I could think about was who was going to come through that door. Someone new--anyone--would be looking right up my pussy any second now, and I didn't have the strength to even move my legs. Or didn't I want to?

The door opened--and Roxy walked in! Like a reflex I snapped my legs shut.

Joe gave me a hateful look and pointed to the fridge, but I didn't move a muscle as he and Roxy walked right where he had been standing before.

"Well well--what have we here? I hear our little missy has been paying her rent by hanging out here naked with the boys."

"That's right, Roxy," Joe said. "Can you believe it? Hey, watch this." He pointed at my crotch and made a spreading motion with his fingers. I ignored him.

Roxy stared at him like he was an idiot. Looking back at me sitting with my hands demurely covering my lap, she said, "At least you're not showing your pussy any more to everyone who cares to look. That's an improvement."

Huh? Coming from Roxy, that could mean only one thing. Joe hadn't told her about anything besides the free rent! She didn't know about the warnings or the guys taking my clothes or all the rest! Could it be that Joe was actually scared of Roxy?

Joe noticed the look on my face. As if to prove something, he grabbed Roxy by the shoulders and gave her a huge French kiss. Gross--right in front of me.

When they came up for air, Roxy looked into his eyes and said, "Susie honey, Joe's got something to tell you."

Joe looked away. "Uh, yeah, that's right. Last night with all the, um, excitement, Roxy and me started talking a lot and all--"

She was getting impatient. "And we got back together, didn't we, Joe sweety?"

This all happened last night? While she was supposedly out of control and the guys had to keep her from destroying all my belongings? The little scheming bitch! She'd planned the whole thing!

"So go on, Joe darling--tell Susie the rest."

Joe looked at the floor.

Wow. Joe the tyrant--or Roxy's little darling? Avoiding my gaze, he mumbled, "And, uh, I'm going to move in with Roxy, so I'll take over your rent and all, and you can have my room here."

What a soap opera. "What's the catch?"

"No catch, Susie honey," Roxy purred. "In fact, I'm here to help him start moving his things into your old room!"

She gave me one last smile and disappeared into his bedroom. Joe instantly reverted to his nasty self and hissed, "You wait--we have something to talk about!" before toddling obediently after Roxy.

I waited. After maybe five minutes I heard, "Suuu-seee, could you please come here and help us?"

IThe sooner I got them out the better, so I walked into Joe's room and Roxy handed me a huge bag full of clothes. They loaded up with bags and boxes, too, and we staggered out the back door and across the patio to their half of the duplex. Despite having spent most of the weekend tied naked in the back yard, I still got a tingle walking outside completely uncovered.

I put my bag down in the kitchen while they disappeared into the back room.

I could hear them talking so I said, "OK--'bye y'all."

"Wait--we're coming out!"

They walked back into the kitchen and Roxy was so excited she could barely contain herself. Joe was behind her looking--um--beaten?

Roxy put her arms around Joe's waist and looked up at him with her doughiest doe-eyes. "We're running over to Bed Bath & Beyond, aren't we hon? Don't you just have to have new towels to match mine?"

Her back was turned so I rolled my eyes and mouthed a big fat laugh at Joe. He glared at me furiously as I turned to leave.

"Thanks for the help, Susie," Roxy said over her shoulder.

Wow--Roxy had never EVER thanked me for anything before. Either she's REALLY in love or maybe I'd better watch my back. Probably both, I thought as I stepped outside and Roxy closed the door behind me.

How right I was.

The back door of my duplex was locked. I went back and tried Roxy's door, too, but that was pointless.

Damn them! I was trapped in the yard completely naked. For who knows how long. All I could do was sit on the chaise-longue (yes--THAT chaise-longue) and wait.

The afternoon was still warm and sunny. That little breeze blew across my nipples and between my legs (mmm) and I started to relax a little. I thought about my being naked most of the past three days in front of the three guys. My three guys. Yeah--it sure felt good having them admire my body for hours on end. No--after a while I actually didn't mind them staring at my pussy. Or touching my pussy yesterday. I definitely didn't mind that. Hell, even being naked in front of Roxy was getting easier.

I closed my eyes. My hands started wandering over my boobs. Nice. Down to my crotch, too. SO nice.

The back door to my duplex suddenly flew open with a bang. I jumped up and behind the chaise-longue before I noticed Joe standing in the doorway, furiously motioning me to get inside.

I walked in as casually as I could and sat down on the couch with my knees firmly together. Joe's face was red and he practically screamed at me, "What do you think you're doing? I saw you hiding behind the lawn chair. That's like FIVE warnings now."

I tried to play hardball. "What the hell are you talking about? And where's Roxy?"

"None of your business. You owe me big-time for embarrassing me in front of her."

"Me embarrassing you? You're doing a pretty good job of that all on your own! I mean--did you find that perfect his-and-hers bath ensemble? In taupe, right?"

"Shut up." He was pissed. Maybe I'd gone too far. "Your ass is mine. Listen to me, you little slut--"

Now I was pissed. Nobody calls me slut. "No, you listen. I saw Roxy wrap you around her little finger. I'm not scared of you--all I have to do is give her all the details about the contract and the--"

"Oh, really. And what about when I tell Steve and DJ about all your violations this afternoon?"

"I'd rather take my chances with them than with you, that's for sure."

"Yeah? Let me show you something."

He stepped into DJ's room and came back with one of MY nursing textbooks. 'Introduction to Gynecology.' I should have known. And of course there was a bookmark in the chapter titled, 'Performing the Pelvic Examination.'

"Guess what DJ had planned for an evening of group fun after you got a third warning."

I was shocked. Not scared like Joe wanted me to be--just shocked. I couldn't believe meek little DJ would actually come up with something that--that--SEXY all on his own. The other thing I couldn't believe was how I was actually picturing three guys giving me pelvic exams all night long--and thinking it might be sexy!

Joe went on. "Steve and DJ will be coming through the door any minute now. How about my telling them about all your little disobediences this afternoon?"

On second thought--PELVIC exams? Joe was getting to me and I needed time to collect my thoughts. "Um--no. Don't--don't tell them."

"Why shouldn't I, Susie? You gonna make it worth my while?"

"I'm not having sex with you, Joe, if that's what you mean."

"Aw--Little Naked Susie has her standards. I'm so impressed. But no--not what I had in mind."

"OK--so how do I make it worth your while?"

"Hmm. Where shall we begin? FIRST of all, what did I say earlier this afternoon when I came home and caught you covering your cunt?"

"You mean when I was studying and had a book on my lap?"

"No--when I caught you covering your CUNT under a book, what did I tell you?"

"That whenever you're here I have to sit with my legs apart so you can see my vagina."

"No--I told you whenever I'm over here you'll sit so I can see your CUNT. ALL of your cunt. No matter who else is around. Got it?"

I nodded.

"I said--GOT it?"

"Yeah, I got it." Slowly I spread my legs and put my feet up on the coffee table. Joe just shook his head and made the stupid scissors motion again with his fingers.

I spread my labia with my fingers. "So we have a deal, ri--"

"SECOND thing--from now on whenever we're talking about it, you're going to call it your cunt, got it? Nothing else, just cunt--"

"That is so demeaning, Joe--"

"--even if you have to say it out loud in front of everyone in the room."

"No way."

He waved the gynecology book in my face. "Fine with me. What Steve and DJ have in mind won't be demeaning at all, I'm sure."

"OK, OK. My cunt. Is that all?"

"The THIRD thing--"

"Dammit, Joe. Haven't I agreed to enough?"

Joe's eyes narrowed to tiny slits. "You embarrassed me in front of Roxy."

"Yeah yeah, boo hoo, we know--"

"I don't ever want that to happen again." He was so angry he was almost starting to scare me.

"The THIRD thing," he went on, "is what will happen if you ever--um--ever--that is--"

Wow--he hadn't actually thought about what my punishment would be. I thought fast.

Or else I wasn't thinking.

Anyhow, don't ask me why I did what happened next. I still don't know for sure. Maybe it was because I'd been showing him my pussy for the past five minutes. Maybe I felt sorry for him now that it was him in Roxy's clutches instead of me. Maybe because he was kinda cute when he was pissed. Or maybe I'd flashed back to how luscious his dick looked yesterday when I was still tied to the damn lawn chair.

Whatever the reason, what happened next was that I stood up, stepped over the coffee table, and knelt in front of him.

I don't think he realized what I was doing (did I?) as I unzipped his jeans, pushed them down, pulled his boxers open, and took his soft prick in my hands.

I looked up to see Joe's mouth fall open in complete surprise. The more I lovingly stroked his cock the softer his scowl became, and when I kissed his pink swelling tip I noticed the first hint of a smile. He tried to put his hands on my head but I pushed them away and slipped my hands around his buttocks instead. I was in control, if only for as long as a blow job lasted, and I wanted him to know it.

I eased his hardening prick into my mouth and flicked its little opening with my tongue. My lips slid back and forth and when I knew he was close I slowly slid him to the very back of my throat.

As he spurted his load he lurched backwards into a chair and I had to crawl forward on my knees to keep him inside me. I swallowed all his sperm and finished by licking him clean.

"Oh god," he breathed. "You are so good at that."

"I know."

His eyes slowly widened. "I got it! If you don't stick to our little side agreement, you give me a--a--"

"I know," I said gently. "A blow job."

"And hey--maybe once in a while if the guys are out I'll come by and we'll--we'll--"

"Practice."

"Uh--right--we'll practice." He paused. "Um--one more thing, though."

"What?"

"Roxy won't find out, will she?"

**Susie's College Adventure 05 Roxy's Revenge**

Monday night.

Giving Joe a blow job was worth it if it meant finally getting him out of the house. After he went back next door (no doubt to screw Roxy) I checked out my new room and got a tiny bit of privacy for the first time in three days.

When Steve came in he said DJ was stuck doing stuff at the frat house and invited me to help him cook supper.

Steve was as nice as he could be. I didn't even mind him staring at my nipples. Really, how could he not? They were out in front and standing at attention all through our meal. His lack of subtlety just served to remind me that my life now consisted mainly of being naked in front of three guys--with short breaks for school and work.

After supper he helped me unpack my things. For some reason I couldn't find any of my underwear (besides the one bra they'd given me to wear that morning).

"Have you seen the bag with my bras and panties? I can't find them anywhere."

"DJ took them down to his frat house."

"Huh?"

"He said you wouldn't be needing them any more--so he took them to decorate his frat house game room."

"You didn't try to stop him?"

"He was so excited he shot out of here before I could react."

That little shit. I had zero money for any new underwear and I was upset, but I had to admit that was a lot more daring than I thought the nerd had inside him.

And he was right. I didn't have much use for underwear as long as I was stuck in this free rent deal.

After a while we sat down to watch Monday Night Football. I curled up on the couch, and Steve even brought me a blanket! Was I actually starting to get comfortable with all this?

That night I fell asleep naked, even though in the privacy of my room I could easily have put on pajamas.

I never even thought about it.

Tuesday.

I got up early and found some khaki shorts and a nice t-shirt top. That didn't take long, since I didn't have any panties, and I'd hidden my one bra for emergencies. I could see my boobs bounce under the t-shirt so I put on a vest and left the duplex before the guys woke up.

Class was boring, which gave me a chance to notice how different I felt. Keeping my knees together used to be automatic; now I actually had to think about it. And not wearing panties was actually fun. If I brought my thighs together just right, I could press the seam right into my bare clit. Yum!

