**The Joy of Being Slutty Ch. 01**

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Joy rolled over onto her left side. Instinctively, she wrapped her right arm over the man sleeping there and pulled her naked body close against his back. She felt her nipples rest against his warm back and pressed her pelvis urgently against his bare ass. Just as she snuggled into position, she felt another man's body roll and press himself against her from behind, his arm draping down the length of her body. His fingers, perhaps accidentally, lightly brushed her pussy lips. The ticklish feeling snapped her pleasantly from her slumber, just enough for her brain to register the presence of two bodies sandwiching her in the warm sheets.

Her eyes sprang open at this realization. She gasped a sharp breath as she saw the dark skin of the man she was wrapped around. Memories flooded into her mind like a tsunami and her current situation began to make some partial sense to her. She twisted herself back in the opposite direction to see the second man behind her and was relieved to see her boyfriend, Austin.

Ok, so this was new. Very hot and suddenly very arousing and new. Her breath returned as her mind reassembled the naughty, extraordinary night that left her in bed with her boyfriend and another man.

"You ok, babe?" Austin asked her in a whisper. His hand slid up her side and cupped her cheek. His eyes glimpsed the temporary confusion in hers. He smiled at the sexually disheveled condition of her dark hair.

"Uh . . . Yeah, I'm actually great," Joy answered. She pressed her mouth forward onto his. Her tongue snaked into his mouth and tangled with his tongue. "Just . . . wow," she whispered as she drew back from the kiss and turned back over toward the other man asleep beside her. She wrapped her arm around him again and pressed herself into his naked warmth.

"Devin," Austin whispered in her ear as he pushed against her body with his, molding her close up to her other bedmate.

"Yes. Thank you, baby," she whispered back.

"For his name or for last night?" Austin asked with a quiet laugh.

"Both," Joy sighed. Her hands began to roam slowly over Devin's body. More memories lit up her mind. She turned her head back toward Austin. "Fuck. Was last night as crazy as I remember?"

"Well, I hope you remember it all. It was pretty fucking crazy and super hot, baby."

Austin rolled away from her and sat up on the edge of the bed. "Gotta pee," he said quietly before standing up and walking around the foot of the bed past Joy and Devin spooning in the white hotel room sheets.

Joy watched him close the bathroom door and realized, with a more electric thrill than she had anticipated would happen in such a circumstance, that she was alone in bed with another man, snuggling comfortably, but becoming irrepressibly aroused.

The noise of the bathroom door closing must have tipped Devin out of his sleeping dream and into his waking one. Joy felt the tension of wakefulness in him and kissed the back of his neck. Her hand spread across his chest and she squeezed him against herself.

"Good morning, Devin." Her voice cracked a little, partially just because she was speaking with her full voice for the first time that morning, but partially because she suddenly felt a little nervousness. After all, this was the first time a second man had stayed through the night with them. Protocol for the circumstance was unclear.

Devin reached back, cupped her tiny tight ass cheek and pulled her in closer. "Morning, Joy." He paused and ran his hand down the leg she had wrapped over his. "How are you feeling?"

"Delightfully used," she growled in his ear. Her hand strayed down over his abdomen and her fingers curled around his semi-erect black cock. "And very horny."

Devin rolled over and faced her. The sheet sliding off of them. Her hand followed his cock, feeling it growing harder as she stroked and squeezed it. He looked down, surveying her muscular, tight body. Her lips and teeth latched onto his nipple. She remembered, he thought.

Joy let herself slide into the sensuality of the moment. She felt Devin's hand slide up and discover the growing wetness on her pussy lips. Her body undulated at his touch and a wave of heat seemed to flow from his finger tips, through her pussy, and into the pit of her stomach. Sexual hunger created a need in her to be filled, once again. Last night's feast seemed only to have whetted her appetite for more.

Austin stepped out of the bathroom and stopped to stare at the beautiful, intimate, sexually-charged scene on the bed. Devin's dark skin contrasted with Joy's lightly tanned nakedness. He couldn't see her hand between them stroking Devin's cock, but he could tell what she was doing. He moved to the foot of the bed for a better angle and was rewarded with the view of her hand wrapped around his big black cock. The sunshine spilling through the sheer curtain from the balcony also illuminated the glistening wetness of Joy's pussy juices on Devin's fingers as he slid them in and out of her pussy. Not that they were paying any attention to him, but Austin decided to take a chance and see what might happen if he were not a factor.

