The E-club

by CalDreamerÂ©

In the outer suburbs of a certain metropolis are towns connected to the city by

interurban train lines. At the last stop on one of them there is a town on one

side, in a wooded valley, and a path up the hill on the other side. A short way

up is a secluded building, the E-club. I know the owner, so one sunny summer

afternoon I rode out to the leafy station.

On the train I spotted an attractive brunette with a pixie haircut and a lithe

body, probably in her late 20s, wearing a very short white skirt and a tight

pink sweater with three-quarter length sleeves and a zipper down the front. I

sat next to her because I guessed where she was going. I ventured, "Hi, are you

going to the last stop?"

She looked at me, surprised, and blurted, "How did you know?" But at the same

time she uncrossed her long legs and spread her thighs apart ever so slightly.

"I guessed from what you're wearing, and now I know from how you're moving your legs. The way your breasts bounce, I know you don't have a bra on, it's just you under that sweater. You're on your way to the E-club. I'm going there too."

"Pretty good guess, for a guy."

Most women would have given me a death-look and moved away, at the very least,

getting talk like that from a complete stranger. But I knew that a woman who

goes to the E-club alone craves sexual attention; she needs men to admire her

exposed body, to affirm her desirability. I knew I could push her further, with

the right compliments. "You seem to have fantastic breasts -- bouncy and

prominent. Pull your zipper down to the middle of your breasts."

She looked at me with a mixture of awe and desperation, but her hand moved

itself up to her zipper, and she slowly pulled it down.

I leaned over and whispered, "Beautiful! You do have great breasts - I can see

your soft flesh. But I can't see enough. Pull your zipper down to the bottom of

your breasts, and show me everything."

This time she looked down at her chest, and did nothing. Just when I thought I

had pushed too far she touched her zipper again, as though resigned to her need

for exhibition, and pulled. I couldn't believe my luck. "Beautiful! Now turn

yourself so I can see under your sweater."

This wanton woman turned her head away, but she knew what I wanted, and was

ready to give it to me. Turning slightly toward me, she lifted her head and

leaned forward so that I could see a perfect nipple, glowing in the pink light

shining through her sweater. Her breast, average in size, was perfectly shaped,

with a large bumpy areola and a nipple already erect from the excitement of this

display. Though her head wasn't facing me, I could detect the lust in her

expression reflected from the train window, in the flickering light between the

trees. After a few seconds she abruptly moved back and zipped up, but only a

symbolic finger's width.

"I can't believe I'm showing myself to you like this, in public. I don't even

know your name. I know I ought to be ashamed, but I'm so aroused I can't think

straight."

I put an arm around her, knowing that she hadn't reached her limits yet, and

murmured in her ear, "Where we're going I'll see more than just your cute

nipple: I'll get a good look at your whole body, tits, ass, and all, even your

crotch. You'll open it up for me. And you won't stop me, that's just what

happens at the club."

She shivered and spread her legs a little further, whispering "Ogod, I want

that, I want you to see me. I even want you to touch me while other people

watch."

This girl deserved a reward for being so good to me. I took her large purse and

laid it in my lap, unzipped my fly, and fished out my wang. She watched from the

corner of her eye while she lifted her knee on the side away from me, planting

her foot on the seat, exposing slim thighs that went on forever. I took her hand

and gently moved it to touch me; she wrapped her fingers around my cock and

squeezed, her eyes half closed, her body slouched down, her other leg pressing

against mine. In a slow rhythm she squeezed and released, flexing one finger

after another so that waves of excitation flowed toward me. The train rumbled

and slowed.

Quickly we straightened ourselves out at the next stop, as three men got off,

eyeing us on the way. They probably thought we had known each other for years.

One of them leaned in close to her, leering, and gave her a quick thumbs-up

before jumping off the train. She returned a subtle smile. The doors hissed

shut, and we picked up speed.

"What was that about? Did you know those guys?"

"I never saw them before in my life. But they were watching me all the way out

from the city. As soon as you sat down I opened my legs so they could see up my

skirt."

"Wow! But why did you wait 'till I was here?"

She arched back and looked at me. "You really need some lessons in city life. I

didn't feel safe showing myself when I was alone. With you here, it was ok. They

didn't know we were strangers. But you missed the whole show. You were so busy

inspecting my boob, you didn't even notice them leering at me, you didn't see me

opening up."

"Damn, I must be completely blind. Your breast was worth it, though."

She leaned in closer, a breast brushing my arm. "Thanks. But there's more. I'm

not wearing panties. They saw more and more. When I lifted my leg they got a

real good look at my bare pussy. I shave so guys can see it better. I pushed my

other leg against you to open up more, to give them a better look. You were so

distracted with your dong, you didn't even realize I was showing myself to those

three guys. It was a thrill, though."

"Wow, you're quite an exhibitionist. It's really exciting to meet you, I'm so

lucky to have sat down here."

"You've got a lot to learn about me. I like you already. You're frank, but

gentle, you appreciate me, and my needs."

We sat quietly, our hands squeezing the insides of each other's thighs, until

the train slowed to our stop. As we exited, this charming but mysterious girl

extended her arm to shake my hand as though we were ordinary people, and

bubbled, "Hi! I'm Colleen. Great to meet you."

I responded numbly, "Um, I'm Brad. I know John, the guy who owns the E-club - we were roommates in college. He promised to show me around."

Colleen was taller than I thought she'd be, long slim legs with a body that

seemed small but nicely proportioned. Her little turned-up nose, round face and

gray-green eyes gave her an impish look. We exited the station arm in arm like

old friends.

The path up to the club crossed a creek with a little bridge; I stopped, and we

leaned on the rail, looking at the creek but thinking of other things, as two

couples on the path behind us drew closer. Gently I lifted Colleen's skirt and

took a handful of ass in my hand. She leaned into me and said, "Brad, there are

two couples following us. They can see my ass. No, don't move your hand, it

feels great, I want them to see it."

"But they'll see everything in a few minutes, when we're in the club."

"I know, but there's an extra edge when you expose yourself in public. You're

not supposed to do it. That's why the episode on the train was so hot." She

bumped me with her hip; I tucked her skirt into her waistband to expose her

entire ass, and I caressed it, cool, smooth, round, soft. Colleen shivered as my

finger ran lightly down her crack, forward to touch her sex. The couples walked

past us, looking back and nodding knowingly. I kissed her on her bare neck.

"I like it that you're fingering my pussy, and we just met a half hour ago. It

feels natural and right. But do you even know why I wore a white skirt today?"

"Haven't a clue. Um, because white stands for purity?"

She snickered. "Well, here's a clue. It lets more light in to my crotch, in case

an opportunity opens up like I had on the train. And if you're looking for

purity, you've got the wrong girl."

I had a lot to learn about exhibitionism, and about Colleen. I left her skirt

tucked up the rest of the way. Walking outdoors with a bare-assed woman gave me

a vicarious thrill, I'll admit. As we neared the club we spotted our two voyeur

couples again, but they weren't going in. They were continuing on a hike up the

mountain. It gave Colleen an extra little thrill when I pointed out that she had

displayed herself to ordinary hikers, not clubbers.

We entered the club where the two arms of the L-shaped building come together. A

cashier puts a plastic bracelet on you, to pay for drinks when you're too nearly

naked to carry a credit card, and you leave most of your clothes in a locker

room. Colleen ducked into it. I greeted my friend John, who lost no time getting

me oriented. "Hey, Brad, it's terrific to see you! You know, everybody who comes

here is displaying their body to other people; some people are desperate to show

themselves, other people do it just so they can ogle the exhibitionists. Some

people go in completely naked, but most of them wear something scandalous. It's

all good, as far as I'm concerned."

John had been an industrial engineering student in college. He worked hard and

got good grades and eventualy a good job. But when he got bored designing

factories, he managed to combine his organizational skills with his love of

women, and especially the company of attractive naked women. At just the right

time a small inheritance materialized from a recently deceased grandfather. The

club was the result, his ingeniously designed format for sexual exhibition.