I ate lunch out by the lake again. In my khaki shorts I was completely covered (unlike yesterday in my cutoffs) but if I sat crosslegged and pulled the cuffs down, I could discreetly catch a little breeze across my pussy.

After class I got to the clinic early and changed into my scrubs. The top was loose and floppy, so I kept my own top on underneath. The bottoms were so baggy that without underwear it almost felt like I had nothing on between my legs.

Nobody around me realized I was bra-less (much less panty-less) all afternoon. I stayed self-conscious though because every so often material would brush deliciously against my thighs or across my pubes.

I stayed late to close up, and started putting together pelvic exam trays for the next day.

Hmmm. I flashed back to yesterday when DJ found my nursing-school Gyn textbook and had come up with his pelvic exam fantasy.

I picked up a speculum.

Should I?

Why not. I slipped it into a bag and stashed it in my backpack.

Maybe for his birthday...

When I got home Steve's car was out front so I got out of my clothes in the garage and went straight to my room. I studied for an hour--naked. Wow--I was getting used to this!

The two of us ate supper again and really seemed to get along great. Afterwards we cleaned up and sat down to watch TV. I curled my feet up on the couch again and thought about reaching for the blanket but changed my mind. With a start I realized how comfortable I'd gotten being naked around him.

I'd just gotten comfortable when the front door flew open and Roxy stormed in. Joe toddled behind her.

"You little naked slut. How dare you give my boyfriend a blow job?"

I could see Steve's mouth drop.

"I don't have to explain myself to you or anyone else, Roxy."

"All right you little whore, I'll explain it to you. Joe informs me you haven't been living up to your--your stay-naked-no-rent bargain."

"Bullshit. Besides--what business is it of y--?"

"Bullshit your ass. He said he caught you out so often that you begged him to let you suck him off so he wouldn't tell Steve and DJ--"

Steve was frozen--totally stunned. Joe wouldn't make eye contact and even tried to hide behind Roxy. Talk about pussywhipped.

"--and it is OBVIOUSLY my business when some whore blows my boyfriend."

"Whatever," I said. I was trying not to let her get to me but she'd now called me a whore twice. I could feel myself turning red.

"So, Steve, did you know she'd given Joe a blowjob to keep him quiet?"

"N-no--"

"Has she been keeping up her part of the bargain?"

"Y--yes--"

"Let's see if I have this right. She never wears clothes inside the house?"

"R-right--"

Sweet! Steve was standing up for me!

"She doesn't try to cover her tits or pussy?"

"No--not usually."

Huh? Not usually?

"What do you mean? Look at her now. The way she's sitting her tits are covered and you can't see her pubic hair at all!"

"Yeah, but--"

"Does she always keep her knees apart?"

"Well--" he said, looking at me. My ankles were under my butt and one knee was on top of the other. "--maybe not all the time--"

"Never mind, Steve," I said. "Don't help me anymore. It's really none of her business." By then I was furious. I refused to move.

Roxy was relentless. "So if she cheats, what happens?"

"I DON'T CHEAT."

"She gets a couple of warnings," Steve said.

"And if she keeps cheating?"

Joe interrupted. "We think up a-- a penalty. Something we all agree on that she has to do. Something--uh--fun for us."

"Hmm. Explains why she tried to keep you quiet."

"Fuck this." I got up and started for my room.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"My room, Roxy. I don't have to take this."

"Oh, no? And what about your penalty?"

I said, "What about it? You're not part of this. And neither is Joe for that matter. He doesn't live here now."

Roxy stepped in front of me. "I said what about your penalty?"

I backed up a step. "Now wait a min--"

"No, YOU wait, bitch." Roxy grabbed me by the wrist.

"Let go of me NOW." I pushed her back with my free hand and looked at the guys for backup.

That was pointless.

"Catfight!" Joe laughed. "Go Roxy!"

I grabbed for her other arm but she jerked me sideways and pushed me down onto the recliner. Hard. A split-second later she had my arms pinned above my head and a knee in my stomach. It was over that fast.

"Joe honey, go get the rope from outside."

"Are we gonna tie her to the chair, like we did Sunday?"

"We'll start with that."

"Woo-hoo!" Joe said as he ran out the back.

I looked at Steve. "Aren't you going to help me?"

"A blow job, Susie? You really gave Joe a blow job?"

"Sucked and swallowed like a pro," Roxy answered.

"This isn't fair, Roxy."

"No? Let's review, why don't we? You want free rent even though you don't stick to your agreement, you suck my boyfriend's dick to keep him quiet, and you say this isn't fair?"

"Screw you, Roxy. Get off me. Now--I mean it."

"Aww she means it," Roxy said as Joe came back with the rope ties they'd used yesterday. A wood rail ran along the top of the recliner, and they tied my wrists to it with two of the lengths of rope.

Roxy jerked my knees apart so my legs hung over the arms of the chair. Joe tied my ankles to the bottom of the chair frame.

All three of them stood in front of me and stared. "Hmm," Roxy said. "Your pussy just seems to naturally open up--you do this a lot, huh?"

The phone rang, and Steve answered it. He talked briefly and said, "Hang on." He turned to Roxy and said, "It's DJ. He needs to bring over a few frat guys to work on a skit or something."

I shook my head.

Roxy flashed an evil smile. "Tell him of course!"

"Roxy, this isn't part of the deal. I don't have to be naked around other people."

"But wait," Joe said. "If you're in penalty mode you have to stay naked when other people come over."

"Yes, but I can stay in my room."

Roxy laughed. "Doesn't look like that's going to happen. OK--I've got an idea." She disappeared into my room and we could hear her rummaging around in my stuff. She came back with my big beach headscarf and tied it so it covered my eyes and most of my face.

"That better? Here's what we do. We won't tell them who you are--"

"They already know." Joe laughed. "DJ told his frat house all about it and they even decorated their gameroom with her bras and panties."

Roxy rolled her eyes. "What a slut. Well, at least they may not recognize her on the street."

Joe laughed again. "Hey just think--she won't recognize them either. Whenever she passes guys around campus she'll wonder who's seen her cunt and who hasn't."

"Please, Roxy. This has gone too far."

I felt her lean in, and she whispered in my ear. "No it hasn't, hon. Watch how much worse it'll get if you so much as open your mouth again."

She stood back up. "Guys, there's one small problem. Anyone see what it is?"

"Uh--we've already done this?"

"Exactly! And she obviously didn't learn much from it this weekend, did she?"

"What are you thinking?"

"Give me a hand here."

I felt them untie my legs. Suddenly my knees were pushed up and sideways almost into my armpits and my ankles were suspended above my head. Somehow they re-tied me in that position.

I was splayed like some sort of specimen. Everything between my legs--my clit, my vagina, even my anus--was spread wide open.

"That's better," Roxy said. "Now turn her so she faces the door."

I felt the recliner move. Warm night air wafted over my crotch. Damn Roxy! That meant the front door was wide open and anyone walking by could see me!

The faint little evening breeze tickled my pubes.

I heard a guy's voice outside. Could he see me?

I realized the thought was starting to make me wet.

"Keep the screen door closed," Roxy said. "We don't want to attract flies."

A car pulled up outside. Doors opened and closed, and there were footsteps on the sidewalk. Voices--guys' voices--came closer. The screen door opened.

"Ho-lee shit!"

"UN-believable!"

"See--I told you guys!"

That little shit. Joe was right. He'd broken our agreement and told his frat buddies about me--his naked roommate!

Now Roxy's voice. "C'mon in guys."

"Like what you see?" said Joe's voice.

"No shit!"

"Why is she spread like that?"

Joe's voice said, "Let's just put it this way. She did some stuff she wasn't supposed to, and now she has to make it up."

"Look how wet her pussy is!"

Roxy's voice said, "Go ahead--you can get closer."

Oh god. Hands pulled my legs even further apart. I felt someone's breath on my vagina. Two people--or three--or four or five?--were inspecting my most secret place.

Well, I sighed, it wasn't much of a secret place any more. Hadn't been for four days now.

The room fell completely silent. Oh god--how many guys were staring at my pussy?

A finger softly stroked my inner folds. The touch sent a shock deep inside me. Then two other fingers gently grasped them--pulling them apart, separating inner from outer. More fingers carefully pulled my little hood off my clit. A fingertip softly circled my anus.

Oh god. Slowly but surely I slid into my zone. Until--

"Her pussy smells like--like anchovies."

Joe's voice said, "I'd say her pizza's ready for some big pepperonis."

"Whoa whoa," Roxy said. "I'm only going to make two rules: everyone's pants stay zipped, and don't do anything that really hurts her--got it?"

"That's it?"

Hands fondled my breasts. More fingers stroked my clit. Oh god.

I silently shook my head but--in a rhythm not in protest. Yeah, a rhythm. Throbbing deep into my middle.

I eased back down. Back into my zone.

Oh god. My penis dreams started. Big. Pink. Beautiful pulsing cocks all around me. Stroking me, probing me, entering me, penetrating me...

A finger slid inside me. "Wow--it just slipped right in. Can she handle two?"

"Two?" Roxy's voice said. "Try three."

No--four, I prayed. Please...

More hands rubbed my thighs. Fingers--lots of them--touched my clit, stroked my labia, probed my vagina.

OH--oh god--NO--oh god--I was going to come soon--in front of all these frat guys. I kept shaking my head but it was too late. I couldn't stop it. I didn't want to.

A finger pushed into my anus. Then two.

I couldn't help myself--I bucked my hips. I wanted those fingers. All those fingers. Deep inside me. Deeper...

I moaned. Under my breath first, then louder, then louder still.

A huge orgasmic wave washed over me. Then another. And another.

Panting, I flung my head forward, exhausted.

"God--that was awesome."

"Look at her cunt--her lips are swollen but her middle is gaping wide open."

"Her asshole too. You can actually see inside!"

"Her pussy's twitching--it's trying to grab me!"

"I've got something else it can grab." I heard a zipper.

I started shaking my head again. Part of me desperately tried to say NO but the rest of me--my aching swollen pussy--desperately wanted him to do it.

Yes--do me. Please. Hard and fast.

"Yeah--her other hole can grab THIS."

ANYTHING--just satisfy my hungry pussy!

Distantly I heard Roxy's voice say, "Nobody get carried away. That's enough for tonight."

NO! I silently screamed--what about my pussy? It needs to be filled!

"Yeah, it's getting late."

"This was great, DJ. Let's--um--work on our skit again tomorrow."

I heard the screen door slam a few times.

Somebody untied my scarf. I looked around to see Steve, DJ, Joe, and Roxy all standing around me staring at my splayed throbbing crotch.

Steve spoke first. "OK, we've punished her enough. Let's untie her."

"Not so fast," Roxy said. "Joe, does everyone know Susie agreed to some new rules this afternoon?"

Steve and DJ looked puzzled.

"Yeah, but--" I stammered.

"So Joe, why don't you explain them?"

"Sure! First thing, she can't use the word 'pussy' anymore--only 'cunt,' and we have to hear her say it at least every day. Second thing, now she has to ALWAYS show us her cunt--whenever we say, not just when she gets warnings."

Roxy nodded. "That seems fair--since she was so poor at following the first set of rules."

Steve looked confused. "So what does she have to do now if she gets two warnings?"

