**The Exhibitionists**

**Episode 1 - Almost Sisters**  
Steph and I were BFFs. We had lived on the same property since Kindergarten, and we even had the same birthday. We basically did everything together - studying, sports. We had sleepovers almost every weekend. This is the story of our 16th birthday.  
  
Steph's dad was from China. He worked in the tech industry, making good but not great money. Her mom was a writer, making basically no money. They wanted good schools for Steph, so they stretched to buy a house in a neighborhood that they couldn't really afford, but it had an in-laws' apartment that they could rent out for extra money. That's where we came in.  
  
I was a surprise. My mom dropped out of college and moved back in with her parents to take care of me. When my dad finished college, they got married and he got a job out west, and we ended up renting from Steph's parents. My mom has a lot of resentment that I prevented her from having the life she had hoped for, but she can't bring herself to be angry at me, so it's all directed at my dad.  
  
Steph and I were both good students. She got a B once, and her dad almost killed her, so she was scared into studying hard all the time. I just knew how hard my parents worked to give me better opportunities, and I wanted to make them happy. So Steph had a little bit of a rebel streak, but only when she thought she could get away with it.  
  
About a month before our 16th birthday, we were playing truth or dare at one of our sleepovers. We knew all each other's secrets already, so we always chose dare. Usually, we dared each other to leave anonymous love notes in some boy's locker, or to play a practical joke on somebody. This time, though, Steph had something different in mind.  
  
"Next month, when we get our driver's licenses, I'm going to get my nipples pierced. I dare you to do it with me."  
  
I didn't think she was serious at first, but she insisted. I couldn't believe she thought she could get away with it. She said they wouldn't show through our bras, and we could take them out whenever we hit the beach. I didn't really want to, but Steph was my BFF, so I had to agree.  
  
My parents were from Fargo, so I'm pure Viking. I was about 5'10" tall, with just barely B cup breasts. A lot of people said I had the figure to model. Steph was shorter, about 5'2", but a bit curvier. Still a B cup, but close to a C. We joked about which of us was a B+ and which a B-. We had moved past the awkward transition stage of puberty where you're just embarrassed about the changes your body is going through. We were entering a more womanly stage of mixed pride in our bodies and insecurity that they weren't better. Besides getting back at her dad, this was probably about addressing that insecurity.  
  
We turned 16, had our joint birthday party (we shared those, too), got our drivers licenses. Steph's parents bought themselves a new car and gave her one of their old ones for her birthday. Not as good as a new car, but good enough for us. Steph announced that we would get the piercings the next weekend. I had thought that Steph would back out, but she was determined. She did some research and found a reputable shop a couple of hours drive away. She didn't want anyone too close, in case we randomly bumped into someone we knew.  
  
So on the appointed day, we drove out there, with people honking at us all the way for actually driving the speed limit. It was kind of a crappy neighborhood - liquor stores, paycheck advance places, a pawn shop, and an adult video place - so it was probably best that we didn't have the new car anyway. It hurt like hell when they did it, but just for a second. Afterwards, Steph was just jumping with excitement. Couldn't contain herself. When the exhileration wore off, however, the soreness set in. It got better every day, though, and within a week, it was gone.  
  
That's when we started noticing that our nipples were much more sensitive. When we took off our bras, for instance, and the fresh air first hit, our nipples would get instantly erect and start sending arousing signals throughout our bodies. For me, it was just kind of a fun little effect, but for Steph, it opened a door to a whole new experience.  
  
A couple of weeks later, I woke up during one of our sleepovers hearing Steph make some funny noises. I turned on the light to see if she was okay, and I was shocked to see her lying naked in her bed, one hand between her legs and one pinching her nipples. "Stephanie, what on earth are you doing?" I asked, so shocked that I used her full name. "Masturbating," she replied calmly. "Yes, but why?" I asked. "Uh, because it feels good, dummy. Haven't you ever done it?" "No way! Only pervs do that." "Well, color me perverted, then. And turn out the light." With that, she closed her eyes and resumed touching herself.  
  