There were men's and women's doors for the locker rooms, but both of them

emptied into the same large space, like a gym locker room. "One of my little

jokes," John told me. "I like to keep people a bit off balance." I spotted

Colleen changing on the other side of the room, but John kept me moving.

I couldn't go in fully clothed - strictly verboten. But I'd forgotten to bring

some outrageous costume, so I just stripped to my blue cotton briefs and folded

them down until my pubic hair was peeking out. That seemed to please the girl

inspecting customers at the locker room exit, who stopped me and pulled my cock

up until the tip was peeking out above my waistband. She gave my newly-uncovered helmet a little squeeze, and smiled. Cute, young and topless, her tits were so pert and perfect that I would have been happy staring at her the rest of the day. John pulled me on; we came out into a bar. The sun angled in from a big

skylight, spotlighting some of the nearly naked people. Seeing a pair of nice

tits is one thing, but seeing a roomful is quite another.

The most striking thing about this bar, though, was the bar area itself

extending all along one wall. John built it for women to display their cunts to

strangers. The stools, horseshoe-shaped, opened at the front. Under the bar a

long mirror was angled to allow anyone to see between the legs of the women

sitting on the stools. A little spotlight hidden below the bar illuminated each

crotch. John explained that it's easy for women to display their tits and ass,

they're right out there, but the cunt is harder, hidden away. A lot of his

customers told him they wanted to display their cunts, so he thought up the

design. A sign behind the bar flashed the initials PB, which the bartender

explained stands for Pussy Bar. He has the best job in the world.

John invited me to step up to the bar beside a lovely middle-aged woman with

dark curly hair, wide hips and generous breasts, clothed only in a half-bra. "Go

ahead, Brad, she's a regular, she'll welcome you. It's easy to strike up a

conversation about the bar, or her clothes, or the club, and she's aching for

someone to pay attention to her cunt."

Indeed, she was sitting with her legs spread wide, facing the mirror. As I sat

down, she spoke before I could address her. "Hi! I see you're already looking at

my crotch. I love this place."

I was indeed looking. The stool's contour held her legs spread so wide that her

lips were forced open. In the mirror I could see all the treasures inside. She

had big floppy inner lips and was showing lots of pink, with no modesty at all.

Instead, she seemed pleased that a total stranger was inspecting her genitals.

It took me a minute to think of what to say. I decided to go with the obvious:

"Well, I guess there's no sense beating around the bush. You have a beautiful

bush, it can't be beat, but I'm surprised you're displaying it so openly. Most

women would be embarrassed."

"I know, but if there's one thing I've learned it's that I'm not like most other

women. I know it seems bizarre, but I'm not the only one. Look at all the other

women lined up here with their legs spread for strangers. Oh, and cute pun."

It's not often that you can walk up to a beautiful woman and enjoy her open cunt

before you even say hello. Tan lines from a very small bikini lined her hips;

her delicate breasts had small, deeply pigmented nipples peeking out above a

half-bra that lifted them up for better visibility. I put a hand on her inner

thigh while I told her that I liked her tits too, displayed so nicely. She

pointed out the house rules, posted behind the bar. They are pretty simple: "1.

No genital-genital contact. 2. No oral-genital contact. 3. Ask before you

touch."

"You didn't ask", she reminded me gently, "but I don't mind. You can touch my

pussy if you like."

I decided that I liked this club already, and this beautifully displayed woman.

I stroked her higher, running my fingers in the clefts between her legs and her

outer cunt lips. Shaved up to the top of her slit, she was adorned with lovely

silky pubic hair above that, carefully groomed for the occasion. She squirmed,

trying to get my hand into her soft pink flesh, and finally took my hand and

placed it right in the middle of her hot snatch. "Ah, that feels so good, don't

be shy, stick your fingers right inside, flick my clit."

I told her how smooth and slippery her cunt was; she confessed that she had

sprayed a little scented oil on it, to keep the exposed flesh from drying out.

All the girls there did it. Here I was with a woman I had met five minutes

before, with my fingers in her vagina, discussing her exposure. Wow! I had to

adjust my cock with my other hand. She looked down and asked, "Can I touch?" The rules went both ways.

So there we were, fondling each other's genitals and enjoying every second. I

remembered to ask before I tweaked her nipples, and of course she assented. She

was beginning to breathe faster; a sexual blush appeared on her torso and her

face. I leaned in to kiss a breast while one hand kneaded her other breast and

the other pinched her clit; with all those intimacies, asking didn't seem

necessary anymore. Her body stiffened, her hips jerked, and she came in my hand.

A minute later she slumped back, exhausted, and I excused myself.

Just as I stood up, Colleen appeared from nowhere. Damn, did I blow it with her

for a few minutes' feel with some random woman? "Hi Brad, that was really hot

how you handled that woman. Great show - you'll have to do that to me sometime."

It wasn't the first time this girl amazed me. She had been standing behind us

the whole time, enjoying the scene. I looked again, appreciating her costume. A

lot of the women in the club just wore more-or-less racy lingerie or see-through

dresses, but Colleen had changed into a top made of two circles of black leather

straps framing her breasts, with straps around her neck and back to hold them

up. The effect was to frame her breasts, to draw attention to them. Underneath

she wore lacy black bikini panties, open-crotch, her sex protruding through. She

giggled when she saw my outfit, "Brad, that's so cute how your pecker tip is

peeking out. I just knew you'd invent some sexy look."

I didn't tell her how improvised the whole thing was. We sat down at one of the

glass tables in the bar (you can guess why they were glass), where she told me

that she really wanted to go home with me at the end of the evening, but she had

some commitments at the club. "Can we meet in half an hour right here? I need to

do some things."

Anything she wanted was fine with me, as long as I could be in this woman's

intoxicating presence again. She got up; I admired her graceful sway and her

round bottom as she walked away.

John found me again, continuing my tour. He explained the rules - they lowered

the risk of the club getting sued over STDs or unwanted pregnancies, but you

could still have lots of sexual fun. I asked about these women who would expose

their bodies to men and allow themselves to be fondled by complete strangers. He

said, "You could go up to a hundred women and ask them whether they'd mind

exposing themselves to strangers or letting them touch, and you'd probably get a

hundred slaps in the face. The women who come here are the one in maybe a

thousand who would ask you for the details, with their panties getting damp."

With a knowing smile he went on that in a city of millions that meant thousands

of such women, exhibitionists and flirts who get off on the sexual attentions of

strangers. But not just anyone; the men who come to the club follow the rules

(or they get thrown out), and can be refused.

The next room, the small arm of the L-shaped building, was dominated by a narrow

counter running its entire length. Unlike the other countertops in the club,

this one divided the room, with a mirror built into it. We came in on one side

while topless women sat on the other, their tits reflected in the mirror for

maximum exposure. John explained that he had designed this room for beginner

exhibitionists, so that they could show just their tits in a controlled

environment. They had a separate entrance and locker room at the end of the L,

away from leering males.

But almost immediately, something unexpected had happened. Overweight women

began visiting the room, paying the entrance fee so that they could display

themselves. In hindsight, John said, it was the perfect setup for them; they

could emphasize their tits, which were often huge because of their weight. It

was a place where they could feel beautiful, admired, even sexy, and enjoy

sexual touch. The stools were adjustable so that each woman could spread her

boobs out on the mirror. The tit-bar became one of the most popular rooms in the

club for women, not only the overweight but women of all sizes and shapes.

Usually there were more women on one side of the counter than men on the other.

"Go ahead, Brad, take your pick. I'll be back to fetch you in a bit."

I sat down opposite a woman with absolutely huge knockers. Her round face and

rosy cheeks gave her a cheerful look, framed by curly brown hair, but the main

attraction was clearly those boobs, spread out nicely. The mirror replaced her

lower body with a reflected image, mostly boobs and shoulders. She seemed to

float there.