"We all decide," Joe said. "After tonight, I say let's put Roxy in charge of that part."

Great. Just fuckin' great.

Roxy said, "Fine with me. I've got lots more ideas. Hey--what about her wearing underwear? Any rules about that?"

"We don't think she has any," DJ said.

"What?"

"DJ took all her bras and panties to the frat house and used them to decorate their game room," Steve said.

"Well you little--," Roxy said with a grin. "Good job!"

"I've got another idea," DJ said, sounding surprisingly assertive. "Besides all these penalties, let's give Susie an incentive to work towards."

"Like what?"

"Follow me," he said, heading towards my room.

"Steve, don't get any ideas about untying her," Roxy said as she and Joe followed him.

I whispered to Steve, "Why didn't you help me? You didn't even try to stop her."

Steve tore his gaze away from my pussy. "I was going to, until I heard what you did with Joe. Hell, look at you." His eyes focused back on my blatantly, helplessly spread pussy. That should have bothered me but I didn't care any more.

He kept staring, and I felt myself getting wet again.

"All this really turns you on, doesn't it?" he said. "Doesn't it?"

Before I could say anything, the others came back, holding a bag of my clothes.

"OK Susie, pay attention." Roxy said. "We're taking all your shorts and pants. Nothing goes between your legs for the rest of the week, got it?"

I ignored her.

"Let me rephrase. We're leaving you a few skirts and tops. That's all you're authorized to wear. IF you follow all the rules--no warnings, no covering up, no causing trouble with my boyfriend, you'll get the rest of your clothes back Sunday night. Do we understand each other?"

Slowly I nodded my head.

"I knew you'd see reason. Oh, we found some other interesting items."

She dangled my one remaining bra in front of me--the one I'd worn yesterday and hidden for safekeeping. "For your frat house with Susie's compliments," she said, tossing it to DJ.

"And hey guys, check this out." She held up a small bag.

I groaned. The pelvic exam speculum I'd impulsively picked up at work.

"What are you planning to do with this?" she asked, waving it around and snapping the duckbills at my pussy.

"I--I--don't--"

"Uh huh. You were hoping someone would use it on you, weren't you? You total slut. Well, guess what. You'll probably get your wish sometime soon."

"But--"

"When you least expect it." She put the speculum back in the bag and set it aside.

"One more thing. What does she do if someone comes over?

"She can put on a robe or something," Steve said.

"IF she's been good," Joe interrupted. "If she has a warning she has to stay naked even if someone's here."

"--But I CAN stay in my room," I added.

"I've got a better idea. Let her wear a robe anytime someone comes over--"

"But--but--" DJ protested.

"THIS robe," she continued, holding up my flimsy swimsuit coverup. It was so short it barely covered my crotch when I wore it, plus it had no buttons--just a sash at the waist.

"Cool!" Joe and DJ said.

"Good--we agree," Roxy said. "So I'll be taking this with me, too." She tossed my nice warm cotton bathrobe onto the pile of my stuff.

"OK--that should do it. You can untie her now."

Steve helped me up. I stiffly hobbled into my room--what was left of it. I collapsed on the bed and promised myself I'd figure out some way--any way--to get my own place.

But until then...

I felt a throb between my legs. My pussy was still soaking wet.

I told myself I'd make do here a little while longer.

**Susie's College Adventure 06**

Wednesday

When I woke up the next morning my body was shaky all over. I still had sensations of all those fingers in my pussy and up my anus. I didn't even know how many guys were there doing things to me last night, but I started getting wet just thinking about it all!

I thought how this whole weird chapter in my life only started five days ago, but how different everything was now. I wasn't too comfortable with those other guys seeing and touching me last night, but I was actually getting used to being naked around Steve, DJ, Joe, and even Roxy! I should have been miserable, but--I wasn't. Being naked meant being turned on--and that felt SO so good.

OK focus, Susie. New dilemma--what to wear today.

Roxy hadn't left me many options. I picked a blue-jean miniskirt (as opposed to the other two miniskirts she'd left me), but how could I wear it without panties?

I didn't have any panties anyway, so I decided not to think about it. And since Roxy had confiscated my one-and-only bra, I put on a blue jean vest over my top and hoped that would be enough.

The guys weren't up when I left. Must be nice to have their schedules.

I parked the car in my Outer-Mongolia student space, but this morning I didn't mind the walk. The cool morning air caressing my barely-covered pussy felt SO good.

Class was interesting. My skirt was short enough that if I sat on my thighs just right, my pussy touched the cool smooth wood of the chair seats. Mmm--every time I moved even a little bit I couldn't stop myself thinking about my aching little clit.

After lunch I got to the clinic early and changed into my scrubs. Girls can wear either a dress-style scrub, or the usual top and pants, and I realized that with my own top underneath, the dress style covered my boobs better--plus it left me without anything between my legs.

Everything went fine. Nobody realized I was bra-less (much less panty-less) all afternoon.

On the drive home I realized I hadn't worn a bra in two days--and no panties for five!

When I got home the guys had already started supper. I took off my clothes in the garage like I was supposed to but bypassed the kitchen and headed straight for my room. I refused to put on that stupid cover-up Roxy had left for me, so I studied in my room--naked--for an hour or so.

Steve knocked on my door and asked me in the nicest way if I were ready for supper.

Steve was very attentive while we ate, and even DJ occasionally took his eyes off my boobs and really talked. They asked if my room was OK, was I too cold or too hot, and even offered to loan me a little cash.

"Susie, we've been thinking maybe the agreement is a little one-sided. Is there anything we can do to make it easier for you?"

"Well--how about letting me wear a robe out here sometimes?"

"Um--no," they both said. "You agreed to stay totally naked when you're not in your room--and that part stays."

Can't blame a girl for trying. "But do you really have to count points? I mean--I try very hard to do everything I agreed to, and that whole warning thing is so demeaning."

"Hmm," They looked at each other. "OK. We'll stop with the points--as long as you keep following the rules so well."

"And since I'm doing such a good job, I have a favor to ask you guys. Sunday night, when Joe and Roxy come over with my clothes, I'd appreciate your support. I mean--I really want my clothes back and I need your help to make sure I do."

"Of--of course!"

I had to laugh. They were trying to be sympathetic but they probably didn't have a lot of incentive to help me get more clothes to wear.

For the rest of the meal we started joking and laughing about the whole weird week. We really bonded in a way that's hard to explain now.

When we finished supper I did the dishes and the guys turned on the TV. I sat down on the couch next to Steve and everyone felt so relaxed after our talk. I unconsciously leaned back, propped my feet on the edge of the coffee table, and opened my legs.

DJ was sitting across from me in the recliner and his gaze shifted to my exposed pussy. After five days of enforced nakedness I guess I was used to eyes on my most private areas and hardly even noticed. Maybe I subconsciously liked it because without thinking I moved my legs further apart.

Suddenly he jumped up and ran towards his room.

"What are you doing?"

"I'll be right back." He returned with a book--my nursing-school Gyn textbook he'd 'borrowed' when I moved in.

Of course.

Opened to the female-anatomy page.

Of course.

He squatted down by my side and reached around my knee. "Let's check this out." With a sigh I scrunched forward, propped my feet on the edge of the coffee table, and let my knees fall sideways. "Just be gentle--that's all I ask."

DJ grabbed my labia and pulled them apart. After last night's fingerfest he didn't even bother to ask. And I guess I didn't expect him to, either. I felt his breath on my vagina, and felt myself getting wet. Another sigh.

"Steve," he said. "Come over here and check this out."

I noticed Steve hesitate. "Go ahead, Steve. I know you want to."

Steve didn't need to be told twice. He leaned in over my other leg and stared into my now-gaping tunnel.

DJ's fingers stroked just inside me and I closed my eyes.

"Let's see--these are her labia minora--"

They talked about my private parts as if I wasn't even there. Three or four days ago I'd have hated that. Now I just lay back and listened to them explore me and probe me.

Ooh--a nice warm feeling deep in my hole. I opened my eyes to see Steve's finger inside me.

DJ moved further up. "And the book says you can move this little hood up here and expose--"

WHOO! An electric shock hit my clit.

"Wow--she felt THAT--do it again," Steve said as he slipped a second finger into my now sopping tunnel.

DJ did, and that was when things got blurry. I think I started panting.

The next thing I knew the guys were helping me up and holding me as I staggered to my room.

A half hour later I heard a knock on my door. Steve opened the door before I could say anything. He had become so accustomed to me being naked I guess I couldn't blame him too much.

"Sorry about DJ and your G-Y-N book out there."

"That's all right. I'm pretty well used to you guys poking around inside me by now."

"Well, with DJ it's different. He goes a little overboard sometimes because he's still a--a--"

"Let me guess. He's still a virgin."

"Is it that obvious?"

I nodded.

"I guess it's obvious to his frat brothers, too, because they give him a hard time. A REALLY hard time. Which only makes it worse. He wants to have sex so bad it's painful to watch him around girls."

"Aww. I guess I do feel kinda sorry for him. Maybe that's why I put up with so much from him."

"You put up with a lot from all of us."

Aww again.

"And--um--Susie?"

"Yeah?"

"We know how lucky we are and--um--we think you're beautiful."

He hung around and stared at my boobs for the longest time. What was he doing? At last he looked up and said, "Uh--can we--would you--can I--uh--take you out to eat Friday night?"

Wow! Steve was asking me out!

"Sure. I'd like that."

Sweet!

That night all I could think of was how long it had been since I'd gone out on a real date.

Which made think about how long it had been since I'd had sex.

Which made me even more horny.

That night I dreamed the guys took turns over and over putting their dicks in my mouth and their fingers in my holes, and then Joe and Steve tied me down so DJ could--

Thursday

I woke up soaked in sweat and had to untangle the sheets from around my legs.

A car pulled out of the driveway and I remembered Steve had an early class on Thursdays.

Naked as always, I shuffled into the kitchen. I guess Steve had made coffee already (that was unusual) but the house was quiet. I headed to the bathroom. It'd be nice to have it to myself for a change, for some overdue personal grooming.

I opened the bathroom door--and smacked it into DJ standing at the sink.

Shaving.

Naked.

With his hands full of shaving cream he couldn't do much to cover up. God it felt like forever since I'd seen a real live cock. I'd felt (and tasted) a few last weekend, but my eyes were mostly closed and I'd been--um--busy. This time I just stared to my heart's--or was it my cunt's--content.

"Oh--uh--sorry," I stammered. But I didn't move. His dick was just too scrumptious. "Um, thanks for making the cock--I mean--coffee." Reluctantly I backed out and closed the door.

I'd settled down a bit and was finishing breakfast when DJ brought out an armful of papers and a workbook and dumped them on the table--right on top of my crossword puzzle.

"Hey, Susie. Can you help me with this calculus? I've got a quiz and I'm stuck."

I stood up and bent over to see. "This is a cube root, not a square root, DJ." My nipple was right in front of his face and when he leaned forward he bumped it with his pencil.

"Oh, uh yeah, thanks," he said--ducking his head around my boob.

I flashed back to the vision of his hard dick in the bathroom.

I leaned in so my nipple brushed his cheek. "And you have to simplify this polynomial equation, see, then these factors cancel out..."

"Oh yeah," he said, leaning away from my boob again. He was ignoring me! I mean--would he give me a minute's peace if he were the horny one and I needed to study?