"I'm going to go down to see the barista for some coffee for us." Austin pulled on his pants and a T-shirt.

The mention of coffee was enough to break Joy's concentration. "Yes, please!" She kissed Devin quickly on the lips. "I need to clean up a bit." As she slid off the bed, Austin worried that he might have broken the spell between the two lovers, but Joy wrapped her arms around him and nuzzled close to his ear. "Don't hang out down there or you'll miss out."

As Austin entered the lobby, he wondered whether any of the bar and restaurant employees from last night were still working. After the scene last night, seeing any of them this morning would've been a bit amusing and awkward.

He didn't recognize anyone and placed his order with the barista. As he waited, he wondered what was happening in the room and, alternatively, he had flashback memories of last night. Imagined and remembered images flooded his mind and his already hard cock became almost painfully engorged. He glanced back at the now empty bar. Last night, it was packed around the bar and the tables clustered nearby. Right there at the beveled corner of the bar, Joy had taken her role as his slut very seriously. The sexual tension had been so tight, it felt like it was still lingering there amongst the empty barstools.

The barista was taking her time. Austin wondered if he should take the available time to walk to his car and move it closer to the hotel. His difficulty finding a parking spot had been the genesis of the crazy night they had just experienced. A festival downtown, a home baseball game at the stadium, and a couple of weddings at the hotel meant that the parking garage was full, valet parking was maxed out, as well as every street parking spot for blocks around. He spent 30 minutes driving around the city blocks before finally driving several blocks into a residential neighborhood to find a spot. By the time he walked back to join Joy at the fancy hotel bar, it was more than 45 minutes after he had registered and dropped off their luggage in the room. His mood had darkened.

However, when he saw Joy at the corner of the bar in obviously heated flirting with two men - a black man to her right and a white man to her left, his mood improved instantly. He paused at the edge of the crowded tables and watched his lover. She was wearing one of her most revealing dresses. Actually, it's about as revealing as a dress can possibly be and still actually be a garment. It's a tight sheer minidress with a black and white cherub print acting as semi-camouflage on the essentially see-through dress. Beneath it she wore her favorite minimalist Calvin Klein black bralette and a pair of shockingly visible red thong panties - not a g-string, but just wide enough to be legal in public. Just barely.

Her hands touched and caressed their arms as she turned back and forth between the men, laughing and obviously enjoying their conversation. The men were easily reading her signs and were deliberately standing very close to her. She half turned and glanced around behind her, looking for Austin. He started moving toward her before they made eye contact.

As he approached her, she turned fully and embraced him tightly, locking her lips to his in a quick, but intensely horny kiss. She broke off the kiss and pushed herself back between her new friends. "This is Devin." Joy introduced him as she fell against his chest. Devin lifted his right hand around Joy to shake Austin's hand. Joy then slid forward and wrapped her arm around the other man's waist.

"This is David," Joy purred.

David reached out a nervous hand to Austin. "Nice to meet you."

"Not as much as you've enjoyed meeting Joy, I'm sure." Austin gave a disarming smile. He could sense some tension, or perhaps, disappointment, in the two men who surely thought they had hit a freaky little mother lode when they met Joy. Their first impressions were entirely correct. Joy is a freaky little mother.

"Let us buy you a drink," Devin offered.

"Sure!" Austin noticed Joy had an empty mule cup near her on the bar. Devin had noticed it too. He signaled the bar tender and a round for everyone was ordered. Joy stepped into Austin's arms and whispered into his ear, "My new friends are very nice . . . and very interested in me."

"Uh huh," Austin hummed into her ear.

"They're good at flirting. I'm horny as fuck," she whispered to him.

Austin gave her his animal growl and cupped her very visible ass cheeks in both hands. His big hands nearly covered her tiny, firm bubble butt. Joy leaned back into his hands and gave him her patented naughty smile. She and Austin understood each other's desires and signals very well. She knew she had just received the green light.