I picked this woman because her boobs had huge areolas, discs of deep red sexual

skin the size of teacups, with prominent nipples to match. That look turns me

on, as though all that sexual skin makes women like that more naked than normal

when they're topless. Again it was easy to start a conversation in this sexually

charged atmosphere. "Hi, can I sit here? This place is really unique, isn't it?"

Sort of a lame beginning, but my big-tit partner didn't mind. She went right to

the reason she was there. "Hi, you can sit, but I think you're here for

something else."

"Well, I guess I can be frank. You have spectacular breasts, and I love all that

sexual skin around your nipples. It's amazing that you feel ok displaying them

so openly."

She sighed, "I know, I crave sexual attention. I'm heavy, but I still like to

enjoy my body."

Even with my limited social skills, I knew it was time to change the subject. My

hands rested on either side of those mounds; my gaze alternated between her face

and her nipples, poking out halfway across the narrow counter. "I think you're

pretty brave to come here, and I love the way your breasts show me your

sexuality. Can I touch?"

"Ogod, please, touch, stroke, whatever you want. And I loved how you just sat

right down and started talking about my bare breasts." A throaty note of arousal

quavered in her voice. I moved my hands forward and pressed them together, palms toward her soft flesh. She looked down, watching me fondle her. I worked my fingers under those mounds, squeezing them, lifting them, feeling their weight.

I took one, then the other in both hands, shaping their roundness in my palms,

enjoying the way they molded to my touch. Holding a handful of flesh in one

hand, I gently stroked toward the tip with the other. My fingers ran over the

rough pink flesh surrounding her nipple, little bumps, some with short back

hairs growing out of them - a vast wonderland of sexual flesh, exposed for me.

All the time I was telling her how beautiful and sexy they were.

"Touch me on the tip, I need it."

She jumped when I scratched and pinched there. Instantly her nipple responded,

unfolding and swelling as I stroked.

"Ah, that's wonderful." Her mood changed immediately. Her posture straightened,

she smiled and lifted her boobs in her hands to offer them to me.

Bringing them up almost to my mouth, she murmured, "Go ahead and kiss them -

they won't melt." I took one, then the other into my mouth, sucking, licking,

nipping. The tips glistened with moisture and with tension. She pulled back on

the flesh to stretch the breast skin out even more.

Now this buxom woman was bouncing, excited, nearly jumping out of her chair. The older, olive-skinned woman sitting next to her asked if I wouldn't 'massage' her

too. "Wouldn't it be hot to fondle two women's boobies at the same time?"

I took the bait. The two felt different; the new woman's breasts were warmer,

the skin rougher, the flesh firmer. She turned her shoulders to force her boob

closer to me. I pinched both nipples, and got two squeals. The double fondling

continued for a few minutes, but I knew that the objects of my attention would

eventually get sore and the pleasure would subside. Another guy came up and sat

opposite my first large-breasted friend, asking whether he could caress her

other now-neglected boob, and she assented. Now she was really in exhibitionist

heaven, with two different guys fondling those two huge orbs at the same time.

She closed her eyes and threw her head back. I excused myself, letting the new

guy take over - best to stop when they still want it.

My attention was distracted by a gaggle of giggling teenagers at the far end of

the room. The three of them were daring one another to take their lacy bras off,

and finally one of them did, baring modest-sized, perfectly shaped breasts,

riding high, their erect nipples pointing slightly out and upward. I walked

over.

"Hi mister, how do you like her boobies? Ain't they, like, just awesome?" The

topless girl covered her face, still giggling, but didn't cover her perfect

boobs. These girls were clearly very inexperienced, experimenting with

exhibitionism for the first time.

I asked, "May I?" Miss Topless's boobs shook and vibrated as she laughed and

shifted, now peeking at me, looking embarrassed but determined to take her

friends' dare. She nodded. First I took her hands and gently removed them from

her reddened face; I told her how beautiful her slim body was, a gift of nature,

and dared to gently stroke and squeeze my way up her arms and down her chest.

She jumped when I reached my goal, but allowed me to caress those breasts,

abruptly pulling her shoulders back to thrust them forward. They were tipped

with little hemispheres of glowing pink that I rubbed with my palms, drawing a

surprised gasp. Her skin was warm, smooth, alive with the translucent glow of

youth. Looking more closely I noticed a trail of glitter from her neck down to

the tips of her tits. When I asked her about it she giggled again and confessed

that she had been at a party the night before, wearing a very low-hanging top.

"Well, dude, my friends put the glitter on before the party. We were hoping some

dudes would, like, take my top off, but none of them ever did. Wimps. The whole

idea of, like, exposing me got us so horny we came here today."

I was doing pretty well, going from 'mister' to 'dude' inside of five minutes. I

caressed her whole upper body while she shivered and squirmed. Still holding

onto one nipple I turned to the other girls. One had a squarish figure and a not

particularly attractive face, but her bra hid an obviously well-developed

anatomy. I dared her to take it off, and to my surprise she did. These girls

were into dares. Two glowing white cones appeared, tipped with already erect

nipples that looked impossibly large because she had almost no alveoli, her

nipples protruding like pink-brown islands in a sea of white flesh. They pulsed

with each heartbeat. Remembering the permission thing, I said "I'm going to play

with your tits now in front of your friends, ok?"

She murmured, "Awesome", and leaned over the counter. Letting go of Miss Glitter

I reached out, palms away from her, and caught each nipple between two fingers.

She looked down at them as I used my thumbs to rub the tips, eliciting an

involuntary squeal, another push forward, and a moan. It appeared that her tits

had never enjoyed much male attention. I couldn't resist getting those meaty

morsels in my mouth, their rough chewy texture entrancing me.

Suddenly all of them started giggling again. "Oh my god, I don't believe it,

awesome!"

A young guy had walked up beside me, his large semi-hard dong hanging in front

of their faces. Miss Glitter extended a hand to touch it.

Before I got myself in more trouble, John appeared at the door and rescued me.

We went back to the bar at the entrance to meet Colleen, who was nowhere in

sight. I enjoyed surveying the people sitting there, especially the women, some

bare-breasted, some barely covered with see-through wisps. They weren't all

goddesses with perfect bodies; some had overly wide hips, or bits of flab here

and there, but I appreciated what they had to offer, not what was lacking.

Waiters and waitresses bustled among the guests, nude except for tiny aprons.

The waitress aprons were semicircles about the size of an outspread hand, tied

low about the hips and edged with lace, while the waiters had aprons of similar

size but square and without the lace.

I asked John whether it was hard to find employees willing to work in such

provocative outfits; he boasted, "Just the opposite. They work for minimum wage,

and it's hard for our guests to tip. They do it part time so they can support

themselves with real jobs. Of course they're all exhibitionists, they enjoy

having their bodies inspected. It's the perfect combination of work and play."

Looking more closely, I saw what he meant. Most of the staff was young and

nubile. When a man was served, a waitress would usually lean her chest near his

face to deliver a drink or a snack, and hover there just a little longer than

necessary. Women were served by waiters who could lean into a nice set of boobs,

and sometimes get themselves fondled as a 'tip'. Taking orders, I saw them

pressing their bare hips subtly against their bare customers.

Just then Colleen rushed up, her boobs trembling deliciously. "I'm so glad I

found you. We have to be in the back room in half an hour."

Before I could ask her what that was about, John asked her how she had found the

club. She said a friend at work had told her about it, joking that nobody in

their right mind would even think of going there. But without saying anything to

her friend, Colleen visited the next weekend, and had been back several times

since. She liked the way John had arranged it to be more egalitarian than you

would think, designed to give each sex the maximum pleasure, with little touches

that made everyone comfortable and made it easy for them to manage the displays

they craved.