"But I don't get this log thing here."

"DJ--I want--um--let me see your cock again."

"Huh? Susie, I'm trying to study. Aren't you gonna help me?"

I leaned in. "I--I really need to see your cock."

He pushed my boob out of his face again.

"You can play with my cunt--" That sounded like fun to me.

"Susie, give me a break here. I can do that whenever I want. Right now I need you to help me."

Bastard.

The words just slipped out. "DJ--right now I need you to fuck me."

His eyes widened. "You--you want me to--make love--to you?"

"No, DJ. I NEED you. To FUCK me."

Papers went everywhere as DJ jumped up and unzipped his pants. Out came that gorgeous cock again. I couldn't help myself--I knelt down and took it into my mouth.

DJ moaned and closed his eyes, and I felt him harden. I pulled away and said, "Now fuck me, DJ."

Before I could react he pulled me up, turned me around, grabbed my arms, and marched me into the living room. Bending me over the back of the couch, he held me down with one hand on my back and kicked my feet apart with his.

He started probing around my thighs and butt with his fingers.

"DJ--what are you doing?"

"Where--I can't find--where do I stick it?" He kept pushing between my pussy and anus with his fingers, and it started to hurt.

After all that crap with my G-Y-N textbook last night. Talk about ruining the moment.

With a sigh I spread my legs further, reached back with one hand, grabbed his fingers, and slipped two of them into my pussy.

God that felt good. I held on tight and slid them back and forth.

"You're so wet, Susie! This is awesome--I'm looking up your pussy and--and I can see your asshole too!"

"Come on, DJ," I breathed. "Your dick. PLEASE."

"Oh--OK." It still took him a couple of tries, but at last he slid it in.

"This--your cunt--I--so wet--feels--Susie--I'm--it's--you're--"

"I know, DJ, I know--just be qui--"

"Susie--Susie--Susie--"

"Try not to come right away, DJ. Pace your--"

"OK--OK. Oh my god Susie--your asshole--it's throbbing--

"DJ--no--"

Too late. A finger slid inside my anus.

"DJ that's--"

"I--I'm coming Susie--"

"Wait--try to--"

"Oh oh god." He spurted inside me and collapsed on top of me, pushing me further down onto the back of the couch, which was really uncomfortable and basically ended the moment for me.

I extricated myself and managed to get cleaned up and out the door. I walked into class wearing a tank top, my trusty vest, and my only other skirt. This one was a bit longer so my butt was actually covered when I sat down, but it was looser so it would poof out whenever I wasn't paying attention. I realized I'd have to be REALLY careful when I walked.

But ooohh--the looseness of the skirt meant the breeze circulated SO nicely across my secret places as I walked between classes!

I couldn't believe how horny I was. DJ had come so fast I hadn't gotten much satisfaction if you know what I mean. But I couldn't stop thinking about DJ's cock inside my pussy, and how I was his first. How sweet is that! Gradually I forgave him for being so klutzy.

When I got back to the duplex I found a little note from Steve. He had to run up to Alexandria to check on his grandmother and wouldn't be back until morning, but he finished by telling me how much he was looking forward to our date tomorrow night.

Nice!

A few hours later, DJ walked through the door. He hesitated, then pulled me up out of my chair and said, "Let's fuck."

I gently unclamped his hand from my arm, smiled sweetly, and said, "I have a better idea. Let's make love."

"But this morning--you said--you wanted me to take you--"

He was so confused.

"Aww, come here, sweetie." I put my arms around him.

"Are women always hard to figure out?"

"Yep," I said as I guided him out of his clothes and into my bed.

I was really horny but part of me felt awkward about being DJ's first and being a little older than he was. I decided my mission was to do some future girl a big favor and show him how to make a woman feel satisfied. That's me--always willing to sacrifice for the greater good.

Right.

I started him off caressing my boobs and then slowly sent him down south. I didn't let him get right inside me this time. He had to work his way in. I took his fingers with mine and ran them along my thighs, then rubbed them over my mound, then stroked them across my in-between place, then finally--sigh--nudged them to my little sweet spot.

Once I was sure he had the rhythm right, I made him take over until I'd had a nice sweet orgasm. I was still humming when I heard a pleading little voice ask, "Can--can I come now?"

"Not yet. DJ." He sounded so desperate I couldn't help myself. "Um--the girl gets to comes twice and then it's the guy's turn."

"Oh. OK."

"Now do the same things, but with your tongue."

My clit was still throbbing, so I pulled him up to my chest and showed him how I wanted him to gently suck and tease my nipples. When my pussy was ready for more I guided him back down between my legs and told him where to put his tongue and lips. At just the right time I had him slip two fingers inside me and that set off a glorious explosion.

I was still floating when I heard a pleading voice say, "Su--Susie I don't think I can hold out much longer."

I smiled to myself as I thought about all the stuff he and the others had put me through. I started to say 'Who's in charge now, DJ?' but instead I pulled him up and inside me. I smelled my juices on his face as I pressed his lips against mine.

He didn't last long of course, and when he was through he looked at me with big eyes and said, "Wow Susie that was--that felt so--"

I put my finger to his lips and said, "I know. Now it's time to be quiet." I could feel how energized he was but I took him in my arms, held him tight, and closed my eyes.

I woke up sometime later. I was on my back and something was different but it took me a minute to figure out my arms were stretched above my head, my legs were spread apart, and I couldn't move any of them! He'd tied me to the bed! And I was blindfolded, too!

"DJ--what are you doing?"

"Susie, we all noticed how much you like to be tied up and have us do things to you."

DJ sounded completely different. Revved up, almost frantic.

What was going on? "I don't like to be tied up--"

"You come like a monkey whenever we do--"

"I do NOT--" WOW. I felt a tongue on my clit and electricity shot through my middle. God that felt good.

"What were you saying, Susie?"

"DJ, I don't like being tied--" WOW! He did it again. Then he started sliding his tongue back and forth across my clit.

I couldn't help myself. In no time I was panting and heaving. I suddenly wanted him inside me SO bad. "God DJ--fuck me PLEASE!"

I felt him put a finger inside me. It felt good but I really needed a dick.

"NO--not a finger! Your dick! Now!"

"So--you like being tied up."

"Yes! Yes! I love it--now put your dick in--"

"I thought you didn't want me to come too--"

"Just fuck me--"

The finger on my clit slid down and poked my anus.

"No--not that."

"We can stop if you want--"

"NO! Don't--OK OK. Go ahead. Just hurry."

"Go ahead what?"

"Um--Finger me there--"

"Where?"

"In my anus! Hurry!"

"WHERE? The other word."

"Finger me--in my asshole--please!"

The finger slid inside my anus--I mean asshole--and damn if it didn't feel kinda good. When his tongue started up on my clit again--oh god it was even more intense. I was coming--coming--

I came.

THEN he got on top of me and slid his prick into me. Finally! It felt sooo good.

A while later I asked him to untie me so I could go to the bathroom. He did, but I had to owe him a couple of blowjobs. With the afterglow I was feeling, that was an easy trade.

Friday

Morning eventually came. I was completely drained and my pussy was sore, but I was warm and tingly inside and out.

Slowly I threw the covers back, grabbed a quick shower, and headed towards the kitchen.

I'd just opened the fridge when I heard a sleepy voice behind me.

"Susie, I've got a problem."

I turned around to see a naked DJ step into the kitchen, sporting a glorious erection.

I had a 'debt' to pay, so I bent down and took him into my mouth, sucking and licking until he moaned, grabbed my hair, and spurted deep into my throat.

I stood up and wiped my lips.

DJ looked at me tenderly and said, "Susie, last night was a--a dream come true."

I smiled. "I liked it, too."

"Can--can we do it again? Tonight?"

"Down boy. Let's not ruin the magic. Um--I'm going out with Steve tonight."

He actually pouted.

"Look, DJ. Don't be that way. We had so much fun just relaxing and enjoying each other. Don't let anything spoil that memory."

I could tell he was struggling.

"We'll have more fun together soon, DJ. Trust me."

He perked up. "My birthday's coming up next week, you know."

"Really? How old will you be?"

"Nine--nineteen."

Great. I just spent the night with an eighteen-year-old.

DJ saw the expression on my face. "But I've always been big for my age."

I had to agree.

"We'll come up with something special."

After breakfast DJ took in his arms, kissed me tenderly, and said, "Thanks for the greatest night of my life."

I reached down and gave his dick a squeeze, then headed to my room to get ready for class.

As I walked across campus in what had become my normal attire--thin top, trusty vest, little miniskirt, nothing underneath--my slightly sore pussy made me even more aware of the cool morning breeze wafting between my legs. Tonight would make a week since I'd last worn panties--and I wasn't sure if I ever wanted to put them on again.

By the time I got home, though, I'd stopped thinking about all that, because at last I was going out on my date with Steve! It felt like forever since I'd done something NORMAL.

Steve wanted to go out for dinner and dancing. With my limited wardrobe, dancing without getting arrested would be a challenge. I settled on my denim mini. Short but at least it wouldn't flare out if I took a spin. Somewhere I found a sheer spaghetti-strap top with these really sexy lace panels over the boobs. Usually I wore a bra under it, of course. Not an option anymore. I thought about wearing my trusty vest but I was SO tired of it and we were probably going to kinda dark places, so I decided what the hell.

We ate at Alesi's--this intimate old-fashioned little Italian spot. The waiter stared at my chest a lot but after Steve refilled my wine glass a couple of times I quit being self-conscious and just enjoyed the attention.

Steve looked scrumptious and buff and was being so sweet. "Susie, this has been an unbelievable week for us guys. What it's been like for you?"

Oh god. Where do I start? Steve seemed genuinely interested in my feelings. But could I really tell him how I felt?

"At first I was so furious at Roxy that I'd do anything to prove she hadn't beat me. But now--but now--"

This was hard. I took a deep breath and a gulp from my wine glass.

I looked into his big beautiful eyes. "Now--now I like showing myself to you guys. There's this feeling, this power in my middle that just takes over. When I spread my legs and you guys stumble and fall all over yourselves--that's my power. When you and DJ can't keep your eyes off me and stare at me like I'm a work of art--that's my power."

"How about when we feel you up?"

"At first I was upset but now when you guys touch me and explore me like I've got hidden treasure--wow. I've had the most incredible orgasms all week."

Steve stared at me. I could tell he was getting turned on. Hell, so was I, but it was fun to watch him get flustered.

"Susie, um--about taking away your underwear. Roxy put us up to--"

Right. Blame it all on Roxy. OK, I'll play along.

"No hard feelings. At first going to school without wearing a bra or panties was scary. Now--I confess--I love it. My boobs bounce free and rub against my top and--" I lowered my voice. "And I love it when a breeze blows under my skirt and across my cunt."

He was so speechless I had to laugh a little. I thought this might be a good time to break the news about me and DJ last night, but Steve looked at his watch and said the Ridge Road Rebels were about to start out at Cowboys. We hurried to finish our supper and get over there.

The guy at the door loved my outfit and we scored a great table. The music was awesome and the lights were low, so we had a nice time on the dance floor but neither of us really got into it. After our dinner conversation our minds were both on something else so we headed for the exit.

As soon as we got in the car we started making out. We couldn't even keep our hands off each other on the drive home and our clothes were off as soon as we got through the door.