Joy moved back until she was leaning on the bar and wrapped an arm around each of the well-dressed men. In the lighting, her dress was practically invisible. She looked like a lingerie fitness model with two male props for a sexy photo shoot. Her nipples were signaling her arousal. Her hands on each of their asses signaled her intent.

The drinks arrived and a very sexy and fun conversation ensued. After finishing another drink, Joy excused herself to visit the ladies' room. All three men watched her poised and poison walk - poised like a ballet dancer, but with hip-snapping poison of a femme fatale.

As she entered the upscale restroom, Joy realized that she had just walked through a very crowded, well-lit, premium bar wearing practically nothing but her skimpy underwear. She had not even given her exhibitionism a thought. Such was the intense distraction of her unexpectedly erotic situation with her two new male friends at the bar.

She had worn her tiny, tight, sheer dress for her date with Austin as a special treat for him. Their incredibly close, trusting, and freeing relationship had opened them both up to possibilities for excitement, eroticism, and deeper emotional entanglement with one another. Austin was always prolific in his praise of her body and any clothing she wore that displayed her beauty in public. He was very open with her that her public exhibitionism, daring clothing, and even public nudity was one of his peak turn-ons. His performance in bed while always amazing, became even more animalistic and mind-blowing whenever she had preceded it with publicly provocative clothing or slutty behavior.

She found that it was a huge turn-on for her also. She encouraged Austin to choose new clothes for her that he found particularly provocative. She learned that wearing those outfits gave her more motivation for her extreme workouts and that the public exposure - the reactions of people she encountered - super-charged her already high libido. Relaxing her concerns about propriety allowed her to express her femininity and her raw sexual power. Seeing the impact on Austin, seeing his admiring gaze on her or his obvious pride when others stared at and ogled her, was a source of energizing sexual and emotional connection between them. It had become an upward spiral of joy, excitement, endearment, and adventure. She was hooked on the thrill of it all and her comfort with increasingly provocative clothing now surprised her as she thought back on her attitude before meeting Austin.

Their closeness had also allowed them both to openly share fantasies. When Austin first shared that he wanted to share her with other partners, she wasn't shocked by him having this fantasy. She was shocked that she was hyper-turned on by the idea. Over time, their shared fantasies became more elaborate. Multiple, simultaneous partners having sex with her being a key component. Joy was strongly bisexual, so some fantasies featured her having sex with multiple men or multiple women. This eventually had condensed into a simple idea - she wanted to be Austin's little slut - especially his little public slut.

It seemed like tonight was headed toward the realization of some of those fantasies. In the restroom, away from the bustle of the bar, she felt her body vibrating with nervous excitement. How far was she willing to go? Fantasies were one thing, but reality? Being slutty is much different than acting slutty.

Things with Devin and David has moved so quickly, so smoothly. She felt such a rush when they began chatting her up and respectfully, but obviously, displaying that they were very attracted to her. The transition from friendliness to overtly sexual had been seamless and before she realized it, she was letting it play out as if she were just acting out a play based on her fantasies. Chatting became touching. Nipples became hard and, as she could clearly see in her current position, panties became soaked. She felt like just a few moments of relaxation in their seduction game had become a headlong slide down a slippery slope.

Checking herself in the mirror, she knew she needed to decide whether she would execute a course correction. She could have an amazing, but typical, night with Austin after having her teasing fun with the two hot men at the bar. Or she could fall willingly into the depravity her body was screaming for. Joy was very in touch with her body. She was a frequent and fervent masturbator. She knew how to interpret her sexual animal's appetite. As she stood, nervous and shaking before the mirror, she knew her body craved their cocks. Her yearning to submit to the pleasure of being served by three men felt as powerful as the pounding of her heart in her chest.

Joy checked her posture in her reflection. She breathed deeply with her eyes closed for a moment. Opening her eyes, she smiled her naughty smile. Tonight, she would live her fantasies. Tonight, she would redefine her boundaries. Or burn them to ash.

She did wonder if anyone could see how wet her panties were through her flimsy dress as she walked back through the crowded bar. She actually hoped so.

Over the next hour, Joy paid attention to all three men, moving from one set of arms to the next, grinding her ass against and caressing their cocks as she joked, kissed, and flirted with them. She took particular delight in rubbing a cock with each hand or rubbing a cock while grinding on another. She loved the thrill of being so naughty and scandalous in public.