I objected that the equal-rights fairness seemed to go only so far, because the

entry fee was larger for men than women.

"What?" John exclaimed. "The fee's the same for everybody."

"When we came in, they charged me four times more than Colleen."

"Oh, that," John answered. "The fee's really the same when you allow for income.

See, women only make about 85 percent as much as men in this town, even for the

same job. It takes about 80 percent of a man's salary for basic expenses, so a

man has 20 percent of a salary left for fun and a woman has 5 percent. We charge

everybody the same percent of the extra income."

The guy was an engineer all the way to the bottoms of his toes - I couldn't

argue with his logic. I was only glad that he had used his engineering skills so

cleverly. "The club makes a little money, but not much. I'm mostly in it for

the, um, fringe benefits."

He nodded at a statuesque red-haired woman sauntering by, bands of shimmering

silver fringe framing her breasts, and a silver-fringed belt about her hips

substituting for a bottom, leaving her sex completely exposed.

"Oh, fringe, I get it," Colleen laughed. John asked her to show me the rest of

the club, and excused himself.

Hand in hand we walked back along the long arm of the L, a broad corridor lined

with little shops selling provocative outfits and such, and a few snack bars and

coffee shops. I told Colleen, "I like the way your boobs bounce when you walk.

And the contrast between your black panties and your white lips is a great

dramatic touch."

"What? My lips are nice and pink." She leaned over on tiptoe and kissed me on

the cheek.

"No, not those lips, your vertical lips."

"I know, I was just teasing you. You can't kiss those lips here - maybe some

other time." I liked the sound of that.

We stopped at a little coffee shop, because Colleen joked that a little caffeine

buzz makes her 'naughty bits' tingle more when they're touched. There was table

service, of course, with the tables right out in the corridor like an outdoor

cafÅ½, only indoors. We ordered espresso, and sure enough, a short buxom blonde

of a waitress delivered mine while managing to lean her tits right in my face. I

whispered "May I?"

She whispered back, "Of course."

I rolled a tiny, hard nipple in my fingers for a few seconds before she politely

said "Enjoy your coffee," punched a little hole in my bracelet for payment, and

disappeared.

Immediately a clean-cut young man appeared with Colleen's drink. He leaned into

her chest with its nicely framed attractions. She whispered "May I?"

He whispered back, "Of course."

Colleen flipped his apron up and gave his cock a nice squeeze. He punched her

bracelet and departed, smiling, his apron horizontal.

"That friend of yours, John, is really clever," Colleen said. "This feels like a

normal coffee shop, but in a normal coffee shop you can't sit around in an

open-tit bra and open-crotch panties. And the people-watching is way better than

a normal coffee shop. It's like I was saying on the way here, exposing yourself

is more of a thrill if you do it where you're not supposed to. It's not like

taking your clothes off at a free beach, where everybody expects it."

I was staring at Colleen's gently wobbling tits the whole time. "And you're not

supposed to hold your date's nipples while you talk", I added, reaching out and

pinching each nipple between two fingers. The big Italian espresso machine

hissed and gurgled.

"Mm, that feels nice, hold on while we talk. Oh, I should move my cup to the

side so you can see the opening in my panties. Isn't that marvelously wicked?"

That's when I noticed that our glass table had a little light for everybody's

crotch. John had thought of everything.

We had the usual get-acquainted discussion, about backgrounds and jobs and such.

I work for an architectural firm that specializes in large renovations, so I

have to travel every now and then. Colleen is with a publisher. She laughed that

it's not about romance novels with swarthy men ravishing helpless young virgins

- she translates manuals from Engineer into English, not as sexy but it pays

well.

In the meantime there was a non-verbal conversation going on, perhaps more

meaningful than the verbal one. I held her tits while she inspected the tip of

my wang through the glass table. I had to let go to sip my espresso, but it was

that much more satisfying to reach back across the table and touch her again.

Her leg found its way into my lap. She said she liked her body, she liked to

display it, to use it for her pleasure. I liked her body too, so we had some

major compatibilities.

"Brad, there are still some things you don't know about me. There's a dark side

to my sexuality. I have a big sexual appetite. Sometimes I have a hard time

controlling it. You'll see what I mean later."

I was about to ask her what she did mean, when she abruptly invited a couple at

the next table to come over and sit with us. We found ouselves sitting with a

big bear of a 40-ish man, heavy and hairy, wearing only a black leather vest,

and his slightly younger partner, with penetrating blue eyes, high cheeks and a

big shock of frizzy brown hair. Her body was nice, average, except for one thing

- her absolutely enormous breasts, not really hidden by a sheer scarf tied in a

bow in front. The ends hung down loosely, teasing her belly. Every time she

moved, the objects of my attention wobbled and shook. She had tied a similar

scarf around her hips, its ends obscuring her pussy most of the time.

She did most of the talking. "Hi, I'm Sharon. This is Sidney, but everybody

calls him Bear. Thanks for inviting us over, you two look really yummy and..."

Colleen interrupted, "I saw the way you two were looking at each other, and you

have wedding rings. It's so nice to see a married couple doing this together."

"Oh, we're not married - that is, not to each other. We're next-door neighbors.

When my husband and I moved in, I started sunning myself out in our backyard.

Bear started watching me. I enjoyed being watched, so I wore less and less each

week. Bear started sunning himself too. Eventually I was in a bikini, not very

stable with my, um, endowment, and he was in a jockstrap. By this time each one

of us knew the other one was watching, and we both liked it. One part of our

backyards is separated by just a flower bed; we moved our lounge chairs there.

Then one day I dared to sun myself naked, and Bear did it too. We turned toward

each other. I showed him my big boobs, he showed me his, um, equipment, and we

touched ourselves for each other. It was so hot."

"Wow, that must have been exciting, displaying yourselves like that," Colleen

interjected.

"It was. But then his wife caught us, there was a big drama. After everyone

calmed down she said we should come here, at least we wouldn't wind up fucking

each other. We're mostly into exhibition, not extramarital sex, so that was

great with us, and here we are. I still like to touch his balls, though."

"And I'm into her giant gazongas," Bear added. "Ever seen somethin' so fuckin'

sexy?" He gave one huge melon a squeeze with his big hand. She closed her eyes

and inhaled.

"Actually," Colleen said, "That's why I invited you two over. I knew Brad would

love to see you close up, and he'd really love to fondle your boobs. If you

don't mind, that is."

"I don't mind. I'd love it. Just pull on this string, Brad."

Sharon gave me the loose end of the bow holding her bra-scarf up, and I pulled.

I'm into tits, but these were in a class by themselves, huge but

well-proportioned, standing way out from her chest, topped with perfect nipples.

I reached over and cupped them in my hands, showing everyone how soft and jiggly they were, before I stroked the soft flesh and teased her nipples. She looked

down at my hands, smiling, and said, "I love that moment when they come out, and everybody gasps. And I love how you're feeling me up, you're gentle but firm -

keep doing it. These things are such a hassle most of the time, it's nice when

somebody appreciates them."

Colleen stared, saying "You're so lucky. If I had boobs like that, I'd have the

time of my life teasing with them. I could attract any man I want."

"It's a mixed blessing," she sighed. "When they first got this big, in high

school, they changed my life, mostly not for the better. I think there are guys

from my school who wouldn't recognize my face, all they did was stare at my

tits. They made cruel jokes, kids would laugh behind my back and call me nasty

names, like Sharon share-em. They thought I lived for sex just because I had big

boobs. Later I thought of getting a breast reduction, but then I met my husband;

he said they're a national treasure, and the government would sue me if I did

it. He was the first guy I met who saw me as a person since I was 14."

"Well, they're a real treat for us," I said. While Sharon had been talking, I

had been feeling up her great expanse of woman-flesh, enjoying her in ways I

never could outside this club.