Steve swooped me up in his arms, carried me into his bedroom, and gently put me on his bed. His eyes slowly moved up and down my naked body--taking me all in like I was a precious sculpture.

I loved it. I lay back, put my hands behind my head, spread my legs, and waited for him to make his move.

He climbed between my legs and put his mouth right on my pussy. His tongue started hitting all the right spots and before long I was panting like a bitch in heat.

"Take me now, DJ--do me!"

He surprised me by gently rolling me over and coaxing me to pull my knees under me and put my butt up. Ooh--I hadn't done it doggy-style in forever. He slid his cock deep inside me a few times and I was so far gone I almost didn't notice when he slid a finger inside my anus.

"Steve--"

"Do you like that, Susie?"

"Why is everybody focused on my asshole all of a sudden?"

"What?"

"Um--I said--um not so sudden. Stroke it a little first."

"Sure!" He pulled his finger out but thankfully left his cock in its rightful hole. He started rubbing gentle circles around my anus. "Damn Susie, it's winking at me. It's--it's throbbing."

"That's 'cause the rest of me is throbbing. Now PLEASE get back to fucking me!"

He started pumping his penis in and out again and I really didn't mind when his finger slid back inside my anus.

I slid back into my groove. My lovely wonderful groove--

Afterwards we curled up together and Steve dozed off.

I couldn't fall asleep, though. Should I tell Steve about me and DJ? Or should I keep it to myself?

Saturday

The sun woke me up--or maybe it was Steve's morning wood poking a hole in my back. I was starving so before Steve got ideas I rolled him out of bed and pushed him into the kitchen by promising him a big boudin omelette.

He laughed. "Maybe I'll give you a different kind of sausage after that!"

Steve made the coffee while I made the omelette. A naked girl has to be careful frying something greasy like boudin, so I slipped on an apron. For a change somebody else was the naked person in the house and that was actually a good feeling!

I was sitting on Steve's lap. I still had my apron on, and he had one hand inside it playing with my nipple while he gobbled down his omelet with the other.

Suddenly we heard a sleepy voice say, "What's for breakfast?" and turned to see DJ in only his underwear. I froze, but Steve just shoved another forkful of eggs into his mouth.

What the fuck? He seemed completely nonchalant about DJ walking in on us.

Then it dawned on me. "Steve? You know about DJ and me Thursday night. Don't you?"

"Um--yeah."

I looked at DJ. He ducked his eyes. "You told him? You told Steve what we did Thursday night?"

"Are you kidding?" Steve said, still working his fork. "He's 18 and he had sex for the first time. What do you think he's gonna do?"

"You don't seem very upset about it."

Steve just shrugged his shoulders and kept eating.

Well, fuck. If it didn't bother him why should it bother me?

"So when did you tell him?"

"I called him after you left for class. Who do you think told me I should tie you up?"

"WHAT?"

I was just about to slap Steve when DJ said, "I hope Roxy and Joe don't find out you're wearing that apron."

"Now wait a minute. DJ, I was cooking breakfast for pete's sake. Come on, you said you'd support me--I can't get crosswise with Joe and Roxy."

He just looked at me.

"Steve--say something."

"Well--you're through cooking--"

"PLEASE, guys."

They didn't answer.

"OK--I give up." I knew I sounded desperate but I just couldn't lose to Roxy again. "What do you want from me?"

DJ answered. "For starters you still owe me a blowjob."

"Fine." I got over being upset when I saw his dick poking the front of his tighty-whiteys, but I tried not to let on.

"I said FINE. Let's get this over with." I yanked off the apron and got on my knees. Pulling DJ down into a chair by the waistband of his briefs, I yanked them below his knees and moved between his legs. As I slid my mouth over his dick he leaned over and started caressing my boobs.

Suddenly Steve knelt behind me and his fingers found my clit. I thought about pushing him away but damn if he didn't know exactly where to touch!

When I was good and warmed up he started stroking my anus again. This time it felt really good--I couldn't help myself and actually pushed back on his finger until it slipped inside. Was I actually starting to like that?

A minute later he slid his dick inside me. Both guys started pumping me in earnest and I quickly got a load of sperm in both ends.

They may have been satisfied but I still had a ways to go. Bless their hearts this time they kept paying attention to my tingly parts (now including my anus) and I'd just slipped into my zone when I heard DJ's voice.

"Um--Susie?"

"Hmmm--"

"About the apron thing."

"Mm-hmm--"

"How about we forget about it and just keep fucking instead."

Now that was the easiest bargain I ever made. We spent the rest of the morning--um--working on the details.

**Susie's College Adventure 07 Saturday afternoon**

By lunchtime I was tired and sore, and I needed a break. I stumbled into the bathroom and filled the tub with warm water. As I closed the bathroom door I made the guys promise to fix lunch--and to NOT get dressed. It felt great not being the only naked one in the house for a change! And I loved how the guys looked SO cute and vulnerable with their wobbly penises.

After my bath I dried off and stepped back out into the living room.

Sandwiches and glasses of iced tea sat on the coffee table. ESPN talking heads babbled on the TV.

And my two guys were still naked! Steve dozed on one end of the couch and DJ sprawled on the other, lazily stroking his cock.

I grabbed a glass of tea. DJ swung one leg over to make room for me so I could sit down between them. There wasn't much room and as I ate my sandwich my legs moved together until my knees touched. DJ kept pushing them apart so finally I slid forward and draped one leg over his thigh and the other over Steve's.

Steve opened his eyes and sat up straight, which pulled my legs further apart. As if on cue, both boys put their hands on my thighs. I wasn't really ready when DJ slipped two fingers inside me.

"Guys--guys--I just don't think I can do this yet. I--I'm still a little sore."

DJ took the glass of tea out of my hand.

"I have an idea," he said, and he pressed the glass onto my open labia.

The sudden intense cold made me gasp. He jerked the glass away.

"No--no," I said, and I moved the glass back against my pussy. I gasped again but what a feeling! So cold it almost hurt but so--so--wonderful!

"More," I breathed as the glass warmed a bit and the freezing feeling subsided. "More--please."

DJ moved the glass out of the way, grabbed an ice cube, and without warning shoved it into my cunt.

I screamed as the cold shot through my middle. The sensation was intense. And exquisite.

I didn't want it to stop. "Again--please."

DJ shoved another ice cube into my cunt, and then Steve found my asshole with another. I screamed again but the cold felt so good spreading through me.

I pushed their hands away. "Guys, that's all I can handle right now."

They looked at me with big disappointed eyes--so adorable and vulnerable with their big swollen dicks.

They sure wouldn't leave me alone very long. I knew what I had to do.

Not that I minded.

I grabbed DJ's cock first, leaning over to slide him into my mouth. I knew he wouldn't last long--and he didn't. I ran my tongue across his tip. He moaned, grabbed my hair, and came deep in the back of my throat.

I turned to look at Steve. My beautiful Steve. I wanted him to last longer and as I took a long drink of iced tea I had an inspiration. Turnabout is fair play, right?

I slid a couple of ice cubes to the back of my throat, waited till my throat felt FROZEN, and slid him into my mouth as fast as I could.

"Ow!" he yelped, but I grabbed his balls with my hand and kept his cock firmly wedged down my throat. As the ice melted, feeling returned to my throat and his penis until he panted and trembled.

When he was done I cleaned them both off with my lips and tongue. I tried to give both of them a kiss afterwards but of course they refused. I slipped into the bathroom to clean up, then headed to my room for a much-needed nap.

The duplex was empty when I woke up. I was cleaning up the kitchen when Steve walked in. Somehow I knew he'd been next door at Roxy and Joe's--maybe because all he was wearing was shorts.

Something was up.

"Where's DJ?" I asked.

"He had stuff to do at the frat house."

"Um--so what's new with Joe and the witch?" I asked.

He winced as Roxy and Joe barged in behind him.

"I come over here to do something nice and this is the treatment I get?" Roxy was obviously not in a good mood anyway, but I'd just made her attitude a lot worse.

As if I cared. "Since when does Roxy do anything nice for anyone besides Roxy?"

We glared at each other but Steve stepped between us and said, "Everybody calm down. Roxy has something important to say."

I followed them into the living room. Joe and Steve sat on the couch and Roxy took the recliner. I refused to sit next to Joe, so I plopped on the floor in front of Steve and leaned back against his legs.

Roxy was across from me and I saw her look down at my crotch. I spread my legs farther apart and said, "See enough, Roxy?"

"Still flashing your pussy at everyone, I see."

That was a trick. "It's my cunt, Roxy. I'm flashing my CUNT."

Roxy tried to act disgusted. "All right, Susie. Your roommate here--or should I say fuckmate--has convinced Joe and me that it's time to wrap up our little arrangement."

My jaw dropped. I looked up at Steve. He nodded, put a hand on my shoulder, and smiled.

I looked at Roxy. "What's the catch?"

"I wouldn't call it a 'catch,' Susie You enjoy being a slut and I enjoy helping you be--a better slut."

I knew I hated Roxy--I just didn't know how much until that minute. "So--?"

"So your fuckmate and I struck a deal. You do three more tasks I tell you to do--no questions asked--and we're all done."

"What--what are the three tasks?"

"I said NO QUESTIONS ASKED. If you ask one more question, I might just cancel the deal. I will say this--you won't get arrested or fucked--"

Like that made me feel better.

She went on. "One task will take place this afternoon, one tomorrow afternoon, and the last one Tuesday night at DJ's birthday party--but I'm not going to give you any other hints."

"What about my clothes? Do I still get them back tomorrow?"

"I've divided your stuff into three big bags. You'll get one today after you finish the first task, one tomorrow after the second task, and the last one Tuesday night after DJ's party."

Then she gave me her most evil glare. "And I don't care what other deal you have with Steve and DJ--I don't want you covering or hiding your private parts for any reason whatsoever when I'm around. Do we have a deal?"

Like I really had a choice. "Sure. OK."

"Good. The first task will start in a few minutes, so I want you to bring everybody a beer."

I walked into the kitchen and brought back four beers. "So about today's--"

"Uh uh--no questions means NO QUES--"

Just then there was a knock on the door. A complete stranger carrying camera equipment walked in.

I screamed and covered my boobs and crotch with my arms. "Who the hell are you?"

He froze, but Roxy said, "Susie, is that any way to greet an old friend?"

"I don't know this guy--"'

"Trust me he knows you--inside and out. Quit covering up--NOW--and say hi to DJ's friend Lester."

I realized this must have been one of DJ's frat buddies who came over Tuesday night when I was blindfolded and tied to the recliner.

The guy blushed and stuck out his hand. "I--I'm Lester."

Slowly I dropped my arms. I shook his hand. "Susie. Nice to meet you. I guess."

Roxy laughed. "Believe me, you've met him before. OK, Susie, here's the deal. DJ's at the frat house all afternoon, so this is a great time to work on your surprise for his birthday."

"My surprise?"

"Yeah--you did say you wanted to do something special for him--"

I looked at Steve.

"You did say that, Susie."

I started feeling very uneasy. "Yeah, but--"

"So first we need to go out in the back yard so Lester can take some pictures--"

"Wait a minute--no way--"

"Relax. Your face won't be in any of them. That's not the part of you he and his buddies are interested in anyway."

They led me outside, over to the chaise-longue. The rope from last week was still on the ground. Roxy stared at me but didn't say anything.