Behind Austin, at a table near the bar, an uptight, over-dressed, blonde socialite made a loud comment to her friends, "I'm just trying to figure out what's going on here." Her comment just happened to land in a random lull in the cacophony of the noisy bar. Austin and Joy both heard it clearly and Joy glanced over Austin"s shoulder to see the sour woman glaring at her.

"I seem to have a jealous audience," Joy commented.

"Shouldn't be a big surprise, my love."

"Yeah, but she's been drinking a lot. She probably won't behave herself now that she's started. Maybe we should take our fun out to the courtyard." Joy suggested.

Austin left to check the courtyard for seating. As he returned past the blonde's table and signaled to Joy that he had found a place for them, he heard the blonde make a snide comment. "Apparently, this hotel doesn't mind prostitutes working here."

The comment was said loud enough to be intended to be heard by all around. Austin stopped cold between the table and Joy, just as the three of them began to move toward him. He turned to confront the blonde bitch, but Joy gently pushed him to move away.

"I got this," she insisted.

Austin backed up and let Joy move closer to the table.

"Hi, I'm Joy," she said as she reached her hand out to the blonde. Her gesture was met with a silent glare.

"I'm not a prostitute, just a happy slut, but I do like to share. You seem like you need to get laid. Care to join us?"

"I think not!" Disgust dripped from the blonde's voice.

"No? Well, that's ok. More for me then." Joy leaned over on the table, placing weight on her arms and lowering her face closer to the now quiet blonde. The muscles in Joy's well-developed arms and shoulders flexed. Joy's voice dropped the friendly, slightly drunken smoothness.

"A well deserved ass-kicking is also on offer." She leveled her eyes at the blonde. The confidence drained from the plaster-faced blonde's eyes and she turned away from Joy.

"No?" Joy stood up elegantly. Her openly visible abs flexed under her sheer dress.

"Don't ever try to ruin my fun again or I'll pull that stick out of your ass and beat the Botox right out of your face with it." She gave the blonde a malevolent smile.

With that, Joy turned and led the three men out to the courtyard. Her hips snapped side-to-side with even more sass than normal for her sassy ass.

"Damn, girl! You just made my cock harder than it already was,'' Devin laughed as he followed her closely. Joy reached back, grabbed his hand and placed it on her ass.

"Keep your hand right there and see how your cock likes that," she winked at him.

David chimed in, "Hey, I thought it was hot too!" Joy stopped and jutted her ass out toward David. He got the hint and grabbed her other ass cheek. The ass-bound trio continued the short walk to the wicker sofa that Austin pointed out. A thick forest of stares followed their progress.

The sofa faced an outdoor fireplace, unused in the warmth of the summer night. Joy sat in the middle of the sofa with her new friends on each side. Austin sat on the closer end of a wicker loveseat at the corner of the sofa. From there he had a view of most of the other patrons enjoying the courtyard. Two young women sat talking and sipping wine on the other loveseat opposite his.

Once settled into the sofa, Joy turned the heat up on the boys. Her kisses and her blatant rubbing of their cocks became less playful and more passionate, more urgent, more X-rated. At one point, Austin got distracted trying to spot the server and when he looked back at Joy, her red thong panties were stretched between her knees. Her dress was pushed up, and would have fully exposed her dripping wet pussy, except it was covered by Devin's large hand. The stark contrast of his dark hand against her light mons made it seem like a spot light was aimed at her pussy. His fingers were rubbing her engorged clit.

"Oh my god!" One of the girls squealed to the other. Both girls now stared wide-eyed. Joy and Devin never indicated that they noticed their audience's reaction. They were buried in a long, hot kiss. David took the initiative to slide Joy's panties the rest of the way down to Joy's strappy red shoes and then completely off. He stuffed them in the pocket of his blazer draped on the arm of the sofa.

Joy's heart raced. She was, basically, unclothed from the waist down, getting finger-fucked in a very public place by a man she just met, while two college girls, another man she just met, and her boyfriend sat very nearby watching her depravity. Her pussy gushed.