I watched her sliding her fingers into her wet pussy for just a second, then turned out the light and listened to the sounds of her masturbation. My nipples were extremely aroused, and my pussy was starting to get wet in spite of myself. I decided to try pinching my nipples, to see how it felt. A wave of intense pleasure rolled through my body, so I kept doing it. Now I could feel my pussy get really wet, and my breathing became heavier. Almost of its own volition, one hand travelled down between my legs, and I pushed a finger inside myself like I had seen Steph do. That felt even better, so I started moving it in and out, rubbing the places where it felt best. Suddenly, I felt all my muscles tighten up and then spasm uncontrollably as wave after wave of the most intense pleasure imaginable passed through my body. I had experienced my first orgasm, and I liked it. I must have made some noise, because when it was over, Steph said, "Ssh, you perv." "Perv yourself," I retorted, before we both fell asleep.  
  
After that, masturbation became part of our regular sleepover routine. Sometimes we would make up contests, like who could have an orgasm the fastest, or who could touch themselves the longest before reaching orgasm. We changed in other ways, too, like it wasn't which boys were cute anymore. Now it was which boys made us really wet, or which had the biggest dick. We started talking about what it would feel like to have a dick inside us. One day, Steph decided to find out. "Remember, by the place we got pierced, there was an adult video store? I bet they sell dildos there, so we could see what a real dick feels like." It sounded perfect to me, so the next weekend, we drove back there.  
  
Sure enough, they had a wide selection of dildos, vibrators, and other products besides videos. We were dressed in what we called our no school uniform - all the stuff forbidden by the school. Steph was in tight shorts with barely any more material than underwear, and I was in a tiny miniskirt, showing off my long legs. We were both in midriff shirts. I guess we looked pretty hot, because while we were looking over the toys, a guy in his forties came over and whispered that he'd give us $10 if we'd show him our breasts for a minute. Steph's family had some money, but most of our friends' had even more. I was always the poorest, and I had been a little worried about wasting money on frivolous stuff like dildos. So although Steph just blew the guy off, I looked around to make sure noone else could see, then lifted up my shirt and pulled my breasts out of my bra. Immediately, my pierced nipples popped out, happy to be out in the fresh air. He gave a low whistle and said, "Now that's hot!" Then he pulled his dick out of his pants and started jerking off.  
  
I immediately pulled my shirt back down and said "Go away, you perv!" But he persisted, "How about $20 a minute?" Now, Steph had turned around and she had her eyes fixed on that guy's erection sticking out of his pants. She licked her lips, took a deep breath, and said, "Make it $30 and you can look at both our breasts while you jerk off." Shocked, I used her full name again, "Stephanie!" "Take pity on the poor guy. Can't you see he's desperate? He just wants to look." Reluctantly, I agreed, "Show us the money first." He pulled out a wad of bills, so we both exposed our breasts, and he resumed stroking himself.  
  
I was looking up at the ceiling, trying to pretend this wasn't happening, when I heard Steph give a low moan. I looked over at her and saw that she was pinching her nipples, still staring at the guy's dick. I could smell her scent, so I knew she was really turned on. I looked at the guy's dick, too, and I had to admit it was a little exciting to have a strange man see my naked breasts, and to see his naked penis too. My hands crept to my nipples and started pinching them, too. Naughty hands. But it felt good. Just then, he pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket, wrapped it around his cock, and grunted a few times. It took six minutes, so we each got $90.  
  
Steph bought about $300 worth of stuff at that store. I restricted myself to one medium sized dildo and one vibrator. When we got out to the car, Steph couldn't wait. She handed me the keys, got in the passenger's seat, unwrapped a dildo, and pulled off her pants. While I started driving home, she plunged that dildo into her sopping twat, and in no time, she was having a screaming orgasm. Literally screaming. When she calmed down, she said it was nice not to have to try to be quiet. She also said the dildo felt amazing, and I just had to try it.  
  