"No way you're going to tie me up again," I said. "I--I'll handle it." I knew I could take whatever this bitch dished out.

"OK, but one fuck-up and out comes the rope."

I sat down and positioned my arms above my head. Lester took several closeups of my boobs.

Joe pulled out a blindfold, but Roxy stopped him.

"Wait. She says she can handle it--let's see how tough she really is. No blindfold. For now."

"Spread your legs," she barked.

I eased my knees apart. Yeah, I'd come a long way in a week. I'd just spread my legs in front of a total stranger without a second thought.

"Put your feet all the way up on the armrests. Now let your knees fall apart."

That left my pussy wide open, and my anus was in plain view, too.

Lester got his camera in between my legs and snapped some very intimate close-ups.

"Her--her labia are getting puffy," Lester said.

No shit.

He whispered something in Roxy's ear.

"Did you say shave her?" she barked.

I flinched. "What? No way, Roxy! I'm not going to shave down there--only porn stars do that."

"Your point being--what? And what a coincidence--DJ told Lester that's exactly why he thought shaved pussies were sexy!"

"As if DJ has vast knowledge on the topic."

"Yeah, but we want him to be happy on his birthday, don't we? Oh, and don't worry--you're not going to do the shaving--we are. Joe, go get your shaving stuff."

He let out a loud whoop and ran inside.

Roxy pointed to my legs. "Get your feet up on those armrests and for the last time SPREAD YOUR LEGS. The boys are going to need full access to all that beaver fur."

Slowly I did as she said. I felt the sun on my (formerly) most private areas, and I admitted to myself the thought of being shaved turned me on. I shivered.

"You really are enjoying this, aren't you?" Roxy said with a sneer.

Before I could answer, Joe was back. I cringed a little when he set a bowl, a razor, and shaving cream on the picnic table, but I really jumped when Lester said, "I'll set up the video equipment."

"That's it," Roxy snapped. "Tie her up."

"Wait, wait--I'll be still. I promise."

Joe grinned and grabbed the rope.

"One more chance, Roxy, please. I--I can do this on my own."

"OK but this IS your last chance."

Lester said he was ready, and then I heard Steve's voice.

"Let me do it."

His voice relaxed me and when he bent down between my legs and smiled up at me, I sighed and closed my eyes.

Slowly and carefully he rubbed shaving cream over my most delicate parts. He slipped his fingers inside me a few times, and it felt sooo good. When he was done with the razor he rubbed me all over as if he was polishing a masterpiece, smiled at me again, and said, "Smooth as silk."

Roxy regarded Steve skeptically. "Joe, you check her."

Joe smiled at me, too, but it was a different kind of smile. He squatted between my legs and motioned for me to spread them further apart. I didn't think it was possible, but I did.

He sniffed loudly. "Ah, yes," he said. "Tuna delight--my favorite."

Roxy rolled her eyes and told him to get on with it. He ran his fingers all over me. Inside me, too. I should have minded but I actually didn't.

"Hey, she's got some hairs back here around her asshole," he said as he pushed my buttocks apart and probed that hole, too.

"So shave it then."

"Woo hoo!" he said, grabbing the razor. "Wow, this is so cool. You better pull your knees up so I don't hurt that cute little back door..."

He shoved four fingers deep into my pussy, then pulled them out and spread my juices all over my anus. I winced when he pushed two of his fingers deep inside, stretching my asshole open.

"Ow, Joe--that hurts!"

Roxy rolled her eyes. "Get over it. Those aren't the first fingers to go in there. Other things, too, probably."

"Fuck you, Roxy."

Roxy's eyes narrowed. "Great idea, Susie," she said as she ran towards the house.

Joe grinned. "Ooo--you're in trouble now. Roxy doesn't like bad words," he said, pushing another of his fat fingers inside my anus as he finished sliding the razor around it.

"Now she's completely bald down here. Damn--every girl should look like this," he said, looking pointedly at Roxy as she walked back holding a grocery bag.

"In your dreams. Susie, we're going to help Lester get some special pictures."

I had my legs spread far apart with my knees almost touching my shoulders. I asked Joe to PLEASE take his fingers out of me so I could straighten up when Roxy said, "Whoa--whoa--I didn't say you could move. You're just so--feminine that way. And I love the three-fingers-fucking-your asshole look."

Lester took closeups of the fingers in my anus. When he finished, Joe said, "Roxy, I can feel her asshole relax a little. Do you want me to try for a fourth finger?"

"No--take your fingers out and go wash them. I've got something better."

"Wow--look how her asshole gapes open!"

"Not her first rodeo, that's for sure" Roxy said, pulling a green zucchini squash out of the bag.

"Now wait a minute, Roxy. This is too--"

"Lester, hand me that rope--"

"No, wait. Go--go ahead. Whatever." I cringed at the thought she was about to stick a ZUCCHINI for gods sake in my asshole. At least it wasn't a very big one.

"That's my good girl. Lester, you're filming, right?"

"What are these pictures for, anyway?" I asked.

"They're part of the surprise for DJ's birthday."

"I mean--what are you going to do with them?"

"You'll find out Tuesday night," Roxy said. "Don't worry--your name won't be on them."

She thought for a second. "Let's put it this way. Everybody will remember your cunt--just not your name," she said with a laugh as she startd gently stroking my clit with the zucchini.

When I was nice and turned on, she eased it into my pussy. Lester moved the camcorder in close as Roxy pumped the squash deep inside me, then back out, several times. Even with the camera and everyone staring right at my crotch, I was getting seriously aroused.

Roxy told Lester, "Focus on this and keep her face off camera." She pulled the zucchini all the way out, pointing out for the camera my gaping pussy and the squash sopping with my juices.

Then she handed it to Joe and said, "Put this where it belongs, please."

Joe seemed to know exactly what she meant--he shoved it straight into my anus. It slid in easily. "Damn, I think she likes it that way!" he shouted.

Everyone laughed--even me. The funny part was--after Roxy's 'warm-up' and Joe's 'stretching exercises,' I realized I actually DID like it a little. If only they knew.

But Roxy snapped me back to reality, this time pulling the fattest carrot I've ever seen out of her bag. She used it to stroke my clit just right--I was working up a sweat by then--then made me gasp by shoving it deep into my pussy. She pulled it out, brought it up to my lips, and told me to take a bite. I gave her the nastiest look I could muster, but when she reached for the rope I did as I was told. I started to spit it out, but she said, "Now-now, Susie. We all know you're a swallower not a spitter."

AT LAST Lester announced he was out of videotape. Roxy told Joe and Steve to pull the zucchini out of my asshole and throw it away, then show Lester how many fingers would fit in my cunt. They each managed to get three fingers inside me.

"Now hold her open," she said, as Lester took one last picture up my gaping vagina. Then he loaded up his stuff and left.

Steve helped me to my feet, and I realized I was incredibly turned on. Despite an afternoon of intense stimulation, I hadn't come, and as we walked towards the house arm in arm I realized I needed relief, and soon. We were halfway to our back door when Roxy handed me a brown grocery bag. Joe stood behind her with a box.

"OK--you were a good sport," she said. "I keep my bargains and here's the first installment on returning your clothes. I have to say you've changed a lot, Susie. You hardly need reminding any more to follow the rules--you seem so comfortable being naked now."

"Wow--coming from you, Roxy, I'm touched, really--"

"Good. Now about tomorrow. Come over at four o'clock sharp. Wear what's in this box. Any questions?"

I took the box and the bag but didn't stop to look inside because I was in a hurry. I pulled Steve inside our back door and kissed him hard. Dragging him into my room, I threw myself on the bed and spread my legs.

Steve just stared at my freshly shaven pussy. Men! Can't they do anything?

"Steve--"

He reached down and ran his fingers over my bald labia. "God Susie, that feels SO smooth. And amazing. And SMOOTH--"

He was driving me crazy.

"Steve, shut up. Just fuck me. NOW."

And finally--he did.

**Susie's College Adventure Ch. 08 Saturday night (late)**

Steve was sound asleep, but I was wide awake. He was a sweet guy, but after everything I'd been through this past week, vanilla sex wasn't enough for me. I needed more.

I grabbed his penis--no response.

I gave up and walked into the kitchen. As I fixed a sandwich, I wished DJ would get home. He'd be up for something dirty--no doubt about it. Who knew where the little pervert learned it all? Porn flicks at the frat house? More likely his secret talks with Joe and Roxy next door (as if I didn't know).

Beer in one hand and sandwich in the other, I walked towards the TV.

A key rattled and the front door swung open. Two strange guys walked in!

They were obviously frat boys and I could hear DJ's car outside, driving away.

I was trapped in the middle of the room, hands full and stark naked. What could I do? I walked right up to them!

Their jaws dropped and their eyes fixed on my chest and my smooth crotch.

"Come on in, guys. Can I get you a beer?" I smiled as they just stood there, mouths still hanging open.

"Uh, we're friends of DJ," the red-headed one finally said. "He forgot something--he'll be right back."

"By the way, I'm Susie," I said, putting down my sandwich and holding out my hand.

"I--I'm Matt," said the tall guy with glasses.

"I'm Bret, We--we've met--I mean, I've--uh--seen you before. Last Tuesday."

I felt myself blush as I remembered that night. "Oh. So I didn't see you but you saw me, right?"

"Uh--"

"I guess you saw all of me, huh?"

"Uh, yeah." He laughed nervously, trying not to stare at my chest.

"It's OK to look at me, guys. I'm used to it. How about those beers?"

They sat on the couch as I turned to walk back into the kitchen.

I handed them their beers and sat down in the recliner across them, giving them a quick peek at my pussy as I curled my legs underneath me.

Silence. More staring.

Matt finally spoke. "DJ said you'd show us your pussy."

"He did, huh."

"He said you'd know what 'penalty' meant."

The little shit. He's not even here and he's trying to control me. Maybe he knows I'm horny enough to go along.

"Yeah, I do," I sighed. "I guess I'd better show you my pussy." I scrunched down in the chair and draped my legs over the arms. "Except I call it my cunt," I said (hopefully warding off more penalties), placing my arms above my head on the top of the chair.

They crowded between my legs.

"Can--can we touch it--I mean her--er you?" Matt asked, looking at Bret, then me.

Both boys looked up at me with big pleading eyes.

"Um--"I felt my middle tingle. "Sure." I had gotten so used to this. "Help yourselves."

Matt timidly touched my labia.

Bret said, "See her hole? Go ahead--slip a finger in--like this."

With his free hand he slid a finger deep inside me. "She's so wet she's slippery," he said, pushing his finger in to the knuckle.

Matt gingerly copied him, slipping a finger halfway in me, then yanking it out and wiping it on my pubis.

He looked at his finger. "She--she smells fishy."

"That means she's turned on," Bret (the expert) said. Go ahead--try it again while I rub her clit."

With two guys stroking and fingering me, I was breathing heavily by the time DJ finally walked in carrying a bag. He leaned down and gave me a kiss. "I see you've gotten to know my frat buddies."

"Well--they've gotten to know me."

DJ gasped. "You're--you shaved! This is beautif--ohmygod. I've got to check this out." His hand caressed my shaved crotch. For a long minute three guys worked over my now-throbbing cunt.

DJ stood up and reached into his bag, pulling out a scarf. He tied it around my eyes.

Matt slipped another finger inside me and asked, "Do you really enjoy being naked?