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Joy's heart was pounding and her body was on fire. Devin's fingers were expertly dipping into her soaking pussy and then rubbing her clit. She had gotten frustrated by her panties being in the way and shoved them down her legs. That motion also caused the tight, thin dress to roll up to her waist, leaving her bare ass on the sofa pad and her pussy fully exposed.

She was kissing Devin passionately, lost in the moment when she felt hands pulling her panties the rest of the way off. Adrenaline coursed through her body. She broke the kiss and looked at Austin with bright, crazy eyes. His hungry eyes watched her and he smiled reassuringly.

For a moment, Joy considered her predicament. She was in a large, romantically lit courtyard of a fancy hotel with about fifty strangers behind her. She was naked from the waist down. Even if she pulled her dress down, she would still be almost as exposed. Her sheer dress had a faint gray and white print on it, but it still looked more like she was standing in front of a projector than actually wearing a garment. This was extremely risqué when it looked like the image was projected on her while she wore her easily visible, but tiny, bra and panties. Without the the panties, her slightly protruding labia could be seen. Such was the transparency of the dress.

A hand pulling her left leg open interrupted her brief thoughts of her public exposure. It was David, on the same side as Austin. David's left hand pulled her leg open. His right hand snaked under her ass and a fingertip touched her asshole. He swirled it around on the copious pussy juice flowing over her twitching asshole.

Joy's arousal was intense. Animalistic now. She broke her kiss and let out a cross between a low moan and a howl. A few heads from the closest tables turned. Joy had slid down as her body squirmed from the pleasure of Devin and David's fingers, so that those behind her could just see the top of her head. However, that unmistakably sexual sound ignited the imagination of anyone who heard it.

Two people who clearly heard it and had the full visual to go with it were the college girls paying very close attention on the loveseat to Joy's right. The girl with short blonde hair farthest from Joy was leaning forward, not even trying to pretend she wasn't fully focused on the lewd scene. The girl closer to Joy sat back, but still watched closely. She also scanned the larger scene, as if she were keeping the naughtiness of the inappropriate public behavior in context. The two girls were obviously not offended. They were definitely intrigued.

"Damn, girl! You are so naughty!" The short-haired blonde said after Joy's animal sound. She took a sip of her drink and turned back to her friend. "Can you believe this?"

"I wanna see how far she goes," her friend answered.

The leaning girl turned back to the scene, "Well, fuck yeah!" Then, "Oh shit!" She whispered looking at an angle behind David and Steven. She reached forward and slapped Devin on the knee. He looked up to see her head gesturing and got the message immediately. A server was headed their way. Acting quickly, he retracted his hands and pulled his blazer across Joy's exposed lap. At that, David pulled his hands away also, just as the server arrived.

"Everyone ok on drinks?" He asked. Then his eyes lingered on the wicker arm of the sofa beside Devin. The server's face went from confused to a grin.

"We're good," Austin answered. "Us too," answered the girl in the corner.

Joy sat still, breathing hard and looking dazed. The server left and Austin pointed at the arm of the wicker sofa. Snagged on the wicker was Joy's pair of red panties, looking distinctly out of place hanging on the sofa arm. Juxtaposed with the blazer on Joy's lap, the implication was clear.

"I'll be your lookout," the leaning blonde offered, "I hope you don't stop."

Joy turned and looked around the courtyard for the first time since she had entered. The crowd seemed so large and so close. She wavered. She had been completely absorbed in her pleasure and she knew that her inhibitions were crumbling to dust in the excitement and under the pleasurable assault of her new boy toys. Would she have the willpower to keep this from spinning completely out of control?

Devin's fingers touched her clit under the blazer. The spin resumed. Joy leaned into David and kissed him while Devin stoked her back into a raging wildfire. The eager shorthaired blonde, leaned forward and pulled the blazer off of Joy's lap and past Devin. She wanted a clear view.

Devin pulled Joy's right leg over his left, causing Joy to slide closer to him and lean forward with her head on David's chest. Devin scooted farther right and tilted Joy's torso down until her cheek rested on David's abdomen. Joy's left leg slid under Devin's left leg, her right leg above both of his legs and bent slightly. Her dress slid up to her rib cage.