She got herself decent, and we pulled over to switch drivers. I took my panties off and unwrapped my dildo. I rubbed it against myself until I got nice and wet, then slid it in. It sure felt good, but it didn't get very far in. I pushed harder, but then I felt a sharp pain and yanked it out. There was a little spot of blood on it. Steph said that had happened to her, too, and it felt even better afterwards, but I didn't feel like using the dildo any more right then. I unwrapped the vibrator instead, but discovered that it didn't come with batteries. We found a Radio Shack nearby on Steph's GPS, so we stopped there and I hopped out to go buy some.  
  
I got a little weird vibe from the clerks in the store, and when I got back to the car, Steph told me why. "You totally flashed those guys!" "No way!" "Way. I got a picture." She handed me her cell phone. There I was, bending over to get the batteries, with my blonde bush clearly visible under the hem of my miniskirt, and the head of one of the clerks craning for a better view. We both burst out laughing. I looked back into the store, and clerks were still checking us out. On impulse, I flashed by boobs at them as Steph pulled out. Steph laughed again, "You're so bad." "Hey, we'll never see those guys again."  
  
Flashing those guys had gotten me all excited again, so I loaded the batteries into the vibrator and turned it on. I rubbed it on my nipples, and it felt good, but I wanted more. I took off my shirt and bra, then put my shirt back on. The thin material wasn't much of a barrier between my skin and the vibrator, and the feeling was amazing. My nipples were poking way out, making them and their pierced state clearly visible. It was very sexy thinking that any man we passed could see them, and wondering whether they would get an erection like that old guy. I was nice and wet now, so I moved the vibrator down to my pussy. When it made contact, I couldn't suppress a little yelp, it felt so good. Steph looked over and smiled, saying "You go, girl!" I closed my eyes and concentrated on the sensations being generated by the sex toy. I moved it around different places until I found where it felt best. Soon I was thrashing around in the throes of the most intense orgasm of my young life.  
  
When I was done, Steph commented, "If those Radio Shack guys could have watched you just now, they'd have creamed their pants for sure." I agreed, laughing. Just then, we passed a mall. Steph suggested that we stop there and go shopping. I started to put my bra and panties back on, but Steph dared me not to, pointing out that nobody we knew would be there. I agreed, but only if she would do the same. So in the parking garage, she took her bra off too. Her nipples were clearly visible, but she pinched them to make them even more obvious. Then we headed into the mall.  
  
The first stop was for Steph to buy herself a miniskirt. She said she wanted to try flashing some guys, like I had done in Radio Shack. After she bought it, she went into a restroom to change into it. When she came out of the stall, she mooned me, showing that she had taken her panties off, too. We both giggled, flush with excitement and nervousness. We exited the restroom and started walking around the mall, and we kept glancing at each other and giggling.  
  
Even before we started flashing anyone, we were getting a lot of male attention because of our attire. We talked about how we should expose ourselves, and we decided to just sit on a bench with our legs together until someone came by that we wanted to flash, and then open our legs. We tried it out first, with Steph flashing me as I walked by. I took a picture on my cell phone, so Steph could see just how easy it was to see her dark bush. After another fit of giggles, we settled down to await our prey.  
  
We rejected several candidates, due to their age, appearance, or company. But soon enough, we saw a cute, young guy walking alone toward us. When he got close to us, he glanced our direction and made eye contact. At that moment, we both opened our legs and showed him our pussies. His mouth dropped open, then broadened into a grin. He waved at us as he walked by, and we dissolved into laughter again.  
  
We showed our pussies to over a dozen guys that day, with different reactions. Some didn't notice (or pretended not to), some just acknowledged us, and some tried to get our phone numbers (which we didn't give them). Every time, a sexual thrill went through our bodies, making our nipples strain to push their way through our shirts and our pussies ache to be touched. After a while, we couldn't take any more, and we had to go into a restroom and masturbate. We both had the best orgasms of our lives, and we determined that we would need to make this activity a regular feature of our weekends.