It's hard to think with fingers moving around in your cunt. "Um, yeah. I do."

Bret asked, "And people staring at your private parts--does that turn you on?"

"I guess my parts are all public now. Yes, it turns me on."

DJ said something to them and the fingers pulled out. My pussy gaped open, wanting more but the room had fallen quiet.

"What--what's going on?"

Hands stood me up and guided me towards the back of the duplex and into a room. DJ's bedroom. I was gently laid on the bed. Someone slipped soft ropes around my wrists and tied them to the headboards.

Hands caressed my breasts and pinched my nipples. Other hands pulled my legs apart and lifted my knees. More ropes fixed me in that position. The guys crowded in so close I felt their breath on my cunt.

Hands returned to my breasts, and other hands opened me up and slipped inside my once (a long time ago) secret place.

DJ said, "See, if you flip up this little hood you can see her clit--"

Little jolts shot through me as they took turns flicking my most sensitive spot.

"Why is she so wet?" one of them asked.

"She's ALWAYS wet," said DJ, "but she actually drips when she's turned on."

Picturesque, DJ. Thanks. But I had to admit he was accurate.

"Like now?"

More fingers slipped inside me--two, three, even four at a time.

"Can--can we do her anus, too?"

DJ said, "How about it, Susie? You like being fingered back there, don't you?"

Ever since last Tuesday night, DJ had been putting as many fingers in my anus as he could. Every day. I didn't mind it anymore. Maybe he was right--maybe I liked it.

I nodded my head.

DJ showed them how to finger my cunt first, then spread my juices around my asshole before plunging in. At least he had the decency to tell them not to put the same finger back in my cunt.

Before long the fingers opening me and stretching me and sliding in and out of me had me closing in on a really big orgasm.

I heard DJ's voice. "How many fingers inside of her?"

"Um--we've got six in her pussy."

The other one said, "Three--make that four--in her asshole."

"That'll work." I heard him rustle his bag.

"You--you're putting that inside of her?"

"Sure. Watch."

The fingers slid out of me. My holes gaped open--THROBBING to be filled again. I was about to beg when DJ smeared something cool and slimy in my open asshole. Something hard and cold and big slid inside. I shivered and started to pant. I felt bumps and ridges on it as he shoved and twisted it deeper inside me.

I instinctively pushed down and realized those ridges kept me from pushing it out. DJ was putting a butt plug inside me!

My anus was already so stretched it only took a few seconds for me to relax around the plug.

But it was my pussy that cried for attention. "DJ, my front--"

"Sure, Susie. In a minute." He pushed the butt plug in past another ridge--stretching me even further.

"Not there! My front!" I was almost in tears. "Just--rub my clit, OK? Please, DJ--I--I'll leave the thing in my butt."

"Susie. You're tied up!"

Just rub me a little--I'll do whatever you want--"

"We--we can fuck you?" I heard one of the frat guys ask.

"No--no--" I moaned.

DJ quickly answered, "Sorry, man."

"But my hard-on is killing me! I've got to have some relief."

HE needs relief?

The other on chimed in. "Me too, DJ. And SOON. How about blow jobs? You're always talking about how many she gives you--"

He'd promised me he wouldn't talk about what we did together! But it was too late and I was beyond caring. "Please, DJ--I'll give you all blow jobs, whatever you want--just make me come."

"Well--I guess so," he said.

I heard several whoops.

"But you're gonna make me come, right?" I pleaded

"Sure, sure. Who's first?" DJ said as he untied my right hand.

I tried to sit up a little, but that just pushed the butt plug further inside me. I felt like I was splitting in half until my anus accustomed itself to its new size.

A hard cock brushed my lips. I put my hand around it and pulled it into my mouth.

I love young cocks. They're so smooth--and they come so fast! This guy--I didn't even know which one--already had precum on his tip and only held out for a minute or so before he grabbed my head, groaned, and pushed his pulsating dick into the back of my throat.

When he was through I gently pushed him away. Someone else quickly knelt in front of me. This guy was a little more imaginative. When I reached for his cock I felt a hand stroke my boob. Nice! Gently I put my lips on his shaft and pulled him into me. He was much larger than his friend. Or DJ for that matter. He held out longer, too, and when he came I had trouble keeping all of him in my mouth. Some dribbled on my chin. I tried to wipe it off with my hand but DJ grabbed it and tied it back to the headboard.

Bret and Matt thanked DJ as they zipped their pants back up.

Why are they thanking DJ?

"Oh crap. DJ, you need to get us back to the frat house right now."

"You're right, dude--our curfew is 2 am."

"Damn. We'll need to really move," DJ said.

"What--what about me?"

"Don't worry, Susie--I'll be right back. And I'll take good care of you." I yelped as he pushed the butt plug in another notch.

I heard them leave. I felt like a stuffed turkey--trussed, blindfolded, impaled, spread-eagled on the bed.

Then I heard noises just outside the room--did DJ not even close the door?

I knew Steve was asleep two rooms over, but I was scared.

But worse than that, I was hornier than I'd ever been in my life.

I was desperate for someone to bring me relief.

Footsteps.

Inside--in the room!

"DJ?"

"Steve?"

A hand fondled my breast.

"Who--who is it?"

The hand twisted my nipple.

"Ooh--that feels great but come on, guys. You're scaring me."

A hand touched my lips, then recoiled. "Damn--you have cum all over your face! Didn't they even wipe you up afterwards?"

"Joe!"

I felt him climb onto the bed, between my outstretched, upturned legs. "My turn now."

He unzipped his pants and lay down on top of me. His cock slid into my swollen cunt. I caught my breath. He pushed deeper and I almost came.

"Joe--what are you doing?"

"I've waited a long time to fuck you--I'm not passing up my chance."

"But what about Roxy? She'll kill me!"

"No she won't--she'll think it's hilarious."

I moaned as he pulled back and thrust deeper inside me.

I sighed. "Joe--she'll never be OK with us having sex like this."

"That's because we're not going to have sex like this."

"Huh?"

"Damn, Susie. You're so tight with that thing up your butt. Let me help you with that."

His weight shifted and I gasped as he yanked the butt plug out of me. Before I could react he slid his cock, lubricated with my own juices, into my gaping anus. I was stretched so open it hardly hurt. When he pushed further inside, it actually felt good.

"Damn--it really worked. The butt plug worked!"

"You--you knew about this?"

"You know DJ--can't keep his mouth shut," he said, thrusting deep inside my rectum.

Great. Who else has he told?

He thrusted faster and harder, and when he was all the way inside me his pubic bone pressed against my labia.

"But--he never even asked me!"

"I told him not to. You'd never agree to it." He grunted and I felt him come, deep inside my rectum.

When he was done, he pulled out of me and got off the bed. I heard water running in the bathroom.

He came back in. "I've waited a long time to do that, Susie. Was it was good for you?"

"Fuck you, Joe."

"Looks to me like you're the fucked one, Suze."

We heard a car pull into the driveway.

"Oops--gotta go. Let's do this again sometime."

"At least untie me. Your sperm is leaking out of me. I'm all sticky and now I'm starting to cramp up."

"Nah--your asshole looks so nice all gaping and gooey. I want DJ to find you just like this. Wish I could see the look on his face, though. See ya."

I heard him leave.

A minute later, DJ walked in.

"Susie--what the--what the fuck happened?"

"Joe beat you to it. To me. My asshole. Whatever."

"Joe? Are you sure it was Joe?"

"Just let me loose, DJ."

He untied me and took off my blindfold. I got up and stood in front of him. My anus was a little sore and I really needed to shower and brush my teeth, but first I had something to say.

"DJ, look at me. This whole crazy week, I've let you play with my body however you wanted, right?"

He nodded.

"Have I ever told you no?"

"N-no."

"Guess what, DJ. I've learned a lot about myself this week. I found out I like to be naked, and I found out I can take whatever you guys and Roxy dish out. And most of all I had fun doing it. You and Steve and I had fun together, and I thought we cared for each other--until tonight. This was different, DJ. You put me in danger when you left me alone and helpless. I could have been hurt--and almost was."

I turned and went into the bathroom.

I realized I couldn't live with the guys much longer.

I had some unfinished business with Roxy, though.

When I came out of the bathroom, DJ was changing the sheets. I finished up while he took the damn butt plug into the bathroom.

Even though my clit still needed attention, I couldn't bring myself to sleep with him so I went into Steve's room and snuck back into his bed. Snuggling close, I reached for his penis.

A finger probed my tender anus.

"Ow! Wha--why did you do that?"

He pretended to wake up. "Do what?"

"Bastard! You knew about everything! I don't believe this!"

I rolled away from him, wrapped the sheet around me, and tried to get some sleep.

**Susie's College Adventure 09**

Sunday morning

I woke up around nine. I couldn't figure out which of my guys had let me down more--DJ for tying me up and leaving me at Joe's mercy, or Steve for wanting sloppy seconds. After Joe had fucked me in the ass, no less. Last night I was pissed--this morning I was just disappointed.

But when I opened my door the smells of fresh coffee and Cajun cooking washed over me. Maybe I could muster up some forgiveness after all.

I walked into the kitchen to find Steve standing at the stove--as naked as me! "Steve, aren't you worried about burning something important?"

He turned and smiled sheepishly, his beautiful pink half-hard prick bouncing in my direction. "I--I thought you'd be hungry."

"You're right about that," I said, taking him in my arms. "A long juicy sausage would be really nice right now."

So much for being pissed and disappointed.

His erection felt warm, pressed against my belly. "You're going to hold me to my penalty, aren't you?" I asked before kissing him hard.

He nodded and smiled as I knelt down to take him in my mouth.

"Mmm--I love a quick snack before breakfast," I said, feeling my own juices stir as his cock grew hard in my mouth.

A minute later he moaned and grabbed my shoulders, and filled my throat with his semen.

When he caught his breath he sat down next to me, put his arms around me, and said, "I missed you last night, Susie. I--I'm sorry."

"Steve, we've had fun together, but you don't stand up for me when I need you. That's what I'm sorry about."

"That's not fair, Susie. Who do you think talked Roxy into giving you your clothes back?"

"Y-you? Well, thanks for that, at least."

"Me too!" a voice said behind me. I turned to see DJ walk into the kitchen-also stark naked and sporting a huge erection.

I'm a sucker for big hard cocks. Literally.

I reached out to fondle him. "So--you both know about this mystery thing I'm doing for Roxy this afternoon?"

"Sure. We can't say anything, though," DJ said, closing his eyes as I gently collected the fluid leaking from his tip with my tongue.

"Did you two know Joe was going to fuck me in the ass?"

"No," Steve blurted, "DJ said he was going to do it."

"What?" I glared at DJ and pulled my head away. "You--you were going to fuck me in the ass without even asking?"

"I--I was going to ask. I was just waiting for the right time."

"And what time was that?"

"I--I was going to get you all hot and ready to come, then offer to take the butt plug out if you'd let me fuck you back there."

"That's not much of a bargain for me--stuff gets shoved up my asshole either way."

"Come on, Susie. You're used to us putting fingers and stuff up your anus--you even ask for it!"

I just shook my head. It just wasn't fair. My brain was angry but the tingly feeling in my cunt as I gazed at his long hard cock with its soft purple tip told me he was right.

I pulled him into my mouth and thought about these past eight days and my transformation from a girl into a set of girl-parts and girl-holes living to be fondled, fingered, and fucked.