The girls had the best view now. Devin rubbed Joy's clit with his left hand while he slid three fingers of his right into her drenched, excruciatingly tight pussy. The two-handed stimulation launched Joy toward orgasm. Through his thin slacks, Joy felt David's throbbing cock on her cheek and turned her head. She engulfed the head in her teeth. David moaned at the unexpected sensation. Joy took advantage of the looseness of his slacks to fit the head and a couple of inches of his hard cock in her mouth.

The feeling of a cock in her mouth combined with Devin's expert hands and the sheer depravity of what was happening was all she needed. Joy's orgasm exploded. She muffled her sounds with David's cock. Her arm behind him pulled her hard onto his cock. Her other hand squeezed his leg mercilessly while she spasmed and shook.

Her orgasm was so powerful, erotic, and prolonged that David began to worry that he would come in his pants from the spectacle. He was pushed off-balance by how strong her mouth was on him. Involuntarily, he tried to back away into the cushion, but Joy dove relentlessly down on him.

Mercifully, for him, her orgasm subsided and she began to pull herself upright from the awkward position.

"Jesus Christ! That's the hottest thing I've ever seen." The short-haired blonde was flushed and seemed to be regaining her breath.

Her longer-haired companion nodded her head in agreement, then quickly added, "Watch out!" Her eyes indicated the approach of someone behind Austin. Joy pulled her useless dress down and Devin tossed the blazer across her lap, pulled the red panties off of the wicker arm, and shoved them in his pocket.

"Hi, folks. Enjoying your night?" The question came from a suit-clad manager who stopped between the group and the fireplace.

"Yes, for sure," Austin answered. "We love this hotel. Stay here often. Love the courtyard at night." Austin was trying to keep the manager's attention and let him know they were loyal customers. Couldn't hurt, if the manager was here because he knew something was up.

"Yes, it's been the best night ever here," the relaxed long-haired blonde said calmly.

The manager's head turned to the two young, pretty blondes, then back to Joy and her partners in debauchery. Her appearance was slightly disheveled and she was still flushed from her orgasm. However, as the three of them sat back up from their stretched out ménage a trois position, they ended up more spaced out than the intimate squeeze the men had Joy in earlier. The presence of the college girls and the trio's currently platonic-looking positions on the sofa, defused the manager's interpretation of what might have been happening.

"I will have your server check in to see if you need anything else," he said. He paused as if he had more to say, but then walked away. However, he moved to another group of patrons and positioned himself to have a view of the sofa and loveseats. A server stopped to talk to him and after a short discussion, the server stopped at the end of the girls' loveseat and asked about drinks.

Austin had observed the manager and server's interaction and figured that they would not be likely to get more uninterrupted time where they were, so he asked for the check. Devin and David glanced at one another. Both assumed their fun was over for the night.

"I'm Heather," the short-haired blonde chirped. "You rock!" She said to Joy.

"And you have a rockin' body," her friend added. "I'm Charli."

"Thank you," Joy answered. "I'm Joy. I'm surprised you guys weren't freaked out."

"Oh, we were freaked out!" Heather looked at her friend. "But a fun freaked out."

"Can't say we expected that," Charli added. "You're lucky you didn't get caught."

"Thank you for your help," Austin smiled at her.

"Well, these three," she waved her arm at the trio on the sofa, "they were providing much more interesting entertainment that the stuck up crowd here was. Would've been a shame to have it end early."

Joy's eyes were on fire, hungry. She was ready for more.

"Baby, why don't you stay with my two new boyfriends and I'll text you when I'm ready for you to bring them up for us to start where we left they off. That ok?" Joy said to Austin.

"Wait, you're with him, not one of these guys?" Heather was incredulous.

Joy pointed at Austin. "He's my boyfriend, Austin." She leaned over and gave David a kiss on the lips. "This is David," she added as she pulled back. Then she leaned to kiss Devin. "This is Devin. I just met these two fine men tonight."

"Oh! My! God!" Heather couldn't compute. "What?!" Everyone laughed at her.

"That's the most shocking part of this for you?" Austin asked.

"Oh . . . Not really. Just expected her man to be involved."

"My time is coming later," he assured her. He looked at Joy and returned to her earlier question, "Your plan sounds good to me, my love."

The server returned with the checks for the girls and Austin's group.

"Give me both," Austin smiled at the girls. "Least I can do."