**Episode 2 - Swim Team**  
Before we got a chance to flash anyone else, our fathers found out about our nipple piercings, and they hit the roof. It turns out our mothers had known for a while but hadn't said anything out of respect for our privacy. But Steph's mom accidentally let the secret slip, and then it was all over. Our dads were pretty pissed at their wives for keeping secrets from them, so they maybe weren't quite as hard on us as they otherwise might have been. Still, we were each grounded for a month, and by the time we were free again, the weather had turned cold. The good news was that, after that, we no longer had to hide our piercings.  
  
I had always been a decent swimmer, and I had a swimmer's physique - tall, thin, with broad shoulders. The girls' swim coach was my French teacher (originally from Montreal), and she recruited me to go out for the JV team. At tryouts, some of the varsity girls showed up and started boisterously commenting on who would make the team and who wouldn't. In my case, they all agreed that I was guaranteed a spot, and for some reason, they found that hilarious. Coach shooed them out before practice began in earnest. They were right, though, I did make the team.  
  
Practice started the next Monday after school, with a grueling schedule - 90 minutes in the water, followed by a 90 minute study session while the boys' teams swam, followed by another hour in the pool. The varsity and JV teams practiced together, and the varsity girls laughed some at how weak and slow we were, but they also offered some useful tips and encouragement as well. After the first 90 minutes, I felt like my arms were going to fall off, and I was sure I'd drown in the second session. I showered with the rest, then got out my homework. Coach made sure we were all doing our work, reminding us that if our grades fell, our parents might take us off the team. Then she said that if anybody had a problem they needed help with, she'd be in her office.  
  
Almost immediately, one of the varsity girls announced she needed help with her homework and went into Coach's office. After that, there was a steady stream of girls in and out of her office. I finished my work without trouble, so I got out a book and read until it was time to go back in the water. I survived, though by the end, I was utterly exhausted. Walking back to the locker room, the varsity captain told me one way to go faster was to shave all the hair off below the neck. A couple of girls snickered, but the captain looked serious, so I wasn't sure whether this was fun at my expense or a useful tip. I asked Coach about it after practice, and she told me that it does help, and she offered to help me with the hard to reach spots after practice the next day.  
  
On Tuesday, the boys got the pool first, so we started in the weight room. Coach handed out clipboards with worksheets to record our weights on the various machines. She had also paired all the JV girls up with an older girl to make sure we were doing everything right. I was paired with the team captain, and she seemed very friendly, encouraging me to get one last rep in after I thought I was done. She could lift way more than me, and her body looked sculpted. Smooth, though, not like a bodybuilder. And definitely hairless. She had very dark brown hair, so I would have been able to see any hair on her arms, but none was there.  
  
After our turn in the pool, about half of the girls went home and half stayed for a study session. Coach brought some shaving cream and razors into the shower area and told me to shave my arms and legs, and then she'd help me with the rest. When I had done my part, she came in and started with the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet. When I asked why, she said removing hair was only one part of it; we were also scraping off dead skin cells and heightening our feel for the water. Then she had me take my suit off so she could shave my back. I asked why we were shaving something that was covered by the suit anyway, and she said some of the benefit was mental. I would feel faster, so I would be more self confident, and I would end up swimming faster.  
  
Then she had me turn around and started shaving my front. I was a little uncomfortable, but she acted like this was a normal part of the process, so I didn't say anything. She must have noticed, though, as she started making small talk to put me at ease. After asking about classes and such, she got out a stool and had me sit down, so she could shave my pussy. Again, this seemed odd to me, but she was so matter of fact about it, I just did as she said. Things got weirder then, as she started telling me she liked my nipple piercings, and that she used to have some too. Despite the strange situation, I found myself starting to get aroused. I was naked in front of someone who was talking about my nipples and touching me between my legs. I felt my nipples get hard and tingly, and my juices started to flow. It was getting a little hard to sit still, but she was almost done. When she finished, she stood up and told me her clit was pierced now. Automatically, my eyes went to her crotch, and I saw that her suit had a big wet spot there. She said if I ever wanted to see it, I should pretend I needed help with a problem during our homework sessions and come into her office. Then she left me to get rinsed off and dressed.  
  