We sat quietly for a while, enjoying one another's bodies. Colleen teased Bear's

nipples and the hair on his chest. Sharon reached into my crotch and just

quietly held my penis. Too soon Bear said they had to leave, but first Sharon

invited me to touch her pussy. She complained that men don't give it enough

attention; they get distracted. I lifted the ends of her lower scarf as she

raised both feet onto her chair, opening up a juicy cunt and exposing for me the

black-lined lips of a woman who had had children. I touched her sex and

Colleen's at the same time and gave them a few strokes, contrasting Colleen's

smoother, slicker feel with Sharon's more rippled texture. Another first. Sharon

kissed my cheek, I gave each of her nipples a big wet kiss, and she and Bear

departed hand in hand.

"Colleen, you don't mind me fondling another woman like that while you watch?"

"I love to watch, silly, remember? I'm not jealous, I know when you're here

fondling somebody's body it doesn't mean you're in love. And you didn't get

jealous when Bear stroked my pussy."

"Yikes! I didn't even notice, I was so busy with Sharon. Did you like it?"

"Of course I liked it. He has big strong hands, and I have a gigantic sexual

appetite, remember? And I'm not afraid to satisfy it."

I remembered. "But did you think he was attractive? I'm strictly AC, I'm not

much of a judge of how attractive a man is, but he looked pretty gross to me."

"No, Brad, he wasn't that attractive. But with him it wasn't about

attractiveness, it was about power. And he had power."

That gave me something to think about. We got up and walked back to the last

room in the club, a large open space with a dance floor, a small stage, and the

usual bar, this time just tables along one side. They stood in front of a long

bench, and there were a few chairs too. I was startled, though, to see some of

the tables topped with naked women. They all sat in about the same posture,

leaning back on their straight arms, their legs tucked under their asses and

their knees spread as wide as they would go. A few of them arched their backs to

display their chests when a man walked by. They were just about the only

completely naked people in the room.

When I pointed them out, Colleen said, "Yeah, those are the extreme

exhibitionists. They want everybody to see everything. A lot of them are

submissives - their guys are sitting behind them on the bench seat. If you want

to touch one of them, you ask him, not her. Go try it, I'd like to watch."

She was encouraging me again to fondle another woman in front of her? That's a

no-brainer. I found a particularly cute young thing who looked at me and at my

crotch as I approached. Her straight blond hair teased the curve of her

shoulders, and her narrow nose gave her a vaguely Scandanavian look. Taking

Colleen's advice, I asked the tough-looking young guy sitting behind her, "Mind

if I touch?"

"Go for it. She's a total slut, she loves it."

I saw her stiffen, push her chest out a little further, and open her slim thighs

a little wider, struggling to please him and me. Playing with her was going to

be great. But first I teased her a little. "Your boyfriend there told me I could

touch you."

I stood right in front of her and pulled my briefs down a bit, spilling my

equipment out a hand width away from her open pink twat. She stared at my

crotch, but said nothing. Leaning in just a bit I declared, "You're going to get

your neck stroked, you're going to get those lovely bare breasts fondled, I'm

going to roll your nipples in my fingers and pinch them, hard."

Now she was staring at my eyes, her face a mix of anxiety and arousal. "And I'm

going to stroke your belly all the way down to your nasty cunt. I'll rub your

nice blond bush, then I'll shove my fingers right into your sex. I can see it,

you're showing it to me, it's pink and open already. You're a slut, you're

shameless, you'll let me do everything. But first I'm going to kiss you, because

you're beautiful and you're surrendering to me."

She blushed and quivered; she wasn't expecting anything personal. I leaned in,

held the back of her head in both hands and grazed her lips with mine. She

lurched forward, I opened my mouth and our lips locked. Even with all the

exposed flesh around us, and her lovely body, that kiss was one of the most

erotic experiences I'd had at the club so far. This girl was soft, warm, giving,

accepting, eager. Our tongues played. My hands wandered down to her neck, her

torso, her breasts, small but softer than I expected. Her nipples, warm to my

touch, pulsed with the urgency of arousal. I did all the things I'd promised.

Finally we broke our kiss so that I could rest my chin on the table's edge and

inspect every detail of her open cunt while I pushed my fingers in as far as

they would go. My other hand found her clit, protruding from its translucent

pink hood. A few drops of fluid oozed from her hole as I squeezed my fingers

inside. She looked down at her cunt, her torso reddening, as her boyfriend stood

up beside us to watch the penetration. He told her that she was being a good

slut, that he liked to see her squirm and cream. After a few more minutes of

this I felt her cunt clamp down; she stiffened and her whole body vibrated. She

gasped and convulsed. Her boyfriend dashed around behind her to hold her up by

the shoulders.

"You did great, man," he said to me. "Well, slut, do ya like to cum with some

stranger's fingers up your juicy twat? Do ya like that, huh?"

Tears came to her eyes as she looked back at him, reaching up to fold her arms

around his neck. It was time for me to withdraw.

Colleen and I wandered around, enjoying the bodies on display. The waiters and

waitresses busied about. Arm in arm, we commented to each other about some of

the people: a large woman with a tight corset and huge tits spilling out over

the top, and nothing underneath but a huge thatch of thick black pubic hair; a

slight young girl in a transparent smock, twisting to show her sex and her

breasts to anyone who'd look; several big-muscled guys that appealed to Colleen.

A young girl approached, so thin that her pelvis and ribs poked out from her

skin; naked except for large rings hanging from small, pierced nipples, her head

looked too large for her body. She was young and exposed but not sexy. Colleen

joked that she must be a fashion model. But the main thing was that we were

together, becoming more secure in our mutual attraction. Several people of both

sexes commented on how nicely her 'bra' framed her pink breasts; each time, she

returned the complement with a bounce and a jiggle. She confessed that she

always sunned herself with a top on, so that the white of her breast flesh would

contrast with the light brown of her body. "That makes it just a little

naughtier, as though you're not supposed to see them." I knew this game by now.

It was getting later, and the dance floor was filling up. We danced both fast

and slow. Colleen was a marvelous dancer, flaunting her body to everyone with

the fast numbers and molding her body to mine with the slow ones. Once she

pulled her open-crotch panties halfway down her thighs and somehow held them

there for a fast song. "Its dirtier to pull your panties half-off than to just

go naked. This way everybody can see my bare ass and my whole crotch."

We traded partners a few times, dancing with near-naked strangers. The usual

stance was for the man to hold one arm around the girl's hips and ass, the other

on a breast. There was plenty of kneading and stroking. The women would usually

put both arms around the guy's neck, to give him free access to everything, but

occasionally a hand would find its way to a cock.

Some people began to congregate around the stage, where customers, mostly women, engaged in particularly blatant exhibitions. This would usually involve

stripping and doing lewd moves, sometimes getting felt up in front of everyone.

We sat near the stage and enjoyed the show for a while; one wide-hipped woman

stood with her cunt right in front of me, hands behind her head and legs

slightly bent, knees spread. She twisted and rolled her hips forward and back,

showing me and everyone else her fucking moves. I coud smell her musk. While

this was going on Colleen excused herself. I thought she was just going to pee,

but a minute later she climbed onto the stage.

A general murmur arose from the crowd as Colleen appeared, now fully naked, with

a naked man on each arm. Tall and strong, each man held a hand tightly on one

boob, leaving her nipples protruding between their fingers. She held onto each

cock. Most of the displays in the club weren't that overtly sexual. Looking me

in the eye, a hard, determined look, Colleen squeezed the cocks of her two

consorts to signal them to get started on her. She wrapped an arm around each

neck to lift herself up, allowing her men to support her by her splayed-out

thighs, each man easily holding a thigh in one hand, leaving the other to work

on her exposed body.

The men returned to her boobs, fondling more overtly and more roughly, squeezing

the soft flesh and yanking them out by the nipples while kissing her cheeks and

neck. Colleen whispered "Now", and the two brought their mouths down to her

boobs, not kissing but biting, sucking a whole boob into their mouths, letting

it scrape back against their teeth, then leaving little bites all over it. When

they released we could see the teeth-marks. She was breathing hard.