Devin stood up and handed the server his card, "Right! I don't think so. These are mine."

The server walked away to run the card. Devin sat back down at smiled at David. Apparently their fun was just getting started. He pulled the panties from his pocket. "You need these?" He asked Joy.

"Not before tomorrow," she answered with her naughty smile. "Ok, I'm going up to the room. I'll need fifteen minutes. I'll text you," she reiterated. At that, she stood up in her transparent dress sans panties.

"Can we ride up with you?" Heather paused realizing what that sounded like. "To our floor," she tried to clarify.

"Of course, sweetheart," Joy answered. She turned to Austin. "Here goes nothin'"

"From the waist down," Austin quipped.

The men stared in disbelief as Joy, flanked by the two girls, began her walk across the crowded courtyard and into the more crowded, much better lit lobby to get to the elevators. They stood and watched her until she was out of sight. She whipped her flagrantly underclothed hips all the way.

"Damn, you are one lucky bastard," David muttered to Austin.

"I know."

As Joy and her new voyeur friends entered the indoor bar area, the brighter lighting felt like floodlights to Joy. She could feel her pussy juice running down her legs. She was sure that people would notice her exposed pussy under her sheer dress or the rivulets running down her legs.

Surprisingly, that didn't happen. Joy noticed a few double-takes, but she focused on reaching the elevator.

Once at the elevators, Joy realized that the highest risk of being noticed was while she stood still waiting for the elevator. She started to tremble slightly at the prospect that other people might share the elevator ride. Her adrenaline level was sky-high.

She felt Charli's arm wrap around her waist from her left side.

"You're shaking," Charli whispered. "Are you ok?"

"Yes. Just nervous and excited and little bit chilled - all because I'm standing here practically naked." Joy slid her arm around Charli. "Thank you for being so sweet - especially since all you know about me is that I'm a slutty exhibitionist who's about to get fucked by two guys she just met and her boyfriend at the same time."

The elevator bell chimed. Charli smiled her own naughty smile. The girls stepped forward into the empty elevator.

"I know you must be a woman who refuses to let life fly past without getting a deep drink of it." Charli replied to Joy. "Do you like women?"

Joy pressed forward aggressively pinning Charli against the elevator wall. Her lips crushed into Charli's lips and her tongue swirled onto Charli;s tongue. Charli tasted like bourbon and lust. The kiss lasted until the elevator doors closed off the view of a half dozen surprised patrons near them.

Joy turned to a staring Heather, "Four, please." She returned to kissing Charli.

Charli, now over the surprise, responded with enthusiasm. Charli finally had the chance to run her hands over Joy's hard body. She ran her hands down Joy's washboard abs and lifted the short hem of her dress to touch her pussy. Joy's wetness astounded her. She could feel the pussy juice dripping from her labia.

She broke the kiss and looked down at her soaked hand.

"Holy shit!" She muttered.

The elevator had reached the fourth floor and the girls stepped out together.

"This isn't our floor," Heather noted sheepishly. Joy wondered if she was nervous about the implication, or embarrassed to interrupt the kissing couple, or perhaps, she felt left out.

Joy backed up a step from the girls. "Sweethearts, if you want to come to our room, just to watch the fun, or whatever else you want to do, you're more than welcome. No one will bother you or expect anything. Austin will make sure you feel safe. We're in room 411."

She paused to gauge their reaction. The two young women looked at each other, smiling and shrugging. Obviously considering the offer.

"We love an audience and you can come and go as you please. Walk with me to my room and I'll give you my key card, if you think you might be interested. You can go somewhere and talk about it."

Joy held one of their hands in each of hers and led them down the hall to her room. She opened the door, then handed the card to Charli. She pulled Charli in for another kiss, then she turned and pulled Heather to her. She gave Heather a soft, lingering kiss on her lips. As Joy backed off slightly, Heather's lips tried to follow hers. Joy took this as an invitation and locked her lips on Heather's for a longer, fuller kiss. Then, Joy withdrew a step into the room.

"Think about my offer. I assure you that I'm a full service bisexual and I like to share, so you can be as involved or uninvolved as you choose. You don't have to knock, just come in." With that, Joy backed into the room and closed the door.