After that, my head was all awhirl with questions. Was Coach a lesbian? Was she really trying to seduce me? Were all the girls who went into her office during homework sessions having sex with her? What would it feel like if she touched me? Licked me? What would she taste like if I licked her? If I got excited thinking about it, did that make me a lesbian?  
  
Life went on normally, though, as though nothing had happened, until the weekend. I was having a sleepover at Steph's place when I told her what had happened. I expected her to be all grossed out, but she seemed to think it was kind of cool. She asked me if I was going to go into Coach's office and see what happened. I said no, of course not. Then, Steph said she had always wondered what it would feel like to have someone suck on her nipples. Instantly, my body switched into full hot and bothered mode. I stayed quiet a while, and the silence stretched out. Then I said okay and got up. "Okay what?" she responded. "Okay, I'll suck your nipples. Lift up your shirt." I couldn't see much in the darkness, but I heard Steph rustling around. She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards her. I felt her body with my other hand and located her breasts before lowering my head and taking one nipple into my mouth. Steph gasped with pleasure, and her body did a little shimmy. I started sucking, rolling her piercing around with my tongue while I did the same with my fingers on her other nipple. Steph was breathing heavily now, almost moaning, and my wet pussy showed I was very excited too. I moved my hand down to Steph's pussy and found her hands already busy there. She moved them out of the way, and I stuck my finger in my very first cunt. It slid all the way in with a wet little squishing sound. I moved it around, feeling her insides, before withdrawing it and entering her again. I felt her press her hips up to meet me, taking my finger in as far as it could go. Now she was moaning audibly as I finger fucked her. Then my thumb found her clit and started rubbing it. She grabbed my head and pressed it against her breast, and I felt her entire body tense up. Then my finger felt the muscles of her pussy start spasming, and warm liquid flowed out, and I knew she was in the throes of her orgasm. Even after the main part was over, little aftershocks went through her body as I continued rubbing her clit and moving my finger inside her. When she was completely spent, she moved my head up to hers and gave me a passionate kiss, then said, "Your turn. Lie down."  
  
I was a little nervous, but I really needed release, so I laid down and pulled my nightshirt up. Soon, I felt Steph's hands locating my body in the darkness, then her warm mouth engulfed my nipple, and conscious thought faded before the onslaught sexual sensations. Steph's fingers were rubbing my mound, spreading my lips, entering me, rubbing my clit. Suddenly, everything stopped, and I let out a frustrated moan. I felt Steph moving around, and then her head was between my legs, her tongue probing my slit, flicking my clit, then sucking it into her mouth as she inserted two fingers into my dripping snatch. I felt myself building to my orgasm, but then Steph stopped for a moment, bringing forth another moan. She teased me like that a few times, before I grabbed her head and kept her in place until I came. When I did, it seemed to go on forever. As spasm after spasm passed through me, the only things in the world that seemed real were Steph's mouth on my clit and her fingers inside me, getting squeezed with every wave of pleasure. Eventually, it did end, and we both crawled into bed, exhausted.  
  
The next night, we had another sleepover, so we could discuss what had happened. We decided that we still liked boys, so we weren't lesbians, but that there wasn't anything wrong with giving pleasure to each other. Which we proceded to do again, and it was just as good. This time, I gave oral sex to Steph, too. She tasted nice, but her hair kept getting in my mouth. I made a note to suggest that she let me shave her before our next sleepover.  
  