By now everyone in the room was watching. Colleen's two tormentors began a

similar mistreatment of her hardened nipples, as their hands found their way to

her gaping cunt. Holding herself up with her arms around their necks, she was

helpless to stop them. Each jabbed a thumb roughly inside her and vigorously

wiggled it around. Colleen whimpered, biting her lip, sweating, little forward

jerks of her hips betraying her lust. The hands grabbed her inner labia and

yanked them to each side, hard, stretching her red, living skin so far that it

looked like it might tear. The sexual skin glistened with tension and female

secretions. The hands returned to her vaginal opening as four, five, six fingers

penetrated her and pulled her canal open, exposing the rough red flesh inside.

Colleen was panting and blushing. The men released her nipples to reveal more

bite marks and concentrated on her cunt, furiously forcing themselves in and

out. Finally one of them held her inner labia open while the other forced his

fingers, then his palm into her up to the wrist. She cried out and grabbed her

tormentors more tightly, but pushed her hips forward again to show us all how he

twisted his fist inside her. With great strength he lifted her whole body by the

cunt, Colleen balancing herself with her hands on their shoulders. The room fell

silent. Another twist; she screamed and convulsed, soaking his hand and arm with

gushing fluid.

After it was over Colleen's two companions gently lowered her and steadied her

on her feet. She reached up to kiss each one on the cheek, squeezed their cocks

one more time, then turned to me and walked off the stage with an unsteady gait.

A scattering of uneasy applause arose from the bar. She stood in front of me,

bite marks all over her neck and boobs, her crotch a soggy mess. "Let's sit

down. You haven't bolted yet, that's a good sign, but I owe you some

explanations."

Colleen sank into a nearby chair to discuss her perversions. "Those guys were

pretty rough! Are you ok?"

"Brad, I asked them to be rough. I knew them from before, they're brothers, and

I told them what I needed them to do to me. I hope it doesn't shock you. I

needed to show you what my sexuality is like, what you're up against if you ever

want to see me again after that."

I slid my chair closer and put an arm around her shoulder. "Colleen, that

episode was a shock, it was so intense. I couldn't believe it, my new cute

little friend getting mauled like that, my carefree exhibitionist..."

"I had to show you that because I'm not what I seem. I've had so many guys get

revolted when they find out what I'm really like, how far I have to go with sex.

It has to be in a controlled situation, I don't want to get raped, but now you

know what I need. I'm not the sweet young thing you thought I was. But you're

still sitting here, your arm's around me, I like that, so I guess you pass the

test."

"Wasn't it painful, what they did to you?"

"Sure, it was plenty painful, but that's the point. For me sexual pain and

pleasure are all part of the experience. When they bit my tits the pain focused

my whole consciousness down to those two points, I was all sex. Even more when I

got fisted, my pussy burned, the pressure was unbearable, but the arousal takes

me to a whole different level. When he twisted inside me, the pain lit up my

whole body. That's why I came, in front of you and everybody. And the pain's

easier to take when I'm turned on."

My cock was telling me how exciting all this was, and she noticed. "Brad, that

little show turned you on, didn't it?"

With the state my cock was in, I couldn't deny it. That thing always tells the

truth.

Colleen said she needed a shower; there was a ladies room door nearby, so she

asked me to go into the men's room door. I guessed I'd have to just hang around

until she came out. But on the other side of the door I saw her again - another

one of John's little tricks. Some voyeurs like to watch other people pee, though

I don't, but this club has something for everyone. Colleen pulled me to a shower

stall. They were all open, as you could guess. As I slipped off my briefs,

Colleen exclaimed, "Oo, you're naked, you nasty man. What makes you think you

-mmf..."

I broke her off with a kiss hard on the mouth, our first kiss, an arresting

experience that surprised us both. My hands wandered up and down her body, as

her hands did the same to mine. Just as we were about to break the

genital-genital rule, we pulled apart, and simultaneously exclaimed, "Wow!" For

both of us, that moment changed our lives.

We laughed and jumped into a shower. I enjoyed soaping Colleen up, especially

where she had been mishandled. She squealed, "You didn't ask permission to touch

me!"

Again we laughed and kept caressing each other, enjoying each other's bodies

while a couple of other people enjoyed watching us. For both of us, that just

intensifies the experience.

As we dried each other off, Colleen said, "Next week I'll take you to another

club I know about, downtown, and you can finish seeing what I'm like at my

worst, my most terrible. I was going to go alone, but I'd love it if you'd come

too."

Anything to see her again. "I'd love to. And I still love you, even after that

scene, or maybe even because of it. You're being more honest with me than I

deserve."

Did I actually say it? I'd only known her a few hours, and I said I loved her.

On the way out we ran into John again; Colleen congratulated him on a wonderful

club. I told him I liked the whole experience from the moment his inspector

employee put the tip of my cock on view at the exit of the changing room.

"What? We don't hire anybody to do that!"

The E-club Ch. 02

by CalDreamerÂ©

For the next week I thought about my new friend Colleen a lot, while I was away

on a brief business trip. Actually, I'll confess I didn't think about much else.

I turned over in my mind how I had met her on a commuter train and had her show

me her breast before I even knew her name; how we had enjoyed seeing and

touching each other's bodies, and those of others, getting acquainted at my

friend John's secluded E-club; how vivacious and adventurous she was; and how we

had talked frankly on the way back to the city. Her openness with her body and

with her emotions had me hooked. Of course, being gorgeous didn't hurt.

We talked on the phone every night, and as soon as I got back home we arranged

to meet for coffee downtown, where it turned out that we worked only a few

blocks apart. When I arrived Colleen was already seated at a table against the

wall, wearing a tight mid-thigh skirt and a simple blue cotton blouse that

buttoned in the front. The way she bounced when she saw me, it was clear she

wasn't wearing a bra.

I told her how glad I was to see her again, and what a wonderful time I'd had

with her at the club. She said that she enjoyed it too. We leaned in close,

across the tiny cafÃ© table. I offered her some of the foam from my cappuccino on

the little Italian spoon; she took it and got some on her lips and nose. "Do you

like the way I look with white stuff on my face?"

I knew Colleen well enough by now to know that she would be titillated, not

offended, when I answered, "I think you'd look even better with some of my own

white stuff on your face."

Already the rest of the shop, the noise and bustle, had disappeared for us. I

was lost in Colleen's overwhelming femininity. Her way of tilting her head and

raising her eyebrows makes me melt and sizzle. Urgently she whispered in my ear,

"I've got something to show you. Let's trade seats so I'm facing the wall."

After we moved, she looked me in the eye and slowly began unbuttoning her

blouse. With each button I told her how sexy she was and encouraged her to keep

going. When she was finished she took one of the button panels in each hand and

pulled them forward and out like double doors, exposing her whole chest so that

I could see everything, but no one else could. The setup was perfect. Colleen's

nipples swelled and took form with her excitement, her chest heaving as she

breathed hard. "I can't do this much longer - other people will start to notice,

and they might give me a hard time."

The blouse closed, but Colleen left it unbuttoned. I was having a hard time

already, so I adjusted my pants, unobtrusively I hoped. She noticed, with a

subtle, uneasy smile. "Brad, I'm inviting you to come with me on a very special

visit tomorrow."

Colleen left her blouse unbuttoned until we got outside. Even after all we had

done at the E-club, and her exhibition a few minutes before, it gave us both a

thrill. I spotted her bra, balled up in her purse. Then I told her about

something she hadn't noticed - there was a mirror high on the wall of the coffee

shop, and several guys had stopped behind her to enjoy her public display of

bare breasts in the reflection. When I said that she shivered and grabbed my arm

more tightly, thrilled at the display and the risk. "What's wrong with me? Why

do I get damp when strangers see my tits, or my pussy?"