And how desperately my girl-parts and girl-holes needed to be fondled, fingered, and fucked right then.

I looked up at the guys to see if they were going to give me some relief but they pulled me up, sat me down at the table--and served me a delicious breakfast.

I appreciated that but every time I moved, my swollen clit sent shock waves through my middle. Finally I stood up, went over to the couch, and bent over. I spread my legs and stuck my bottom in the air. "Guys, I need you to fuck me now," I begged.

I felt hands on my hips. DJ knelt behind me and pushed my legs further apart. He slipped two--or was it three--fingers into my very wet cunt. God it felt so good when he started moving them back and forth. I felt him slip them back out and replace them with his dick. Mmm--even better. With his fingers he smeared my juices around my anus and slid them in.

He was right. Playing with my asshole had become a normal part of sex, and hell--I did look forward to it.

"Whoa whoa whoa!" Roxy's screech penetrated my consciousness. "No fucking, guys. I can't have her all gooey and sticky for this afternoon." DJ pulled out of my holes, leaving me open and throbbing. "Hey--I like the gaping look. It's very becoming, Susie. I tell you what, guys, keep her all fingered and warmed up for me. But don't fuck her. And DON'T let her come. The wet and throbbing look is what I need today. It'll go over big if she looks like she's begging for it."

I glared at her but she didn't notice. She was standing just outside the screen door and seemed to be looking at someone outside.

"Oh all right," I heard her say. "Go ahead and get one. I'm sure as hell not gonna give you one." We heard rustling. "Yes, you have to take off everything. Oh for Christ sake. Do I have to do everything for you?" The door pushed open and in walked Roxy, pulling a naked Joe by his penis. "As if we all haven't seen your dick before."

She pulled him over to where I still lay bent over, gasping. "Go ahead, Susie. Joe wants a blow job."

"This is a trap, right? The other time I gave Joe one, I paid for it for days."

She pushed Joe down on the couch next to me. It's amazing how docile he was as long as she held his dick. I'd have to remember that.

She slapped me on the ass. "Nope. I'm tired of him constantly bugging me to suck him off. And it will be a pleasure to watch a pro in action. Now both of you get busy."

Slowly I moved over and knelt between Joe's spread legs. Part of me--the part that was still pissed off at being fucked in the ass last night--wanted to bite off his stupid prick and spit it in his face. Or maybe Roxy's. But the other part of me wanted to gently, carefully take his cock in my mouth, savor his taste, and swallow every bit of his seed. He did have a beautiful cock. As fond as I was of Steve's and DJ's, I had to admit Joe's was my favorite.

As I began to caress him with my tongue and lips, Roxy pushed her shoe between my knees and spread my legs. Then she rubbed her toe over my pussy and asshole and said to DJ and Steve, "Remember, no dicks in these holes till after my party, but keep them swollen and gaping, got it? Use her mouth as much as you want to, though."

"Does that mean I can invite Matt and Bret from the frat house over?"

"Sure, why not," she said. I looked at her in astonishment but she just glared back and said, "Don't forget to invite Lester. Susie needs to thank him for all the camera work he's been doing for me. Tell him I said to come over for a blow job at least. He worked so hard, he probably deserves a fuck later, don't you think, Susie?"

"You fuck him, Roxy."

"Awww, suddenly Susie's upset about guys using her holes." She pushed the toe of her shoe into my anus.

DJ grabbed the phone and started dialing.

"Wait, DJ, please," I mouthed around Joe's dick. "I don't know if I can handle--"

Roxy interrupted me. "Susie, stop whining. It's not like they're strangers or anything. Your mouth is the only hole they haven't checked out yet."

I groaned. It was going to be a long afternoon. I settled back into my routine with Joe's cock. Just as Joe grabbed my head and spurted into my mouth, DJ said, "Lester's on his way over, but Matt and Bret are at church." That just seemed hilarious to a girl with a dick in her mouth. I laughed out loud, spitting semen all over Joe's lap and getting it in my eyes, nose and even my hair.

Joe jumped up and pushed me off.

"Susie, look at the mess you made," Roxy said. "Joe, go clean yourself off. That's gross."

I stood up and headed towards the other bathroom to get his cum off me.

"Wait, Susie," Roxy said. "You look good with cum all over your face. Just leave it like that--"

DJ and Steve groaned. "That's disgusting, Roxy. Go clean up, Susie."

Wow--they actually stood up to her. I kept on going.

As I came back out to the living room, I could hear Lester's voice outside on the back porch. "Do I HAVE to be naked?"

"Only if you want her to suck you off," Roxy said helpfully.

Lester slowly opened the screen door and edged in, completely naked but with right hand firmly planted in front of dick and balls.

"Come on, dude. You can't cover up like that," Joe said. "Do you see any of us doing that? Now go back outside and try it again."

No fair, I thought to myself. I never get a second chance like that--I just get more penalties.

"OK OK," Lester sighed. He turned around and I noticed he had a pretty cute butt as he walked back out onto the porch. He dropped his hands and walked back in. Wow--his dick was cute, too, with a nice pink tip.

"Now walk over to Susie and tell her you're ready for your blow job," Roxy said.

Lester did as he was told, his hardening dick bouncing and wobbling as he crossed the room. Standing in front of me, he looked down and mumbled, "Can-can I have a blow job?"

"No, Lester!" Roxy yelled. "Don't ask her-tell her! This is just the start of her thanking you for doing all the camera work yesterday!"

I rolled my eyes. "Whatever, Roxy. Thanks for being polite, Lester. That goes far with a girl," I said as I pushed him down on the couch, crawled between his legs, and gently stroked his cock. He closed his eyes and breathed in. I couldn't help myself--I smiled at him as I took him into my mouth and caressed the underside with my tongue. I knew this wouldn't take long, and it didn't. His breathing turned to panting, he grabbed

my head between his hands, and pushed his cock to the back of my throat. I'd done this so much I didn't even gag as his semen filled my throat.

As I swallowed, my tongue and throat muscles milked the last of his juices out of the tip of his dick. I heard clapping in the background and Roxy say, "Congratulations, Lester--you're a full-fledged member of the Susie group!"

With a groan I stood up and stretched. "Exactly what does that mean, Roxy?" As if I didn't know.

"Why Susie, honey, we already talked about that. Lester's done so much for us with all his camera work that we thought it was only appropriate he have full access to your private parts just like the rest of us."

I sighed. Obviously they'd already told him he could start fucking me, too. It wasn't like I had any say in the matter. I went into the bathroom and brushed my teeth, then came back out and picked up somebody's football from behind the recliner. "I need some fresh air. Let's go outside." They all jumped up and yelled, "Great idea!"

Lester and Joe grabbed their shorts the porch as they headed outside onto the porch and slipped them on. But DJ and Steve walked right outside on either side of me--naked, since their shorts were back in their rooms. I smiled up at them--my guys--and gave their cocks a squeeze to show I appreciated their little show of support.

Out in the yard we chose up sides for a game. Naked people (DJ, Steve, and me) on one side, non-naked people (Joe, Lester, and Roxy) on the other.

"This gives a new meaning to shirts and skins, that's for sure," Lester said.

"Only this is *shorts*and skins!"

Roxy wagged her finger at her teammates. "I don't want Susie getting so much as a bruise or a scratch, got it? And remember--no fucking!"

I had to play center, of course. I tried to stand sideways but they made me hike the ball between my legs. DJ wanted to be quarterback and--of course--put his hand on my crotch like the pro quarterbacks do, and even slipped his fingers in my cunt until Roxy complained I made the ball smell like pussy. Like it was my fault.

DJ and Steve weren't really into it and our team was losing bad. The next time we had the ball we huddled and I said there was no way I'd lose to Roxy and promised them blow jobs if we won. DJ just laughed and said, "Hell, we can have those any time!"

I tried to kick him in the balls. Roxy of course overheard. "I tell you what, Susie. Your crotch needs a touch-up shave before my party. You guys are down one. Let's say two more touchdowns and game's over. Then the winners shave Susie's--what Susie, what are they going to shave?"

"My cunt." I mumbled.

"And?"

"My asshole."

The guys all woo-hooed and we got back to it but their side still scored two in a row. Since I had no choice in the matter, I just sat down on the chaise longue, the scene of so many of my indignities, and put my heels on the armrests, displaying my crotch obscenely.

I waited while they all ran inside. Steve and DJ came out wearing shorts, damn them. That left me the only naked one. Nothing unusual about that.

Lester and Joe came out with the shaving gear. Roxy held the camera and shot close-ups of my once-private parts as they took turns going over my labia, asshole, and everything in between with the razor.

Finally they wiped me up and Roxy said, "Lester, go over her one more time and make sure she's smooth. He looked at her, then looked at me, then bent down and started caressing me gently with his tongue. Oh my god I wasn't expecting that! I gasped as his tongue passed over my labia and grazed my clit before gently probing the entrance to my cunt.

I was so horny the stimulation nearly put me over the top. If only--if only--he did a little more! "Finger me, Lester. Fuck me with your fingers!," I gasped.

He backed off with his tongue.

I gasped. "N-no-don't stop!"

He slowly slid two fingers into me.

"Hell, Lester--her cunt takes four at least," Joe advised helpfully. Lester quickly obliged, stretching my poor pussy.

"No-no, Lester-I want your tongue! Keep your fingers in me but put your tongue back on my cunt!"

He did, but something still wasn't right.

"Put your fingers in my ass, Lester. Fuck my ass!" The words slipped out-was that me asking to be fucked in the ass? I started to say I only meant fingers when Roxy's eyes caught mine and she nodded her head. Great. What had I become?

Lester obediently pulled his fingers out of my cunt and tongued my clit as he slid them easily into my throbbing anus. All four of them. I gasped again and just as I felt myself going over the edge--

"OK guys, that's enough. We don't have much time before the party." Roxy pushed Lester away.

I let out a moan as fingers and tongue pulled out of me.

"Ooh-I sure do like that look, Susie. All three of your holes are so--hungry. Let's do this again soon."

I was so shaky the guys had to help me up and into my room. I stumbled into the shower and almost put a finger on my clit to get some relief, but I knew there would be big payback with Roxy if I came. Plus I'd probably keel over and hurt something.

Drying off, I opened the box Roxy had given me yesterday. The first item inside was a stunning Mardi Gras headdress made up of a gold sequined 'Zorro' mask and a huge cluster of long gorgeous feathers that framed my face like a halo.

I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life! Carefully I slipped all my hair into the stocking cap behind the mask.

I looked back in the box. The only other things in it were two spectacular and unbelievably high-heeled jeweled Roman sandals. The kind with straps for my shins and calves.

I strapped them on and carefully stood up to look myself over in the mirror. I had never felt so fabulous in my life. I looked like the girl in the final scene of 'Story of O'--a woman completely exposed, openly on display--defiantly showing her womanliness for all the world to see.

I had no idea what Roxy had in store for me at this party but I knew that all eyes in that room, men's and women's alike, would stay riveted on my pussy--my *cunt*--and I wanted that with every part of my being.

Slowly, carefully, I walked out to the living room.

The guys' mouths dropped.

"Susie-you-you're-"

"Breathtaking!"

"Stunning!"

Roxy had already gone next door to welcome her guests. DJ and Lester helped me out the back door and across to Joe and Roxy's back porch. They held the door open for me but I went in alone.