During Monday's study session, I thought about going into Coach's office and seeing if she really wanted to have sex with me. If it was alright to share pleasure with Steph, why not Coach, too? But what if I were wrong about what went on in there? I was too scared, so I just did my homework like a good little girl. By Wednesday, though, I was starting to feel really horny, and it was hard for me to think about anything else. The suspense was killing me, so I decided to get it over with. We had hardly opened our textbooks when I announced that I needed help with my homework and headed for Coach's office. It may have been my imagination, but I felt eyeballs boring into my back as I walked there.  
  
I knocked on the closed door. Coach opened it, let me in, and closed it behind me. Then she pulled a couple of chairs up to a table and invited me to sit next to her. I put my books on the table, took a deep breath, and blurted out, "I don't really need help with my homework." "What do you need help with," she responded. "You said you would show me your clit ring if I wanted. I want to see it." "You're sure?" I nodded.  
  
Coach sat up on the table and moved one leg on either side of me. Then she pulled her swimsuit aside, and there was her bald pussy right in front of my face. Sure enough, her clit as pierced. "Can I touch it?" I asked. Coach said yes, but be gentle. I reached out one finger and ran it lightly around her ring, eliciting a small gasp. I looked up at her and saw that her eyes were closed and he mouth open in an O of pleasure. She was leaning back on one arm, and her other hand was still pulling her swimsuit aside for my benefit. As I continued to touch her clit, she spread her legs wider and her vagina opened up, showing me the glistening, wet pinkness within. I leaned forward and licked at those juices. Then I sucked her clit into my mouth, ring and all, as I inserted a finger into her pussy and brought her off just like Steph and I had done for each other.  
  
When her orgasm was done, Coach had me take off my swimsuit and lie down on the table. She unlocked a drawer in her file cabinet and withdrew a couple of vibrators. One was penis shaped and had a ring of bumps that spun around, and the other was much smaller and just vibrated. She started with the smaller one, running it all around my pussy until I was nice and wet. Then she inserted the larger one and started it spinning inside me while the smaller one went to work on my clit. Almost immediately, I was in the throes of my orgasm, and I decided that I needed to get one of those spinny things for myself. I might even use it on Steph sometimes, too.  
  
I got myself presentable, then went outside to finish my homework as more girls took their turn with Coach. "She must be pretty darn insatiable," I thought. I felt myself getting a little excited again and figured I probably lived in a glass house when it came to that subject.

**Episode 3 - Barrista**  
My life had settled into a pleasant routine. School, swim practice, sex with Coach, and on the weekends, sex with Steph. That was all disrupted when my dad got laid off. Steph's parents lowered our rent, but I knew we were still hemorrhaging money. Just COBRA by itself ate up most of Dad's unemployment. So I decided I needed to quit the swim team and get a job. It was not an easy decision, as I was just starting to show some real potential as a swimmer. Plus, of course, the sex with Coach was...enjoyable. But I had to think about the whole family, not to mention my college fund. So I hit the pavement and ended up getting a position as a barrista in a coffee shop down the road from school.  
  
It was a small place. You'd call it a Mom and Pop outfit, except it was owned and operated by a single woman named Annabel. About 30, the shop wasn't doing all that well, so she wanted to take some night classes to finish up her degree and give her some other options. After a week of learning the ropes from her, I was going to be on my own. Traffic was generally light, and since my salary was mostly tips, that meant I wasn't really making all that much. But it was something, and I had plenty of time to get my homework done. So for a part time, after school job, it worked out okay.  
  
About that time, I noticed that my bras were feeling kind of tight on me. I didn't want to spend money on new ones, though, so I just lived with it. When I got to work, though, I let those puppies out. No reason not to. There was no dress code, other than following health ordinances, no coworkers to complain. And if some customers were able to see my pierced nipples through my shirt, that was just fine with me. Every time I caught a man staring at my breasts, I got a little warm, fluttery feeling inside. And I started getting bigger tips.  
  