The next evening we approached a nondescript house in a nondescript

neighborhood, not where I would have expected Colleen to take me. As we walked

up the battered porch steps, she warned me, "It wasn't easy to get you invited.

I had to vouch for you. It's way more extreme than your friend's club - the guy

who lives here, Jake, specializes in having sex with strangers. I met him at

another club. It might get pretty rough. I hope you can handle it."

Even if I couldn't, I wasn't about to admit it. "Let's go for it. But does that

mean you'll be having sex in there, with that guy?"

"That's what it means. I'm sorry, Brad. For the rest, you'll see inside. And I'm

getting horny already, just being at the door, I can't help it."

Colleen squeezed my hand, but let go when the door opened. We were greeted by a large, rough-looking man with a shaved head and lots of tattoos, the sort of guy

you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley. Barefoot, he wore a sleeveless

t-shirt and black leather pants. He eyed Colleen, then me, asking her, "Is this

your guy?"

"Yes."

"Ok, come on in, but he'll have to behave."

In the small, sparsely furnished living room we encountered two other men,

equally rough and threatening. Colleen jumped when she saw them. "These are two

of my buddies, babe. They're going to do you too."

Colleen shivered, but shook their hands. She didn't ask their names, and they

didn't offer. I just stood there, feeling awkward. Jake offered us all a beer;

we drank from the bottles in silence, the suspense thick and heavy. After a few

minutes he and his friends sank into an old couch, and he said, "Ok, babe, it's

time to start. Ah, stand in front of us, and have your friend there take your

skirt off."

A little weak-kneed, biting her lower lip, Colleen tossed off her sandals and

raised her hands above her head. Apparently she knew more about what was

expected of her than she had told me. Dutifully I came up behind her, unhooked

the catch at the back of her tight black skirt, and unzipped. Even in this

situation, I couldn't help but admire her firm behind and the gentle flare of

her hips. I held her hips at the sides as I slid the skirt down. Gracefully she

stepped out of it, exposing tiny lace-edged bikini panties, red and nearly

transparent, incongruously delicate and refined in this rough place. The three

guys leaned forward to get a better look at her crotch; she hesitantly stepped

forward to accommodate them. Jake sneered, "Look at you, bitch. Your panties are

soaked already, we can all see the wet spot. You know what that means, bitch? It

means your cunt is getting ready to get fucked, whether you want it to or not.

Now take off that sweater."

It was the same pink sweater that Colleen had worn on that sunny, carefree day

when I had met her. She unzipped and pulled it over her head, tossing it aside

with her skirt. Now clad only in her panties and a matching bra, her breasts

seemed larger than I had remembered them, pushed up and together. Her nipples,

visible through the sheer fabric, strained with their miniature erections.

"Ain't she gorgeous? Now, boyfriend, unhook the slut's bra. We want to see her

tits."

I was getting into the thrill of display, and I knew Colleen was too, so I

whispered in her ear that I was about to expose her tits to these men; she

shivered as I unhooked and slipped the bra down her arms and into her pile of

clothing. I knew how much she craved showing her naked body, but here it seemed

reckless, risky. She might have gotten raped, except that she had already

accepted that all of those men would fuck her soon. I saw her bite her upper

lip, but she leaned forward to show these men her boobs. Jake got up and didn't

push me aside as much as he completely ignored me, moving behind her and

planting his rough brown hands on her white breasts, moving them around and

pinching her delicate pink nipples. I didn't try to stop him because I knew she

wanted it. He thrust a hand into her panties, squeezing her crotch. She doubled

over, but stood again as he pulled up on a nipple.

"I'm gonna pull your panties down, so we can all see your cunt. I bet it's open

already."

Unceremoniously he yanked as he had promised; Colleen was now naked, her

clean-shaven cunt exposed to everybody, open and glistening with her wetness,

obviously freshly shaved for this occasion. Her outer lips, swollen and starting

to retract, betrayed her lust. Jake pushed her in front of his friends, inviting

them to feel her up. She groaned, but let them do it, staring at me with an

apologetic but resigned expression while their fingers penetrated her cunt.

Sitting down again, Jake complained "I got a problem in my crotch, bitch. Unzip

me and get it out."

On her knees, Colleen fished out his cock, then the other two. All of them

seemed large and threatening. One had what looked like a huge mushroom on its

tip, purple and angry. She licked their tips and squeezed their shafts until

they nearly came. "I got another problem, bitch. I can't get a big peg in a

small hole. We need to open you up."

Jake shoved three fat, stubby fingers up into Colleen's cunt, causing her to cry

out. A sharp look stopped her. Then he spied her almost-full beer bottle and

muttered, "I think I just got the answer to our problem."

He placed the dark brown bottle between Colleen's feet and motioned her to

squat. She knew what was expected of her, staring at her tormentor as her knees

bent. When her outer lips touched the bottle she grasped it and drew it along

the length of her open redness, coating it with her juices, then pulled herself

open and inserted the mouth carefully into her hole. Squatting further she

pressed the bottle slowly in, stretching her sexual skin. When it penetrated her

up to the widest part she stopped, panting and grunting. She had become a

different person, yielding to Jake's kinky perversions and the laughing leers of

his friends. He got up, pushed her onto her back, and twisted the bottle further

into her outstretched cunt. "Ain't that beautiful, guys? We got us a bitch that

drinks from both ends."

Tipping her further back, Jake poured the rest of her beer into Colleen's

already-soaked cunt. "Ow, it's cold!"

She hadn't complained about the nakedness, or Jake's crude manner, or the hands

on her body, or the fingers inside her, or even the bottle up her cunt, but now

she shook and grimaced. As her vaginal walls warmed the beer it frothed and

foamed out around the bottle, soaking Jake's carpet. With a final gush the

bottle popped out, more foam spurting from her gaping cunt. "That's better,

slut. Now you're ready."

We could indeed see Colleen's cunt gaping open as she laid back with her legs

spread. Jake moved up to attack a tit. My friend squirmed as he sucked and

chewed; when he released, her whole crotch looked red and swollen, glistening

with his beer and saliva. He moved up on her body and gave one breast the same

abuse, her nipple pulsing. Turning her body, she arched her back to get her

other tit into his mouth; he treated it the same way. Now it was time: Without

even taking off his pants, he grabbed her ankles to stretch her legs up and out,

slammed his cock into her and started a vigorous fuck, forcing his whole length

in and out each time. Colleen writhed and sweated under his undulating body. For

the first minute or so she stared at me with a faraway look, struggling to hold

my gaze as her head bounced and shook; then she was lost. Jake fucked Colleen

without letup until he abruptly stopped, eyed her with a furious look, then

pumped savagely with a roar. Her whole body shuddered. She was filled with his

cum before he stopped, white goo leaking out around the ring of flesh where his

cock met her cunt. She pushed up with her hips as though trying to get him to

continue, but he was spent and withdrew. A gob of spunk oozed out onto the

carpet, mixing with the spilled beer.

The other two guys had stripped in the meantime. They didn't bother with

foreplay. One of them forced his cock into Colleen's mouth while the other knelt

down, lifted her hips, and forced himself into her raw, soaked cunt. She was

writhing, pulling on his ass with her tiny hands. He pulled out just in time to

shoot a few streams over her whole body, up to her neck, before finishing

himself off inside her. Immediately the other guy took over, flipping her over

and yanking her ass into the air. He forced his mushroom-like helmet in from

behind; we all watched him slide into her. He leaned back as she doubled over

forward, laying her head on the carpet, so that we could see the point of

penetration. A tall muscular guy, his cock was the widest and longest of them

all, stretching her out even after the others had finished with her. We saw her

flesh pulling out of her cunt on the out-strokes, clinging to his long shaft.