Soon, traffic started increasing during my shift, and I started getting regulars coming back every day. Some younger, some older, some with wedding bands, some without, but all men. Some liked to flirt with me, others just wanted to look. For my part, I loved all the attention. After locking up for the night, I usually had to go into the bathroom and get myself off. After a day of partially exposing myself to numerous men, I was all worked up and needed release.  
  
One day, one of my regulars was flirting with me. He said, "Have you ever thought about modeling?" "Like I've never heard that one before," I replied. "No, I'm actually serious. Let me introduce you to my buddy, George." His friend, it turned out, owned a clothing store, and he was looking for new models for his catalog. It was just a small shop, so he could only pay in merchandise, but I did need new bras that fit comfortably. And since he specialized in lingerie, finding bras shouldn't be a problem. I told him I'd think about it and get back to him, and he gave me his card. Then, realizing that I didn't really know this guy, and I'd feel safer if I weren't alone, I asked if I could bring a friend. "Sure, especially if she's as hot as you are," he replied. I talked it over with Steph, and she was excited by the opportunity, so I called George up and said yes. He had a swimwear shoot at the beach scheduled that weekend, so I got the details and said we'd see him there.  
  
Being February, it was pretty chilly when we got to the beach. "Isn't it a little early for swimsuits?" I asked. George replied that it took time to get the catalog printed and shipped and everything, and he needed to get it out in time for Spring Break. Then he introduced us to the photographer, makeup artist, and the other four models present at the shoot. They had a tent set up for changing, with a space heater hooked up to a portable generator, and it was nice and toasty in there. He handed out swimsuits, then left to let us change. Steph and I glanced at each other. There was very little fabric on those suits, and what there was, was see through. Steph shrugged, gave me a little smile, and proceeded to strip off her clothes. I followed suit, feeling a little nervous at first, but also excited at the idea that I would see Steph's body in these sexy clothes, and she would see mine.  
  
When we had changed, the makeup artist applied some makeup and did a quick hairstyle for each model. When we stepped out of the tent, the cold hit us, instantly popping our nipples out to their fullest extent, making them very visible through the sheer fabric. The photographer smiled approval, then got us pretending to play volleyball as he started shooting. This beach was not very crowded, but soon a group of young men formed to watch the proceedings. That sent Steph and I into performance mode, making sure they got some nice views of all parts of our bodies. Then the photographer sent us into the frigid water to splash each other, and we discovered that when wet, the sheer fabric became almost completely transparent. Whenever Steph's legs were spread apart, I could clearly see her shaven pussy lips, and I knew she could see mine. As could the onlookers, and anyone who viewed our pictures in this catalog. I imagined some of those young men going home and jerking off to the memory of watching us, and I got super hot at the thought. I hoped they got as excited watching me as I did showing myself to them.  
  
Then it was time to switch outfits. This time, Steph and I were in fishnet bikinis, allowing our nipples to actually poke right through, out into the open. Then, slings that covered our nipples but left the rest of our breasts fully visible, not to mention our asses. After a few more outfits, the shoot was over and we got dressed again. George told us we would find out in a couple of weeks how many of our shots were chosen for the catalog, and so how much store credit we had, and then we left.  
  
At our sleepover that night, Steph and I reenacted the day's events, taking pictures of each other with our cell phones, first in our underwear, and then naked. Then we got out our vibrators and took shots of each other masturbating. After we had each reached orgasm (and laughed at the expressions on our face as we came), we put away the cell phones, got into sixty nine position, and proceeded to lick and suck each other into paradise. Still, as nice as it felt to have a dildo up my cunt while Steph sucked on my clit, I kept thinking back to those men who watched us, wondering what their cock would feel like inside my pussy, what they would taste like.  
  
Steph and I each appeared in four photos in that catalog, so I had enough store credit for several new bras, as well as one of those sheer swimsuits. George said he'd be in touch when the time came to make his next catalog, as well. I said I looked forward to it.