After a long bout of continuous stroking he grimaced, grabbed her hips to pull

himself all the way in, and came. Colleen's face turned bright red; she screamed

and shook with her own release.

It was over. A thin, fortyish blonde woman with a hard-worn look appeared on the

stairs to the second floor, holding a lit cigarette and wearing only a tight

t-shirt that came down almost to her navel. She snarled, "All done, boys? Come

on upstairs with me."

Jake looked up at this creature, probably his wife, and motioned his friends to

follow her. Turning to me he said, "Go for it, kid. She's all yours, nice and

ready." With that he followed the others up the stairs, leaving Colleen and me

alone.

Colleen hadn't moved since the final fuck and her climax; she still had her head

on the floor and her ass in the air. I stooped down and found tears in her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Brad. I know that was terrible, but I needed it so much."

I was just beginning to understand what made a seemingly sweet, vivacious young

girl do these things. "Go ahead, Brad, take your turn. Fuck the shit out of me.

Please."

I refused, even though my cock was like a pipe and she knew it. Colleen reached

down and stroked it through my pants. "You don't want me anymore? I don't blame

you, I'm sick and perverted and..."

Interrupting, I took Colleen's hand and told her that I wanted her desperately,

but I had some entirely different experiences in mind for her. We heard male

grunting and female moaning from upstairs. I helped clean her up, and on the way

back from Jake's I asked her about her previous sexual experiences. She told me

that she had lost her virginity to her uncle when she was 14.

"He and my mom's sister were visiting us for a few days. He was eyeing me a lot.

I was flattered, and eyed him back. I was a skinny little thing, but I was

starting to develop. He had a big bulge in his pants. Then when my aunt and my

mother were out shopping, he grabbed me and forced me into a bedroom. He pushed me onto the bed, flipped up my little short skirt, and yanked at my panties. I guess I was asking for it, wearing that skirt. Before I knew it he was forcing

his way inside me. It hurt a lot, but it felt so exciting too! It would have

been rape, except that I let him do it. The next day he did it again, even

faster, without asking. This time I was ready and I cooperated. I cried, but it

was such a rush! Then they left, that was it. I never saw him again."

I took Colleen to my apartment and we talked for another hour, mostly her

describing her previous sex life. After that first experience, she had stayed

away from boys for over a year. She was still skinny, and didn't think she was

that attractive. In high school it was mostly boys overpowering her in the back

seats of their parents' cars, with her protesting weakly. Sensing a pattern, her

parents had sent her to a protective private girls' college, one of the few

left, but as a result her encounters with boys were always brief, sometimes

violent, never particularly affectionate. She had never had a long-term

relationship. Her father was domineering, her mother ineffectual. Tearfully she

confessed that she had been to Jake's once before, a few months ago. "I had to

go in just a tube top and hot pants. I looked like a slut. He stripped me naked

and fucked me on his couch, then again on the floor. His wife stood there and

watched the whole thing."

Then, sobbing, she broke down. "Why are you still talking to me? I'm a mess, I

don't deserve you, but you can use me, strip me, fuck me, tie me up if you want,

do what you want."

Finally I had my answer, why this sweet girl seemed addicted to rough sex. She

was a virgin for real intimacy. Her compulsion for exhibitionism was her way of

enjoying a sexually charged experience, though an incomplete one, without being

violated. That confident, sophisticated faÃ§ade couldn't hold in the face of her

most secret sexual needs. I told her that I wouldn't fuck her that night; it was

late, she would be sore for a week anyway, and I wanted her at her sparkling

best, not like this. "When we fuck, it's going to mean something." She stared at

me, mistrustful. I took her home.

I made a date with Colleen for the next weekend to see a movie, a light comedy,

and come over to my apartment 'for a drink' afterward. She knew what that meant

as much as I did. She wore a tight white top, a white miniskirt, and no panties,

as I discovered when she placed my hand on her thigh in the movie and slid it up

to her crotch. I subtly stroked her wetness, up to her clit. We were laughing at

the movie, almost giddy, more with sexual excitement and anticipation than with

the movie itself.

Back at my apartment I had set up everything in advance: music, candles,

flowers, the whole romantic clichÃ©. The second Colleen looked in she broke down

again, sobbing uncontrollably on my shoulder. I just held her for a very long

time, leaning against me and shaking. At the end she looked up, red-eyed, and

told me that I didn't want what she was, what she had become. She half-expected

me to violate her like all her other guys had done, thinking that the candles

and flowers were just a cruel joke. To her all that romantic stuff was just a

fantasy for other girls, or for the movies.

Gently I sat her down, got us glasses of champagne, and told her what I had

concluded. She cried again, but this time it was different, and eventually her

smile returned. It lit up the room. She tilted her head and raised her eyebrows,

tentatively put down her glass as I put down mine, touched my face, and we fell

into each other's arms with the most intense kiss of my life, and probably of

hers. We stroked each other's faces, arms, shoulders, bodies and legs for a long

time before I gently carried her to my big bed and unwrapped her like an

expensive, fragile present. The urgent, degrading sex was over. We felt the

magic of head-to-toe contact, skin on skin.

I told her, "Remember the day we met, at the E-club, when you told me I couldn't

kiss your other lips? Now I can."

"Please. Touch me anywhere, do anything, absolutely anything. I want it."

I rolled Colleen onto her back, spread her legs, and slid down until my head was

even with her pink-white nether lips. She was freshly shaved again, slightly

perfumed. Gently, lightly, I licked the crevasse where her lips met. Slowly they

opened, as I delicately licked her inner lips, then slid my tongue inside. Her

head rocked from side to side; she cooed and moaned, her articulate language and

intelligence submerged, drowned in overwhelming pleasure, leaving only the

primal and the instinctive. I moved up to her swollen clit and sucked it into my

mouth, working on its tiny erection while I explored her cunt with a thumb. Her

hands pushed my head tighter in; when she could no longer stand it she pulled my

head up toward hers.

The moment came; as I moved on top of her she snuggled my cock in between her

inner lips, sandwiching its length along them. I asked her if she was ready.

"What do you think? I'm lying naked in your bed, on my back, with my legs

spread, I pushed your cock into my pussy lips, and you're the most wonderful man

I've ever known. I want you like I've never wanted anything in my life."

Entering her for the first time was a moment of discovery; we were both shocked,

I think, at how the emotions and the lust melted together into something

entirely new. Warm and tight around my cock, she held me in while we felt the

surge of those feelings in what for her was a new way. It's strange that people

don't smile when they are in the midst of one of life's most intense pleasures;

instead the look is of pain, of struggle. We made love, real love, for the first

time in her life. As I had hoped, that phrase 'make love' had a literal meaning

for us that night. We used sex, long, slow, gentle sex, to create love out of

our stew of fascination, infatuation, arousal and need.

We didn't sleep at all that night; we spent the whole night holding tight to

each other, naked in each other's arms, lost in that full-body contact and a

warm intimacy that she had never experienced. Actually I had never experienced

it either, not this way. Our bodies fit together perfectly; part of the time my

cock was inside her, but it was almost an afterthought, a small part of a larger

experience. She told me how much she liked my cock there, warm and hard. It

wasn't that the sex was any less satisfying so much as the love was more

satisfying. At dawn Colleen murmured, "Brad, Brad, I'm yours, I'm yours, head to

toe, skin to soul, no limits."

She pulled me on top of her and I entered her again, gently, effortlessly; we

rocked slowly together making more love. "In the end, the love you take is equal

to the love you make." We came, and fell asleep still coupled.

After that we were a couple. We didn't have to ask each other or negotiate or

maneuver, because it was obvious to both of us. Colleen moved in with me the

next month, so that we could enjoy that intimate contact every night. It was

like being on a permanent date; being together all the time was just about

right. Anything less was deprivation. We explored each other's bodies and souls,

right down to the core, and for a while we didn't need fantasies, captured by

the deep satisfactions that no brief encounter can ever approach.